

The Innocent Cheat

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Helen Page feels hopelessly in love with her guardian, Leonard Brent. A chance meeting with a dying beggar, Charles Nellin, causes Brent to change his plans for Helen's future. Soon after he tells her that she is the only grandchild of a millionaire, Cyril K. Cunningham. Brent takes her to Cunningham and offers proof which the lonely old man accepts. Hoping to make up for the injustice done her mother, Cunningham shows the girl with affection and gifts.

Among Helen's new friends are Eva Ennis and her brother Robert, who falls in love with her. Brent finds another locket like the one he had taken from Nellin to prove Helen as the heiress. He also becomes jealous of Bob and plots to secure Helen for himself quickly. Hearing the doctor say that a sudden shock would kill the old man, Brent gets the servants out of the way and rushes into the sick room shouting wildly that Helen had been killed. His plan works and when the attendant returns, Cunningham is dead. Then Brent appears as friend and former guardian of Helen and takes charge of arrangements.

Brent tries to break off a love affair with Eva without arousing Helen's suspicions. Meanwhile, a chance meeting between Helen and Bob reveals their love for each other, but she tells him she has promised herself to another. Next day Helen goes to Brent's apartment to ask him to release her and finds Carmel Segro there acting very much at home. When Brent returns, Carmel throws herself into his arms before he sees Helen.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXX
Carmel was in Brent's arms. She had flung herself there before he could stop her. But he was used to her impulsive demonstrations and generally accepted them without fuss.

Now she went a bit farther than usual. She twined her arms around his neck, forcing his head down until she could press her lips to his in a lingering caress.

For a moment, when Brent's eyes took in the erect figure of the girl whose eyes blazed at him with utter scorn, he too stood still, silent in his consternation.

Helen made the first move. She flung out a hand, as though she pushed away an encroaching danger. You will say for it if it is irremediable. Brent threatened.

"That little sap?" Carmel sneered. "Hurry," Brent told her. Carmel was convinced that he was in earnest.

"Get rid of her soon," she compromised. "I'll be back."

Brent surveyed her from under lowered lids. "Can't you get it through your head that all you will ever dig out of me is a little money, Carmel? And that's off when you carry things too far."

"Well, what do you mean by starting something with a high hat kid like that?" Carmel came back. She was still smarting over her failure to upset Helen's poise.

"That's my affair," Brent replied with a finality that closed the argument for the time being.

Carmel left him and stalked into the living room to get her things. Helen did not look at her, although she tried for a chance to sneer at the girl.

When the front door closed behind her Brent came back to Helen and seated himself beside her once more.

"Now my dear," he said patiently. "I must talk to you with a frankness that I deplore but which is absolutely necessary."

Helen's eyes asked him why. "Because you don't know anything about the world you are living in," he said, answering their unspoken question. "You are dear and sweet and straightforward without the complexities that are bothering most members of your sex today, but your difference has unfitted you to judge a modern man."

"Don't preach to me," Helen protested. She realized that she had given him an advantage in consenting to listen to him but had no intention of letting him make unfair use of it. "You should have thought of what I am before you did something you must have known you never could explain to me."

"Explain!" Brent answered impatiently. "My dear girl, that is the crux of the whole matter. I can't explain—to a girl like you. I can only beg you to forgive me. I am a man, Helen, not a callow kid. I've had affairs, yes, but all that is over and done with. What you say didn't mean a thing. A woman I've known for years; she'd kiss me just as readily at Times Square."

Helen smiled, thinking, but not caring enough to say it aloud, that the caress had not been too casual to inspire response. Brent ceased to catch her thought.

"Certainly I kissed her," he admitted hastily. "But it was just a gesture, of the kind any man of the world makes. I know so well how world makes. I know so well how world makes. I know so well how world makes. I know so well how world makes."

Helen half moved to rise. Brent pressed her back with a hand upon her arm.



into his expression.

Helen waited, but he said nothing. There was only an intake of breath in a series of painful gasps to tell her how her words had hurt.

"I'm sorry," she said suddenly, "that we made such a mistake, but we can be thankful for the rest of our lives that we discovered in time that it is a mistake."

Brent answered now, with great feeling. "I haven't made a mistake," he declared. "I love you, Helen, and you alone in all the world."

"Please, please, Leonard. Remember what I saw!"

"Oh, my dear, if you only understood!" Brent cried, with the helplessness in his voice that one would feel in facing the necessity of explaining an impossible situation to a child. "You must hear me."

"I'd rather not," Helen replied coldly. "Besides, it is useless."

