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Valley Students Score in State Judging Contest

Cleaves Anderson Wins Trip To Kansas City; La Rue Barnum Places Also; Lyman Named Vice President

By J. DONAL EARLE OVERTON, Nov. 4. (Special) The high school's representatives at the stock judging contest in Reno last week were very successful. Cleaves Anderson copped third place in the stock judging contest to win a trip to Kansas City. He also succeeded in winning first place in the public speaking contest. His topic was "Cooperation Among the Farmers."

The Logandale Ward staged the annual Halloween ball in the high school gym Thursday evening. A very good crowd attended it and all had a wonderful time. Cookies and punch were served as refreshments.

Mr. Fred S. Alward spoke in the high school assembly about his trip to Australia. He also spoke to the St. Thomas people at 1 o'clock.

Judge Roger Foley was in the valley on business Thursday and attended the dance in the evening.

THIS HAS HAPPENED Helen Page feels indebted to and in love with her guardian, Leonard Brent. The latter changes his plans for her future after meeting a dying beggar, Nellin, and tells the girl she is heir to a millionaire named Cunningham. Brent takes her to the lonely old man and offers proofs which Cunningham accepts, as he had been searching for his dead daughter's child for years. 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. Hearing that a sudden shock would kill Cunningham, Brent slyly administers the shock, and the servants find the old man dead in bed. Then, by clever acting and appeal to her loyalty, Brent wins Helen's promise to marry him.

Later, she and Bob discover their true love for each other and he is angry when she tells him she can't break her engagement even though she loves him. Bob flirts with Shallimar Morris, not knowing that Helen has tried to break with him after finding him indulging in a love affair with another woman. But he had refused to release her and had threatened to kill her if she tried to throw him over. Eva realizes that Helen is unhappy, but resents a treatment of Bob which has driven her to Shallimar. But Eva is worried, too, for Brent is now avoiding her after having made ardent love to her secretly.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXVIII Nothing exciting happened at supper. Eva clasped her lips together and opened them practically for the sole purpose of partaking of the creamed mushrooms that Helen had prepared, while Shallimar and Bob danced to the music of a phonograph. Bob talked with his eyes, which Helen avoided looking at as much as possible. He had, she thought, a mean streak a mile wide to sneer at her, even if he didn't put it into words. She herself tried to keep the conversation going by talking of the show at the Garden, but Shallimar kept interrupting to tell of the place where she and Bob had spent the evening. Once when Shallimar reached out a hand and laid it possessively on one of Bob's Helen flinched. The gesture seemed somehow to

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Gliders Are Wings Of Future Girl Pilots



Preparatory to becoming pilots, members of the newly organized Buffalo Women's Glider Club are becoming acclimated to the air in gliders. Above are members of the club with Maj. John Goetz, the instructor. Below, a glider in flight.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 4. (AP)—Gliders are making some of Buffalo's future feminine aviators feel at home in the wide open spaces above the earth. They are the "wings" with which members of the Women's Glider club are acclimating themselves to attitudes where some day they hope to soar at the controls of motored aircraft. The club is the first of its kind for women in the country and was organized by Maj. John Goetz, its instructor, who believes gliding is the most practical and safe way for an embryo flier to get the "feel" of the air. "The glider gives one a chance to overcome at least one of the difficulties of learning to fly—getting accustomed to the air—with a minimum of risk," said Mrs. Charles Dallas, wife of a pilot who hopes to earn her "wings." Mrs. Dallas is one of the two members of the club who thus far have been permitted to ascend in a glider. "Gliding is a new thrill. I am crazy about it. It is as different from flying in a plane as sailing is different from motorboating. You just float through the air like a feather. There is little danger. If you do the right things, you land with no trouble." The club numbers seven young women at present, and all except Mrs. Dallas and Miss Rose Frank of New York City still are in the "ground school." In eight lessons, Major Goetz hopes to qualify them for their first seasons in flying airplanes. The gliders are simply constructed with two wings and a seat in front at a control for the pilot. For the first flight they are towed along by men until they reach the proper altitude. For the more experienced, they are whirled high into the air drawn by automobiles, very much like a boy draws a kite.

Season Opens For Cottontails

Deer Season Over; Duck and Goose Hunting in Order From Now Until First of Year; Quail 16th.

The cottontail rabbit season opened Friday in Clark county, the deer season here closing the day before. The rabbit season is from November 1 to December 31, and the limit is five a day, according to information from the county clerk's office. The duck and goose season, which opens nearly two months—until December 31. The limit is fifteen ducks and five geese. It is unlawful to hunt ducks or geese with any kind of rifle or pistol, or with shot-guns larger than ten gauge. The quail season will open November 16 and close November 30 in this county while Lincoln county the season closed on September 30. The bag limit on quail is thirty per day.

Teachers Will Arrive Monday

State Superintendent Is Due Early Next Week; Plans For Housing During Institute Being Made.

