Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—An $800 credit on a Buick car. Substantial reduction for cash. Address, Buick, care of The Age. 122-tf

FOR SALE—Very desirable gold mining property, whole or part. Write William H. Crozier, Searchlight, Nevada. 106-tf

TYPEWRITERS

Sold, Rented, Repaired. All makes. All prices. Rental rates $3.00 per month. Typewriters repaired by expert mechanic in Las Vegas. Let us tell you about our typewriter inspection service. Stockwell & Binney, 115 S. 4th. Street. Phone 420. 124-137

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two room house partly furnished at Foremaster ranch 124-tf

ELECTRICAL WORK

Particular wiring at popular prices. Peoples Electric Shop—E Roland Brauch, Manager 448 N. 7th. St. Phone 432 129-tf

LEGAL NOTICES

In the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Clark.
SUMMONS
Case No. 2182
OSCAR ROBERT WAIDMAN,
Plaintiff
vs.
MARIE WAIDMAN, Defendant.
The State of Nevada Sends Greetings to Said Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within ten days after the service upon you of this Summons if served in said County, or within twenty days if served out of said County but within said Judicial District, and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above entitled action. This action is brought to recover judgment dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the plaintiff upon the grounds of extreme cruelty, all of which fully appears in plaintiff's verified complaint, on file herein, reference to which is hereby made and the same reference made a part hereof.

Dated this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1929.

WM. L. SCOTT, Clerk of the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for Clark County, Nevada.
(COURT SEAL)
HAM & TAYLOR, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Las Vegas, Nevada.
Pub. Oct. 5-12-19-26, Nov. 2-9-16.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PERMISSION TO APPROPRIATE THE PUBLIC WATERS OF THE STATE OF NEVADA.
Application No. 9038

Notice is hereby given that on the 22nd day of August, 1929, in accordance with Section 59, Chapter 59, of the Statutes of 1919, Willard H. George of Las Vegas, County of Clark, State of Nevada, made application to the State Engineer of Nevada for permission to appropriate one and one half second feet of the public waters of the State of Nevada. Diversion is to be made from Sandstone Springs Nos. 1 & 2 at a point in the SW¼NE¼ Sec. 3, T. 22 S; R. 58 E., M.D.B.&M., from which the NE Cor. of said Sec. 3, bears N. 49° 04' E., 2,592 feet. Water will be conveyed by means of ditches to the NE¼NE¼ Sec. 3, and NW¼ NW¼ Sec. 2, T. 22 S; R. 58 E., and there used for irrigation purposes from January 1st to December 31st of each year.

Signed: GEO. W. MALONE, State Engineer.
Pub. Oct. 5-12-19-26, Nov. 2, 9.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PERMISSION TO APPROPRIATE THE PUBLIC WATERS OF THE STATE OF NEVADA.
Application No. 8730.

Notice is hereby given that on the 19th day of October, 1928, in accordance with Section 59, Chapter 59, of the Statutes of 1919, Joseph T. Atkin & Sons, of St. George, County of Washington, State of Utah, made application to the State Engineer of Nevada for permission to appropriate .01 of a second foot of the public waters of the State of Nevada. Diversion is to be made from Cedar Spring at a point in the NE¼ NW¼ Unsurveyed Sec. 20 T. 14 S, R. 71 E., M. D. B. & M., or at a point from which the E¼ corner of Sec. 18, T. 13 S; R. 71 E., bears N. 3° 19' W., 34,624 feet. Water will be conveyed by means of a pipe line to troughs located in the same subdivision as the point of diversion, and there used for watering 1500 sheep from January 1st to December 31st of each year.

