

LAS VEGAS AGE

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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1929.

GOOD TIME TO BUILD. NEXT WEEK the contract for the new high school building to cost in excess of \$250,000 will be let. Work will be under way promptly and the enterprise will furnish a stimulus to general business conditions.

Just now building conditions are most favorable. In a few months hence after all the preliminaries of the Boulder Dam project are perfected and the work is under way, there will be a rush of building and a corresponding increase in building costs.

Those who contemplate improvements will save money and also help business conditions generally by getting their building projects under way now.

A NOTABLE CHANGE. WE WONDER if others have sensed the remarkable change in our public school system which has taken place during the past few years!

A visit to the sessions of the teachers' institute brought the subject home forcibly this week. Stage demonstrations put on by pupils and teachers for the benefit of the institute served to show us that Las Vegas is right up to the minute in school matters.

Also, we might remark, our present school buildings, although outgrown, make a mighty attractive plant. And we are just embarking on a new high school building project to cost in excess of \$250,000.

If any proof of the steady and substantial growth of Las Vegas were needed, we have it in our schools.

TO AID THE VETERANS. NEVADA'S CONGRESSMAN Samuel S. Arentz has just introduced a resolution in Congress extending for twenty years the preference right of homestead entry to veterans. The act approved February 14, 1929 for that purpose expires three months hence and Congressman Arentz's action is timely.

Such advantages of this nature as the government can extend to the veterans are but slight compensation for the sacrifices they made for the government.

Also, it appears that the expiration of time for veterans to file world war adjusted compensation applications is set for January 1, 1930. There are still more than one million world war veterans who have not taken advantage of the act. The veterans should all avail themselves of the advantage of this act before it is too late.

CARD OF THANKS To all my friends who so kindly proffered their aid and sympathy in my recent bereavement, I wish to extend my most profound thanks and gratitude.

E. G. McCUBREY

MRS. ANDERSEN'S WINNING STORY

(Continued From Page One) wall paper, green painted woodwork, and an old-fashioned rag carpet helped to make it more so.

Star Mars Appearance One of these rooms had a stairway in it that took up a fourth of its space besides spoiling the looks of the room. The floors were in a terrible condition. The old-fashioned pine boards were worn and splinters and so rough, warped and uneven that it was impossible to carpet it with linoleum.

To remodel this into a light, roomy, cheerful, convenient and modern living room was our great desire. We realized it meant work and lots of it, and not much cash, for we had very little.

We pulled and scraped the old wall paper off the walls and ceiling and out the adobe partition between the rooms to make an archway. We took the stairway out and tore up the old floors. That was a hard job for the flooring was nailed very solidly with old-fashioned square nails.

We have been told that the pioneers were a very conservative and economical people. Our old home proves this. For floor joists they used long, straight cottonwood poles hewed flat on the side where the flooring was nailed.

Under this old floor we found an almost perfect Indian arrowhead. In the long ago this really had been the home of the Indian. Not far from here has been found a buried city of an ancient Pueblo tribe. Geologists have excavated parts of this city and have discovered pottery, beads, and other things proving this tribe to have been a very cultured and educated people.

Ready For Floor Now that we had the rooms all torn up, our next and big step was to plaster the walls, put on new ceiling, put in a new floor, make the archway, put on the casings and paint it all. We sent to Las Vegas, Nevada, for the cement for the floors, sheet rock for our ceilings, lumber for the archway and the paint to cover it all.

To get this over would have cost us a few extra dollars, but we saved this expenditure by Mr. Andersen working for the man who hauled it over.

To put on a good grade lumber floor would have cost us more than we had means to do so, so we decided to make concrete or cement floors. To do this meant a lot of gravel hauling, for the space would

The Innocent Cheat

RUTH DENLY GROVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Helen Page thinks she is in love with her guardian, Leonard Brent, who changes his plans for her future after meeting a young man named Nellin. Brent presents the girl to a millionaire, Cyril Cunningham, as his heiress and offers proof which the lonely old man accepts. Among Helen's new friends are Eva Ennis and her brother Robert. Brent finds another locket like the one he had taken from Nellin to prove Helen's identity and decides to get Cunningham out of the way quickly. He stily administers a shock which proves fatal and the servants find the old man dead in bed. Then Brent was Helen's promise to marry him. Later she and Bob realize they love each other but she tells him she is engaged after Brent refuses to release her.

Eva asks Bob why he is neglecting Helen and hitting with another girl. When he tells her that Helen is engaged to Brent she collapses after admitting that he has been making love to her. In a fit of hysteria she tries to take poison but Bob prevents her and tells her what a cad Brent is.

