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The new well being drilled by the Boulder Construction Company on the Vegas Boulder Addition, has reached the depth of 125 feet and there are good indications that an ample flow of water will be obtained at depth.

The drilling operations are proceeding smoothly. The casing was set Sunday and Monday and is in good shape.

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E. A. FERRON, MANAGER

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The Innocent Cheat
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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Helen Page feels unhappy when the girls at the boarding school tease her about giving up dancing and parties and being Miss Simplicity just to please her handsome guardian, Leonard Brent, with whom they accuse her of being in love. And her roommate calls her a fool after they see him of the first one day with another woman.

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

One day Brent spies a gold locket on a bevy who has fallen in an alley. He bends over to take the locket and hears mumbled words which cause him to try to save the old man. But he dies before Brent can verify and dates or facts except that his name is Charles Nellin; that his wife is dead and that he has hidden his daughter from her wealthy grandfather, Cyril K. Cunningham, of Yonkers.

Posing as a newspaper man searching for story material, Brent learns much about the history and habits of the eccentric old millionaire from the corner store gossip who tells him that the daughter had eloped with Nellin and the father had disowned her. He had heard that the mother was dead but did not know where the child Evangeline was.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII

Brent regarded the lodging house proprietor with avid interest.

"No?" he said, in response to the man's statement that Nellin or Owens, as he knew him, would not again frequent his sleeping place, "has anything serious happened?"

"Oh, not so very. The old fellow's better off. You'll find him down at the morgue."

Brent was not prepared for this and plainly showed his surprise in his expression, but he thought fast before speaking and his voice was level, almost cold when he said:

"Well, no doubt he was not the man I'm looking for and, after all, as far as my own affairs are concerned, an old fellow I'm interested in. Sorry to have troubled you."

"No trouble at all," the owner assured him.

"So," Brent reflected on his walk to his hotel. "Nellin was using a middle name, Owens. Luck, break for me."

He did not feel that it was necessary to go to the morgue and have a look at Owens' body, but on second thought he decided it was better to go rather than leave the matter a stone unturned.

And when he had viewed the body and alley call doubt that Owens was indeed Charles Nellin he felt it his duty to go to the morgue and see an old fellow I'm interested in. There was scarcely a chance, now, that Cunningham or his attorney, Greaves, would learn of Nellin's death.

There had been a few things more that he wanted to know about the Cunningham heiress and the musician. But he satisfied himself by refreshing his memory with the tale Nellin had told him the night before.

Out of the morgue, and breathing much easier, he put down a note or two of major interest and trusted the rest to memory. The age of the Nellin offspring fitted splendidly into his scheme. A year younger than Helen. No need to fret it down.

And forunately, from all he could learn, Cunningham was not in possession of precise information concerning the birth of the child. A year's difference in the age that it would suit Brent's purpose to have it was not likely to be questioned. But whatever risk there was had to be taken. Helen's age could not be changed without arousing her suspicion or at least drawing forth questions from her.

Brent settled this point in his mind without hesitation and also decided to see Helen as soon as possible. It would be necessary, now that his plans were changed, to start undoing the campaign he had been at pains to conduct in the past—his campaign to win Helen to unwavering allegiance to him and blind acceptance of his wishes.

He had been highly satisfied with it, but he foresaw that it was going to be a bit difficult to make his past attitude fit the one he must assume for the present. But that, again, was a hazard that he must accept. No name worth playing was without risks, and hazards, in Brent's opinion.

Helen, when she surprised her by coming unannounced, welcomed him with delight. His manner toward her was just a shade more familiar than before. But he said nothing to her, then, of the story he meant to tell her when she graduated.

As that event loomed nearer Helen grew radiant with expectancy and happiness. Brent had, gradually, dropped all aloofness in exchange for a manner that Helen believed promised the fulfillment of her dreams. She felt herself discharging all other interests in his favor.

Together they would travel all over the world, and whether or not that glorious day ever dawned on which he would tell her, with new meaning, that he loved her, she would never be unhappy again.

She went through commencement something of an emotional daze, and when at last she was seated beside Brent and on her way to New York, out of school, with a world of romance ahead of her, she felt unbidden tears stealing into her eyes. But they were tears of joy.

Brent sensed that she was struggling to suppress her emotion. He took the wheel firmly in his left hand and laid the other over hers where they rested on her smart cord bag.

Refrigeration Cargo Aseas As An Experiment

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

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 30, (AP)—It's your turn on watch, professor. Such words as these may be heard each four hours during the day as the Kerr motorship Silver hazel speeds toward the Orient with its experimental cargo of California fresh fruits and vegetables stored in refrigeration in its hold, while Professor Earle Overholzer of the University of California and Carl Spurlock, agricultural commissioner of Solano county, keep a close watch over the cargo to observe its "re action" to long distance travel.

Two hundred growers of Watsonville, Fresno, Placerville, Fairfield and other agricultural sections contributed part of the 21 tons of perishable cargo that is being shipped to the Orient under laboratory conditions.

Among the experiments which will be carried out en route, will be the determination of proper types of containers for butter, observation of lettuce in various types of packing and tests with avocados, now being shipped for the first time.

The results of the trip of the "sea going laboratory" may bring millions of dollars to California growers and shippers in increased trade with the Orient.

SUITS FILED

Las Vegas Land and Building Company, a corporation of Harry L. Martin, et al. This is a suit to quiet title to certain real estate described as NE 1/4 Sec. 28, an SE 1/4 Sec. 21 and W 1/2 Sec. 21 T. 20 S. R. 61 E. McNamee and McNamee appear as attorneys for the plaintiff.

