

The Innocent Cheat by Ruth Dewey Groves AUTHOR OF 'RICH GIRL-POOR GIRL,' ETC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED Helen Bennett feels unhappy when the girls at the Spinnunbury 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 bought from Paris for her by a woman friend whom Helen has never met.

But she dares not question his reasons even when her roommate, Shalimar Morris, accuses her of being in love with Brent and calls her a fool for giving up dancing and parties for him.

Helen begs her guardian to tell her about her parents, but he refuses until after she graduates. Realizing her infatuation for him, she exacts her promise to "do anything I ask you to" after leaving school.

One day Brent sees a hungry beggar fall in an alley and curiously tamps him to listen to his muttering. He hears something about "Evangeline—money—diamond—hered"—and as she bends over the old man spies a gold locket with a diamond. He takes the locket and tries to question the derelict.

Now go on with the story CHAPTER IV Holding the half-conscious man at arms length Brent shook him violently. The weak lids lifted over the watery eyes, the mutterings ceased.

Look here, old fellow, come out of it, Brent said brusquely. The other stared at him, dazed and uncomprehending. Brent's impatience grew. "Sit up," he said sharply. "What's the matter with you? Drunk?"

"Evangeline," the poor derelict whispered, struggling to raise himself. Then louder: "She doesn't need the money now. It's been a long time. The joke's on him. Let him rot in his riches. It's all the same to her. She's been dead for years, years. I tell you, years! What does she care about his money? She's got streets of gold, streets of it."

a bit until the rain ceases." Brent explained casually, taking a seat at the table with the man he had brought in "Bring me a pot of coffee, without cream."

The waiter grinned. Obviously his guest was unused to coffee. Indeed! A thick, white mug he set on the table.

"No individual pots, sir," he apologized, using an address that was unfamiliar in the place. But this man, in his better days had seen better places.

"Never mind," Brent instructed him. "Attend to this poor wretch at once. You have some hot soup, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir." "Then fetch it after the coffee." The strong black beverage, held to the blue lips by Brent himself, revived his companion to a condition in which he was able to partake of the thick hot soup.

Brent sat opposite and watched silently while he dipped the large cheap spoon up and down, up and down, with the speed demanded by his fishy hunger.

The busy waiter had gone about his duties. Brent had indicated that he did not want attention directed to his table and the man had accepted his wishes without comment. He was used to turning his back on queer affairs and this affair was queer.

"Unless the scuff in the evening clothes really didn't know a drunken guy from a bum just one jump ahead of the undertaker."

Well, it was none of his business. Long enough had got a good fat dip out of it. Soft-hearted gink, probably, bit of a fool.

While he went on about his business Brent waited until the soup was finished and then began to ply the old man with questions. But first he lighted a cigaret for him, astutely surmising that it was the first, other than butts, that he'd smoked in years.

But even so, in spite of the coffee, the soup and the tobacco, it was not easy to get the story. Not that the old fellow was at all reticent to reveal it, but it came hard for him to put his statements in sequence.

A name here, a date there, Brent had to keep continually on the alert; aware that the man's mind was affected. But the burden of the tale—the vein the teller could get away from—was his satisfaction, his glowing enjoyment of the empty revenge the rich old father was living. But for this Brent might have learned nothing.

"Whose father? Evangeline's?" Brent pressed. "Cunningham? What Cunningham?"



"You look like a man who ought to be able to lose your temper, Carmel."

...rotting in his house ... the mood of detachment had returned. Brent realized. He glanced at his watch. He'd have to be going home, surprised at the lateness of the hour.

"Here," he said, reaching for his wallet and extracting a small bill, "take this and find a place to sleep." He thrust the bill into the grimy fingers, noting as he did so that they were long and slender, an indication that Nellin had told the truth about his artistic occupation of earlier years.

"And be around here about this time tomorrow night. I may be able to do something for you."

Brent got to his feet, picked up his hat and strode over to the cashier's desk.

Before he reached it, however, he paused and beckoned the waiter who had served him. "Look after the chap," he said, not forgetting to accompany the request with a reasonable tip. "I've asked him to meet me here tomorrow night. In the meantime I shall look around for some way to help him. Sorry spectacle, these old beggars on our streets."

