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PITTSBURGH, Oct. 2. (U.P.)—A 17-year old dog sacrificed his molars in order that his 80-year-old owner, Mrs. Francis Edwards, might not be deprived of his companionship.

Police charged that the dog was vicious and had bitten two people. The aged woman pleaded in court for the life of her pet. The dog was her only companion she said.

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E. A. FERRON, MANAGER

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Helen Page feels unhappy when the girls at boarding school tease her about posing as Miss Simplicity 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 at the Ritz one day with another woman.

One day Brent spies a gold locket on a beggar 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. He learns that the beggar's name is Charlie Owens Nellin; that his wife is dead and that he has hidden a daughter from her wealthy grandfather, Cyril K. Cunningham, of Yonkers.

Posing as a newspaper man searching for story material, Brent learns much of value to his plans from the corner store gossip who knows the history of the eccentric millionaire. He goes back and finds Nellin dead, and reflects that it is most fortunate for his purpose that the old man had registered under his second name, "Owens."

Helen graduates and Brent says that he is now ready to reveal her history and the girl is amazed when he tells her that she is the heiress of Cyril K. Cunningham. He shows her the locket with a picture of Evangeline Cunningham in it and says it is her mother and that he had made her parents a solemn promise to educate her carefully and after she was grown to take her to her grandfather.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER X

"Why, my dear?" Brent said to Helen. "I've told you what I mean by that. It was only my crazy idea that I could control you through force of habit. I thought if you were used to giving in to me you would more readily consent to marry me."

His voice was thick with emotion, as though he made his confession by force of a tremendous will power. His acting was so clever that Helen sensed, as he hoped she would, his feeling of having blundered into a stupidity and his humility over it.

She sat very still for a moment, stirred by the emotion that rose within her own breast, savoring it, delighting in it.

But Brent's silence pressed her for an answer. She moved over closer to him.

"Leonard," she whispered, "it is the most natural thing in the world for me to do as you wish."

Her inference of surrender satisfied Brent. But his plans were too well laid to permit him to follow up the promise in her words. There must be, he conceived, a reluctance to accept her pledge. For it might passibly occur to her that his proposal had come upon the eve of her interview with her grandfather. If that interview should lead to a fortune for her Brent wanted to be above the suspicion of having shown an eagerness to share it with her.

"Don't say that," he said rather sharply. "You make me feel like a blackguard. I was planning to take advantage of your youth and inexperience, Helen."

The Innocent Cheat
© 1929 BY NEA SERVICE INC.



"My granddaughter!" It was barely a whisper, rather a thought in the air. "Yes," Brent said. "Are you interested?"

Helen sat away from him. She was startled.

"I had no right to dominate you," Brent went on, with enough apology in his voice to imply that his abruptness was called forth by his bad conscience.

"It doesn't matter that you wanted to do it," Helen sought to appear him. "I'd have turned to no one else but you anyway, Leonard."

"But I don't want you to feel that way now," he replied. "I want you to think only of yourself, Helen, and the promise that was made to your mother. Your life from now on may be far apart from mine. You mustn't be influenced by me, and what I have done to you."

"You cannot change it," Helen told him.

"But your grandfather may," Brent observed. "You are far too young to make important decisions that will affect your entire life. I am better informed than you are, my dear, and I know that anything you feel now will change."

Helen smiled with the superiority of youthful assurance. "My grandfather at least will have nothing to do with my decisions," she said.

"I think he will," Brent told her. "You're a lovely girl, Helen, I'm sure your grandfather will love you."

"Love me?" Helen repeated. He couldn't expect me to return it."

Brent offered no further comment on the subject and gradually they fell to talking of other things. Helen enjoyed the drive to the city, the approach to the heart of it down Riverside Drive and the slow progress through traffic to the hotel where Brent had engaged a room for her.

She was a bit disappointed that he had given up the apartment he had occupied until a few months previous. It had been a charming place, not too mannish for feminine taste. Helen had dreamed of keeping house in it as Brent's ward until they sailed for Europe or some land even more remote.

Brent had let it go as Helen's graduation neared so that he would be free to sail immediately. That was before his meeting with Charles Nellin. Now he too regretted having given it up, as he hated the bother of settling again.

The home atmosphere, the suggestion of permanence afforded by housekeeping, would better suit his purpose at present than a hotel. He feared to introduce Helen to the excitement and pleasure of living in a metropolitan hotel. It might be too great an influence in turning her mind from settling down with him, he thought.