The first of about ninety to a hundred teachers from Esmeralda, Nye, Lincoln and Clark counties, outside of Las Vegas, will begin arriving in this city next Monday, for the four-day teachers' institute, it is expected. W. W. Anderson, state superintendent of schools, who will preside over the sessions, will arrive Monday. The session will open on Tuesday, one week from today, with school in session in this city during that day, the teachers to visit the schools here. The Panaca-Las Vegas football game will be planned for Tuesday afternoon, according to Miss Amy Hanson, deputy state superintendent. Arrangements are being made for housing of the visitors in various hotels in Las Vegas.

Wiley Attorney In Two Divorce Suits

Two divorce suits were filed Saturday by Roland A. Wiley, who recently received word that he had been admitted to the bar in this state, as the result of his having taken the bar examination in Carson City during the summer. Margaret McLain Garland, who was married to Richard Lewis Garland in Las Vegas in 1923, is suing her husband on grounds of desertion. J. Merritt Leach is suing Alice Auwell Leach, whom he married in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1904, for divorce on grounds of desertion. There are two sons, one of whom is minor, but self-supporting according to the action.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 4. (AP) A 1400 mile airplane flight from Shanghai to Manila is planned for Friday by Nicasio Osmena, son of a prominent Philippine senator, in a plane piloted by Bert Hall, aeronautical adviser to the Chinese government and former war ace of the Lafayette Escadrille.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 4. (AP) The task of finding a jury to try criminal libel charges brought against the Rev. R. P. Shuler by Former Mayor George E. Cryer, was resumed today. Having already spent five complete court days in the attempt, attorneys for both sides expressed confidence that the jury will be completed before nightfall.

The Innocent Cheat

upset Bob too. He looked across the table at Eva. "Let's go home, sis," he said. "You look tired." Eva jumped to her feet without delay. "Do you mind if we run, Helen?" she begged. "I am tired." "So am I," Shallimar chimed in. "Bob, you simply exhaust me." Very prettily she suppressed a yawn, though her eyes were wide awake. They seemed to be to anyone who was interested in reading their expression, sharing a secret with Bob. Helen appealed to Eva. "You promised to stay here tonight," she said. Eva hesitated for half a moment. Would Bob go at once if she stayed? she wondered. For Helen's sake she wanted to break up the party. Anyone with any sense at all could see that Helen was on the ragged edge, she thought, furious with her brother for having come at all. But Helen would not have asked her to stay unless she really needed a confidant, Eva knew. "I did promise Helen to stay all night," she said to Bob. "but I think you'd better go home now. You know mother is worrying about our staying out." "You know what's worrying her?" Bob retorted meaningfully, but was instantly contrite when he saw an expression of acute mental suffering flood his sister's face. "I'll go," he added quickly. "If you'll check me out, Miss Nellin." Helen rose, with a touch of alacrity, Bob thought. But it was Shallimar who went to the door with him, out to his car, in fact, and kissed him good night. When she came in Helen and Eva were upstairs. Helen called down to her, so that she would not seem completely neglectful. But Shallimar did not come in to say good night. She paused for a moment in the doorway of Helen's room and then went on to her own. Eva walked over and closed the door. Helen was getting out a pair of pajamas for her, but without much care in the choosing. Eva accepted them with no comment, though ordinarily she'd have exclaimed with admiration over their daintiness. The girl had little to say until they were in bed, though Eva yearned to offer comfort to the friend who had done so much for her. But Helen's face was something to be respected. The room was softly dark, fragrant with the perfume of an exquisite person's belongings. Eva thought of her own little room at home, but there was no envy in her heart—only an ache that made her kin to all the suffering souls throughout the universe. Softly as rose petals falling she felt Helen's hand touch hers, take it, and suddenly grip it convulsively. There was a stifled sob, that echoed in Eva's torment, followed by the words: "Eva, I love him so much, and she slipped an arm under Helen's head and crooned wordlessly over the sob-racked girl. When her strength was completely spent Helen lay for awhile gasping brokenly. Then she told Bob's sister of their quarrel, how Shallimar had snored in just when she had sought him to tell him she was not going to marry anyone else. "Bob doesn't care anything about her; I know he doesn't," Eva declared. "But he meant what he said to me when he called me a rotter!" Helen answered wearily. "He treats me like dirt." "He's as unhappy as you are; I know he is," Eva maintained. "Why, Helen, can't you see how thin he's getting? He never eats, and when he is working or studying, he's out with Miss Morris, and it's just to get his mind off you; I know it is."