"You can't break off with me this way," Brent told her firmly. He got to his feet and stood looking down at her as though he weighed the risk he would take in what he meant to do next. Dared he leave her alone for a moment?

"Will you wait here until I ask Miss Segro to leave us alone?" he said with such dejection and wretchedness in his voice that Helen was unable to refuse his request.

She nodded her head in assent, wishing she could have been harder toward him.

He did not waste time. In a moment he had joined Carmel. "Get out," he said without preliminary courtesies.

She laughed at him. "Much damage," she mocked.

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"Can't you see? Nothing I might do could have any effect upon my love for you. It's simply that life has made it possible for me to take things as they come. I don't try to stop the sun from rising just because I'm in love. But I keep you apart, dear, in my mind. It is as though you were in a different world. These things might be for me but they do not touch my feeling for you."

Helen did not care for what he said. She thought it pretty cheap. She'd been blind, she told herself, not to see long ago that his life would have crushed him with a layer of sordid insensitiveness.

"It doesn't matter," she said coldly. "I've told you that I love someone else. I can't marry you now."

"You don't know what love is," Brent retorted, a touch of his real self showing through the role he had assumed for the occasion.

Helen's startled glance sought his face for an answer to his unexpected warmth.

"Some raw kid has attracted you," Brent went on, letting his feelings rid him a bit, "and you think you're in love."

Helen's anger flared up in return. "It's better than thinking I am in love with a man like you," she cried hotly.

Brent recovered himself and smiled. That smile cut through Helen's new-found sense of freedom like a knife, destroying it almost instantly. She knew that behind it lay his determination to hold her to her promise at any cost.

CHAPTER XXXI
"Have you lunched?" Brent said surprisingly.

This time Helen succeeded in getting to her feet. "No," she cried. "I'm going back to Bramblewood."

Brent's smile still held. "To that puppy, Ennis, I suppose?"

Helen disdained to answer. "Lunch with me," Brent said, half commandingly before she had moved far away. "We haven't talked to the end of this thing and I know you won't be so unfair as to leave it in the air, Helen."

"What more is there to say?" Helen protested.

"A great deal," Brent quietly returned. "Will you lunch with me?"

"Not here in your apartment," Helen declared, thinking of the lunch Carmel had prepared.

"Wherever you like," Brent compromised.

"Sherry?"

Brent nodded.

Helen gathered her things together while Brent got his hat and stick and they left immediately.

Ten minutes later at Sherry's, they were seated at the most secluded table available. There were people within earshot of them but the cosmopolitan air of detachment that pervades New York's eating places isolated them sufficiently to permit Brent to plead his case.

But all that he could find to say left Helen cold. Finally, as she feared he would, he brought up the subject of her loyalty to him.

"You couldn't have been too fine to do that, could you?" she said when he mentioned the years of care he had given her. "To think of making me pay for something you did for my father, your friend, I mean."

"You weren't too fine to forget it for a showy hero," Brent retorted. "That's not fair," Helen objected. "I came to you only to ask you to let me go, because I certainly would not have considered it fine to keep you in ignorance of—of—"

she stopped, her face suffused with vivid color.

"You—infatuation for Ennis," Brent supplied with a note of contempt in his voice.

aces to marry. I'm sure of that. You see, I don't want to live with the ashes of your past, or feel that one-half of you is devoted to me as to a creature from another world, while the other half is absorbed with the habit of other women. I want to grow up with the man I marry—the only feminine habit he has."

She could not help smiling tenderly over her recollection of Bob's way with women. Nothing of the weary exhaustion of the world there. Even his ruthless epithet—that he had hurried at her the night before—had lost its sting now that she had hope of not deserving it in the slightest degree.

"Bosh," Brent said impatiently. He realized that he could no longer woo Helen. In a way it was a relief to give up trying. There remained pressure and—if necessary—threats. He decided to use pressure—and not to let her see it.

"Do you really think there is any advantage in discovering things for yourself when there is someone at hand to give you the right answer?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" Helen asked in turn.

"I mean that you will eventually—no matter what you do—come down to earth," Brent explained. "There isn't any unalloyed happiness—no ointment without a fly. Dreams are only dreams, Helen. That's simple as A B C. When they become reality they are no longer dreams. Indisputable, isn't it? But often the awakening is painful. I can spare you that. My experience of life—discount it as you will—can be a bulwark for you if you will let it. Why climb to heights from which you must tumble down when there is someone to tell you that nothing exists in the clouds?"

"I might not follow in your path," Helen suggested, a bit scornfully.