Signed: GEO. W. MALONE, State Engineer.
Pub. Oct. 5-12-19-26, Nov. 2, 9.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the City of Las Vegas, Nevada, proposes to make the following public improvements, to-wit: Construct hydraulic cement, concrete curb and gutter, and rough grading for street improvements on certain streets together with work incidental thereto, according to plans and specifictions on file in the office of the City Clerk. And sealed bids are invited for said work and will be received at the office of the City Clerk in the County Court House, Las Vegas, Nevada, until three o'clock P. M. on the 22nd day of November, 1929. Instructions to bidders, plans and specifications for said improvements can be seen and examined at the office of the City Clerk in the County Court House, Las Vegas, Nevada, or can be obtained upon the payment of fifteen dollars ($15.00).

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids and to waive any defects.

By order of the Board of Commissioners of Las Vegas, Nevada, this 8th day of November, A. D., 1929.

VIOLA BURNS, City Clerk.
(CITY SEAL)
Pub. Nov. 9, 12 and 16, 1929.

DURITE ASPHALT CONCRETE (COARSE AGGREGATE) PAVEMENT.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the City of Las Vegas, Nevada, proposes to make the following public improvement, to-wit: Construct Durite Asphaltic Concrete (coarse aggregate) Pavement on certain streets together with work incidental thereto, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of the City Clerk. And sealed bids are invited for said work and will be received at the office of the City Clerk in the County Court House, Las Vegas, Nevada, until three o'clock P. M. on the 22nd day of November, 1929. Instructions to bidders, plans and specifications for said improvement can be seen and examined at the office of the City Clerk in the County Court House, Las Vegas, Nevada, or can be obtained upon payments of $15.00

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids and to waive any defects.

By order of the Board of Commissioners of Las Vegas, Nevada, this, the 8th day of November, 1929.

VIOLA BURNS, City Clerk.
(CITY SEAL)
Pub. Nov. 9, 12 and 16, 1929.

In the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Clark.
No. 2177
LAS VEGAS LAND AND BUILDING COMPANY, A Corporation,
Plaintiff,
vs
HARRY L. MARTIN, also known as HARRY LEE MARTIN) AND LIZZIE MARTIN, his wife, GEORGE S. HAGE AND HANNAH B. HAGE, his wife, SARAH STERN, AND JACOB STERN, her husband, Defendants.
SUMMONS
The State of Nevada Sends Greetings to Said Defendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear within ten days after the service upon you of this Summons if served in said County, or within twenty days if served out of said County but within said Judicial District, and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above entitled action.

This action is brought to quiet title to certain land described in the complaint and to reform three deeds described in said complaint, on the ground of mutual mistake, all as more fully set forth in the complaint on file herein.

Dated this 28th day of September, A. D. 1929.

WM. L. SCOTT, Clerk of the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada in and for Clark County, Nevada.
By DOROTHY KEELER, Deputy.
(SEAL)
LEO A McNAMEE, Attoney for Plaintiff.
Pub. Nov. 9, 16, 23, 30; Dec. 7, 14, and 21, 1929.

In the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Clark.
ELLIE JONES, Plaintiff, vs.
LINCOLN COUNTY, STATE OF NEVADA, a Public Corporation, JAMES McMAHON and NELLIE I. McMAHON, his wife, E. C. McDONALD and CLARA McDONALD, his wife, A. E. JONES, and ANNA B. JONES, his wife, Defendants.
SUMMONS
The State of Nevada Sends Greetings to Said Defendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear within ten days after the service upon you of this Summons if served in said County, or within twenty days if served out of said County but within said Judicial District, and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above entitled action. This action is brought to recover judgment

Said action is brought to recover a judgment quieting title in plaintiff as against said defendants' adverse claims in and to that certain real property described in the complaint herein:

The property described in the complaint, to which you are hereby specifically referred, is particularly described as follows:

Lot Nine (9) in Block Four (4) of Buck's Subdivision, City of Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada, described in complaint.

Dated this 10th day of September, A. D. 1929.

WM. L. SCOTT, Clerk of the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada in and for Clark County, Neva
By Dorothy Keeler, Deputy.
(COURT SEAL)
HAM & TAYLOR, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Oct. 12-19-26-Nov. 2-9-16-23, 1929

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PERMISSION TO APPROPRIATE THE PUBLIC WATERS OF THE STATE OF NEVADA.
Application No. 8731.

