THURGDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1929.



a bit until the rain ceases." Brent THIS HAS HAPPENED Helen Bennett feeis unhappy explained casually, taking a seat at when the garls at the Spann buard- the table with the man he had ing school tease her about being brought in "Bring me a pot of Miss Simplicity just to please ner coffee, without cream." handsome guardian, Leonard Brent,

who supplies her with ample The waiter grinned Obviously funds and smart frocks which are his guest was unusued to coffee brought from Paris for her by a nouses of this order. A pot of conwoman friend whom Helen has fee indeed! A thick, white mug at the best. never met.

But she dares not question his . 'No individual pots, sir," he reasons even when her roommate, applogized, using an address that Shallimar Morris, accuses her of was unfamiliar in the place But being in love with brent and calls this man, in his better days had her a fool for giving up dancing seen better places. "Never mind," Brent instructed and parties for him.

Helen begs her guardian to tell him "Attend to this poor wretch her about her parentage, but he at cnce: You have some hot soup, refuses until after she graduates. I suppose?" Realizing her infatuation for him, "Yes, sir."

he exacts her promise to "do anyscheel.

esity tempts him to listen to his take of the thick hot soup. oid man spies a gold locket with down, with the speed demanded by a di-mond. He takes the locket wo'fish hunger and trics to question the derelict. The busy waiter had gone about

CHAPTER IV ceased.

of it," Brent said briskly.

and uncomprehending. Brent's im- undertaker. patience grew. "Sit up," he said "What's the matter with sharply. you? Drunk?"

self. need the money now. It's been a soup was finished and then began long time. The joke's on him Let to ply the old man with questions. him rot in his riches Its all the But first he lighted a cigaret for same to her. She's been dead for him, astutely surmising that it years, years, I tell you, years! was the first, other than butts, What does she care about his that he'd smoked in years. money? She's got streets of gold, But even so, in spite of the cofstreets of it."

Brent bent closer, no longer try- was not easy to get the story Not ing to rouse the speaker to more that the old fellow was at all rerational utterance. Plainly his luctant to reveal it, but it came mind was wandering, but his words hard for him to put his statements were interesting. "Yes," Brent in sequence. said encouragingly. "Evangeline- A name here, a date there, who was she?"

zation of his situation.

Brent watched while he made a of the empty revenge the rich old shadow of experienced degradation cutting through the fog in his brain and filling him with dread. Brent pressed. But the moment of lucidity did What Cunningham?"

not last. He fell instanty to raving "Evangeine" again, forgetful of he seemed to sense him there as know. It serves him right It serves once, but raw carrots for two days ier's desk. immaterial audience. Brent him right .. Thinks he's going to

"Inen fetch it after the coffee." thing I ask you to" after leaving The strong black beverage, held to the blue lips by Brent himseif, One day Brent sees a hungry revived his companion to a condibeggar fall in an alley and curi- tion in which he was able to parmuttering. He hears something Brent sat opposite and watched about 'Evangeline-money-d'rin- silently while he dipped the large herited" and as he bends over the cheap spoon up and down, up and

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY his duties. Brent had indicated

that he did not want attention di-Holding the half-conscious man rected to his table and the man at a.ms length Brent shook him had accepted his wishes without violently. The weak lids lifted over comment. He was used to turning the watery eyes, the mutterings his back on queer affairs And this affair was queer "Unless the "Look here, old fellow, come out coff in the evenin clothes really didn't know a drunken guy from The other stared at him, dazed bum just one jump ahead of the

Well, it was none of his business Like enough he'd get a good fat tip cut of it Soft-hearted gink,

"Evangeime," the poor derelict probably, bit of a fool whispered, strugling to raise him- While he went on about his Then louder: "She doesn't business Brent waited until the fee, the soup and the tobacco, it

in-law.