"There is only one path, or at least one destination," Brent replied. "Disillusionment. Why bother, Helen? Your little boy friend, if he is potentially a man, will come to be like the rest of us. There will be other women for him and if he does not accustom himself to taking them lightly it will be only so much the worse for you. There should be only one woman with whom a kiss is a kiss; with the others it may be a pleasant little exercise, an amenity, a social grace. What of it? Shall there be no pantries or dairies because 'joses bites in the garden'?"

With Carmel, he shrugged, "why dignify the thing? It is only those who hold a place in our thoughts that matter. And nothing is ever farther from my mind than Carmel when she is out of sight."

Helen was a rather sickening feeling. There was only an attractive husk remained.

"I still think," she said, "that I prefer to live my life at first hand, and make my own mistakes if any must be made."

Brent did not argue further. "No one girl in a million would have the vision to see it differently," he said resignedly, "or the sense to realize that a man whose wild oats are already sown and not in his system is the better risk."

Helen's lovely pointed chin lifted haughtily. "I do not believe that all men are philanderers," she said icily.

Brent suppressed a smile. "In return for the compliment of my sex let me say that I do not believe that all women are ingrates," he said. "You in particular, Helen."

Helen regarded him in dismay. "Then you mean to make me pay, if you can, for what you've done for me."

"I shall not call it paying," Brent answered mildly. "I believe that I can make you happy when you get over this moonish interlude."

"Oh you are a brute," Helen flared at him.

"Perhaps," he said lightly. "But there are times, my dear, when any man with even an apology of a brain must be brutal. Were I to let you have your way now I should be sacrificing myself only to make you no happier than you will be with me. You have loved me. I do not believe that you have changed. If you had you would have wanted to break our engagement regardless of the loyalty you feel for me."

"Then you don't really believe that I am capable of true loyalty?" Helen broke in.

"My dear, I think true love would have settled the matter for you without coming to me," Brent answered promptly.

TITLE SUIT FILED
The Boulder Canyon Land Development company filed suit this week against Clark County to quiet title to the north one-half of section 18, township 21 south, range 62 east, M. D. B. & M.

Ham and Taylor represent the plaintiff company.

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.

Helen sat back in her chair, feeling most unhappily disturbed. Brent's words were so much in accord with what Bob had said. Was she indeed then not really in love? A thought of last night's sleepless, pain-filled hours brought a twisted smile to the corner of her lips. "You wouldn't have waited until you had what probably would provoke you into quarreling with me under any circumstances," Brent was going on in his smooth fashion. "You'd have come to me and said it was all off."

"I'm not jealous," Helen answered scornfully.

Brent smiled. "Of course you are, my dear," he told her. "All women are. And yours is the unreasonable jealousy of the cloistered maid. You haven't any rivals in my affections, but if you had you wouldn't know how to handle them. You'd try elimination, forgetting that there are corners in life around which jealous eyes may not peer, but which offer a convenient escape for one who wishes to be unobserved for a period of time."

Helen felt that he was laughing at her. "I don't care to hear any more about your ideas of a man's rights," she said frigidly. "I am more modern than you are, I think. Certainly there is nothing new in the claim to the kind of freedom you seem to require. It's far more up-to-date to believe in living more, more—decently," she finished defiantly.

Brent permitted a mock sigh to escape his lips. "I can reform," he said lugubriously.

Suddenly Helen's manner changed. "Please take me seriously, Leonard," she besought him. "I could never forget what I saw today even if I loved you. We haven't the same viewpoint in the matter at all. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, or maybe I'm just more advanced than you are, but whatever it is I'm not tolerant of looseness."

For a few seconds when she finished speaking Brent held his tongue and his temper; then both broke out.

"Don't be a little fool," he said shrilly. "A man's a man, Helen."

Helen drew herself up and gave him a hard, straight glance. "You are the fool," she said quietly.

Brent shrugged. "Be that as it may," he replied. "I intend to have you. You owe me a debt that you cannot repay in any other way. It's given the best years of my life to you, Helen. I might have married, but I wanted to be free to live for you, to travel with you and to give you a home. Most women would have resented you. I knew that and the knowledge made me avoid such entanglements. You are too loyal to let me down now. I'm banking on that, and I don't believe I am a fool."

(To Be Continued)

Helping the Homemaker

By LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER

Macaroni Savory for Dinner
Macaroni Savory, Buttered Spinach, Brad Plum Butter

Pear Salad
Apple Cobbler Coffee

Macaroni Savory, Serving 6
3 cups cooked macaroni
1-2 cup canned or fresh tomatoes
2 tablespoons chopped green peppers
2 tablespoons chopped onions
3 cups diced cheese
3 tablespoons butter, melted

Mix the ingredients and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Serve in dish in which baked.