Notice is hereby given that on the 19th day of October, 1928, in accordance with Section 59, Chapter 59, of the Statutes of 1919, Joseph T. Atkin & Sons, of St. George, County of Washington, State of Utah, made application to the State Engineer of Nevada for permission to appropriate .01 of a second foot of the public waters of the State of Nevada. Diversion is to be made from Wiregrass Spring at a point in the NW¼ SE¼ Unsurveyed Sec. 20 T. 14 S, R. 71 E., M. D. B. & M., or at a point from which the E¼ corner of Sec. 18, T. 13 S; R. 71 E., bears N. 4° 57' W., 37,262 feet. Water will be conveyed by means of a pipe line to troughs located in the same subdivision as the point of diversion, and there used for watering 1500 sheep from April 15th to November 15th of each year.

Signed: GEO. W. MALONE, State Engineer.
Pub. Oct. 5-12-19-26, Nov. 2, 9.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Carson City, Nevada,
November 4, 1929.

NOTICE is hereby given that John M. Wallace, of Las Vegas, Nevada, who, on November 25, 1927, made homestead entry, No. 015697, for the SE¼, Section 15, Township 21 S., Range 61 E., M. D. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. J. Hooper, U. S. Commissioner, at Las Vegas, Nevada, on the 17th day of December, 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses: F. C. DeVinney, Frank Jameson, Bertha L. Jaten and Van Rains, all of Las Vegas, Nevada.

CLARA M. CRISLER, Register.
Pub. Nov. 9, 16, 23, 30 and Dec 7.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Christian Science Society meet at Economy Hall, Fremont street. 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.

The Innocent Cheat

NEA FICTION ©1929 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

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

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Helen Page feels indebted to and in love with her guardian, Leonard Brent, who changes his plans for her future after meeting a dying man named Nellin. At 18, he presents the girl to a millionaire, Cyril K. Cunningham, as his heiress and offers proof which the lonely old man accepts without question, as he has been searching for his dead daughter's child for years.

Among Helen's new friends are Eva Ennis and her brother Robert. Brent finds another locket like the one he had taken from Nellin to prove Helen the heiress and plots to get Cunningham out of the way quickly. He slyly administers a shock which proves fatal and the servants find the old man dead in bed. Then he wins Helen's promise to marry him. Later, she and Bob realize they love each other, but she tells him she is engaged. She tries to get Brent to release her, but he refuses, and makes dire threats if she dares to marry Bob.

Eva resents Helen's treatment of her brother, which has driven him to flirting with Shallimar Morris. She scolds Bob and he tells her Helen is engaged to Brent. She collapses after admitting that Brent has been making love to her. Bob goes to expose Brent to Helen, and while they are talking an urgent call comes from his mother. They rush over just in time to prevent Eva from taking poison in a fit of hysteria. Helen tries to tell her what a cad Brent is, but she insists that she must see him. Helen decides to see him first and phones for him to come up.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XLII

Brent dressed leisurely and lingered over his breakfast, taking a third cup of the crystal-clear coffee his man had prepared for him—adding a tiny pinch of salt in place of sugar or cream. Its steaming fragrance, mingled with the smoke from his Turkish cigaret, filled him with a sense of well being that brought the look of a lately fed jungle beast into his eyes.

His satanic smile played over his lips now and then as certain pleasing thoughts came to him.

Helen must be stewing over his delay. Let her. The more upset she was the better for him.

Carmen had promised to be good, being clever enough to know the limit of all things.

Eva was a mouse. No trouble there.

That girl Shallimar—well, if she hadn't landed Bob Ennis it didn't matter. She'd soon be sent packing—he'd see to that. Not have her hanging around to give Ennis an excuse to call. The young puppy might have the nerve even with the door closed in his face at Helen's orders.