CHRISTIAN SOCIETY

Christian Society Society meet, at Majestic Theater, Fremont street.

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

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 Welfare Board, issued each month. Visiting brothers are welcome.

EARL F. DAVISON, W. M.
W. N. Schuyler, Secretary.

ATTENTION EAGLES!

Las Vegas Aerio 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.

E. P. O. E.

Las Vegas Lodge No. 1488 Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30. Club rooms open from 11:00 a. m. to 12:00 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially welcome.

WM. E. ORR, Exalted Ruler.
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 ABLSTROM, K. E. C.

Artesia Lodge No. 43 I. O. O. F.

Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M., Levy's Hall, Fremont street, between First and Second. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

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"Happy?" he asked softly.

"So happy I'm afraid," Helen answered.

"But my dear, if you only knew what your life really should be like I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to contain yourself. You have a right to a wonderful heritage, Helen."

Helen fixed her wide eyes upon him in silent interrogation. So much of her life had been filled with mystery and she had been so thoroughly drilled not to ask questions that she did not think to take advantage of the change in the man who had been responsible for her training, and voice her questions.

"But first," Brent went on, "before I tell you about that, I must explain to you why I've been keeping something from you. Something about myself."

Helen caught her breath in sudden dismay. There was a solemn, heavy note in Brent's voice that frightened her.

"I've led you to believe that I needed you, but in fact I haven't been thinking along those lines for some time. You've noticed a change in me, haven't you?"

Helen nodded. "A great change," she said softly.

"There are two reasons for it," Brent told her. "First, there is my promise to you to tell you about your mother and father when you graduated from school.

"Frankly, I was struggling eternally with the temptation not to tell you at all and to let you believe that I was the only person you had to turn to when you left school. But that is impossible now, even had I decided to deceive you." He paused, and managed to look forlorn and troubled.

"Leonard!" Helen cried. "There isn't anyone but you!"

Brent shook his head. "That is not all my dear," he said dejectedly. "I haven't even such right as I had before to lie to you. You see, I've met with bad luck on the market."

Helen broke in with a cry of sympathy but Brent's confession flowed on. "Oh, I haven't lost everything," he exclaimed with a touch of weariness. "But I've not enough left to live as I had planned traveling about with you, keeping up the face of being your guardian while all the time—"

His voice seemed to choke with the poignancy of his feeling. He slumped a little in his seat and resolutely set his face straight ahead.

Helen's heart ached with sympathy for him, but not so much that she could feel the happiness that a part of his confession caused to well forth from it.

He had never talked to her before like this, never intimated that he was desperately in love with her.

"I'm sorry," she said breathlessly. "For your sake, Leonard, but we don't have to go traveling to be happy."

She smiled at him wisely, appealingly, but he did not turn to look at her.

"I could not possibly make up to you what you would lose if I kept you in ignorance of your birthright," he said sharply. "You may not be able to obtain it, and you may not wish to have it, and you may never forgive myself if I deprived you of the opportunity to seek it."

"Leonard!" Helen protested, "you are talking in enigmas. Tell me what it means."

For a while Brent did not speak. Then he said very quietly: "Yes, I will."

"You needn't have told me anything," she cried. "Everything could have been just as it was. About the money, I mean. Of course I want to know about my parents, but I've always hoped—" She stopped, the new experience of letting her thoughts run to words falling short of carrying her through.

And, too, it had come to her suddenly that she might be revealing too much of her feeling for her guardian. He had not yet asked her for her love, she reminded herself. Brent did not let a silence fall upon them. "I'm afraid you don't understand, Helen," he said, making an effort to be patient.

"You will not be able to obtain your money unless I tell you your story. Even then you may not get it. Personally I rather hope you won't, because I'd still like you to regard me as being necessary to you."

"Necessary?" Helen said it blankly.

The accent secretly elated Brent. He understood it perfectly, knew Helen considered the word not half strong enough.

"Yes," he said. "I can't flatter myself that any other ideas I might have could come to anything."

Helen smiled. "Then tell me, whose money will I inherit, my father's?"

"Neither's," Brent answered very briefly. "Your grandfather's."

"My grandfather! Have I a grandfather living?"

"You surely have."

Helen caught his arm. "Why didn't you tell me?" she pleaded.

Brent was ready with his answer. "I'd not be telling you now," he said. "If I had not promised your father that I would do it when you were grown."

"Tell me about my father, and my mother," Helen urged.

"I never knew your mother," Brent replied. "Your father, of course you know, was one of my closest friends. But I hadn't seen him for several years before your birth—not until I went down to Mexico at his dying request to take you under my care."

"And my mother?" Helen pressed.

"Where was she?"

"She had died a year before."

"In Mexico?"

"Yes."

Helen was thoughtful for a moment, thinking of that year her father was alone.

"I wonder why he didn't bring me back to the United States," she exclaimed finally.

"For the same reason that he took your mother out of this country," Brent told her.

"Can you tell me that?" Helen said, half afraid that still some of the story would be withheld from her.

"I mean to tell you everything," Brent declared. "Just listen, dear. Remember one night several weeks ago when I came up to see you at school and we dined at the inn? You said then that you weren't even sure that your name was Helen Page." He paused, to give weight to his next words. Helen remained silent.

"Well," he said slowly. "It isn't you aren't Helen Page. Only your middle name is Helen. Your father took the name of Page so that your grandfather—your mother's father—would find it more difficult to locate him and your mother."

"Why?" Helen cried.

"Because your grandfather is an old tartar, my dear girl, and your father had incurred his wrath by

(To Be Continued)

The University of Nebraska has awarded 1,127 degrees during 1929 as compared with 1,028 a year ago.