

**CHAPTER I.**  
The boxes that came for Helen Page always caused excitement at Miss Spann's School for Girls.



# The Innocent Cheat

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

Miss Spann's girls were smart and up-to-date and quite often their own clothes bore the label of a Fifth Avenue shop. But few of them possessed even a single garment with a Paris label in it.

All the clothes that came for Helen were Paris originals. Helen did not know, so she could not explain, that her guardian had them brought over by a friend who made frequent trips abroad—a friend he had never allowed Helen to meet.

As a matter of fact she had met none of his friends. But this friend had perfect taste and Helen's clothes were the envy of her school-mates.

Just now they were engaged—all who could crowd into her room—in helping her open the two large packages that had come that afternoon.

Helen was less interested in the new things than in the coming visit of her guardian himself. She was thrilling happily to the thought of it. For Leonard Brent was more to Helen than just a guardian in the common sense of the word. She had given him the adoration of an untouched heart, without question of the manner in which he might guard the gift.

Of his guardianship of herself Helen had no complaint. It was lonely sometimes when the other girls all but one or two, were away at home for holidays and the summer vacation, but there was always Leonard's next visit to look forward to.

"Oh, Helen, just look at this dinner dress!" one of the girls cried, holding up a periwinkle blue chiffon creation. "Don't you love it?"

Helen took it and rushed over to the mirror in the closet door. "I'll wear it tonight," she exclaimed, holding it up before her, judging its lines.

"You ought to take that V out of the back," one of the girls remarked as Helen held the dress off and studied it.

Helen shook her head. "Leno wouldn't like it," she said.

"Don't you ever get tired of living up to his freak ideas?" someone asked her. "It must be a strain."

Helen smiled. She had been through this before. That her guardian was strict and old-fashioned about her rearing and education everyone knew. But Helen delighted in pleasing him and so did not mind having her modernism limited in a measure.

Helen could get away with the role of Miss Simplicity because she descended from Helen of Troy, another girl put in sarcastically. "But I'll be old guardian could blow a whole if she needed a beauty treatment."

The flush on Helen's cheek belied her words. Someone laughed. "That old guardian's course of beauty treatments in himself," the girl who had laughed declared. "Watch our Helen glow. No facial could do so much for her."

Helen whirled upon the speaker. "Old guy!" she repeated beligerently. "Leno isn't old. Not more than 35, anyway."



ok them in his own and kissed their finger tips.

grumbled as they departed. "She has eyes the same as we have, Miss Prim."

Helen laughed. She could afford to be good natured. Tonight she would dine with Leno at the inn—and dance with him.

Shallimar helped to clear the beds of boxes and tissue paper. She was Helen's roommate and quite used to removing things to make sitting room.

But on this occasion she wore a slight frown. Not that she minded having her portion of the room overrun with Helen's belongings.

She was thinking of Helen herself, wondering if she wasn't a bit of a fool to fall so hard for her guardian's ideas. There was that woman they had seen him with in town, for instance. She certainly looked as though she knew her way about; not at all the sort of person that Mr. Brent seemed bent on making of Helen. Shallimar didn't think it was fair.

And then there was the way Helen had acted on that occasion. Afraid to intrude, Shallimar thought. And Helen hadn't explained why she had drawn back abruptly as he passed with his unknown companion. But Shallimar knew she was aware of the queer-ness of her act for since the trifling episode Helen had been reluctant to speak of it.

Helen observed the frown on Shallimar's darkly beautiful features and a bit of her elation over the news that Brent was coming to town. She hated to be a mystery to her roommate. Shallimar had confided her intimate affairs unreservedly and Helen felt guilty over withholding her own secrets.

Secrets! With her life itself just one long secret how could she confide anything? The thought had troubled her through many wakeful hours.

But she could see that Shallimar was seriously disapproving of her now. Often the dark granddaughter of a Spanish dancer had warned her that she would lose her individuality if she tried to remake herself in an outmoded mold.

Impulsively she decided to explain her reason for not making her presence in the Ritz known to her guardian. She put down the check-stand and was putting away her new hosiery and came over to sit on Shallimar's bed.

"You think I have the makeup of a mouse, don't you, or that I believe children should be neither seen nor heard?" she began half-teasingly. But under the light tone she adopted there was a hint of appeal for tolerance from her friend.

"Oh, if you want to efface yourself that's your business," Shallimar answered; "provided you really want to."

Helen spoke softly. "I do, when Leno wishes it," she admitted.

in anticipation. Was Helen actually going to open up?

"There's a reason, but I don't know what it is. Why Leno wants me to grow up to be what he calls a lady. Please don't laugh. You know there is a difference between girls who take refinement and good form seriously and those who don't."

