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RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of
"The Blacky"

THIS HAS HAPPENED.
NAN CARROLL is private secretary to ATTORNEY JOHN CURTIS MORGAN, whose wife, IRIS MORGAN, a haughty though stunningly beautiful woman, treats Nan like a servant.

WILLIS TODD, in love with Nan, proposes marriage to her for the fifth time. She tells him she cannot give up her hopes of becoming a lawyer and she knows he will not have a wife who wants a career. When Willis says Morgan is selfishly overworking Nan, she angrily flies to the defense of her employer.

Willis is stung to the quick and accuses her of being in love with Morgan Ann, startled by the accusation, blanches and tries to deny it, but she cannot say the words. After Willis stumbles away, Nan struggles for self-control, but a sudden glimpse of a snapshot of Morgan shatters her self-control and she admits she loves him—she, Nan Carroll, who has always prided herself on being straight, honorable, square as a man, is in love with another woman's husband. The thought is intolerable and she decides she must resign tomorrow.

howl; my dark blue crepe de chine—wish I had a black to suit my mood," she told herself with bitter humor as she laid out her clothes.

When she was completely dressed she surveyed her reflection with very dissatisfaction. Disgustedly she jerked on her rainy-day coat, snatched her umbrella from the closet and hurried away toward the hardest task she had ever set herself in her life.

As she swayed by a strap in the trolley car, her eyes fixed unseeing upon the morning paper she held in her right hand, she rehearsed her speech of resignation:

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, can you spare a minute? I'm awfully sorry, but I've decided to leave. Yes, sir, Saturday week, if you can get someone to take my place by then. Of course I'll be glad to help train a new girl."

But that was silly, she knew. John Curtis Morgan would never let her reach that point uninterrupted. As she listened in imagination, to his amazed protests, color glowed richly in her cheeks. Then shame jerked her up short. "I do believe, Nan Carroll, you're looking forward to resigning just to hear him beg tell him a whopping big lie about you to stay. You'll write him a nice, formal note, you will, and you'll have accepted a better position—larger city. Make it very formal and final, so he won't have the nerve to ask you to stay."

"Oh, but I can't slap him in the face like that!" Nan's heart protested. "We've been such good friends. I'd destroy some of his beautiful faith in human nature if I repaid all his kindness and friendship like that."

"There's no other way," her common sense scolded her heart. "You can't say 'Please Mr. Morgan, I'm very sorry, but I've just discovered that I'm in love with you, and since you're married I'd better leave today,' of course," she mused, as the car clanged down Main street. "I could tell him a temporary lie—tell him I'm leaving to be married to Willis Todd, then tell Willis that I love him, not John Curtis Morgan, and be safely married to Willis within a week."

"Daydreaming, Miss Carroll?" A businessman who had offices in her building touched her arm. "Here's our corner."

Five minutes later she was fitting her key into the lock of the door labeled "Suite 709, John Curtis Morgan, Attorney at Law." Her key, her office, her "boss"—and soon to be hers no longer. She could scarcely see the familiar room for tears as she sprang the lock and closed the door gently. The floor beneath the letter drop in the door was littered with early mail and she

stooped to pick it up.

Ten minutes of nine. Evans, the clerk, and young Blake, the lawyer on salary, had not arrived, of course, but for once she was not contemptuous. They did not love the place as she did. Why should they? Morgan was only an employer to them, a source of income but also of hard



"J. C. Morgan, Esq." it began oddly, in small, neatly printed letters calculated to baffle a handwriting expert.

work. Suddenly Nan envied those two absent men with all her heart. They could stay on and on, see him every day, serve him, share humbly in his triumphs, while she who loved him—

"I won't cry!" she told herself fiercely, as she slit envelopes and extracted their contents—bills, court notices, crackling legal documents—letters—advertising circulars. "I've simply got to remember that I'm darned lucky to have had

two years with him before I realized I was making a fool of myself. And that I'm still more lucky that he's the kind of man he is. Instead of a rotter who would be tickled to death to make love to his secretary behind his wife's back.

"I must say I have good taste in love," she congratulated herself with the bitter humor that had been born in her heart the night before. "Even if I told him I was in love with him I could stay right on here until I was old and gray and he'd never take the slightest advantage of my love. I couldn't love him so much if I wasn't sure of that."

Oh-h-h-h! What in the world—?

But in picturing John Curtis Morgan as he would look when he read the vile thing, Nan saw him reading that postscript, that nasty insinuation which was even now crawling about in her own mind, never-to-be-forgotten. Of course Morgan would snap his fingers at the insinuation, attribute it contemptuously to a villainous fool's obvious effort to frighten him. But he would have read it, and he would always rattle deep in his mind. It would hurt him more than he would ever admit that an anonymous writer had dared sully his wife's name.

No, no! She picked up the letter, folded it with the tips of her fingers as if she were afraid of being poisoned; thrust it hastily into her handbag. He should not see it, she vowed, her mouth and eyes grim. For two years she had served him in big and little ways, sparing him every possible unpleasantness. Just because she now knew she loved him, why should she stop serving him?

