

**J. C. Penny Co. Sales Grow 19.82 Per Cent**

Gross sales of the J. C. Penny Co., during October showed an increase of \$3,354,922.26 or 19.82 per cent, as compared with gross sales for the corresponding period last year. Sales for last month totaled \$23,301,812.74, against sales of \$19,446,880.48 in October, 1928.

Cumulative gross sales for the year up to and including October 31, were \$155,682,130.92, as compared with cumulative gross sales of \$132,289,697.97 for the first ten months in 1928. This represents an increase of \$23,392,470.96 or 17.68 per cent.

Commenting on the October sales report of the J. C. Penny Co., Mr. E. C. Sans, president of the organization, said:

"In an analysis of our sales for October, we find some very interesting and encouraging developments in face of an unsteady stock market, which in some circles is expected to adversely affect retail sales, our October sales reflect increased buying on the part of the general public.

"Taking into account only those stores where there was a full year's operation for 1928, as well as to date for the year 1929, which consideration permits of an exact comparison, we find that for September, 1929, more than 600 stores lost in sales, while more than 300 gained.

"For the month of October, 1929, just the reverse took place. More than 600 stores gained, while slightly over 300 lost."

**Air Expansions Are Planned by Pickwick**

LCS ANGELES, Nov. 13 (Special)—An expansion which will add several hundred miles of air routes to Pickwick Latin-American mail, express and passenger lines in Mexico and Central American was revealed in a statement today by Thomas E. Morgan, general manager.

Chief among the projected expansions will be early inauguration of tri-weekly mail, express and passenger service on a loop line in Chiapas, Mexico, branching off from the established Pickwick line at Tonalá and serving the cities of Tuxtla Cutierrez, San Cristóbal and Comitán and rejoining the present Pickwick air line at Tapachula, near the border of Chiapas and Guatemala.

This expansion will follow closely recent inauguration by the Pickwick company of daily round trip passenger and express service between Guatemala City and San Salvador, giving the latter country its first commercial air service, Mr. Morgan said.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13 (UP)—President Hoover today accepted the resignation of William Phillips, United States Minister to Canada, who is leaving the diplomatic service in order that he may educate his children in the United States. Phillips gave this explanation to the President when he declined to accept another post.

**Chevrolet Used As Demonstration Car**



Fourteen Chevrolet sixes, equipped with special bodies, are being used in the states of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona to distribute "Shellane," a natural gas composition, which is being distributed by the Shell Oil Company.

The dark ages for the house-wife on the isolated farm are now over. Recently the Shell Oil Company purchased 14 Chevrolet demonstration cars, equipped with special bodies, to transport "Shellane," a natural gas composition, used for cooking purposes.

The Chevrolet demonstration cars are special large size panel types, 8½ feet long, 6 feet wide and high enough for one to stand upright while inside. The interior is fitted and appointed with windows and partitions to give the appearance of a section of two rooms. One section represents a kitchen and contains a stove, gas heater and water heater. The other section contains the cabinet with its supply of Shellane as well as necessary valves and fittings.

The fourteen Chevrolet cars cover the states of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona and comprise the western delivery unit.

Shellane is described by the oil company officials as a natural gas, carried in steel cylinders, which are connected to gas appliances and when the pressure is released, the gas will vaporize and burn. Shellane is used instead of wood, coal, kerosene or gasoline and is regarded as cleaner and more economical than any of the fuels mentioned.

The farming communities where gas mains are not available, are the virgin territory for the product. In many of these sections, good roads have been planned for the future, but are not yet built, hence the value of the Chevrolet demonstration car. The Chevrolet, according to Shell officials, asks no favors and produces speedy, yet extremely economical transportation. Breaking down the last link which deprived the farm of city comforts, has been made possible by the Chevrolet demonstration car. The Shell officials report that the product is being enthusiastically received.

And a number of people joined the merry-makers and followed them to the hall.

"The Band of a Thousand Melodies" furnished the music.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 13 (UP)—Sentencing of C. C. Stafford, El Monte business man, on his conviction on a charge of assaulting his secretary, Rae Schade, was continued until November 22 when his attorney made a motion for a new trial today.

The motion, based on alleged discovery of new evidence, asserted misconduct on the part of the jury, court and district attorney, was presented to Superior Judge Wilson.