"What if there is?" Shallimar interjected impatiently. "Is that any reason why you have to give up even a dab of rouge along with cigarettes?"

A tender smile wreathed Helen's lips before she answered. "Maybe Leno does carry it a bit far," she agreed, "but what I wanted to tell you was that he has never arranged for me to meet any of his friends or acquaintances and I know he wouldn't want it to happen by accident."

Shallimar scoffed. "Afraid they will contaminate you probably. But that's going to be pleasant for you when you leave school isn't it. Who are you going to know? What are you going to do? He won't be able to create a set of Priscillas and Prudences just for you to associate with."

"He says we're going to travel," Helen explained.

"And show the world one American girl who is natural and unspoiled. I see. So that is what you are being groomed for."

"I don't know, Shallie. Maybe it's just that Leno believes girls ought to be natural and unspoiled."

Shallimar laughed again. "After the lady we saw him with you can't pretend that he prefers unspoiled girls for himself."

Helen flushed darkly red. Shallimar had found the chink in her armor, either by accident or design. This woman they spoke of was not the first sophisticated, modish female that Helen had seen in Leonard Brent's company.

Once on paying him an unexpected visit she had found him entertaining a charming friend whom he had hurriedly sent away—afterward scolding Helen for her surprise.

And Helen had not been blind to the fact that his choice of friends among the gentler sex was quite decidedly for the women of today. Why, then, did he want her to be so different?

Helen's heart sank anew at every repetition of the question. For the answer was always the same. Leonard—Leno—did not regard her as she regarded him. He might not be in her mind, too aged for her fancy to weave a love dream about him, but it was her great fear that he regarded her as a child.

men friends—and to know that you were just a sort of experiment with him; but hard or not Helen hated tears. They were too much in keeping with the character being thrust upon her.

"Well, anyway," Shallimar said cheerfully, "he doesn't dress you in hoops and bustles. I can't quite get his idea. An old-fashioned girl in the latest word in clothes."

"I don't get it either," Helen confessed. "But I'm grateful for the lovely things he sends me. I'd hate to look funny."

"As you would if he wanted you to," Shallimar sniffed. "I hope I never fall in love if this is what it does to a girl. But honestly, I don't think you're in love with him, really. He's got you hypnotized, that's all."

Helen was pinning her thick yellow hair up on her head preparatory to taking a shower bath. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror. How little Shallimar knew about the grand passion her great brown eyes said to those in the glass. She pined for Shallimar. For no matter how much it hurt to be in love it was an experience not to be missed.

And it made having a new dress ever so much more exciting. "Shallie, I wear silver slippers or the blue moiré?" she asked, frowning about and forgetting that her dearly beloved Leno would very likely remain undisturbed by any choice she made among the things in her plentiful wardrobe.

"Wear the blue—silver's overdue," Shallimar advised. "And here's a bar of that soap Aunt Cecelia sent from Hamburg. You'll love the odor. It's lasting but that won't matter since your arbuter won't permit you to use perfume."

"He doesn't object to a delicate scent," Helen corrected as she took the cake of clear green soap and disappeared into the hall. She ran down to the bathroom but, early as it was, she found all the tubs and showers in use and had to wait 10 minutes for her turn. The girls were forever upsetting the bathing order established for them by the house rules committee. It did no good to grumble even if you had to hurry back to your room and content yourself with a sponge bath, and by a tubdown with cologne. The facilities for luxurious living at Miss Spann's were limited. Still, the school had a reputation for worthiness that kept its enrollment full and things went on as they were.

When Helen returned to don her crepe de chine dancing set and the periwinkle dress she was aglow with well being and happy anticipation.

Shallimar stood by and offered well meant suggestions that were entirely ignored. No, not even a hint of lipstick, and certainly no eye shadow. Helen was firm.

"Not that you need it," Shallimar cooed, "but there isn't a woman born that can't be made more beautiful. And you want to look beautiful, don't you?"

Helen consented to having her slightly water-shined nose powdered and she allowed Shallimar to arrange her heavy hair in a way that permitted one adorable little ear to invite a caress, but that was as far as modern allurements as she would go.

Finally Shallimar announced herself satisfied. Helen gave her a swift hug. "It's funny about you," she said impulsively. "You hate to see me going out with Leno. I know you do, and yet you do all you can to make me devastating to him. Why is that?"

before asking him about last Saturday do you?" Shallimar teased.

"No, I wouldn't dare do that," Helen told her; "but there's something he has promised to do for me. I'm anxious to remind him of it."

She was in the closet now, running her finely modeled hands over the row of wraps that hung there behind a cretonne curtain. She seemed uncertain of her choice. Her mind was not on the wraps. She came out with a black and white one. Shallimar gasped. "Helen, not that! With blue slippers?"