"Yes, sir. I'll keep an eye on 'im," the waiter answered.

Brent paid the bill and left. The rain had stopped but he hurried, and called the first empty cab he saw.

At his destination he was admitted into a modernistically furnished apartment by a maid who plainly told him that he was already judged guilty.

Can't live on love. Do come along. "I hate you!" She flunk out of the room in haste but Brent waited, knowing that she would return when she felt she had taxed his patience to the utmost.

What a vast relief it would be to fill 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 check the whole scheme of things and let her go her own way? No, she was too valuable—much too valuable. It would find use for her.

Carmel broke in upon his thoughts, surprising him by her abrupt return. He wondered about it but she said simply that she was hungry. Brent smiled over his revelation of a temperament controlled by appetite and thought of Helen, who could not eat when her sensibilities were wounded.

"What was your business?" she said softly, slipping her arm in his and turning a dazzling smile upon him.

"Had to see a dark man with a bundle," Brent teased. And Carmel knew him well enough to give up questioning him further. She bent her arm away and drew her hair, evening wrap closer about her slender voluptuous figure.

But her question had sent Brent's mind back to the old beggar he had met in the coffee house. The man under already seemed a bit familiar but there was one thing he had not his mind on doing before he dropped the matter.

(To Be Continued)

LEGAL NOTICES SELLER'S BIDS FOR PROPOSALS for the construction and installation of governmental lighting system for the City of Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada, will be opened at the office of the City Clerk of Las Vegas, Nevada, until 3:00 o'clock P.M. Monday, September 30, 1929.

VIOLA BURNS, City Clerk. Pub. Sept. 14-19-21-24 and 26 29.

In The Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Clark. E. W. GRIFFITH, Plaintiff, vs. M. L. LEONARD, also known as and called Minnie L. Leonard, and THE COUNTY OF CLARK, STATE OF NEVADA, a political subdivision of the State of Nevada, Defendants.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Carson City, Nevada, September 16, 1929.

Wolverton SIGN Service 119 NO. MAIN ST. W. N. SCHUYLER

FROM AGE FILES OF YEARS AGONE

Twenty Years Ago September, 1909

Colorado River Power—Count C. E. Apponyi, a colonel of the Austrian army and an engineer of note, has interested Count Laszlo Szostanyi, who married Gladys Vanderbilt, and the Rothschilds, in the project of developing electric power in the Colorado near Las Vegas.

The count made the trip down the Colorado river in 1871 and since that time has had the scheme of utilizing the vast water power of the great river for industrial purposes. His purpose is to reduce by about 50 per cent the cost of labor that is being done all through the contiguous mining districts of Arizona and Nevada by men and horses, and this develop rapidly what is now being done slowly because of lack of power. His company has water rights along the miles in the region desired. It is proposed to develop at least 3000 horsepower which will be delivered at Tonopah, Potosi, Jerome and other places where power is demanded.

New Hotel—Twenty Square building on Fremont street is being finished. It will be ready for occupancy on September 15. There will be 11 bedrooms, kitchen, dining room, bar and bathroom. All the rooms will have hot and cold water.

High School Starts—The high school, which will give a very thorough course for the first two years started Monday with Miss J. A. in charge and nine pupils enrolled.

Ten Years Ago September, 1919 Sanderson Buys Property—George Sanderson has purchased from W. F. McBurney two lots on the south side of Fremont street between Fourth and Fifth streets and also two lots at the corner of Fourth and Carson.

New Gas Station—Bob Schaffer has installed a gas tank in front of his garage on Fremont street the past week and is now ready for business.

Legion Election—Officers for the American Legion will be elected October 1, 1919 at Recreation Hall, M. E. church. A.

LOOK at These Bargains!

1928 CHEVROLET COUPE Mechanically perfect guaranteed; original paint and rubber; lots extras.

1928 CHEVROLET COACH Completely reconditioned; new Duco, Don't miss this one.

1927 DODGE SEDAN Wonderful buy; can be handled easily; new Duco; exceptional rubber. Drive it and sell yourself.

1927 FORD COUPE Priced to sell quick; new Duco; good rubber; motor in fine shape.

N. Doak is meanwhile carrying on last evening by the M. E. Church a membership drive, which was very well attended and the committee well satisfied with the results.

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