

The Innocent Cheat

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Helen Page feels unhappy when the girls at the Spann boarding school leave her about being Miss Simplicity just to please her handsome guardian, Leonard Brent, who supplies her with ample funds and smart Parisian frocks. But she dares not question his reasons even when her roommate accuses her of being in love with Brent and calls her a fool for giving up dancing and parties for him.

Realizing her school-girl infatuation for him, Brent exacts her promise to do anything she asks her to, and says he will tell her about her parentage after she graduates.

One day Brent spies a gold and diamond locket on a starving beggar who has fallen in an alley. He bends over and takes the locket and hears mumbled words that "Evangeline—disinherited," and decides to help the old man and find out his story.

The beggar is too far gone to reveal much except that his name is Charles Owens Nellin; that his wife is dead and that there was a baby Evangeline whom he has hidden from her wealthy grandfather, Cyril K. Cunningham. Unable to learn more, Brent gives him money for food and lodging and arranges to meet him again next day. Then he goes to dine with a woman called Carmel and they quarrel because he is late.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI

Rain dashed and pelted against the windows with increasing violence as the early hours of the morning, synchronizing with the hands of the expensive watch on a stand by the walnut bed, neared the sleeper's breakfast time.

Brent stirred and sat up, feeling the cover away and stretching his silk-clad arms luxuriously. But for all the comfort and security of his surroundings his brow was creased with a scowl as he observed the storm spreading itself against the glass barriers.

For a moment he was tempted to give up his plans, to remain indoors and let the chance the night before go glimmering. But Brent had found that dogged determination won many victories for him and he was loath to overlook even the faintest promise of a rich haul.

There might be something better in store for him in the old man's story. He reflected for a moment, and then he decided to go out. He slipped on his slippers and opened the door. The rain was falling in a steady, but not too heavy, down-pour. He took a taxi and drove to the hotel dining room and ordered a substantial breakfast, being in doubt as to when he would lunch.

When the crisp bacon, the delicately cooked eggs and the thin brown toast were eaten, the second cup of crystal-clear coffee leisurely downed, he got up to set out on the task to which he meant to devote the day.

He hesitated about using his own car, but finally decided in favor of it. Driving helped him to think, made planning easier.

It was a dangerous drive through the blinding rain to his destination, Yonkers. He could work from there and take a cab if it seemed wiser, he told himself.

The danger was never uppermost in Brent's thoughts. He was interweaving the threads of the story Charles Nellin had told him in his rational but disconnected phrases, making them fit the pattern that was developing in his own mind.

He had already consulted a directory and learned that there lived in Yonkers a man named Cyril Cunningham. But as Nellin had said, he wanted no more intimate information concerning Cunningham.

His first move when he drove into the main section of the village was to inquire the way to Cunningham's address. Within some little time, owing to the storm and the strangeness of the locality, he found the street and presently the house.

Again Nellin's veracity was confirmed. The house was, truly, rotting. Old and dismal, bleak and forlorn. It stood in the midst of fairly trees that might have been gone another time, but now, whipped and bent with wind and rain, they were themselves deprived of dignity.

Brent halted his car on the highway and surveyed the house with a feeling of disapproval. He'd been prepared to find it in decay, but its present state hardly justified the belief that it was owned and occupied by a millionaire, he felt.

Well, there remained the verification of neighborhood gossip. And certainly the grounds were extensive enough to make the place valuable, that is, if the far-reaching fields and wooded lots he saw belonged to the Cunningham estate.

He drove on, looking ahead for a gas station or garage. A glance at the gasoline gauge on the instrument panel indicated that his fuel was getting low.

That was just what he wanted. At the station he stopped again and asked for gas and water, and then decided he'd have a cup of coffee at the lunch stand. He was in no hurry about venturing forth in the rain once more. Over the coffee and a package of cigarettes he fell into conversation with the man behind the counter.

Fortunately for Brent the young fellow was in a mood for talking. Business had been light all day and there had been little conversation in his small, steamy eating place.

Brent said he represented a newspaper syndicate in New York. On a story about the old families of the East. Long New York and vicinity at present.

"Some day you picked," the other commented.

"Best kind of weather," Brent explained. "Find people where you expect them. Ready to talk, too."



"That isn't the story at all. She never came home. You just line Cunningham would come crawling back!"

"Well, if you're looking for somebody to talk you go see old man Brent at the Three Corners Drug Store. He'll tell you plenty. That old fellow's been here all his life. Worked in that same store since he was a kid. It's his boast that he knows everything of importance that's happened around here in the last 50 years. He'll give you the lowdown on the old families, all right."

