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Nevada's Newest and Finest Men's Club

Cigars . . . Tobacco Soft Drinks

"Meet Me at the Boulder Club"

118 Fremont Street

The Innocent Cheat



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

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Helen Page feels unhappy when her classmates accuse her of being in love with her handsome guardian, Leonard Brent. But he represents all that she knows of home and family and she adores him blindly. Brent changes all his plans for Helen's future after a chance meeting with a dying beggar, Charles Nellin, who tells a strange story which Brent is able to corroborate to some extent by a visit to Yonkers.

On graduating, Helen reminds her guardian of his promise to reveal her parentage and is amazed when he informs her that she is heiress of a millionaire, Cyril K. Cunningham, and that he promises to take her to him when she is 18. They go to Yonkers and Brent introduces her to Cunningham as his granddaughter. He offers as proof the locket containing a picture of Evangeline Cunningham which he had taken from the dying Nellin.

Helen remains at Bramblewood pending investigation of her story. Cunningham presents her with a new car which she drives everywhere until she accidentally hits a girl, Eva Ennis, who has to be taken to the hospital. Eva's brother, Robert, upbraids Helen for her reckless driving and then offers to take her home. Cunningham receives him graciously and invites him to spend the evening. The young couple go for a canoe ride.

Next day Brent arrives and when Robert takes her to New York for dinner and the theater. Coming home that night he kisses Helen for the first time and tells her that he loves her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XX

Helen was superintending the serving of her grandfather's dinner in his room when he spoke to her about his plans for her birthday celebration.

"I'd like you to have a party, my dear," he said to her suddenly when she unfolded his napkin and laid it across his lap.

Helen's surprise was her only answer.

"On your birthday—your nineteenth birthday," Mr. Cunningham continued.

"Oh," Helen exclaimed, "I—" she stopped. An expression of disappointment was coming over the aged man's features. "I touched her man's features," she said.

After all, she reflected quickly, she could go out with Leonard another time. And he could come to the party.

"I've never had a real birthday party," she said enthusiastically. "I should love it."

If Mr. Cunningham detected a trace of regret in her voice he did not reveal it.

"I wonder," he said, "if you would like to have it as I would?"

Helen waited inquiringly.

"A party of yesteryear," he said softly. "But of course you don't know what that would be like."

"Tell me about one of mother's parties," Helen said impulsively.

She reacted out to him. "I'd rather Mr. Cunningham patted the hand of one of them for you," he replied, "on your birthday."

He went on to tell her of his plans. It was his wish, he said, to recall the spirit of his daughter's youth—to see young people about him in the costume of older days.

"But I'm sure they would spoil it for you with their dancing," Helen interjected. "Jazz wouldn't go with a minuet setting."

"Must they have jazz?"

"I'm afraid they don't know how to dance to other music, except waltzes."

"Well," Mr. Cunningham sighed, "we will make it fifty-fifty, as you youngsters say. A waltz for a—what are they called?"

Helen laughed. "Oh, anything," she said. "Raccoon, Mess Around, Lowdown, Drag—anything."

Mr. Cunningham smiled. "You will have to ask some of your school friends," he suggested, "though I notice you are beginning to be popular with our local society."

"That's a dandy crowd at the Selwyns," Helen declared. "I met them on the lake. Then Mrs. Selwyn called—but you know that. They've been lovely to me."

"Perhaps you can get Joyce Selwyn to help you with your invitations," he grandfather remarked.

"It's probably the only way I can get enough people for a party," Helen admitted.

Mr. Cunningham looked at her with grave concern. "Your position here is a bit trying, my dear, isn't it?"

Helen glanced away. She did not like to tell him that she had found it necessary to evade certain politely veiled inquiries put to her by Mrs. Selwyn and a few other socially important people whom she had met.

"We'll remedy that—in time," Mr. Cunningham said hastily. "Don't be discouraged, dear. Mr. Greaves' reports are favorable to you." He smiled to himself, thinking of the surprise he was planning for her.

His words pleased Helen. She had not ceased to hope that if he was not going to accept her as his granddaughter he would soon let her go back to Brent. The uncertainty of her position irked her, although she had found much to enjoy at Bramblewood that had not appeared to her at first sight.

The grounds of the place had afforded one delightful surprise. Seen from the highway the estate had a neglected, forsaken look. But Helen had quickly discovered the western veranda with its climbing roses and the well-kept garden that led down to the lake. This small garden, she learned one day, was visible from the room that had been her mother's.

Her grandfather had given her the key to the room without comment.



"Why are you wearing your mother's locket?" he asked. "You might lose it."

other than, "you are the first to enter it."

Helen understood that he meant since her mother's departure. She went at once to the closed door and stood before it with a prayer on her lips that she might come close within it to the parents she could not remember.

There was much that she was grateful for. Many things to be fondled and wept over. And at last she came upon a photograph of Charles Nellin—the man she believed to be her father.

She studied his handsome features intently and reverently and wondered why there was a slight chill at her heart. The picture of her mother, in the locket, she loved, touched a responsive cord in her own heart, but Charles Nellin's countenance lacked the power to move her.

