

# The Innocent Cheat

**THIS HAS HAPPENED**  
HELEN AGE feels unhappy when she is teased by Miss Spanner just to please her handsome guardian, LEONARD BRENT, who supports her with ample funds from Paris for her by a woman friend whom Helen has never met.

The fact that he has never permitted her to meet any of his friends worries her, too. But she will not question his reason even though her roommate, SHALLIMAR MORRIS, teases her about shrinking back without speaking or appearing at the film when they see him there with a striking looking woman. Shallimar accuses Helen of being in love with Brent, calls her a fool for giving home early when he tells her to dance abruptly and speak so sternly to her?

While she searched her mind for an answer Brent led her back to her table. She sat idly in her chair, waiting for him to explain his admonition.

He started to speak but the waiter arrived with the melon and Brent held his tongue. But the instant they were alone the words came quick and decisive.

"Interference," he said, "is one thing that I will not tolerate."

"You must never question me," Brent said sternly.

"But Leno, I didn't."

"Please, Helen. You must listen to me. You have been groomed at Miss Spanner's for a role that requires implicit faith in your guardian. It will be necessary at all times for you to accept my word and my judgment without question. Your own wishes will be mine. I will not permit you to be misled or deceived. If you think that will be impossible—that you cannot submerge your own opinions and desires—you will not go on. You may decide now or you may decide later."

It was brutal. No one, not even the girl before him, knew so well as he that Helen would be. For years he had taken an evil satisfaction in his domination of her: evil because he knew it was based on her tremendous capacity for loving, his inability to curb or limit her affection.

It seemed to her that he questioned her loyalty even to give her the choice he wanted. Why she belonged to him. Her life was his. He lived for no one or nothing else.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

"Then please remember what I have told you. And now eat your melon like a good girl."

But Helen could not eat it. The very strength of her that sent her devotion to him in whole-hearted measure refused the humiliation of being treated as a child. She would rather starve than be so treated. She would rather starve than be so treated. She would rather starve than be so treated.

old man," he ordered crisply. "Be obedient to the law. The officer turned to Brent. "Looks like rain," he commented good-naturedly.

Brent nodded. The officer moved on, turned the corner. Brent faced about, to look in the opposite direction for a cab. He saw a few buildings down the street, the beggar stagger, right himself, go on a step or two, and then collapse into a convenient doorway.

Brent hesitated. A suitcase to bother with it. But the rain was coming down heavier. Might as well take a look at the old bum while he sought shelter.

He moved, hurried a bit by the fall of raindrops, down to where the old man lay inert in his dirty rags. Brent would not touch him. With his cane he pushed away the hat that half obscured the gray-white face.

Another guest for the morgue, he thought. Well, somebody else could discover him and bother with it. He turned to go. A faint sound checked him. When he looked back the old man had stirred. And he was moaning weakly.

Brent stooped over him. "Come out of it," he snapped unfeelingly. The moaning ceased and Brent straightened up, having decided to be on his way.

The prostrate man stirred again, moved his arm, and Brent saw that something had fallen out of his tattered shirt, something that gleamed dully in the fading light.

On an instinct that he did not stop to analyze he stooped to pick it up. But there was a string attached to it, a string that led round the old man's neck.

Brent gave a jerk but the string held. And the veteran opened his eyes. They were dull and unseeing. But Brent realized suddenly that he was doing a hazardous and absurd thing. Robbing an old beggar. It wasn't robbery really—just curiosity to see why the creature had in his possession an old-fashioned pocket watch with a good-sized diamond in it. But, unaccountably, it would look like robbery to anyone seeing him take it. And he was likely to be seen at any moment. That officer might be back.

Brent smiled to think what a lucky officer he would be if he could catch him. Brent, in a crime. It had never been done.

But he wanted that watch. Not to keep it but to satisfy his curiosity by finding out what it contained. He gave another and viciously cruel look to the string. It paled this time. And as it did so Brent became aware of the words that were issuing from the blue lips.