Brent had to keep continally on Somehow that name on his lips the alert; aware that the man's did what he had been unable to do mind was affected. But the burden by conscious effort. It brought the of the tale - the vein the teller old man to at least a partial reali- couldn't get away from - was his satisfaction, his gloating enjoyment

supreme effort to sit erect. "Don't father was living. But for this call the police," he begged, the Brent might have learned nothing. "Whose father? Evangeline's?" "Cunningham.

> "Why . . Alone in his big house . . Old Cyril . . . Cyril K. . . . bags

too hungry

.Pretty kid

You look Clar, he out a state. 11 ages you to lose your temper. "armel."

cackled deep in his throat at the ". .rotting in his house memory of some way in which he the mood of detachment had rehad thwarted his revengeful father- turned. Brent realized. He glanced at his watch. He'd have to be going

Brent pressed in with a question. he saw, surprised at the lateness "Little girl?" he said. "Wasn't this of the hour. all a long time ago?" "Here," he said, reaching for his

Nellin's head drooped lower on wallet and extracting a small bill, his chest. He seemed not to have "take this and find a place to heard Brent's question. Brent did sleep." He thrust the bill into the not repeat it. For the mumbling trimy fingers, noting as he did so was reaching a point on which he that they were long and slender, an wanted more information. He indication that Nellin had told the truth about his artistic occupation leaned farther over the table, lisof earlier years. tening attentively. "Nobody knows where to find "And be, around here about this

her." (Brent assumed this referred time tomorrow night. I may be able to do something for you.' to the child Evangeline.) "He'll never have a chance to shake his

too bad about the egg

Brent got to his feet, picked up money bags in her face money . poor Evangeline, nothing his hat and strode over to the cash-

a reasonable tip.

Saw

Sal

... 16

else?

swept out a grocery store Before he reached it, however, he did you ever steal a raw egg paused and beckoned the waiter too hungry but I got who had served him. "Look after

0 0

FROM AGE FILES door Can't live on love. Do come along.'

Twenty Years Ago

September, 1909

Count C. E. Apponyl, a colonel of

Szochenyl, who married Gladys

he Austrian army and an engineer

of note, has interested Count Las-

Vanderbilt, and 'he Ro'hschil 's, in in medice of do alon in sloets

in the Colorado near La

The count made the trip down

he Colorado river in 1871 and since

hat time has had the scheme of

illiging the vast water power of

he great river for industrial pur-

bor that is being done all through

the contiguous mining districts of Arizona and Nevada by men and

horses, and thus develop rapidly

"hat is now being done slowly be-

muss of lack of power. His com-

borse power which will be delivered at Tonopali, Present, Jérome and

other places where power is de

Hose Company No. 1 save its sec-

Friday evening. On the recep-

d annual ball at the Opera Ho:

tion committee were Earl Miller

James W. Squires, Frank Ferris,

Leonard Moore and Robert East-

man. Earl Miller was floor man-

venty numbers and four extra-

baing rushed. It wi

room. All the rooms will have hot

very thorough course for the first

vo years started Monday with

Miss Jones in charge and nine pu-

Ten Years Ago

September, 1919

Bob Schaffer has installed a gas

tank in front of his garage on Fre-

mont street the past week and is

and cold water.

ous enrolled.

Fourth and Carson.

New Gas Station-

Asta at.

has water rit

me Company's Ball-

His purpose is to replac

Colorado River Power-

Vegas.

lost in nover

manded.

ager.

"I hate you!" She flunk out of 'he room in haste but Brent wait-ed, knowing that she would return when she felt she had taxed his paience to the utmost. What a vast relief it would be to

Los VLUMI Str.

(ill her place in his life with Helen Page. Helen Page! Brent frowned over his next thought. Could he induce her to fill that place? Would it not be better perhaps to chuck the whole scheme of things and let her go her own way? No, she was too valuable-much the valuable

Te would find use for her. Carmel broke in upon his houghts, surprising him by her abupt return. He wondered about it out she said simply that she war ungry. Brent smiled over har evelation of a temperament conled by appetite and thought Helen, who could not eat when ns bilities were wounded.