Helen regarded it. "It would be a bad combination, wouldn't it?" She threw it on the bed and turned back to the closet. This time she selected a gray velvet.

The nod of approval Leonard Brent gave her a few minutes later rewarded her for her exercise of taste.

Helen's hands trembled as Brent took them in his own and kissed their finger tips. It was not a serious gesture, but it delighted the girl whose love of romance, and love of love itself, had settled upon this handsome, worldly man.

As he bent his head and looked at her from dark eyes that turned up slightly at the outer corners, following the line of his satanic eyebrows, her heart pounded alarmingly.

She could not fathom that look, part mocking, part triumphant, part amused. But Leonard Brent could not be wholly laughing at her. Oh yes, she was aware that he knew of her feeling for him. There was something in his glance that made it possible to endure his knowing; something not altogether of mockery and amusement.

"You're looking lovelier than ever," Brent said to her and the words were uttered warmly.

Helen longed to say that he too was looking very well had she not felt it would be too artless to compliment him. He might want her to be simple, but not a simpleton.

But she allowed her eyes to feast upon him and Brent understood her as though she had spoken. He permitted no hint of his understanding to show in his manner. A long and varied experience with women had accustomed him to their admiration.

Helen's feet seemed scarcely to touch the flagstone walk as they made their way out to Brent's car, a long, narrow convertible. Tonight it was open and Helen had an instant's regret that she was not to sit in the delicious intimacy afforded when closed. But the feel of a soft breeze, warm with the promise of summer, brought a surge of pleasure that held no place for regret.

It was a short drive to the inn—a drive in May-scented twilight. Helen's thoughts were tuned to the sheer delight of the wind in her face, the lift of her hair about her face, the racing hope that sped with her.

## Coast Mariner Is Pursued By Strange 'Jinx'

Many Vessels Under His Command Sink After He Leaves During Skipper's Fifty Years At Sea.

By STANLEY BAILEY  
United Press Staff Correspondent.  
SEATTLE, Sept. 20. (U.P.—) For 50 years Capt. N. L. Johnson sailed the seas of the world, and for 50 years death and disaster followed ever in his wake.

When the grey-beards of the old square rigger days and of the later days of steam gather occasionally down in Eagle harbor and talk of the mysteries of the deep—the strange fates that pursue some men and of miraculous escapes—they speak of Capt. Johnson as "The Jinx of the Sea."

But though death was constantly in the offing as he went over the horizons, never has he met with accident.

Eleven of the vessels he commanded went down on the first trip after he quit their bridges. More than a dozen others met disaster shortly after he left them.

Records of the marine branch of the United States Department of Commerce tell, in part, his story.

A lad of 14, Johnson ran away from home and signed up with a Lake Michigan craft, a four rigger barkentine—had a clipper as ever sailed the lakes.

He left; Boats Sank  
Then he came to Seattle where he dropped anchor. He purchased a small boat and cruised about the Washington shores. A short time later the boat, the Lone Star, was sold and its new owner sailed for Alaska. The craft was never heard of again.

Capt. Johnson bought the sailing vessel Idler and with friends went to Alaska. They tramped the frozen spaces and returned. The Idler was sold to Capt. Lawrence Landsdale, now a U. S. revenue coast guard cutter commander. The Idler sank en route to Alaska.

Then for 15 years he sailed under the McDougal-Southwick Co. flag. The jinx ship Stella Eerland, refused by other captains, was his first charge. He sailed it to Alaska for eight trips, overcoming difficulties in construction of the craft.

The Stella Eerland was sold to Prof. Anthony of Stanford University and was used for a scientific expedition to the South Sea Islands. She ran aground and sank off Cedras Islands on the coast of Mexico and several of the party went down with the ship.

Thus his story runs:  
The Lincoln, The Loyal, the Moonlight, the Nellie G. Thurston, the General L. Siglin, the M. M. Morrel, the General McPherson, the Ruby Cousins—he walked the bridge on each and on the next voyage all went down or sailed away to the port of missing ships.

Fear of Jinx  
The barkentine M. Griffith was his next command, but she survived for a time. It was not until two years after he had left the barkentine that the craft sank.

Then the fear of his "jinx" began to spread. He was refused commands, although none questioned his ability.

In 1914 Johnson was employed by the government to help harvest seaweed off San Diego, Calif., for poison, a war munition necessity. For two years he commanded the Bahadra and when he took charge of the Transport Redlands, the Bahadra sank off San Pedro breakwater, was raised and then went down off Huckleberry island with all hands.

Mutiny and riots in Japan while in the government service added to his story. His personal luck held, but the jinx rode on.