They caught his interest. He leaned closer, but he did not forget to thrust the locket out of sight in his pocket. He heard the word "disinherited" repeated over and over, and the name "Evangelina." What an understanding of the mutterings, placed together, implied that someone by that name, Evangelina, had been disinherited.

It flashed through Brent's mind that people are not disinherited except where there is a wealth—disinherited, perhaps, but not disinherited. And where there was wealth there was a hunting ground.

He was no longer loath to touch the poor soul at his feet, though he exercised fastidious care in his next move.

(To Be Continued)

## CHAPTER II

Helen barged in a little, steady stream of questions. She was too disoriented to speak. What had she done, what had her impetuous words meant to her guardian and to the girl who danced abruptly and speak so sternly to her?

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## NAVY RADIO POST WATCHES SEAL HERD

WASHINGTON—(AP)—On St. Paul Island, where only the bark of seals and breakers of the Boeing sea-turbine stillness of "the top of the world," radio binds a small community to the outside.

An isolated outpost, ice-bound for many months and even without a cable to join it to the mainland, its only connecting link is the radio station maintained by the U. S. navy.

The radio's mission is to enable strict government surveillance of the seal herds whose only land home lies on the islands of St. Paul and St. George, 40 miles distant.

## French Scientists Find Old Mounds

VERGOT, France.—(AP)—Archaeologists are digging into a mound topped by a hill near here, believing it the burial place of a forgotten Gallic chief.

Ancient masonry has been uncovered. Tapping indicates the presence of vaults or caves deeper down. The site is about 25 miles from the birth place of Cyrano de Bergerac.

## Recruit's Debut One Hit Victory

INDIANAPOLIS.—(AP)—A kid from the Indianapolis sandlots has joined the fiction-like characters of baseball.

He is Prentice (Lefty) Hall, who in his first professional game, pitched Indianapolis to a one-hit victory over Milwaukee. The first batter was Milwaukee's left fielder, who was the first and last to connect safely.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Ruth Leppert et vir to Lane Co.—Lot 7, blk. 4, Glenside, \$1.

J. E. Mans et ux to Lane Co.—Lot 7, blk. 4, Glenside, \$1.

John C. Horn et ux to M. W. George et al.—Tract tp. 17 S R. 6 W. \$1.

L. H. Mulkey et ux to T. Beck—Tract tp. 18 S R. 4 W. \$10.

E. Nighwander et al. to L. E. Johnson et ux—8 1/2 lot 4, lots 6-7 blk. 1 Glenside, \$1.

L. E. Johnson et ux to Lane Co.—Lot 7, blk. 4, Glenside, \$1.

Tract tp. 18 S R. 12 W. \$1.

J. H. MacDonald et ux to Southern Pacific Co.—Tract in blk. 23, Eugene, \$1.

W. L. Berry et ux to John S. Winn et al.—Part lot 1, blk. 7, Gross add. Eugene, \$1.

John S. Winn et ux to D. W. Rife et ux—Part lot 1, blk. 7, Gross add. Eugene, \$1.

J. W. Bradway et ux to James M. Bradway—Lot 5, blk. 34 Gross add. \$1.

Robert Prescott et ux to West Coast Gold Co.—Various tracts, \$1.

J. C. Miller et ux to L. H. Mulkey—Tract tp. 18 S R. 4 W. \$5.

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W. L. Taylor et ux to Florence Investment Co.—Int. in tract tp. 17-3 W. \$1.

George N. Crabtree et ux to W. L. Dunham et ux—Tract in blk. 17, Hendricks add. Eugene, \$1.

W. L. Dunham et ux to Western Loan & Bldg. Co.—Tract in blk. 17, Hendricks add. Eugene, \$1.

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## THE BOSS



## THE BOSS



## THE BOSS



## SALESMAN SAM



## SALESMAN SAM



## SALESMAN SAM



## SALESMAN SAM



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## MOM'N POP



## MOM'N POP



## MOM'N POP



## MOM'N POP



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## THE VALET, SHOE-SHINE, CHAUFFEUR

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