'What was your businezz?" sh said softly, slipping her arm in his nd turning a dazzling smile upon him. "Had to see a dark man with a

undle," Brent teased. And Carme new him well anough to and testiming him further. The bu her arm away and drew her light and lister about her sign-

erly voluotuous But her question had sent Brent . nind back to the old beggar h ad left in the coffee house. The ne unter already seemed a bit fan-

ic, but there was one thing he e dropped the matter. (To Be Continued)

LEGAL NOTICES LALED BIDS FOR PROPOSALS

or the construction and installa- Some filey er: for the City of Las Vegas, Clark | an enjoyable Sounty, Nevada, will be rectived at the office of the City Clerk of Las New Hotel-Nevada until 3.00 platech Hanry Squires building on F

Plans, specifications, General Conditions for all Contractors, forms citchen dining room, bar and bathof Contractor's Proposal and all inormation may be obtained from e office of said City Clerk. Speci-

Contractors, form of form of Proposal furnished eck, payable to Viola Burns

1929. at City Commission Board Room, Court House, Las Vegas, Ne-

Sanderson Buys Property-George Sanderson has purchased vada. VIOLA BURNS, (SEAL) from W. F. McBurney two lots on Oity Clerk. Las Vegas, Nevada. Pub. Sept. 14-17-19-21-24 and 26 '29. the south side of Fremont street between Fourth and Fifth streets and also two lots at the corner of

The Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Clark.

_No. 2016. W. GRIFFITH, Plaintiff, E.

now ready for business. L. LEONARD, also known as M Legion Electionand called Minnie L. Leonard, and THE COUNTY OF CLARK.

Officers for the American Legion STATE OF NEVADA, a politiwill be elected October 1, (1919) at Recreation Hall, M. E. church. A. cal subdivision of the State of Nevada, Defendants,

N. Doak is meanwhile carrying on last evening by the M. E. Church was very well attended and the a membership drive. committee well satisfied with the re-M. E. Church Benefit-**OF YEARS AGONE** The benefit given at the airdome sults.

YOUR SHOES.

1166

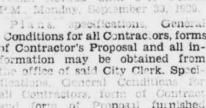


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City Clerk, to the amount of Ten Dollars. Bids to be publicly opened at 3:00 P. M. Monday, September 30.

past than in the present and that wife. . . . cheat me . he probably vocalized his story to fool making of the borderland between girl will never touch, life and death a wide space.

there was nothing in Brents the kid's gone. heart of pity; only disgust and contempt. But he could not tear himself away. He was held by the beg. scent of quarry. A rich old man, who didn't know that his hardkid heartedness was hurting only himself-that the daughter he had disinherited was dead. This much Brent gathered before the shrunken, prematurely aged wreck at his feet quit his babbing and sat quiet, his head drooping on a slumping shoulder.

. . . Quickly Brent stepped to the street, where the light was better, and took the locket out of his pocket. He opened it and disclosed the likeness of a beautiful young woman dressed in the style of 20 On the opposite side vears ago. of the locket was engraved a name, Evangeline Cunningham."

and down the street . A coffee had not seen her since her elone- mind. house caught his eye and solved ment with Nellin. Knew that she to know where to take the old marriage. Knew that they had a story out of him. Certainly he mother - Evangeline. Where she missed couldn't take him to his own was or what had become of her quarters.

leaned over the beggar. This time all his questions about her without He wheeled back and again he put aside his distaste for phys- answering. Brent could not tell ical contact with the other's person and lifted him to his feet. Again he shook him, roughly, thoroughly.

derland. He blinked at Brent and of her existence. Evangeline had "I'm starving," he said several His reply — Nellin didn't say in began to whimper like a child. times.

"Come along," Brent urged, sup- Brent understood that it had been porting him with a shouder caustic. "There's a place to eat just across and dont let go again. Do you his cleverness. "Listen," he blurted. the street Pull yourself together hear?" he added, raising his voice "I'll tell you what I've done as the figure against him began to how I've cheated him!" "Hang on to yourself," he relax. went on sharply 'There's food-

FOOD-and hot coffee!" It was slow progress they made getting across the street but Brent managed it. At the last he was practically carrying his burden but once at the door of the coffee house he was able to get assistance. "Drunk," he said laconically to

the waiter who came to help him. "An old beggar I'm used to seeing on the street Rather hate the thought of having an officer run flected. him in. Get him over to that table back there in the corner where ing. like a vulture, there in that tell you!" he'll be out of the way, and bring old house some strong coffee immediately."