But there was the chance that her grandfather might remain firm against her, and the alternative of following his original plan of filling Garmel's place in his affairs with Helen. In which case they would soon move on, and there would be many hotels and few apartments.

O Helen's opposition to her grandfather he took but little account. She was an emotional sensitive girl. Should the old man appeal to her sympathy and seek her forgiveness for his harshness to her mother, Brent had no doubt Helen would grant both in great measure.

And the best card in his hand, the ace with which he hoped to take the winning trick, was Helen's present bitterness over the treatment her mother had received. Nothing could better convince Cunningham, Brent reasoned, that Helen was not seeking his riches.

Brent thought always now of Helen as Evangeline Cunningham's daughter, Diamond Page and his wife were no longer in his memory. He had discarded them.

And Helen had accepted his story as truth. It all fitted in so well with the past. She had grown up with the mystery of her identity, a mystery that fired her with desire to solve it.

Now she was eager to do what she must to keep faith with her father's promise to her mother, and show Leonard how little she cared for her grandfather's wealth.

The day following their arrival in New York Brent drove her up to Yonkers and to Bramblewood. It was less dreary-looking than on the occasion Brent first had seen it. To Helen it was the home of her mother and she looked at it with reverence.

They had come unannounced. Brent had not trusted Cyril Cunningham to welcome them. Should they fall of admittance today he proposed to approach in a different way.

But Mr. Cunningham did not refuse to receive them. Their message, brought to him by the butler, was simply that they had important information which they wished to deliver to him in person.

For many years Cyril Cunningham had been hoping to receive certain important information. His declining years were torn with a yearning that his stubbornness could not obliterate.

Few strangers came to his door, but those who did were welcome. And when Helen and Brent were shown into his private sitting room a light from dimming eyes with a

who her mother and father were."

Mr. Cunningham's gaze went from one face to another seeking an answer to this amazing statement.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "since you have come here it would be better if you told me your story from the beginning."

"Right," Brent agreed. "When we have done that we shall have no further obligations to you or to your daughter and her husband."

"Nellin! Is he alive?"

"He is not, and please listen, sir, without interruption."

Mr. Cunningham nodded in assent.

Brent told him then of how he was called to Mexico to the bedside of his dying friend, Charles Nellin, and given charge of the little girl who was named for her mother, Evangeline.

"They called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Page," he explained before he went on to tell how he had brought Helen up, "because Charles feared that one of your agents might find them and succeed in separating him from Evangeline."

"So he had cause to fear that, had he?" Mr. Cunningham did not express his thoughts aloud, but Brent sensed it, as he revealed when he said: "I grant you that Nellin had his faults, but he was an artist and he loved her enough to prefer vagabondage to losing her."

"Then tell him, tell him quickly, and let us go," Helen pleaded, completely ignoring the man who stared helplessly to rise from his chair.

Brent faced him. "It is an obligation to a friend that brings me here, Mr. Cunningham," he said simply. "And this young lady is neither Miss Brent as I introduced her to spare you a shock, nor an imposter. She is Evangeline Nellin."

Mr. Cunningham sank back in his chair and closed his eyes. When he opened them they set upon Helen with a devouring eagerness that frightened her.

Here before him stood a girl who bore his daughter's name—a girl who might be his own flesh and blood. And yet he did not believe. He could not believe. It was unbelievable. He didn't want to believe. Yes, he did. He could make her suffer, make Evangeline suffer. They had sent her, sent the girl, here to make their peace with him. Well, he would show them how little they had to hope for. Show them quickly enough, too.

"Evangeline Nellin," he sneered. The sneer changed fiercely to a snarl. "What do you think I am, a doddering old fool?" he thrust at Brent.

Brent shrugged. "I believe you would not care to listen to my opinion of you, Mr. Cunningham," he said evenly.

"Eh? Eh?" Mr. Cunningham was surprised.

"You see I happened to have been a friend of Charles Nellin's," Brent explained. "I did not know your daughter, but I have seen her photograph. I do not care to express my opinion in her daughter's presence of a man who would ill-treat her."

"Ill-treat her?" Mr. Cunningham screamed. "Ill-treat her?"

"Well," Brent passed it off with a gesture, "let us get this interview over with as quickly as possible. I assure you it is as distasteful to us as it is to you. Miss Nellin came to you only because her father gave your daughter a death-bed promise to bring her here."