But what did it matter? What did anything matter? Brent drank deep from the cup, drew in a long breath of smoke and steeped himself in his satisfaction.

Helen was his. He could take her when he willed. She was utterly helpless.

Finally he glanced at a small clock on his desk, arose, stretched himself agreeably and went to change his dressing gown for his street coat.

His Japanese, ever watchful, came in to help him. Brent told him to telephone for his car.

The garage was just around the corner, a convenience for which those who hired space in it were required to pay heavily. The car was brought to the door of Brent's apartment house within 10 minutes and he went down to take the wheel, thoroughly convinced that the ultimate success of his scheming was at hand.

Fears he had entertained formerly that Helen would refuse the new role he would offer her had subsided. No one could be so mad, he believed.

Give up millions? Face poverty—a girl who had been carefully protected all her life? Yes, perhaps, he admitted, but the publicity? Could she stand up to all that exposure would mean to her? He thought not.

* * *

Not caring for slow driving, he made good time to Yonkers.

Helen was watching for him. She ran to open the door herself, having lost much of her self control while waiting for him in nervous anxiety.

He attempted to take her hand for a kiss in greeting but she drew it angrily away from him and turned to lead the way to the living room.

Brent followed without a word. She must be the first to speak—it suited his purpose to have it so.

In the privacy of the vast room she whirled upon him and her words came like the lash of a whip.

"I've heard about you and Eva," she said.

Brent stiffened slightly, the only outward sign that she had disturbed his poise. One eyebrow went up inquiringly, but he remained silent.

"Well, what do you mean to do about it?" Helen pursued.

"Do?" Brent repeated blankly.

"Are you thinking of marrying her?" Helen asked tensely.

"My dear girl!"

Brent was amused.

"I see," Helen said icily. "I am glad to know that you have no such impossible intention," she went on, her eyes fairly burning with scorn for him.

"You need not have worried," Brent said hastily. "I shall marry no one but you, Helen."

For a moment Helen was too furious to speak. Then: "You are mistaken," she said, using all her will to say it calmly, "if you expect to marry me."

"Because of Eva?" Brent taunted her. "My word, you are jealous, aren't you?"

"I thought you at least too intelligent to be facetious at a time like this," Helen promptly returned.

"Why at a time like this?" he inquired blandly.

Helen came close to losing her temper completely. "Don't you know that you've simply broken Eva's heart?" she cried.

"Nonsense!"

"Some day I'm certain she will think so, too," Helen agreed; "but for the present she imagines herself in love with you. She wants to see you. That is why I have sent for you—"

"She isn't here?" Brent asked, with a touch of consternation.

* * *

"No, she isn't," Helen relieved him. "She doesn't know how futile it would be to make an appeal to you for any kind of decent treatment—but I know, and I wish to spare her further disillusionment."

"Yes?" Brent smiled over her opinion of him, thinking of what she was yet to learn. "How do you propose to do that?"

"I want your promise never to see her again. No fate could be worse for her than to go on with you."

"Thanks," he answered dryly. "I'm willing to make that promise. The kid's a damned nuisance, but don't think you're dictating to me, my dear, simply find it convenient to comply with your wishes in the matter."

"But should you change your mind," Helen began warningly, "let me tell you that her brother will thrash you within an inch of your life—and maybe he won't stop there."

"An inch to live," Brent exclaimed. "Sounds like a popular questionnaire," "What would you do if you had but an inch to live?"

"Jest if you like," Helen told him; "but you can't go forever trampling on other people without some day being trampled on in turn."

Brent smiled broadly. "What a dear little lecturer you are," he said enthusiasticallq. "You ought always to be in a temper, Helen. You literally blaze."

"I mean what I say," Helen cautioned him.

Brent sobered. "Where does young Ennis come in?" he shot at her suddenly.

Helen's head reared haughtily. "I am going to marry him," she stated.

With her words a grim distortion replaced Brent's sarcastic smile.