The waiter was impressed with I've fooled Brent's appearance and manner. died and the little girl He hastened to obey. 'I'll just stop never find her." He stopped and doath?

guessed that he lived more in the leave his money away from my the poor the carrots .. . thinks I married Evangecarrots all who would listen or, when there line for her inheritance. . .inherimight have worked all day was no one, to his own ears. One tance she'll never get - money I of those pitiful, wandering tragedies wouldn't touch. . . money my little Brent waited for more about the .all these The muttering continued. child. years alone, alone in that empty old Still, guessing this, understanding house . . . hoping . . . hoping . . ningham, not a sign of them. All pretty thing

. then maybe she's Nellin .hopes like her mother now. Like her 'im," the waiter answered. .mother's eyes. Evangeline will come back and mother "The voice failed, angels don't have to beg the little girl was a pretty * * *

faded away.

He lifted a torn, soiled sleeve "Grown, mean?" Brent you to his dripping eyes and sniffled, prompted softly. Thon he began, again Brent, lis-"Eightsen next month. And tening patiently lost not a word. wen' seen her for years They sat there at the table for an wouldn't wouldn't know me hour The bowl of small crackers know her father." "Does she know she's Cunningwas empty, the ash tray full of The story was ham's granddaughter?" expensive ashes The bleary eyes lifted, the wobtold.

At last Brent concluded that he bly head shook a feeble negative. would learn no more of it from "That's how I've fooled him. She'll Charles Nellin That was the va- never go to him for help. She no one knows.. grant's name. Charles Owens Nel- can't "Cunningham knows how old she lin. He mustn't forget, Charles is, doesn't he? When she was born?' Owens Nellin All that came out now was repe- Brent's questions now were tinged tition. But he had learned a great with cunning. A nebulous idea by He knew that Charles Nellin which he might profit from this

Brent thrust it back into his had been Evangeline Cunninghom's story he had stumbled upon was pocket and glanced furtively up music teacher. Knew her father taking more concrete shape in his

The cackling, triumphant laughte his problem. He'd been at a loss had died a few years after their came again, louder this time. "He's cheated, I tell you. He'll man and pump the rest of the d ughter. She'd been named for her die but he won't know what he's Evangeline was afraid of him I made her afraid ...

, 'fraid of me Nellin had slipped away from too never wrote Brent interjected sharply: "The mother? Yes, she wrote about the whether by intention or the vagary child; you said she wrote. "Not then (at the child's birth, of his mind. He seemed scarcely to be aware of the fact that he Brent understood) just before was being led along-he did make she died . . damn his soul

wobbly head held firmer and the was not likely to find her. Oh his letter killed her he doesn't ves, he admitted. Cunningham knew know he's still there SA

rotting like his house written to him of the child's birth. starved." "Where were you when you got so many words what it was, but his letter?"

CHAPTER V.

wasting his life .

chance to make us suffer

"Eh?" The eyes that met Brent's were blank. "Where?" .Van-

He seemed, suddenly, to suspect gie was hungry and the kid she wanted food for it that his listener might misjudge but I wouldn't let her write "But she did write," Brent insisted.

she said the baby "Yes, yes ... but I wouldn't cried too much "I've fixed it! I've taken care let her tell him anything

that he'll never have a chance to "Not when your child was born, ruin the little girl's life!" The pau- or where?" "Nothing! nothing!" The answer per, Nellin, shaken with his dim came in the shrill treble of a child, memories crashed his fist down palpitant with impatience. "I've upon the table with a burst of fooled him! Thought we were goenergy that seemed to desert him the next instant. He slumbed in ing to write again, beg for money, his chair, the flash of spirit died whine for mercy "Isn't there any record he could out of his eyes and he began to

mutter disconectedly. Habit over- get hold of; find out some of these coming him probably. Brent re- things you haven't told him?" "Record?" Nellin repeated vague-

"Record? I've fooled him, I .wait- ly "All right." Brent said soothingly. hungry for another "And now what are you goin but Scane Cumungham of his daughter's forget it. You are a fool."