In event Judge Wilson overrules the motion on the 22, he will order Stafford to San Quentin for from one to fifty years.

**Boys Sing War Tunes at Legion's Armistice Dance**

During the dance given by the American Legion, Monday night, a group of Legion boys got together and entertained the guests with war songs. The one that seemed most popular and favored the most was "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo," while the chorus was rendering the number some of the songsters jiggled the tune to the amusement of the dancers.

It is understood that before the dance a group of Legion men, with their drums and bugles visited all the restaurants and hotels and serenaded the occupants. Wherever they went the Legion spirit was felt

croak! She, the daughter of a crook—a man of crime! The iron of infamy went deep into her heart with every thought of him.

But Brent hadn't proved it! He hadn't proved that she was Helen Page!

With this declaration she sought to encourage herself—to feel the only hope she had. But she knew Brent to well to believe that he would have done this thing without the proof he claimed to have. It was a false hope, and she knew it.

What would Mrs. Emnis say? What would any mother say if her son wanted to marry a girl who was stigmatized with crime?

Brent's cruelty had warped Helen's judgment, caused her to view all aspects of her situation with doubt and despair. All but Bob's love. It was the one thing she had not known if her parents were? Would they not all think that she had been concealing the fact that her father was a nationally known crook?

**The Innocent Cheat**  
By Ruth Dewey Groves  
AUTHOR OF "RICH GIRL—POOR GIRL," ETC.

**THIS HAS HAPPENED**

Helen Page thinks she is in love with her guardian, Leonard Brent, who changes his plans for her future after meeting a dying man named Nellin. Brent presents the girl to a millionaire, Cyril Cunningham, as his heiress and offers proof which the lonely old man accepts without much question.

Among Helen's new friends are Eva Emnis and her brother Robert. Brent finds another locket like the one he had taken from Nellin to prove Helen's identity. He 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 Brent 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 asks Bob why he is neglecting Helen and flirting with Shallimar Morris. When he tells her that Helen is engaged to Brent she collapses after admitting that he had been making love to her. In a fit of hysteria she tries to take poison but he prevents it and tries to tell her what a cad Brent is.

Helen denounces Brent and he sneeringly tells her she is at his mercy for she is not the real Cunningham heiress but the daughter of one of his crook pals and if she marries him she will keep the money he will expose her as an impostor. Tortured with worry, the girl refuses food and wanders around the estate alone. One day they fail to find her.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**CHAPTER XLV**

Helen was found sitting beside the lake, chilled but indifferent to her discomfort. In the darkness she seemed a part of the rusted bench on which she sat, so still was she.

Ashe spoke to her in a low pitched voice, impressed with a sense of tragic unhappiness in her attitude. She answered quietly that she would not have dinner—they need not keep it waiting for her.

"But might I suggest, miss, that the air is growing chilly?" Ashe said uneasily.

Helen stirred and looked about her, noticing for the first time that daylight had completely gone and a mist was hanging over the shore of the lake. She shivered slightly, got up and walked up the path to the house.

She went to her room and refused Mrs. Wethering's frequently repeated offer to bring her a tray. Presently she locked her door, but a little later the housekeeper was obliged to disturb her again.

"Mr. Emnis is here," she announced, raising her voice to make certain that Helen could hear her. "He insists upon knowing how you are. I have told him that you are indisposed but he begs to see you if you aren't too ill to come downstairs."

For a while no answer came, then a voice that Mrs. Wethering scarcely recognized as Helen's told her to send Bob away. "I can't see him," Helen added with a note of fierceness.

Mrs. Wethering concluded that they had quarreled and she was not at all averse to carrying Helen's decision to the young man who waited below in a fever of impatience to be with his sweetheart.

"But I must know that she isn't seriously ill," he protested.

"She is tired," Mrs. Wethering answered stiffly, "and does not wish to be disturbed."

She did not mean to be rude, but Bob sensed the bluff behind the words and it brought the first doubt of Helen's reason for not seeing him. Perhaps she wasn't ill, after all, and her housekeeper knew she was making excuses.

"Will you carry up a written message to her?" he asked huskily.

Mrs. Wethering could not refuse. Bob took a notehook from his pocket, wrote a few words hurriedly on a leaf, torn it out and gave it to the woman, folded over.

A moment later Helen took it from her through a crack in the door. She read it through tears.