The shriveled figure stiffened, sat upright with the erectness of a mummy. A quiver ran across the thin lips and down to the thin hands. Pallor as deep as death settled upon the worn countenance. And those who watched were constrained to pity.

Dead! Evangeline was dead! They saw the remorseless truth of it eat into his soul. He bowed his head upon his hands and suffered his blow in silence, except for the painful expulsion of his breath.

"I'm sorry, sir," Brent said with a touch of gentleness. "I should have broken the news less harshly but—"

He left the sentence in the air to imply that he had believed in Mr. Cunningham's show of implacability.

Cyril Cunningham lifted his head. "Tell me about it," he said weakly.

"I'd suggest that you first summon your valet or companion and let him give you something to steady you, sir." Effect of the shock he had dealt the old man.

"I'm all right," Mr. Cunningham insisted, but quite obviously he was in great physical distress. "Just hand me that glass, please," he directed, reaching out a hand toward a nearby table.

Brent did as he requested. The glass must, he thought, contain something Mr. Cunningham had been on the verge of taking when they entered his room, for the liquid was of a pale, grayish tinge.

Mr. Cunningham swallowed it quickly and settled back in his chair to rest a moment before speaking again. Brent and Helen waited.

Finally he turned his eyes upon Helen and in them was a softer light. "But there had been no miraculous change in him. His sorrow still was colored with bitterness.

"Who these two were and what they wanted he thought he had yet to prove to himself.

Suddenly Helen asked a question of Brent that opened the interview anew. "Leonard," she said with a note of tenderness in her voice that was not lost upon her host. "Leonard, you said awhile ago that you have seen a picture of my mother. Where is it? Have you got it? Let me see it."

Rather pretty acting, Cunningham thought, if it were acting. Very convincing.

"Yes," Brent said. "I have it."

"And you never let me see it," Helen wailed in reproach.

Brent smiled wearily. "Remember," he said, "that I didn't want the past to claim you."

Mr. Cunningham broke in with an impatient tapping of his cane. "Have you come here to discuss this matter with each other or with me?" he asked acerbicly.

"I beg your pardon," Brent apologized quickly, "but you see, Miss Nellin did not know until yesterday

return, prayed for it, and now that word of her was at hand his old obsession returned. He would not forgive her for having disgraced him. Her marriage to Nellin always had appeared to him in this light. To refuse her forgiveness and make Nellin suffer had become an obsession with him. And it had not entirely left him.

"I have a great deal to do with her story and with your granddaughter," Brent returned quietly, "but with you, sir, I should prefer not to deal were it not forced upon me."

"Forced upon you, eh?" The remark seemed to puzzle the old man. But he was not at a loss for action. Swiftly he turned to Helen. "Who are you?" he cried excitedly. "An imposter, I suspect!"

Helen jumped to her feet. "Oh, let us go!" she appealed to Brent. "Most willingly," he said instantly. "If I could forget my promise to your father."

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NORMAN, Okla., Oct. 2. (U.P.)—Two hundred and eighty Catholic students at the University of Oklahoma have organized a parish, the only one composed of and controlled entirely by students in the United States and probably in the world. The letter of incorporation was granted by Bishop Francis C. Kelley of the diocese of Oklahoma.

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CHAPTER XI

Even Helen was touched by the piteous quaver with which Mr. Cunningham echoed Brent's words. It bespoke a yearning that had little in keeping with the character that had been attributed to her grandfather. The disparity confused her.

And in a flash her confusion was deepened, for Mr. Cunningham burst suddenly into a laugh that was like a slap in her face. It was merciless, sardonic, insulting.

"I dare say, I dare say," he gasped at the end of it. Brent stood, frowning and still. Helen moved to rise from her seat but he motioned her to remain seated.

"I dare say I may if I wish to pay the price," Mr. Cunningham went on. "It would be nice for my granddaughter if I cared to see her. Nice for Nellin, too. Yes, nicer perhaps for Nellin." He shook his head and his cackled laughter ceased.

"I think it would be nicer, as you put it," Brent interjected sharply, "for you, Mr. Cunningham."

"Eh? Eh? For me? So you think I've some lingering affection for Evangeline left, do you? Why—He stepped abruptly and looked at Brent with rising suspicion of him as an individual. "What have you to do with her? Or with my granddaughter?" he rasped. And waited breathlessly for the answer.

He was torturing himself and she knew it. Turning his pride upon himself and feeling it as the cutting edge of a sharp knife.

"He had longed for his daughter's

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