SUMMONS

.... they paid me with the old chap," he said, not forget-The State of Nevada Sends Greetting to accompany the request with ings to Said Defendants: "I've asked him You are hereby summoned to

to meet me here tomorrow night. In appear within ten days after the the meantime I shall look around for some way to help him.' Sorry service upon you of this Summons if served in said County, or within spectacle, these old beggars on our .no Cuntwenty days if served out of said streets." County but within said Judicial "Yes, sir. I'll keep an eye on

District, and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the Brent paid the bill and left. The rain had stopped but he hurried, day of service), and defend the and called the first empty cab he above entitled actoin.

This action is brought to quiet At his destination he was ad- title of the plaintiff to Blocks 21 mitted into a modernistically fur- and 25 of Pioncer Heights Addition ov a m Nevada. air plainly told him that he was set forth in the complaint on already judged guilty. file herein, to which reference is

As he handed his things to her hereby made. he smiled. "A bit late, Cora. Has Dated this 5th day of April, A. Miss Segro dined?" he said pleas- D. 1929. antly.

"Not yet sir" the maid answered But I'm afraid cook has gone out; it's her night off, sir."

Brent went on into the living room and took a seat on the low crimson divan. On the floor at his feet he saw a book that he could easily guess had been tossed there Plaintiff. in a temper.

Well, he told himself, he wouldn't 17, 1929. have to put up with Carmel's tem-

much long Presently she came in, a sinuous. votic woman. Brent rose to great

her, his distaste for the scene he anticipated mixed with admiration for her.

She was so much the type of woman he admired-but she had outlived her usefulness to him. She was known in Shanghai, in .Cairo. in Oslo, in Buenos Aires, in Bomhay. Men did not forget her. She

was hallmarked with danger. "You look older." he said quickly, using the most effective means he knew to head off the storm. "It ages you to lose your temper, Car-

mel "Then why! why! why!" she cried "do you keep me waiting? Is it that you like to make of me the eld hag, no? I tell you! I will not

accept! I will not tolerate!' Brent laughed, a forced sound Business before pleasure, my dear," he said bromidically.

"Businezz?" Carmel shrieked. "Ah! It is forever businezz with you! Have you no time for anything

"Certainly," Brent answered cooly. "I have time for dinner and

I'm famished.' "There is no dinner." the woman assured him dramatically, throwing her hands heavenward and doing her best with her acquired Gaelic shrug.

Then we will go out. Come along, Carmel, old girl; you're wasting your talent on me." Brent told "I know your East Side hisher. tory, remember.'

"You are a fool!" Carmel returned spitefully. "If you weren' such a fool I could love you. You ate to be reminded VOU DEVE Well, even fools must eat, my

WM. L. SCOTT. Clerk of the Tenth Judicial District Court of the St te of

Leo A. McNamee, Attorney for

Pub. Sept. 5-12-19-26; Oct. 3-10

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

U. S. Land Office at Carson City. Nevada, September 16, 1929. NOTICE is hereby given that

Nevada. who, on September 9, 1922. made desert entry. No. 014051, for the NE4SW4. Section 2. Township 22 S., Range 61 E., M. D. M. Meridian. has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before

at Las Vegas. Nevada, on the 30th day of ctober, 1929. Claimana names as witnesses:

litchell. Grace McCain, all of Las Vegas, Nevada.

Pub. Sept. 19-26; Oct. 3-10-17, 1929.

Of course, the saloon will never return. How could it expect to wrest the corners back from the chain drug stores and filling stations?-



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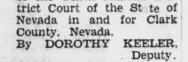
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