Still, she took his photograph to her room and placed it on her dressing table, being motivated by a dutiful feeling.

As the days passed and the preparations for her birthday party went smoothly ahead, she paused often to look at that pictured face and wonder if her mother had been happily married.

A happy marriage, Helen was beginning to believe, might conceivably be a very rare thing. For, old-fashioned as she was in certain matters, she was modern enough in others. In regard to Brent, for instance, she was frank with herself. She knew she would marry him if he asked her to, but she knew also that their life would be shadowed by his past.

She tried, struggling with her fledgling philosophy of life, to tell herself that she was not jealous of him. "It's only that my ideals are toppled a bit," she put it.

She thought she preferred a pristine love, unguessed of the passion that accepts the past as dead, and forgets it where that is the only way to happiness.

This thought was in her mind on the night of her party when she witnessed Brent's triumph with the other girls. Helen smiled over it, but a hint of worry crept over her eyes as she saw him lift Eva Ennis' lovely hands.

Had she known with what detachment the act was committed she might have been at peace. But had she known that it was a duty kiss—one that Eva would accept—she might well have been disturbed.

The girls had not exchanged confidences. Brent's training of Helen had cultivated a natural reticence almost to the point of making secrecy a habit with her.

And Eva was too shy to talk. Brent was too wise. Eva did not know that Helen was more than a ward to him and Helen did not know that Brent was amusing himself with Eva.

On the occasion when the two met at Bramblewood it seemed quite natural to Helen that they should sometimes be alone together. Brent had been surprised to find that Eva interested him at a second meeting.

He had flirted a trifle and then tried to drop it but Eva's simplicity interested him. Had he been a bit wiser than he was he would have known that it was the simplicity of genius—of greatness that needed no camouflage of complexity to express itself.

But tonight as he kissed her hand, he was not thinking of Eva. As quickly as he could he left her, to seek seclusion and examine an object that seemed fairly to be burning a hole in his pocket.

It was a locket, identical with the one he had taken from Charles Nellin's possession.

He had found it on the floor of

the main building. Just inside the door. As he picked it up he thought that Helen had dropped it there. He had put it in his pocket with the intention of returning it and cautioning her against such carelessness.

Before he could locate her he had seen Eva. And just as she came up to him, smiling a welcome, Helen had appeared behind her. Brent's quick eye saw in a glance that Helen was wearing her locket.

For an instant his mind was in a whirl. Then he bent over Eva's hand and bestowed the customary kiss upon it. When he looked up Helen was turning away.

A few minutes later, in a secluded corner of the library, he took the locket from his pocket and opened it. It must be, he knew, the locket that Mr. Cunningham had spoken of—the one he believed his daughter Evangeline had taken away with her.

He had expected to see Cyril Cunningham's picture in it. An exclamation of surprise escaped him when he saw that it contained one of Charles Nellin instead.

Whom could it belong to? Where had it come from? He must, he told himself, find out at once if Helen had discovered it here at Bramblewood or if—

The thought that someone here, among the guests, might be the owner of the locket brought a cold perspiration to Brent's usually cool brow.

CHAPTER XXI

Quickly Brent sought Helen and begged her to dance with him. "Why are you wearing your mother's locket?" he asked at once when they were whirling away.

Helen was impressed with the seriousness of his tone. "Why, Leno, dear," she said, "haven't you noticed that all the girls are wearing old-fashioned costumes? I'm wearing the locket because it belongs with my dress."

"But you might lose it," Brent cautioned her.

Helen put up a hand to feel of the locket. "The clasp is firm," she said.

"It's the only photograph of your mother that you have, isn't it?" Brent questioned.

"There was one in her room," Helen replied, "a lovely picture, Leno. She must have been a beautiful girl."

"Like you, dear," he smiled at her. "Did you find a picture of your father too?" he asked lightly.

"Seems strange your grandfather permitted it to remain in your mother's possession, doesn't it?"

"I don't think he touched anything in her room after she went away."

"I see. Will you show me the picture? I'd like to see a photograph of Charles."

"It's up in my room. I'll get it for you later."

"Some other time. And by the way, you didn't discover that other locket your grandfather spoke of, did you?"

"No, I'm sure it isn't in mother's room."

"Well, then, I think you oughtn't to be wearing this one, Helen. I understand you're going to dance on the lawn later. And this party isn't going to remain old-fashioned if I'm any judge of a beginning. Better give me the locket, dear. You would hate to lose it, wouldn't you?"

"It would break my heart," Helen declared. They danced aside, out of the way of the other couples, and Helen took the chain from her throat.

Brent put it in his pocket, and breathed a hearty sigh of relief. At least whoever had lost the other would not think he or she saw Helen wearing it and claim it, and thereby start an investigation that might lead to exposure of Helen as an imposter.

"I finished the dance, waltzing to the immortal strains of the Blue Danube, and Helen went about the duties imposed upon her by her role of hostess.