"Thanks," Brent said gratefully. "That's a fine lead. Well, how much do I owe you? I'd better catch Brute when he isn't likely to be busy."

He paid for his coffee with a dollar bill, and when the change was handed him he also received directions for finding the Three Corners Drug Store.

As he expected, the place was all but deserted. Brent asked at once for Mr. Brute and introduced himself, with a flattering play on the man's vanity.

"It was sent to you, Mr. Brute," he said, "because my people were told that your long association with the prominent families of this community has put you in a position to afford us information that we can get from no other source."

Mr. Brute beamed a trifle. "Yes," he said, "I am an old resident here. I've seen families come and go. I guess I could tell you some things. Newspaper story, you say?"

"Yes, quite a number of them. You see, America is losing its aristocracy, or rather, I should say, there are so many new people of wealth and influence that the old families who built the country are being forgotten by the masses. We are making an effort to recreate their lives in print for the public, make them real and—well, you understand. Intimate stories. The kind that draw people closer to those they're reading about. Anecdotes, things like that. Human interest."

"I see," Mr. Brute said, a bit vaguely.

"And no one can aid us more than someone who has had close contact with our subjects," Brent went on. "Now, you, Mr. Brute, in your position here, must have found yourself personally acquiring knowledge of the prominent families in Yonkers that will be of much more interest to the public than mere data that can be obtained from records. Haven't you, for instance, been called upon at times to fulfill the office of doctor, lawyer, judge?"

Brent smiled ingratiatingly and Mr. Brute expanded promisingly.

"Of course, of course," he agreed; "but I can't betray any confidences, mind you."

"Certainly not," Brent assured him emphatically. "We couldn't use anything that was likely to arouse protest. Just give me what you are quite certain you will be pleased to see in print."

Brent cogitated. "Well, now," he began uncertainly, "there's the Doake family. Ever heard of them? And the Northwoods?"

Brent got out a notebook and pencil. Fifteen minutes later he had a formidable list of names and jotted facts. But Brute had not yet come to the name Cunningham and Brent did not wish to press him. So he went on taking down the man's broadly encompassing idea of human interest, beginning to wonder if he was wasting his time.

Then, and somewhat reluctantly, but drawn to it by his own growing interest in his recital, Brute mentioned Cyril Cunningham.

"Maybe you've heard of old Cunningham who lives out at Bramblewood?" he said cautiously.

Brent nodded. "Oh, yes," he said. "We've already an article on him. But it's sketchy. If you can help us fill it out—but I understand that there's a story there we can't get—no one knows about it."

"Well," Brute cleared his throat for his important announcement. "Well, I know that story, and I guess I'm one of the few that does. Mind, I'm not saying I'm going to tell you what it is, but if you're going to write about him anyway there's no use in getting the facts wrong. What do you know about him already?"

Brent was amused at the man's garrulous jealousy of his reputation for having more first-hand information about the people of his

By Ruth Dewey Groves
AUTHOR OF
"RICH GIRL—POOR GIRL," ETC.

World's Petroleum Engineers To View Industry at Tulsa Show

TULSA, Okla., Sept. 27 (AP)—The evolution of an 11-billion dollar industry from American oil will be portrayed at the sixth International Petroleum Exposition and Congress here October 5 to 12.

How science and human engineering skill have combined to utilize oil and its byproducts will be told by more than \$3,000,000 worth of exhibits and discussions by leading engineers.

Not only the United States, but Russia, France, Germany, Venezuela, Rumania and Mexico will demonstrate their newest devices to produce oil and countless derivatives.

Problems of refining, drilling, discovering new pools, pumping, recovery of gasoline, utilization of waste products, are only a few of many to be unfolded for technician and layman alike.

A demonstration of efforts to obtain the maximum gasoline from crude petroleum for America's 23,000,000 motor cars is to be held. This will include a display of a German process that seeks to glean 100 per cent of gasoline from crude oil.

Refiners have heralded this as an ultimate step, a success to the "cracking" process that has raised gasoline production up to 28.5 per cent of the crude oil unit.

Eleven oil devices will be erected on the exposition grounds. Exhibits will include machines that chart each deviation from the perpendicular as they are lowered into crooked wells; instruments revealing earth structures; air and gas lift models showing how oil is produced from apparently lifeless wells and a wide variety of testing devices.

Michael Barlow, president of the Zaku Oil trust of Soviet Russia, has announced he will buy more than \$5,000,000 worth of equipment for his company from exhibitors.

More than \$1,000,000 is to be spent in transporting and setting up displays, according to W. G. Skelly, president of the exposition.