Pear Salad
6 pears (fresh or canned)
1 cup diced celery
1-3 cup broken nuts
1-2 cup salad dressing

Arrange the pears on lettuce leaves and top with the rest of the ingredients.

Apple Cobbler
3 cups sliced apples
1-1-2 cups water
1-2 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter

Boil the apples and water for 5 minutes. Mix the sugar, flour, cinnamon and butter and add to the cooked mixtures. Stir well. Pour into a buttered baking dish and cover with the dough.

Dough
2 cups flour
1-1-2 teaspoons baking powder
1-4 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup milk
4 teaspoons fat

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the fat and slowly add the milk until a soft dough forms. Roll to the fit on the top of the apples. Make 4 holes in the top and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Add the syrup and bake for 15 minutes. Serve warm.

Syrup
1-2 cup light brown sugar
1 cup water

Boil the ingredients for 3 minutes. While hot, pour over the top of the pudding. This gives a glaze to the pudding as well as making it very moist.

ATTENTION DAIRYMEN

Las Vegas, Nevada, the town nearest the proposed

Boulder Canyon Dam

When operations are in full swing building this great dam, which is to cost \$165,000,000, someone is going to make a fortune furnishing Las Vegas and the new town to be built by the government at the dam site with milk.

Miller's improved ranch, consisting of 440 acres, all fenced hog tight, and situated about 8 miles south-easterly between Las Vegas and the dam site, is ideal for dairy purposes, has nine artesian flowing wells, flowing into three large reservoirs, alfalfa, sweet clover, plenty of timber and shade.

For Sale by Owner

JOHN F. MILLER, Owner.
Las Vegas, Nevada

NEW YORKER AT LARGE

By DEMING SEYMOUR

NEW YORK — Henry Ford is dickerer for the great gold chandelier that hung in the domed garden room of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

The company which is wrecking the building has taken half a dozen photographs of the ornate fixture from various angles for Ford's scrutiny, but at this writing he has not arrived at a bargain.

Other chandeliers and several mantelpieces are going to the Park avenue apartment of Louis Grave-rate Kaufman, bank president and a financial factor in the group which will rear an 80-story building on the Waldorf site.

Some of the lighting fixtures are to be shipped to Florida, where they are destined to adorn an orphan asylum.

Bargainers for Relics
The desk of the wrecking superintendent is piled high with letters from men and women all over the country who want artistic relics of the old Waldorf, indicating that the recent auction sale of all the hotel's loose belongings from bedsteads to coffee cups did not glut the market for mementoes of the historic hostelry.

Unfortunately for both parties to such transactions, the buyers have generally been unwilling to pay what the wrecking company asked.

The Kansas woman who writes to inquire for a mural, a wall light or a piece of brocade which she fancied as a Waldorf guest, is appalled to find that it will cost her \$10, and is inclined to resent the intrusion of a sordid commercial note into her sentimental negotiation.

She had thought that if that mural could be bought for \$2—, The wreckers shrug their shoulders, it will cost \$2 to get the canvas off the wall without ripping it.

And so most of the murals and most of the wall lamps, and all of the brocade will go into the wreckage trucks with the mahogany panels that were only stained birch and the marble columns that were only varnished plaster; and the whole cargo will go down to the sea in scows and be emptied into the bottomless Atlantic.

From Promenade to Bath
The main stairway, which was of real marble and wrought iron, hasn't found a buyer and will likely be wrecked. It's pretty unweirdly for removal intact.

But the Italian marble stairway that "Bet-a-million" Gates built into his suite at the Waldorf, at a cost of something like \$10,000, has been sold to Arthur C. Champagne, who builds \$100,000 mansions in Westchester and Connecticut.

Champagne estimates that the Gates stairway will make two stairs in homes he is building. For a third manor he has purchased the hand-wrought iron balcony that was in the jade room.

The marble panels of Peacock Alley also have been sold to Champagne. They are of Sienna marble, imported from Italy, which can't be bought now in the United States because the quarry from which it comes belongs to a convent and is opened only when the convent needs funds, which it doesn't at present.

Those Peacock Alley panels are eight feet deep, just the right height for the tile walls of bathrooms in Mr. Champagne's Westchester mansions. In fact, that's just what he'll use them for.

Iceland is to have a regular theater and we are wondering whether it will be necessary to equip it with an artificial cooling system.

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