

# The Innocent Cheat

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE  
Helen Page feels unhappy when the girls at the Spann boarding school tease her about being Miss Simplicity just to please her handsome guardian, Leonard Brent, who supplies her with ample funds and smart frocks which are brought from Paris for her by a woman friend whom Helen has never met. The fact that he has never permitted her to meet any of his friends worries her, too. But she will not question his reason even though her roommate, Shalimar Morris, taunts her about shrinking back without speaking one afternoon at the Ritz when they see him there with a striking looking woman. Shalimar accuses Helen of being in love with Brent calls her a fool to give up smoking, dancing and parties for him; and ends by saying that "There's something wrong with the picture."



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

troubled. It seemed so easy for her to be a good kid. Had he overdone it, wiped out forever the chance to shape her destiny to suit his own ends?  
His uneasiness was reflected in the reckless speed with which he drove through the night.  
"But damn it all, she's perfect," justified his course to his inner judge, he said aloud, as though he had to vent "She's as convincing as a pure lamb, absolutely above suspicion."  
The last conclusion ended in his mind. It was not Leonard Brent's habit to give free voice to his thoughts.  
But, pleased as he was with the results of his plans to bring up a former partner's daughter in a normal surroundings, he carried a doubt to bed with him that night. He couldn't shake off the feeling that it was not going to be easy to orient Helen into the ways of her father.  
The important engagement he had spoken of to her slipped his mind entirely before he reached the city. And in the morning he found it necessary to telephone an explanation. His excuses were accepted and another appointment was made. Brent wouldn't have bothered but this woman had been useful to him in the past. Soon he expected not to need her but he would be unwise, he reflected, to let her know that too abruptly.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER II

Brent leaned closer to Helen and the girl saw something in his eyes. A plea, an entreaty. Brent knew she had never found there before how to use the expressive of his features to serve his purpose, whatever it might be.

"Why," she faltered, "I—"  
Brent pressed his arm a little tighter, patting her shoulder. "I'm not going to question you about any of the promises you've made me," he said easily. "If you have any confessions to make, keep them for another time. All that matters about what you've done here at school is what it's made of you, Helen. Will it please you to know that I am satisfied?"

"Please me?" Helen's voice vibrated with astonishment. "Leno—you ask me that?"  
The man smiled, content.  
"But I haven't done anything you asked me not to do," the girl rushed on. "I haven't smoked or sworn or taken drink or listened to risqué stories or—"

"I'm sure you haven't," Brent broke in. He was thoroughly convinced of her virtue. His magnetic hold on her, he knew, governed every act of her life.  
But the very completeness of her hold troubled him. Could she be capable of such devotion to the ideals that he had fostered upon her without possessing, innately, a penchant for truth and purity? Was it entirely his wishes that swayed her?

Well, he'd gambled on blood. Diamond Page's daughter! The blood of an international crook in her veins. She couldn't get rid of that.  
Against it Brent had stacked a course in culture, taking a chance that heredity would win over environment. It was important to him that it should.

And tonight he meant to take the first step in proving the result.  
"You've often expressed curiosity over my attitude toward you," he said to Helen now. "Well, it wasn't an idle wish to have you grow up as innocent as a modern girl can be," he went on as Helen remained silent; "and the time is almost here when I shall tell you what it means to me. But first—now—I want to ask you this: Have you found it difficult to follow my will, to do as I asked you about these things that people say you modern youngsters are guilty of?"

Helen did not hesitate with her answer. "I almost wish I could say yes," she told him, "because then you would know that even if I found it hard not to do the things that some of the other girls do, I would still not do them. Leno, just because you asked me not to. But I can't say that. I'm afraid I rather like being what you call nice." She smiled at him appealingly but his expression puzzled her. He seemed but little pleased.

"Even to giving up artificial beauty aids?" he pressed. "And not having aspirations for a career?"  
This time Helen answered with less sureness.

"Well," she said, "sometimes—when the other girls are planning their future."  
"You find it a bit strange to close your mind to the call of this new freedom?"  
"It's very fascinating to think what you could do," Helen admitted. "More fascinating that dedicating your life to me, letting me assume the responsibility for your future?"  
There was a faint touch of reproach in his voice, a note Helen could not endure.