The party was a huge success. The girls got their kick out of acting demure and the boys enjoyed themselves wondering what it should revert in earnest to the manners and customs of former days.

After that they waited for the real fun to begin. But Mr. Cunningham prevented it. He had come down by great physical effort to assist in welcoming the guests and to hear his house ring once more to the tune of merry laughter, to watch the pretty flirting of maids as coy—for the moment—as any he had known, and to dream over the past.

A feeling of having made his peace with the world stole over him as the hour to retire to his room drew near. His strength was failing rapidly but he had planned a surprise that he wished to announce at the traditional moment and he did not want to make a change.

His presence held back the desires of his guests. They could not fling aside the spirit that he had called up for the occasion and be their modern selves while he remained downstairs.

No one was so discourteous as to let him suspect that he served as a damper, and when supper time arrived he was convinced that his idea had brought joy to others as well as to himself.

With the assistance of his attendant, Marks, he took his place at the head of the long table in the big dining room and assumed the duties of host with dignity and ease.

Helen was proud of him, proud of the regal distinction that had outlasted his age and illness, proud of his gently aristocratic bearing. And she, as well as the others, was taken wholly by surprise when he got to his feet and told them that he had an important announcement to make.

"My dear friends," he said, with a touch of silver in his voice. "I am grateful for your presence here tonight as the occasion is one that marks a very happy event in my life." He paused and looked at Helen.

She tried to smile back at him but the grip of anticipation held her immovable. What could he be going to say? She knew intuitively that it concerned her, whatever it was.

"You were asked," Mr. Cunningham went on, "to honor Miss Brent on her nineteenth birthday. It gives me great happiness to present her now, not as Helen Brent, but as my dearly beloved granddaughter, Helen Cunningham Nellin."

There was a silence as tense as a drawn bow, followed by a gasp that ran round the table from one guest to another.

Helen herself sat perfectly still, with her eyes dilated and wide with surprise.

Everyone turned to her as though expecting her to answer the unspoken questions that rose in their minds.

Mr. Cunningham held out a hand and she went to stand beside him, his arm about her shoulders.

"My daughter Evangeline's child," he said simply.

As though his words had been a cue to them, his guests broke into an excited but subdued chatter.

Mr. Cunningham bent his head and kissed Helen very gently. Her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Thank you," she said in a choked whisper. Then she turned her head to look down the table where Brent sat. There was upon his face an expression that she could not gauge, perhaps because he was desperately trying to conceal his elation and keep his expression inscrutable.

He had not guessed Mr. Cunningham's decision to accept Helen as

(Continued on Page Six)

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—An \$800 credit on a Buick car. Substantial reduction for cash. Address, Buick, care of The Age. 12-14

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Christian Science 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.

first publication of this Notice. Dated: October 7, 1929.

MARY E. HODGENS Administratrix with the Will annexed of the Estate of Henry E. Squires, deceased.

Harley A. Harmon, Attorney for said Estate. Pub. Oct. 8-15-22-29; Nov 5 1929.

LEGAL NOTICES

In the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, In and For the County of Clark. No. 103

In the Matter of the Estate of HENRY E. SQUIRES, Deceased. NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 15th day of October, 1919, by an order of the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Clark, the Last Will and Testament of said Henry E. Squires, deceased, was duly admitted to probate, and his widow, Mary Squires, now Mary E. Hodgens, the undersigned, named in said Last Will and Testament as the Executrix thereof, was duly appointed such Executrix, and on the 18th day of October, 1919, said Mary Squires duly qualified as such Executrix; that said Mary Squires, said widow of said deceased, having on the 6th day of April, 1921, married Thomas E. Hodgens, her authority as such Executrix was thereby extinguished. That thereafter, to-wit: on the 29th day of August, 1921, by a further order of said above entitled Court, the undersigned, Mary E. Hodgens, was duly appointed Administratrix with the Will annexed of said Estate, and on said last mentioned date duly qualified as such Administratrix with the Will annexed. All persons having claims against said Estate are required to file the same with the proper vouchers and statutory affidavits attached, with the Clerk of said Court within three (3) months from the date of the

In the Justice's Court of Las Vegas Township, County of Clark, State of Nevada. M. D. COHN, Plaintiff.

vs. H. J. HUTTON and GEORGE VEST, Defendants. SEMMONS

The State of Nevada Sends Greetings to H. J. HUTTON and GEORGE VEST, Defendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear before the undersigned at his office in said Township within five days after the service upon you of this summons, if served in the Township or city in which the action is brought; or within ten days, if served out of the said Township or city, but within the said County; or within twenty days, if served elsewhere, (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above entitled action.

This is an action for the recovery of damages in the amount of Two Hundred Dollars (\$200.00) together with interest, costs and disbursements, as fully set forth in the complaint on file in this action to which the defendants are hereby referred.

To the Sheriff or Constable of said County. Greetings:

Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 25th day of September, A. D. 1929.

ROGER FOLEY, Justice of the Peace of said Township.

A. J. SCHUR, Attorney for Plaintiff. Pub. Oct. 15-22-29; Nov. 5 1929.

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