"You are going to marry me," he retorted snarlingly.

Helen answered rather quietly, considering how his words fired her anger.

"I promised to tell you when I made a decision like this," she said. "Well, you may persist in taking a ridiculous attitude if you choose, but I am going to marry Robert Ennis."

They had been standing. Brent now waved toward a chair. "Sit down," he said and seated himself on another.

"This is going to take time," he warned as Helen disdained to comply.

"There really isn't anything more to be said," she hinted.

"There is a great deal, and it will take some time," he differed. "It won't be pleasant either—for you. You'd better sit down, my dear."

* * *

Helen glanced at her wrist-watch. "I am taking Miss Morris to the station in a few minutes," she told him. "Please say what you have to say as quickly as possible."

"I'd advise you to make other arrangements for getting her there," Brent remarked. "You do not take me seriously, I see, but you will shortly, and I predict that you will not be in a mood to drive out when this interview is over."

Helen refused to be frightened.

"Very well," Brent began as she stood waiting. His practice of politeness compelled him to rise and stand also. "You may as well have it straight from the shoulder. Here it is: You will never marry Ennis!"

Helen smiled disdainfully.

"You won't have the nerve to tell him that you're a criminal," Brent went on "and if you marry him without telling him I'll expose you."

Helen's eyes were wide with mixed emotions, chiefly astonishment and disbelief, but there was fear lurking in them as well. Fear that Brent was evil enough to have found some way to wreck her happiness, however innocent of any wrong she herself might be.

She made a wordless sound of protest and shrank back from his closer, threatening approach.

"What have you to say to that?" he demanded.

Helen rallied her courage. "Only that you are a contemptible coward," she cried, "and utterly insane."

"Am I?" Brent mocked her. "Possibly, but not too insane to have put you in the Nellin girl's place—to have won an immense fortune for you—and to have you just where I want you."

Helen was now completely confused, quite unable to follow him. He saw that she would not know where to begin to ask the questions that were seething in her mind and decided to tell her everything of her story from the start.

Helen listened helplessly. It was so appalling, so shocking, to hear the dead parents she had reverenced revealed as crooks, to learn that Brent himself was even worse than she had thought him—she could do nothing but start glassily at him while her world fell about her head.

He told her the whole truth—how he had stumbled upon the facts of the Cunningham case—how he had conceived the idea of imposing her upon the aged man as his granddaughter—and what it meant to him.

"And now you know why you can't refuse to marry me," he ended.

Helen's lips opened stiffly—her words came with great difficulty. "But you—you are the criminal," she cried hoarsely.

Brent's tenseness slackened, his tigerishness left him, and he became on the instant his old suave, unperturbed self. He had been ferocious in his attack, brutal, delighting in it. But he knew that his moves must now be cautious, more carefully planned.

"Unfortunately for you," he said quietly, "you cannot prove your innocence."

CHAPTER XLIII

"Bob will believe me!"

Helen declared her faith in her lover's trust without a moment's hesitation.

Surprisingly Brent nodded his head in agreement. "Won't you sit down now?" he said. "I've something more to say to you." He glanced at his watch or perhaps you'd better send your friend Shallimar off to the station before we go on with this."

Helen sank into a chair. "She's in the breakfast room," she said weakly. "Tell her I'd like her to take a later train; I can't see her off now."

Brent left to do her bidding, but was quickly back. He noted, as soon as he entered the room, a change in Helen. Given a few moments to think she had decided he was lying to her, tricking her.

How simple it was, of course. She felt like laughing, only somehow there was, strangely, inexplicably, an odor of truth about it all. She fought against it.

"I hated to tell you this," Brent began, deceived by her manner into thinking she was not going to take it so hard after all.

Helen threw back her head and held her eyes fastened levelly on his.

"I don't believe a word you have said," she stated emphatically.

"You don't?" Brent came close, grasped her wrists with cruel strength, forced her down into the chair and towered over her in a menacing attitude.