## Las Vegas Stock Exchange

Closing Bids and Asked Quotations  
LOS ANGELES CURB AND EXCHANGE STOCKS  
Friday, Sept. 20, 1929

	Bid	Ask
Calif. Bank	137	139
Mer. Nat. Bank	195	220
Nat. Bank Com.	40	45
Sec. Est. Natl.	137 1/2	139
Peo. Fin. Com.	153	154
Barnsdall 'A'	34 1/2	36 1/2
'Bolsa Chica' 'A'	205	215
'Buck Un. pfd.	35	40
McMillan	35 1/2	36 1/2
'Oceanic'	75	85
Cedical Pet.	255	280
Glimco	13 1/2	14 1/2
Richfield	40 1/2	42 1/2
Rio Grande	29	30
Std. Oil. Cal.	74 1/2	75
Union Oil	53 1/2	54
Douglas Air	28 1/2	30
Douglas Air	26 1/2	27
So. Cal. Ed. Com.	87	88
Av. Corp. Del.	13	14
'Bach Air	130	135
Ek. Am. Calif.	123	129
Ek. Am. N. A.	232	236
Bandolin Pete	6 1/2	6 1/2
'Exeter'	132 1/2	135
Ital. Pet. Com.	235	240
Mex. Seabrd.	32	33 1/2
Smclair	35 1/2	37 1/2
Fukker Air	45 1/2	46 1/2
Lockheed	5 1/2	9
Meddux Line	18 1/2	19
Trns. Am. Corp.	18 1/2	21
Trns. Con. Air	19	21
'Gold Ace	17 1/2	20
Cont. of Del.	33	33 1/2
'Ellyow Pine	13	16

## Helping the Homemaker

By LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER  
FALL LUNCH MENU  
Chilled Diced Cantaloupes  
Chicken Mousse Tomato Rounds  
Creamed Peas  
Hot Biscuits Plum Jelly  
Pear Salad  
Orange Ice Sponge Cake  
Coffee Salted Nuts

Chicken Mousse, Serving Six  
2 tablespoons granulated gelatin  
4 tablespoons cold water  
1-2 cups boiling chicken stock  
1 teaspoon salt  
1-4 teaspoon paprika  
2 tablespoons chopped pimientos  
2 tablespoons chopped, cooked green peppers  
2 tablespoons chopped, cooked celery  
1-2 cups diced, cooked chicken.  
1-2 cup whipped cream

Soak the gelatin in cold water for 3 minutes. Add the boiling stock and stir until the gelatin has dissolved. Add the salt and paprika. Cool and allow to stiffen a little. Add the rest of the ingredients and in a cold place to stiffen. Unmold been rinsed out of cold water. Set pour into a loaf mold which has been arranged with tomato rounds, and surround with tomato rounds.

Tomato Rounds  
3 slices tomatoes, cut 2-3 inch thick  
1-2 cup mayonnaise  
1-4 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons chopped green peppers.  
Mix the mayonnaise, salt and green peppers and spread on the tomatoes which have been chilled. Arrange in lettuce leaves and use a garnish for the loaf.

Orange Ice, Serving Twelve  
2 cups sugar  
4 cups water  
2 cups orange juice  
1-3 cup lemon juice  
Boil the sugar and water for 2 minutes. Cool and add the rest of the ingredients and freeze until stiff.

## FRATERNAL NOTICES

Vegas-Lodge No. 32, F. & A. M. Stated Communications first Monday of each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m.  
Special Communications, work requiring, as announced by the Trestle Board, issued each month. Visiting brothers are welcome.  
EARL F. DAVISON, W. M.  
W. N. Schuyler, Secretary.

ATTENTION EAGLES!  
Las Vegas Aerie No. 1213 Fraternal Order of Eagles meets in regular session the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Levy's Hall. All Stray Eagles cordially invited.

B. P. O. E.  
Las Vegas Lodge No. 1468 Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30. Club rooms open from 11:00 a. m. to 12:00 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially welcome.  
C. V. T. GILBERT, E. M.  
Wm. L. SCOTT, Secretary

CHARLESTON LODGE NO. 88 K. O. P.  
Regular meetings first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m., at Beckley's Hall. Local members and visiting brothers are cordially invited.  
JOHN GORDON, C. C.  
JULIUS AHLSTROM, K. R. C.

Artista Lodge No. 43 I. O. O. F. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M. Levy's Hall, Fremont St., between First and Second. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.  
R. H. SNYDER, Noble Grand  
DONALD BREMNER, Sec.

SOUTHGATE CHAPTER NO. Meeting second and fourth Monday of each month at 7:30 p. m. 18, Order of the Eastern Star at Masonic Hall. All visiting members cordially welcome.  
MRS. EARL DAVISON, W. M.  
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