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Papers Received For Extradition Of W. H. Colvin

Sheriff Delayed In Start For Forgery Suspect By Pressure of Other Matters: Man Held in Chicago.

Extradition papers for Colvin were received yesterday afternoon by the sheriff, who was authorized by Governor Fred Balzar to go after Colvin, who is charged with passing several checks in Las Vegas forged on the Tower Market.

The Union Cafe was one of the recipients of the checks which Colvin wrote on company forms and cashed among persons with whom he was acquainted in the city of Las Vegas and had become acquainted through his business dealing he had had previously in his connection with the Tower Market, his former employers here in this city.

Colvin was caught it has been reported in Chicago a short time ago, and as he refused to waive extradition, which means that proceedings will have to be filed against him in the Illinois state capital before he can be brought back to this city and the state of Nevada for trial on the charges lodged against him here.

July Sees 54 Wedding Licenses Issued Here

The fifty-fourth marriage license for the month of July was taken out Tuesday, making a weak finish on what promised at the first part of the month to be another record-breaking month. There were no licenses issued yesterday.

The last license for July was taken by a Colton, California, couple, August P. Snook and Katherine Blase Herrick.

RIVAL WIVES
by Anne Austin
Author of 'The Black Pigeon'



"I'm not down and out yet, and I never will be. If you don't want the money give it to Iris."

THIS HAS HAPPENED
NAN CARROLL discovers after three year's work with ATTORNEY JOHN CURTIS MORGAN that she is in love with him, and, having a high sense of honor, determines to resign. Her resignation, which is postponed however, because she believes Morgan is going to need the services of a faithful secretary during his defense of BERT CRAWFORD, a supposed friend, who is indicted for embezzlement. Nan distrusts Crawford and IRIS MORGAN, beautiful wife of the lawyer.

Nan overhears by means of a listening-in device a conversation between Crawford and his switchboard operator in which he "fixes" the girl's testimony to divert suspicious evidence from him. When Nan confronts Crawford with what she has heard, and tells him her price of silence is that he give up Iris Morgan, he angrily agrees.

Morgan defends Crawford ably. On the last day of the trial, Nan prepares to go to the courtroom when Iris rushes in, accompanied with little CURTIS MORGAN, whom she leaves on Nan's hands for the morning. Nan is furious. When the little boy is asleep, Nan finds beside him a note, evidently stolen from his mother's handbag, in which Crawford protests his love for Iris, admits his guilt, and lays plans for their elopement.

Nan hurries to the courthouse. She is too late. The jury comes in with a "not guilty" verdict. Outside the courthouse she meets WILLIS TORD, an old suitor, who is trusting, she shows him the note and he advises her to tear it up. She tucks it in her handbag, knowing well she would have died before she would have hurt Morgan with that note.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XIV
"NICE Christmas, Nan?" John Curtis Morgan greeted his secretary cheerfully on Tuesday morning. "Look! I'm wearing the tie you gave me. Best-looking one I ever had."

Nan Carroll could have burst into tears with relief. The two days since she had seen him had been a period of almost intolerable suspense. Her mildest nightmare had pictured him alone on Christmas Day, deserted by his wife for his "best friend," her worst fear had been that he might be lying dead on his living room floor, his sightless eyes turned toward the portrait of the woman who had betrayed him. She had actually not possessed the courage to read the papers.

"You always say that!" she forced her trembling lips to retort flippantly, hoping that her eyes did not too shamelessly betray her. The cravat of dark-blue and silver-gray striped silk did suit him amazingly well. "Yes, I had a nice Christmas," she lied. "I've been trying to frame a letter that would adequately express my thanks for the roses and the check, but—"

"Don't be a goose!" Morgan interrupted brusquely. "I'm so indebted to you for your help on the Grace Cox case and the Crawford case, to say nothing of all the other cases, that all the thanks passed between us should come from me. Consider the hundred a salary bonus and not a tenth of what you're entitled to."

He passed on into his private office and Nan sat staring at her typewriter, the tears, which she had had to control in his presence, slipping hotly down her cheeks. Her need to resign to get away from this man whom she loved so much and so hopelessly, had become a desperate pain on Christmas Eve, when his roses had been delivered to her and the card and check which had accompanied them had made her ill with too great joy.

THE BUZZER on her desk sounded. Nan dabbed furiously at the tears on her cheeks, snatched a powder puff from the top drawer of her desk and covered the traces of her self-pity; then took notebook and pencil and went into him, smiling.

A few minutes later, when he was dictating with a day-after-Christmas leisureliness and tendency to irrelevant conversation, Bert Crawford charged into the private office without knocking.

"Hello, Jack! How's the greatest criminal lawyer in the United States? By Golly, you're certainly a demon for work! Why don't you knock off for a few days? Hello, Nan! Happy New Year!"

Morgan frowned slightly. For the first time Crawford's blithe badinage seemed to annoy him. "Anything special, Bert? We're pretty busy this morning."

Crawford laughed boisterously, and slapped his friend on the back. "Nothing very special, old timer. Just thought I'd get rid of a scrap of paper while I was in the neighborhood." And he drew his wallet from his pocket, abstracted a check, and ostentatiously laid it before the lawyer. "You wouldn't give me a bill, old man, so I let my conscience be my guide."

"Twenty thousand!" Morgan exclaimed. "I should judge then that you had a very troublesome conscience!"

"Twelve good men and true said 'not guilty,'" Crawford reminded him, laughing good-naturedly. "But that and more too, and I'll be glad to make the check bigger if you'll let me."

"I told you there wouldn't be any fee, Bert," Morgan frowned. "This business cost you dear enough, God knows."

"Fortunes of war, Jack!" Crawford shrugged. "I'm not down and out yet, and I never will be. If you don't want the money, give it to Iris. A woman likes to have a little fortune of her own tucked away in the bank."