Helen denounces Brent and he sneeringly tells her she is not the real heiress but the daughter of a crook pal of his and if she refuses to marry him and keep the money he will expose her as an imposter. He leaves her tortured with worry and when Bob comes she dares not see him. She decides to demand Brent's proof, and when she arrives Eva is waiting for her. She goes to her home, but while writing a note at the desk Eva spies the locket which she had lost. Helen thinks it is hers until they open it and find Nellin's picture instead of Evangeline Cunningham's. Just then Brent came in and snatched at the locket. Helen ran out wildly with it and just made a descending elevator while Brent crashed through the half-closed door to his death.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XLVII

Helen said nothing about the locket to Eva, nor to Bob when he came. Before his arrival she had seen clearly that it was a clue to the real heiress. And she was frightened.

Suppose she told them the truth—that she was an imposter, a cheat, the daughter of a criminal? The thought aroused all the horror she had lived through since Brent had told her that she was not the granddaughter of Cyril Cunningham. The blessed relief she had experienced when it flashed upon her that he could not carry out his threat to prevent her from marrying Bob left her now.

She felt herself caught again in an agony of indecision. To keep silent to go on—without fear, happily, with Bob; this was her temptation. She could do so much good with the money, as much good as anyone.

But the real heiress? What about her? Did she exist? Could she be found? Would Mrs. Ennis know where she was? But then, why hadn't she revealed the girl's identity? Why had she remained silent? These questions were milestones that weighted Helen's hopes to earth.

Before her lay a golden future—could she only destroy the one thing that stood between it and her—her conscience; could she only forget that somewhere there might be a girl she had robbed, a girl living in poverty perhaps.

When Bob came she was trembling with mental agony. He came straight across the room to her and took her in his arms. She rested there without offering any resistance, sobbing bitterly.

He could not get the story of what had happened from her. Someone else in the apartment told him of Brent's tragic death. Helen clung to him while he listened. To lose him now! Suddenly she went limp in his arms. He thought she was tortured with hearing the accident gone over.

He carried her to the divan and put her gently down. She opened her eyes and waved away those who gathered round to help her.

"Eva needs you," she said to Bob. "She is in—" She could not say Brent's name, but Bob followed her glance to the bedroom door and understood.

Still he hesitated and Helen told him he must go to his sister. Presently he came back with Eva leaning against him, dragging herself along with halting steps.

He found Helen waiting with her hat and coat on. The superintendent went down with them, helping Helen to her car.

She got in first, and held out her arms for Eva, who was in a state bordering on complete collapse.

Nothing touching on the accident was said during the drive to Yonkers. For the most part Eva lay quiet against Helen. Now and then she shuddered, or moaned pitifully. Helen could do nothing to comfort her beyond drawing her closer. Her own heart was breaking.

"When you've given that to her," she said, "have something to tell you."

Mrs. Ennis nodded in an abstracted fashion. Her mind was on her girl upstairs and her boy who was acting so strangely. She would have understood Bob's behavior had she witnessed a scene that took place between him and Helen while she was with Eva.

"Oh, don't, please don't!" Helen had cried sharply when he sought to embrace her.

Bob had drawn back astonished. This, in contrast to the way she had shown her need for him in Brent's apartment! It staggered him.

Helen dared not try to explain. She had sealed her face in her own mind. In a little while Bob would know that she was a fraud—that she had come by crooked paths into his life. Until then she would not let herself accept his love.

His pleadings proving unavailing, Bob had flung himself out of the room in desperate discouragement. His mother heard him come upstairs and slam his door behind him. He was there still when she went down for the milk and when she came back with it. Then she had tapped at his door and he had told her to go away and let him alone.

She sighed heavily over her inability to understand her children as she made her way to the living room where Helen had said she would wait when she left the kitchen.

"I'm sorry we left you alone," she apologized, and sat wearily down in a chair.

"I gave me time to think," Helen smiled wanly. "What I want to say to you is so important, Mrs. Ennis, that I don't want to muddle it. And I've been too confused to know how to put it—until just now."

"Well, my dear, what is it?" Mrs. Ennis asked, thinking that, of course, it concerned Bob.

"It's about—a locket," Helen answered.

Mrs. Ennis started and looked at her more searchingly.

"The locket—Eva's lost," Helen went on, constraining herself to speak calmly. "We found it—in Mr. Brent's possession."

"Mr. Brent?"

"Yes. Undoubtedly he found it at Bramblewood. I do not know if he learned that Eva lost it."

Mrs. Ennis had grown highly excited. "Where is it?" she cried.

"I have it," Helen said quietly. "She reached for her bag, opened it and brought out the locket."

Mrs. Ennis took it with a cry of relief.

"I would like to ask you," Helen began, "where you got it and—"

here in Yonkers, years ago. He had a little girl—

"What was her name?" Mrs. Ennis regarded her blankly. She had recovered her composure, outwardly at least, and now she was prepared to meet Helen's question.

"Was it—?" Helen could scarcely restrain her excitement as she put the rest of her question—"was it," she repeated, "Evangeline?"

"(TO BE CONCLUDED)"

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11:00 A. M.	Morning Prayer

And Sermon

Subject: The Authority of Christ

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