"You don't" he repeated. "Then listen to me. I can prove that you are Helen Page and not Cunningham's granddaughter. That will be easy."

Helen still defied him. "But you cannot prove what is not true,' she cried. "You cannot prove that I had anything to do with your fraud."

* * *

"It will not be necessary to prove it," Brent retorted. "If you persist in marrying young Ennis I shall make your story front page newspaper stuff inside 24 hours. Wha then? You aren't Helen Nellin, don't forget that. You'll be toppled from your high and mighty seat to the gutter—possibly you'll have a chance to learn what women's prisons were built for."

"But you—you," Helen stammered.

"Don't be a fool," Brent snapped "You would go to prison too." at her. "I'll be safely out of it. You'll be left to stand the gaff alone. Your exposure will come through information that I shall supply indirectly to the authorities. I'll give the whole thing to the newspapers at the same time. Let your boy friend stand by you then. Suppose you went free—there'd always be a doubt in the public mind about your innocence. What would that mean to Ennis?"

Helen saw at once that it would be irreparable injury to his career, but only the deepening pain in her eyes answered Brent. It was enough.

"Do for him, wouldn't it? Even if he believed you, and there's a good chance that he won't."

Helen had one lucid thought. "He will believe me," she said, "because he will know that I wouldn't have dared to think of marrying him if this were true and you held me in your power."

Brent regarded her admiringly. "Rather clever," he praised. "But not weighty enough. "He's apt to imagine you thought you could handle me."

"Oh, you are fiendish!"

"Merely determined my dear, that no upstart like Ennis is going to spoil my plans now."

"Then you think I will consent to go on with this deception—this imposture?" Helen cried, amazed that he should know her so little he could believe such a thing possible.

"For the sake of millions, and your liberty, yes," rent admitted.

"It's unthinkable!" Helen stormed. "You will have to prove what you have said—that I am not Helen Cunningham—and if it is true I shall renounce the fortune myself!"

"Oh, you will?" Brent sneered. "Well, my noble young lady, do that trifling little thing and you'll have plenty of time to repent behind the bars."

"But you can't prove that I—"

"Are you really so dense that you fail to see your position itself will prove it for me?" Brent cut in. "Confession on my part will throw the burden of defense on you, and what will you fight with? You haven't a penny of your own. And you will need money, and friends. Public opinion, public sympathy, will be against you from the start—taking in a dying old man—giving him Judas kisses—lying to him, just waiting for him to—"

"Oh, no, no" Helen wailed.

"A pretty picture, no?" Brent pressed on. "Daughter of once famous crook comes into her own as queen of imposters. Blindly infatuated young law student remains loyal, turning his back upon his career for the sake of a bewitching face. Not so bad, eh? I'll make it dramatic enough, don't worry!"

* * *

Helen bowed her face in her hands and Brent observed her shaking young body without pity.

"On the other hand," he said at last, "you can have everything. And love is not a lasting thing, Helen. Don't be hoodwinked by that notion. t's been exploded too many times. Astonishing that anyone continues to believe in it. You will forget Ennis, even if it takes time. But you never could forget—the world wouldn't let you—that you had ruined his life, robbed him of the chance to look every man in the face—that seems to be the absurd ambition of any number of brainless idiots," he added dryly.

"I—I don't have to marry him," Helen gulped. "I can give the money back to Mr. Cunningham's lawyer and go away somewhere."

"Yes, if the police will let you," Brent agreed.

"You will tell whether I marry Bob or not? You wouldn't let me restore the money and—"

"Certainly not," Brent returned firmly. "You will either marry me or face exposure. And I warn you, Helen, I won't stand for any nonsense. You'll come through all the way or you'll take the rap—underworld jargon," he smiled with mock apology. "It means plenty. You've led a sheltered life, my dear, you know nothing whatsoever of the hell that awaits you if you let yourself in for a stretch up the river. Better give it a lot of thought before you decide."