Morgan's face lighted up with the tenderness which his wife's name always evoked. "That's not a bad idea, Bert. If you insist on paying, I'll open an account in her name today. She'll certainly be surprised and pleased. Mighty decent of you."

But Nan, sitting quietly, with pencil poised over her notebook, did not for a moment believe that it was "decent" of Crawford. He was either being diabolically clever or else being diabolically stupid. If he was really going to run away with Iris Morgan, Bert Crawford would not lose the \$20,000 so grandly presented to the man he had used and deceived; he and Iris would have every penny of it in addition to the quarter of a million that Crawford had stolen from Mid-West Packing Company.

And if he was not going to keep his promise to Iris, was planning to abandon her as he had doubtless abandoned many other women, then this \$20,000—a small sum for a man who had salted away a quarter of a million—was a cad's way of cancelling his love debt. And John Curtis Morgan—blind, trusting, darling that he was thought Bert Crawford was "mighty decent."

"I didn't like to throw a damper over the Christmas gayeties yesterday, but the fact is, Jack, that I'm going to shake the dust of this man's town from my heels."

"What?" Morgan exclaimed. "Isn't this a hasty decision, Bert?"

CRAWFORD SHOOK his handsome blond head emphatically. "No old man, I've been mulling it over since the blow fell. The Mid-West Packing company is bound to bust. It'll be in the hands of a receiver by the first of the year. And in spite of the fact that I was acquitted, my name won't be any too irascible in these quarters."

"I'll move on to fresher, greener lands. In fact, I've already sent in my resignation and signed over my stock, whatever it may be worth, to help reimburse the poor devils who will suffer most from Bland's rascality—the small stockholders. I'll make a fresh start somewhere else. So it's good-by, Jack. . . . No, keep the check! Give it to Iris like I told you. Lord man, I'm not a pauper!"

"You're really leaving?" Morgan insisted incredulously. "When?"

"Today," Crawford answered. "On the two-forty-five eastbound. Don't ask me where I'm going, or what my plans are. I don't know myself yet, but I'm keen to get away."

Morgan, still frowning, nodded comprehension if not approval. "Have you told Iris good-by? This is going to be a blow to her, Bert. She thinks a lot of you. I'm not much good at playing around and whooping it up, and she loves it. I'm afraid she's going to find life pretty dull for a while."

"I'm going to have lunch with her at the Traylor and break the news then," Crawford admitted candidly, his blue eyes flickering a

Helping the Homemaker

By LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER

Spiced Beet Salad for Dinner
Baked Stuffed Fish Baked Potato
Escalloped Cabbage
Queen Muffins Butter
Watermelon Iced Tea
Spiced Beet Salad

Escalloped Cabbage, Serving 4
3 cups cooked cabbage
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
One-third cup grated or finely cut cheese.

Melt the butter and add the flour. Mix and add the milk and cook until a creamy sauce forms. Stir frequently to prevent lumping. Add the salt, paprika and cabbage. Pour into a shallow, butter baking dish and sprinkle the top with the cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Queen Muffins
2 cups pastry flour
4 teaspoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, melted.
Mix ingredients and beat for two minutes. Half fill greased muffin pans and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

Spiced Beet Salad
2 cups sliced, cooked beets
4 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon celery salt
1/2 cup vinegar
1/2 cup water
1/2 teaspoon powdered cloves
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup chopped cabbage
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin.
Boil for two minutes the sugar, salt, celery salt, vinegar, water, cloves and cinnamon. Pour over the beets and let stand for one hour. Drain off the liquid and reheat and pour over the gelatin which has soaked for five minutes with the water. Stir until the gelatin has dissolved. Cool and add the beets and cabbage and pour into a mold. Chill and serve with salad dressing on lettuce.

AT TWO o'clock, after Nan had returned from an almost untasted luncheon, Morgan shrugged into his overcoat and announced cheerfully—a little too cheerfully, so that Nan knew he was still hurt—"I'm going to snatch a bite to eat, Nan, and then stop over to the bank to meet Mrs. Morgan. If she calls tell her I'll be there at a quarter of three."

Nan had to watch him go, unprepared for the shock that might be awaiting him. If, after three, the hour the bank closed, he came back to the office troubled and bewildered, with the news that something must have detained Iris, since she had not met him, then she—Nan—would know that it was all over. That Iris had taken the train with Bert Crawford. What would he do, oh what would he do when he learned the truth?

Her fingers were so cold with nervousness that she could not type. An hour to be lived through! Wasn't there some way of annihilating time? Desperate, she invaded the private office where Evans, the clerk, and Blake, the young lawyer on salary, pursued their uninteresting duties.

"Well, what kind of Christmas did you boys have?" she demanded with fictitious cheerfulness.

Listening to their lengthy replies mercifully consumed almost half an hour three telephone calls providentially disposed of nearly 30 minutes. She was just hanging up the telephone receiver when Morgan's shadow loomed against the glass panel of the door.

She braced herself to meet whatever his beloved face might reveal, but as the door opened she heard Iris's musical, artificial laughter.

"Of course I'll spend it! What is money for, silly old Jack! Hello, there, Nan! You've heard of my sudden wealth, I suppose? Wasn't Bert a lamb to make Jack give it to me? And now this stupid old husband of mine wants me to let it lie in the bank, accumulating interest. I've been dying for a trip to New York and now I can take it. No, you can't come along, Jack, and if you aren't awfully nice to me I won't come back."

"Oh, don't look at her like that, as if you could kiss her feet!" Nan wanted to scream at Morgan. "Don't you realize she's warned you?"

(To Be Continued)

When your girl friend yawns during the evening it may not be a sign that you are staying too late. It may only mean that the other fellow stayed too late on the previous night.

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