"Oh, don't think I ever forget how wonderful you've been, Leno. To take a baby girl and bring her up as though she were your own daughter—She paused, then hurried on "not just to put her away and forget all about her. . . I think you've been splendid!"  
"I'm glad you didn't quite say as my own daughter, Helen," Brent remarked. "I've never felt paternal toward you. It drew her to him the slightest bit and Helen closed her eyes. But he did not kiss her."  
"Then you won't fail me?" he asked after a moment of silence in which he weighed his new knowledge of her. Helen opened her eyes. "Fail you?" she repeated. "And turned her face to stare at him. "Will you stick to me, no matter what I tell you, or ask of you?"  
Helen's answer came from a heart too devoid of guile to suspect him of an unworthy motive.  
"I'd do anything for you, Leno. You know that."

Brent nodded. "I'll remind you of those words when I take you away from here," he assured her solemnly. "In the meantime, let's

On an instant he did not stop to analyze, he stooped to pick it up. There was a string attached to it that led around the old man's neck.

"And dance?" Helen added, striving to overcome the gravity that somehow had come with his words. "It's heavenly to dance with you, Leno."  
Brent helped her out of the car without reviving her exuberance might turn to gushing; it never had but Helen, he knew, was fairly tingling with life, with the throbs and pulsations of youth standing on the threshold of adventure. He had long ago worn off the novelty of living and he had no intention of trying to renew the kick. It would be utter boredom to him to talk about thrills. Such as were left to him he preferred to live and not to discuss. He simply would not view the world through Helen's eyes.

She sighed a bit as they walked to the entrance of the inn. What a night! And what a companion! There wouldn't be a man present to compare with him. Tall, thin with the lean perfection of a greyhound, in superbly fitting dinner clothes, his hair just touched with gray at the temples, he made a strikingly distinguished figure.

Helen walked proudly before him as the captain led them to their favorite table.  
"Good evening, Mr. Brent." The man's tone when he greeted them had barely escaped being obsequious. Helen always had the feeling of being in the company of someone of vast importance when she was with Leonard Brent. And had there been a royal family in America she was certain that Leno would have received as much attention as the crown prince.  
"What's right for a night like this?" Brent asked when they were seated and a waiter hovered at his elbow. The captain had lingered to see to their comfort in person. Now he offered seasonable suggestions with evident anxiety to please. "Spanish meringue? Consomme? A duckling, perhaps, with orange sauce and an apple salad? Strawberry mousse, or patisserie Française?"  
Brent left the choice of desserts to Helen, ordering none for himself. She chose in favor of the mousse.  
Before their first course was brought the dance music burst out with a call that was irresistible to Helen.

"Please," she begged of Brent. "He put down the fat Turkish cigarette he was smoking and got to his feet. It was not a part of his campaign to deny her any pleasure which she could derive from his participation. Aside from kissing her. To feed her desire to be near him was one thing, to satisfy it quite another."

Leonard Brent was too wise to accept Helen's love for him for anything but what it was. He knew that some day some small thing, a word, a gesture, of his would end it, and she would know that she had romanticized him into her Prince Charming.

There were times when he'd have liked to kiss her, but the desire was never overwhelming, and he warned himself repeatedly that a kiss can awaken loathing as well as love. Helen, he perceived, was just trying her wings, and taking the experience very much to heart.  
But her present state was to well suited to his purpose to risk disturbing it by a moment's pleasure. So when she nestled in his arms while they danced he resisted an impulse to take her closer, to let her know that she stirred him.

Helen closed her eyes and dreamed of dancing upon an unending path. There wouldn't be any tomorrows of textbooks and classrooms. Nothing but this—motion that spun you out of yourself, set you floating in space—music that filled you with sensations you couldn't define. Strangely, and without knowing it, she forgot Leonard Brent.  
Brent brought her back to earth with the remark that he was starting back to town early. Helen was instantly against it.

"Not without driving me to this

fall!" she cried. "We haven't been there this year. And it's lovely now."  
"Sorry," Brent answered abruptly. "I've someone to see on important business."  
"Tonight?"  
Brent frowned at her incredulous insistence. And suddenly Helen remembered the woman she had seen with him the previous Saturday.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "I won't let you go!"  
Instantly, and with a darkening countenance, Brent came to halt on the dance floor. "Helen," he said with a seriousness that shocked her. "There is one thing you must never do."

Helen swayed a little, steadying herself against the impact of dancing couples. She was too dismayed to speak. What had she done, what had her impetuous words meant to her guardian to cause him to end their dance abruptly and speak so sternly to her?  
While she searched her mind for an answer Brent led her back to their table. She sat limply in her chair, waiting for him to explain his admonition.  
He started to speak but the waiter arrived with the melon and Brent held his tongue. But the instant they were alone the words came quick and precise.