"Unless you are too ill to come down, Helen, please see me," it said.

Helen swayed against the door, closing it, and Mrs. Wethering heard her cry: "Oh, I can't, I can't, I can't."

"Miss Nellin! What is it? What's wrong?"

"Tell him to go away! Tell him I

can't come down!"

Mrs. Wethering repeated this message to Bob in no uncertain terms and he was obliged to accept it as final. He left the house in a bewildered state of mind. What could have happened? Had Helen repented of their reconciliation so soon after vowing that nothing ever could part them again? It was unbelievable! But illness need not have prevented her from sending him a word telling him when to return—unless her condition was far more serious than Mrs. Wethering had admitted.

The thought drove him to beg his mother, when he reached him, to telephone Bramblewood and inquire about Helen.

Word came back that she was sleeping. No, there was nothing to worry over—just a slight indisposition.

Crossly the housekeeper hung up the receiver, and hoped the Emnis family would not disturb her again until morning at least.

The next day Helen came down as usual to breakfast, her eyes purple-rimmed in a tense, white face. She went through the motions of eating but what food passed her lips was tasteless and unwanted.

Mrs. Wethering hovered in the background, watching over her, genuinely concerned for her health.

"Why, she looks as if she had a dead spirit in her body," the woman ejaculated to herself when first she glimpsed Helen that morning.

She was not far wrong. Helen felt as though her soul were dying within her. It was all so hopeless, so black, whichever way she turned. She did not doubt Bob's love and faith, but she could not bear the thought of letting him sacrifice everything in the world to prove his loyalty.

And she dared not tell him of Brent's cruel alternative. He would never let her marry Brent. She knew that. He'd believe in her and want to fight to save her. And there was no hope of victory.

Her night of torture had convinced her that Brent was right in saying the world would believe her fully with him in the plot to gain possession of the Cunningham millions.

She had no defense. She saw now how easily she had been convinced that she was the Nellin girl. She had been so secretive at school. Who would accept her story that she had not known who her parents were? Would they not all think that she had been concealing the fact that her father was a nationally known crook?

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CHAPTER XLVI

"Eva!" Helen repeated, her voice a mixture of surprise and consternation. "What are you doing here?"

Eva removed the handkerchief she had pressed against her lips and answered, with a note of defiance, that Helen certainly could guess that she had come to see Brent.

"You wouldn't come to the telephone this morning," Eva charged; "and I had to do something."

"I'm sorry," Helen apologized. "I told Mrs. Wethering I would not talk to anyone. But Eva, dear, you mustn't stay. I want to see Leonard. Won't you please go? My car is downstairs. Wait in it, please, please."

"No," Eva stubbornly shook her head.

"Oh, but you asked," Helen insisted.

"Why?" Eva asked pitiously. "I have something to say to Leonard too, Helen. I don't know why you want to see him, but—Bob told me about last night—I got it out of him, and Mrs. Wethering said you weren't really ill—Oh, Helen, you aren't going to marry Leonard, are you? You can't! After all those things you said—"

"Stop, please stop," Helen begged.

"But why did you refuse to see Bob? He was almost insanely happy over your promise to marry him and then—then—Oh, Helen, tell me, tell me."

"I can't tell you anything—until I've seen Leonard," Helen said miserably. "Do this for me, Eva; go now."

"If I thought that it would help Bob, I'd go," Eva answered. "I know I owe you more than I ever can repay. Helen, but this is something—I only want to ask Leonard if he is going to marry you. You see what it means to me. But I'd wait for Bob's sake."

"Then do go, do hurry," Helen pleaded. "It may mean a great deal to Bob."

Eva reluctantly gathered up her hat and coat. As she put them on her eyes fell upon Brent's desk. It was open—the desk he kept locked. She saw a pile of notepaper carelessly stacked at one side and it gave her the idea of leaving a note for him.

She walked over to the desk, deliberately avoiding a meeting with Helen's glance, and sat down before it. When she had written the note she looked for a blotter but there was none in sight. She pulled out a drawer and closed it again to try another.

With the second drawer she was more successful. She took out the blotter, used it and started to put it back again when she saw what had been lying under it.

With a cry she reached for the duly gleaming object and drew it out.

"It's a locket like mine!"

Helen rushed to her side. She saw in a glance that the locket Eva was holding up to view was identical.

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