"There isn't anything to decide," Helen said brokenly. "I cannot marry you."

For a moment Brent said nothing. Then: "You may feel differently about it when you've had time to think it over. In the meantime you might go into social service and find out at first hand what happens to jailbirds. And—if you can arrange it—go take a look at the poor devils in prison. Don't settle your fate blindly, without knowing what you're doing. You'll never be able to undo it. You'd be in the morgue in no time at all after they let you go with your prison pallor and your prison-marked soul. A girl like you! God, you'd become a dope fiend!"

Helen shrank down into her chair. The back of her hand flew to her mouth to stifle a scream.

"I think life with me would be preferable to that," Brent continued. "As your husband I should be far more interested in your fortune than in you, Helen. I am not, fortunately in love with you."

"You mean," Helen looked at him hopefully, "that you wouldn't want to live with me?"

* * *

Brent shrugged. Having gained a point he was willing to concede one, as promises meant nothing to him. Helen's question signified that a wakening wedge had entered her horror-filled mind, giving him his first tangible advantage.

Her next question was less pleasing. "Why?" she asked, "couldn't I give you half the money if—if you can prove that am not Helen Nellin, and I decide to keep it?"

"What a bright idea!" Brent exclaimed sarcastically. "Don't you know that the money isn't under your control, and that it would direct suspicion upon both of us if you gave away any large amount of it?"

He did not add that it was his intention to gain possession of her entire fortune in time.

The ray of hope, if she'd really mind. Her native honesty contentained it, faded out of Helen's quered it.

"I can't do it," she sobbed.

"Snap out of it," Brent commanded harshly. "I'm not an ogre. I'll keep out of your way. It is merely a matter of convnience."

Helen wiped her eyes. "But if I'm not Helen Nellin I can't keep the money," she declared.

"Why not?" even when you consider it on the basis of fairness, you have a right to it. The right of possession. Different perhaps—even I will admit it—if there were other heirs—a real Helen Nellin—Evangeline, rather. You see, you never had her name. Helen is your only given name, and not Evangeline Helen, as you supposed."

"Evangeline," Helen repeated after him. "I can't believe you yet, Leonard, but if there is a real Evangeline Nellin I'm going to find her."

"Don't get excited," Brent advised I've attended to that. I've had her searched for practically all over the face of the globe."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" Helen blazed at him.

"Well, you know that Mr. Cunningham could not find her. And if he could not, how can you? No, it's hopeless, Helen. She's probably dead, and if she isn't she's not likely to turn up. There is no reason but a mad infatuation for an obscure fortune seeker why you should wreck your life and make it a hell forever."

Helen jumped to her feet.

"Oh please go," she cried "and let me alone."

"In a moment," Brent said; "but first there is one thing more."

(To Be Continued)

Porter Ouster Is Sought On Fund Charge

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 8, (U.P.) A civil suit seeking the removal from office of Mayor John C. Porter was filed in Superior Court today by H. H. Merrick, real estate man, who charged that Porter had failed to file a full report of campaign expenditures.

Merrick's action came after City Prosecutor Nix had refused to issue a complaint against the mayor pending further investigation. Merrick declared in his complaint that Porter's campaign costs were $23,000 more than the $2,000 allowed by law.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, (U.P) Widespread brokerage opinion that yesterday witnessed the low point on the reaction coupled with the gratifying decrease of $656,000,000 in brokerage loans in the week ended November 6, reported after the close of the market last night exercised a powerful bullish influence on early curb dealings today.

Russ Girl Decoy In Kidnaping For Ransom, Charge

TIENTSIN, China, Nov. 8, (U.P.) A Russian girl was arrested today charged as acting as a decoy in the kidnaping of Aaron Brenner, a partner in Brenner Brothers' international fur merchants of New York.

Brenner was abducted, presumably by White Russians, and held for ransom of $500,000 gold.