"Interference," he said. "Is one thing that I will not tolerate."  
"Interference?" Helen whispered the word with difficulty.  
"You must never question me," Brent went on relentlessly.  
"But Leno, I didn't."  
"Please, Helen. You must listen to me. You have been groomed at Miss Spann's for a role that requires implicit faith in my decisions. It will be necessary at all times for you to accept my word and my judgment without question. Your own wishes will be secondary to mine." He paused and regarded her intently. Helen sat quite still.  
"If you think that will be impossible—that you cannot submerge your own opinions and desires—we will not go on. You may choose your own path. But you must decide now."

It was brutal. No one, not even the girl before him, knew so well as he what her answer would be. For years he had taken an evil satisfaction in his domination of her evil because he knew it was based on her tremendous capacity for loving, her inability to curb or limit her affection.  
It seemed to her that he questioned her loyalty even to give her the choice he named. Why, she belonged to him. Her life was his. She lived for no one or nothing else.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.  
"Then please remember what I have told you. And now eat your melon like a good girl."

But Helen could not eat it. The very strength of her that sent her devotion out to him in wholehearted measure refused the humiliation of being treated like a child. It wounded her but she forgave it, though the melon remained untouched.

Brent was too selfish to notice. He ate his own melon with relish. Before they were served again he suggested another dance. Helen declined and he did not urge. He could read her mind as though it were a book. Best to turn the whole incident off lightly, make her forget it.  
So he set himself to entertain her and when they arrived back at the school Helen was again in a rapturous state of mind. It would soon be the end of June and she would go away with Leno—some where—to be with him every day. It would be sweet to have nothing to do but live for him, nothing else to think of but ways to delight him to keep him with her always. And perhaps, some day, he would discover that she was a woman and not a child any longer.  
Brent drove back to New York satisfied that he could pull the strings to her heart, as he wished. But the heart itself. There he was

## Mother's 30-Mile Flights Get Co-ed To Classes at Colorado U.



Mrs. A. F. Joseph of Denver (right) pilots her own plane to take her daughter, Miss Grace Joseph (left), on frequent trips to the University of Colorado at Boulder.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 20. (AP)—Joseph, who has arranged to make the trip whenever the daughter desires to spend the night at home. Miss Joseph can rise in Denver at 7 o'clock and make an 8 o'clock class in Boulder. The Josephs live not far from the flying field here. Actual flying time is only 17 minutes.  
The plane the young woman uses is that of her mother, Mrs. A. F.

## 'Bat' Battalino Routs Routis

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 23 (AP)—Christopher 'Bat' Battalino, young Italian, tonight won the featherweight championship by defeating Andre Routis of France in a fifteen round decision bout before twenty-thousand fans.  
Defending the crown he won a New York, Routis was never able to display the form that won him the title. Battalino easily evaded Routis' charges, out-generalled him

## Famous Trainer's Condition Grave

NEW YORK, Sept. 23. (AP)—Sam Hildreth, famous trainer of race horses is in a critical condition at the Fifth Avenue hospital, following a major operation performed this morning.  
A bulletin issued at the hospital tonight described his condition as very grave.

## Huggins, Yank Manager, Is Seriously Ill

NEW YORK, Sept. 23. (AP)—Miller Huggins, manager of the New York Yankees' baseball team, was not expected by his physicians to live through the night at St. Vincent's hospital tonight, where he is suffering from influenza and erysipelas.

Physicians were fighting hard for the life of the popular little man who made the Yankees one of the outstanding baseball machines of all times, but they were not hopeful, fearing he could not withstand the desperate illness that has attacked him.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23 (AP)—The condition of Miller Huggins, veteran manager of the New York Yankees, took a serious turn today and a blood transfusion was necessary to check the spread of infection growing out of an attack of influenza and erysipelas.  
The outcome of the transfusion is in doubt, according to the only bulletin issued by Dr. Edward H. King, Yankee physician, late this afternoon. He described Huggins as a "very sick man" explaining that in such an illness arising from infection there is no crisis.  
Huggins was taken to a hospital last Friday after being affected first by a cold and then a boil on the face. Complications followed and his condition became critical today.

## Classified Advertising

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B. J. Golder, barber of Austin, Tex., makes and sells violins in his spare time.

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