Ruth Dewey Groves

his hands off and steadied herself without help. "It can't be true," she said weakly. "Surely Eva must have known—" "Did you ever tell her?" Bob interjected. Helen shook her head. "No," she said; "I don't believe I did. But it's inconceivable that Leonard should have lied to her—to a girl like Eva." "Just the type he would lie to," Bob declared. "The kids all broken up. I've seen it for weeks, but I didn't know just what it was." "I must have been blind," Helen said, as though she admitted being guilty of a great crime. "I've seen them together and—there was nothing. Are you sure, Bob?" His name slipped off her lips so naturally that she was not aware of having spoken it. But it made an infinite appeal to Bob, uttered as it was in acute distress. "Yes, I'm quite sure," he said more gently than he had yet spoken to her. Helen's vice broke a trifle over her next question. "Was he engaged to her too?" she asked. "I suppose so," Bob admitted. "I haven't questioned her." "Will you go and bring her here so I can talk to her?" Helen asked. "I'd rather she didn't come," Bob answered sternly. "She's not yearning to comfort this girl who had, directly and indirectly, brought trouble to him and his beloved sister." "I think you'd better drop Eva altogether," he went relentlessly on. "You've been extremely kind to her, but it has brought her unhappiness." Helen cried out in protest. "Her career? Her music? She needs me!" Bob was stubborn. "No," he said; "if she has a great talent, she will reach the top somehow. She can't help fulfilling her destiny, whatever it may be." "Oh don't talk like an idiot," Helen exclaimed. "Someone must help her—especially now." "Well, it won't be you," Bob retorted, grimly compressing his lips. "It may take longer, but I can give her all the help she needs." "You're selfish and—unfair!" she told him. "If I am it needn't trouble you," Bob answered rather childishly. "But it does trouble me," Helen fired back at him. "Ever since Eva's accident I've felt responsible for her—in a way. And I'm not going to let you interfere." "No?" Bob too was losing his temper now. "No doubt you've got another one of your brainstorms. Perhaps you think it would be splendid of you to try to force that Brent cur to marry Eva?" "No," Helen answered, her voice grown suddenly quiet, though her eyes remained stormy. "He isn't good enough for her." "So you know that, do you?" Bob's accents were terrifically unkind, but Helen ignored his sarcasm. "Yes, I know it," Helen assured him. "I learned it the day after—the day after you called me a rotter." Her head was flung high now and she spoke with a degree of spirit that Bob found unexpected. For a moment their eyes were locked in silent battle. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked lamely. "Tell you?" Helen found other words beyond her for some few speechless seconds. Then she laughed. "You are forgetting Shallimar, aren't you?" she asked. "To be sure," Bob stopped himself. "She's a good sport, Helen. But in this she doesn't count." "How gallant of you!" "She would tell you the same ask her." Helen's chin went up a notch higher. Somehow stopped movement, and the way she looked just then, filled Bob with a keen desire to make her pay for her haughtiness with a kiss. He did not stop to reason, but instinctively he knew she would be furious if he took one, and he

troubled ever since she awoke and found Eva gone. Had she, she wondered, done anything to offend her? It was with more than a little trepidation that she went down at last to find Bob waiting for her in the lower hall. "Have you breakfasted?" she asked him so closely on top of the most cheerful "good morning" she could achieve that he answered in the negative before he'd time to think of anything else to say. "Then do come in with me and have a bite," she urged, noting at the same time in the direction of the morning room where her breakfast was served. Bob felt averse to calling after her that he could not stay. He followed, but when Helen motioned him to the seat that was meant for Shallimar—should she choose to come down, as she rarely did—he stood beside it and shook his head. Helen seated herself, certain now that he was about to disclose something of an unpleasant nature. The frown that creased his brow was forbidding, and gloom sat his countenance like a black rider on a dark steed. "Please sit down," she begged. "I'll not ring for anything until you tell me what you have come to say. I can see that it is important." "It is most important," Bob answered quietly. "To my sister." "Oh! Eva!" Helen cried. "Has anything happened to her?" "That, Bob replied, "is partly for you to say." "Don't talk in riddles," Helen exclaimed; "tell me!" Her gaze fixed on Bob's and he held it unwaveringly while he hesitated over his choice of words for what he was going to say to her. Finally he started off with a request. "I should like," he said, "to ask you one thing. Your answer will determine whether I can tell you more about Eva." Helen caught her breath, nodded her head and continued to stare at him, as one fascinated against her will. "Bob's throat felt dry as he started to speak. He swallowed and opened his lips again. The words came hoarsely and slowly. "Were you ever engaged to marry Mr. Brent?" Helen did not answer at once, rather her lips did not, but her eyes told Bob that he had not been wrong. She was trying to think, to find a connection between Bob's question and Eva. How could it concern his sister that she had been Leonard's betrothed? Finding no answer, but fearful that a shocking one would be forthcoming, and seeing no way to evade it, she inclined her head in the most reluctant affirmative that had ever been wrung from her. "The rat!" The words, as Bob uttered them, sounded like an explosion. Helen was so startled she dropped the glass of water she had reached for, spilling its contents over the breakfast cloth. Bob turned on his heel to go, but Helen called after him as she jumped up to follow. He hesitated and she caught his arm, digging her nails deep into the rough tweed of his coat. "You mustn't go without telling me what all this has to do with Eva," she pleaded. "Can't you guess?" he said shortly. "Oo, no, no, tell me!" "Brent has been deceiving you. You and Eva both," Bob replied, cruelly abrupt, but too miserable even to want to find a way to soften the blow. Helen cried out and swayed away from him. Bob reached forth his arms to support her but she thrust