SACRAMENTO, Calif., Nov. 8, (U.P) Dam foundations, as well as dam superstructures, must be inspected by the state engineer, Attorney General U. S. Webb said today in an opinion.

State Engineer Howard Hyatt had asked the attorney general whether or not inspection of dam foundations was within the province of the state under the new 1929 dam inspection law.

LAKEHURST, N. J., Nov. 8, (U.P) The navy dirigible Los Angeles returned to its hangar at 2:20 a. m. today after a flight to Akron, Ohio, for the laying of the ring girder of the new dirigible 2RS-4.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. BULETTE
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Rooms 6 and 7, Griffith Bldg.
Hours, 8:30-11:30; 2:00-4:00
Over Postoffice

McNAMEE & McNAMEE
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Office: 431 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif., and Las Vegas, Nevada

F. M. FERGUSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Las Vegas Hospital
Las Vegas, Nevada

STEVENS, HENDERSON & NOLAND
F. A. Stevens
A. S. Henderson Dan V. Noland
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Suite 3, Clark Building
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Forest R. Mildren, M. D.
Specialist in Surgery
Obstetrics and Diseases of Women
LAS VEGAS HOSPITAL
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

E. F. DUPRAY
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Suite 17-19, Clark Bldg.
Las Vegas Nevada

DR. J. N. VAN METER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Telephone 417
Room 214 Professional Bldg

C. D. BREEZE
ATTORNEY AT LAW
115 South Second St. Phone 8

DR. Z. A. d'AMOURS
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
A Graduate From Baltimore University
126 No. Second St. Phone 301

CHAS. LEE HORSEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Suite 1-2, Clark Bldg.
Las Vegas Nevada

DR. R. R. MYERS
DENTIST
Hours 9 to 12—1 to 5
Eagles' Bldg., Fremont St.
Office Phone 145
Res. Phone 344

I. S. THOMPSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Rooms 3 and 4, Griffith Bldg.
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

DR. WM. R. BURGESS
CHIROPRACTOR
Suite 15, Delkin Bldg.
For Appointments
PHONE 344

HAM & TAYLOR
A. W. Ham Ryland G. Taylor
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Suite 7, Mesquite Building
103 Fremont
Las Vegas, Nevada

ELECTRIC CABINET BATHS
MINERAL TUB BATHS
OIL MASSAGE
BUHANAN REST HOME
11th and OGDEN STS.

JAS. A. FLEMING
CERTIFICATED ARCHITECT
STRUCTURAL ENGINEER
208 Professional Building

J. T. McWILLIAMS, C. E.
County Surveyor
State Water Right Surveyor
Land Reports and Surveys
Clark County — Moapa Valley Maps
Hundreds of Other Detail Desert Maps for Sale

We guarantee to complete all wells contracted
LAS VEGAS VALLEY WELL DRILLING CO.
W. SCHAUSS, Dist. Mgr.
113½ No. 5th St. Phone 254

C. D. BAKER
CIVIL ENGINEER
U. S. Mineral Surveyor
State Water Right Surveyor
11 Fremont Las Vegas, Nev.

UNION PACIFIC HOSPITAL
GEO. W. FRAZIER, M. D.
Resident Surgeon
Trained registered nurses in constant attendance. Laboratory—X-Ray.
325 SOUTH SECOND ST.
PHONE 111 LAS VEGAS

LAS VEGAS HOSPITAL
Trained nurses are in constant attendance. Laboratory. X-ray. Fully equipped to handle both Medical and Surgical cases.
ROY W. MARTIN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
New Hospital Bldg., Second St.

HARLEY A. HARMON
THOS. J. SALTER
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Las Vegas - - - Nevada

ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR
HUGH A. SHAMBERGER
Let me figure with you on your subdividing, clearing and street work.
Maps and blueprints furnished
Swanson's Arcade
121 South Main Street
Tel. 380

A. A. HINMAN
ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR
Suite 201-2
Ray Professional Bldg.
Phone 22 Las Vegas, Nev.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE AGE