But a sudden thought made her hand quiver on the clasp of her bag; was she truly serving him in keeping this anonymous threat from reaching him? What if there was an ugly truth behind the sinister threat in that postscript? September 11—September 11—Nan knit her brows, then swiftly turned back the loose leaves of her daily calendar.

Yes! On September—Morgan had been out of town—Chicago! She remembered now, remembered how surprised she had been that Iris Morgan had not accompanied her husband as she invariably did when he went to the larger city on business. Morgan had been surprised, she had heard him pleading with her over the telephone, offering gifts, dinner parties, shows—

"J. C. Morgan, Esq." it began oddly, in small, neatly printed letters, calculated to baffle a handwriting expert. "If you value your peace of mind you'd better lay off certain witnesses you subpoenaed last night in the Grace Cox case. Stick to Grace's friends and let her enemies alone, or you may stir up a nest of hornets that will sting YOU for your pains."

The bald threat was signed ironically, "A Friend," but the real significance of the message lay in the postscript. "P. S.—Do you know where and with whom your wife was on the night of September 11? There are ways of getting this highly interesting information into the court record—if necessary."

Nan's first emotion when she had reread the blackmailing letter was furious anger against its writer. How did anyone dare to try so contemptibly to influence John Curtis Morgan to "throw" a trial? Didn't the fool writer have sense enough to know that Morgan would use this letter as an additional weapon in his fight for Grace Cox's "indication"? Imagine trying to blackmail John Curtis Morgan, the most fearless, the most upright man in the world! It was easy to picture his righteous wrath—

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Now Parisians Discover They Too Prefer Them Blonde

United Press Staff Correspondent.

PARIS, July 8, (U.P.)—A change is overcoming the feminine face of Paris since the French capital has experienced a decided invasion of blondes.

The typical Parisian woman is definitely Latin in type, but since the World War and the rush of visitors to France from Nordic countries which has occurred during the past few years fair-haired women have become more and more prominent in the life of the capital.

Among mannish in the fashionable houses of the Rue de la Paix and even in the lesser renowned courtyards of Montmartre fair-haired women are becoming in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Germany and Alsace-Lorraine who come to Paris partly with the idea of seeking adventure, partly to earn a living, find it easier to get jobs than at any other time before.

Among dance instructresses in the fashionable night clubs, among entertainers in the high-class supper cabarets and restaurants blonde women now generally predominate and, where contrast is sought, the effect is usually secured with American women creoles, who are able to supply the pep in songs which the Nordics lack.

Nordic Cabaret Girls

Registrations of Nordic women in luxury trades in the French capital have shown a big jump. Their presence undoubtedly adds variety and color to the Paris scene, which for

the evidence.

And even if he believed or feared that the writer had "something on" his wife—as he certainly would not believe!—he would proceed with the Grace Cox case exactly as he had planned. She knew him well enough to be sure of that. So—why let him see the contemptible thing? Spare him, shield him—

Even if it was true I wouldn't want him to know it, not even if it meant—

But she checked her thoughts with horror of herself. "I love him well enough to hope there is not an atom of truth behind that terrible letter," her heart cried. "But—if he goes blindly on at the trial today, will the blackmail make good his threat? There are ways of getting this highly interesting information into the court record—if necessary"—oh, I don't know what to do!

Her fingers were upon the clasp of her handbag when the door opened and John Curtis Morgan hurried into the room, smiling with confident cheerfulness.

"Hello, junior partner!" he greeted her affectionately. "Going to be a great day today! Caught that Fleming woman just as she was skipping town last night. But it's in the paper—Say, where's that memorandum on McTeague? I couldn't find it in my brief case last night—"

(To Be Continued)

Brauch Takes Over Peoples' Electric

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Be Sure to Take "Out Our Way" on Vacation With You

HERE'S HOPIN' YOU ALL HAVE ONE WHOOPEE TIME ON YORE VACATION. TAKE ME ALONG—HUH?



Even though you may be planning to go away for two weeks of more on vacation this summer, there isn't any reason why you should not keep up with "Out Our Way." J. R. Williams' popular comic, with its interesting cowboy, machine shop and child life characters. You don't want to leave them behind you while on vacation. Telephone the circulation department (No. 7) and the AGE with Williams' cartoons, other bright features, and all the home town news—will be sent to your vacation address.

Dam is now assured, and work on the U. P. branch line is in the offing," said Brauch, "I think now is the opportune time for Las Vegas to begin expansion. And therefore I am withdrawing my application for the position of city electrical inspector and again entering the field of electrical contracting."

VEGAS FIRM DOES AUDIT JOB IN SALT LAKE CITY

W. J. Hooper's auditing firm was called upon July 4 to do an auditing job in Salt Lake City. A. W. Blackman, assistant to Hooper, representing Hooper, made the trip to Salt Lake, returning yesterday morning.