A two-day session of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers will be held immediately preceding the petroleum congress.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Very desirable gold mine property, whole or part. Write William H. Crozier, Searchlight, Nevada. 109-11

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Christian Science Society meets at Majestic Theater Fremont street.

Sunday School 9:45 a.m.
Sunday Services 11:00 a.m.
Wednesday evening meetings for auditing testimonials of healing through Christian Science 7:30 p.m.

Italian Knocks Out Eddie Mack

CHICAGO, Sept. 27, (AP)—Tony Canzoneri, New York Italian, scored a technical knock out over Eddie Mack, Denver's fighting colossus, before a packed house here tonight.

The fight ended in the eighth round when Canzoneri dropped inside Mack's left hand with a series of rights and lefts to the jaw. Mack went down but refused to stay there despite his grogginess. He got up without taking a count and his dazed condition caused Referee Collins to stop the fight.

It was as great a fight as Chicago has seen for years. Mack was at least an even break with the New Yorker which he went down and Canzoneri can consider himself mighty lucky to have won.

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Las Vegas Stock Exchange

Closing Bids and Asked Quotations
LOS ANGELES CURB AND EXCHANGE STOCKS
Friday, Sept. 27, 1929

	Bid	Ask
Calif. Bank	140	142
Mer. Natl. Bank	225	225
Natl. Bank Com.	40	42
Sec. Fst. Natl.	137	140
Pac. Fin. Com.	150 1/2	153
Barnes, H. "A"	33 1/2	35
"Bolsa China"	185	200
Buyside Un.	35	39
McMillan Fet.	34 1/2	36 1/2
"Oceanic"	75	90
Cocodnt. Pet Com.	245	250
Gilmore	12	12
Richfield	38 1/2	39 1/2
Rio Grande	27 1/2	29
Std. Oil Cal.	73 1/2	75
Union Oil	53 1/2	54 1/2
Douglas Air	2	28
Emco, Dr. Cm.	30 1/2	32
So. Cal. Ed. Com.	90 1/2	92
Av. Corp. Del.	13	14
"Bach Air"	112 1/2	115
Rk. Am. Cal.	130	132
Bk. Am. N. A.	232	240
Bandini Pet.	5 1/2	6
"Exeter"	170	175
"I alian Pet. Cm."	215	220
Mex. Seabrd.	29 1/2	30
Sinclair	35	37
Fokker Air	41	43
Lockheed	5 1/2	6
M. duux Line	9	9
Trans. Am. Corp.	164	167
Trns. Con Air.	14 1/2	17
"Gold Ace"	10	20
Continental of Del.	33	35
Republic Pete	480	500

Las Vegas Exchange—Open Board

"Associated Metals"	50
"Golden Ace"	50
"Italo-Amer."	55
"Virginia Con."	60
"Gold Reef"	01
"Rhyolite Con."	10
"Mohawk Ace"	01 1/2
"Monarch Gold"	45
"Gohrman Pete"	85
"Yellow Pine"	12
"Price in Cents."	12

Helping the Homemakers

By LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER

Beef Rosettes for Dinner
Beef Rosettes, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Beans

Bread
Stuffed Tomato Salad
Banana Cream Pie Coffee

Beef Rosettes, Serving Six
1 pound round steak cut 2-3 inch thick
1 teaspoon salt
1-4 teaspoon pepper
1 egg
2 tablespoons cold water
1-2 cups rolled cracker or bread crumbs
4 tablespoons butter fat
2 tablespoons bacon
1-3 cup water
Cut the steak into six pieces. Sprinkle each with the salt and pepper. Roll up and hold in place with toothpicks or white cord. Beat the egg and cold water and dip each rosette into this mixture and then into the crumbs. Pat the crumbs so that they will stay on during the cooking.

Place the bacon fat in a frying pan. When hot add and brown the rosettes. Add the rest of the ingredients. Cover with a lid and cook slowly for 50 minutes.

These rosettes can be baked if desired.

Banana Cream Pie, Serving Six
(A delicious dessert)

1 baked pie shell
1-2 cup sugar
1-4 cup flour
1-8 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon vanilla
1-4 teaspoon lemon extract
1 table-spoon butter, melted
1 cup sliced bananas
4 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
1 cup stiffly whipped cream
Mix the sugar, flour and salt. Slowly add the milk. Cook in a double boiler, stirring frequently, until the mixture thickens. Add the egg yolks and cook for 1 minute and beat for 1 minute. Pour into the shell. Cover with the bananas and sprinkle with the confectioner's sugar. Cool. When ready to serve spread with the whipped cream and serve out in wedge shaped pieces.

(To Be Continued)