FOUR

Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, attorney, is in love with her employer. Morgan, however, is deeply in love with his beautiful wife, Iris. Nan decides to resign, but lingers when she hears Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford.

Nan distrusts him, and her suspicion of him and Iris is confirmed y a letter which little 6-year-old Curtis Morgan innocently takes from his mother's handbag and places in Nan's hands. After Crawford's acquittal, he leaves town, fol-She writes Morgan she will never return, but cleverly omits reference feel like other brides. to Crawford, whom Morgan trusts implicitly.

Morgan is crushed and Nan saves into raptures over her new evening mother to him. him from despair by forcing him dress of ivory taffeta, the long "pedistance housekeeper for him, winning the love of little Curtis, who adores her and bringing comfort to a man who ironically thinks only of another. Nan goes to the capihe is divorcing Iris. He stutters a short brown hair gleamed like a cap would exact of the interloper. proposal

with him in business. They are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the arrival of David Blackhull, accused of murdering his wealthy lather. Nan urges Morgan to take the case and he goes with

the boy to give himself up. Nan goes to the house alone, where Curtis helps her unpack. He wants to bring his father's things into her room but she says "No, let him bring them in himself. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXX

With the sometimes deadly innocance of childhood, it was little Curtis Morgan who unwittingly completed the destruction of whatever hope had been left to Nan that happiness would come to her before the close of her wedding day. The first unfortunate episode oc-

Nan had longed with desperate intensity to be alone with her husband over their first meal together as man and wife, her love for the child had made it impossible for her to exclude Curtis from what he evidently regarded as a family celebration. He was almost hectically excited-his liquid black eyes dazzingly bright, his cheeks scarlet. He had told the splendid news to Little Pat, who had obligingly given the younger child a number of pointers as to just what his father's and Nan's marriage meant.

Estelle had outdone herself. SO that the table at least was as festive as a bride could have desired. Nan, however, could not but remember that the exquisite china, crysbeen accumulated by her predecessor-Iris again! The centerpiece of delicate, lovely little sweetheart buds had been bought and paid for by Estelle, however, as a wedding gift to the girl who had been longdistance housekeeper for months and was now mistress of the Morgan house.

Maude O'Brien, the cook, had feast with her love for the bride licious foods that were placed be- new mistress. LAS VEGAS AGE

## They Pay Up When 'Refusal to Take Wife Gillian Spots 'Em To Parade Caused

Threat of Killing' Diligence of State Traffic Officer Roy Gillian rewarded Nevada with \$92.50 plus \$21.90 yesterday A husband's refusal to drop his when a truck was found unloading work in the basement of his home

a load of goods which it had to accompany his wife to a parade brought forth from her a threat to brought from California. The truck did not have a Neva- kill him da public Service license, accord-

ing to Gillian ,and his require- kill him that time, but upon three ment had to be met by the driver other occasions, according to Wilof the truck, the first amount being for the license and the smaller amount for plates. The truck belongs to the Mills 1923 in Vincennes, Indiana. Motor Transfer.

a rage and threatened to go to the river and drown herself, ac-**Miss Hanson to Go** cording to the complaint, which To Overton Meeting also asserts that she hurled milk bottles and dishes at him.

Miss Amy Hanson, deputy state

school superintendent, will go to Overton tomorrow to conduct the of old-timers who took part in the Moapa and Virgin valley teachers' gold rush of '98, one of the dance school

meeting prelinimary to the opening hall girls told of the hardships of the hike across the mountains with She will go to the valley Friday all her dance hall costumes strapmorning and return to Las Vegas ped on her back. She could carry the same evening after the meeting. it all in her pocket nowadays.

I. S. THOMPSON

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Nevada

Not only has she threatened to

liam L. Ewing, who sued Tues-

day for divorce from Irma J. Ew-

ing, to whom he was married in

On one occasion she flew into

At a recent convention in Seattle

## **PROFESSIONAL CARDS**



1929 & NEA SERVICE INC. by Anne Austin

ong-stemmed yellow roses she not have known the difference. found the lone gardena, had

The second incident occurred imadjusted it later in the buttonhole of his dinner coat with trembling mediately after dinner. Nan Car- guest room, Curtis tells me- I'll fingers, while he smiled down upon 1011 Morgan was destined that night her-his eyes almost as shy as her to be spared nothing. If innocent, lowed almost immediately by Iris. own. Oh, he was trying to "play blundering little Curtis had been a up." trying so hard to make her graduate of the Inquisition he could not have devised more exquisite tor- from a great distance: Well, she was playing up, too, ture: for the girl who had, in all

Estelle and Mrs. O'Brien had gone humility, agreed to become a

Quite as a matter of course John into his work. She acts as long- riod costume" skirt embroidered Curtis Morgan led the way into the John Curtis Morgan exclaimed inwith a deep border of golden pop- drawing room. Curtis dragging at creduously. pies. On the left shoulder of the his hand and chattering blithely, means that she's on her stepson's snugly fitting, very low in the neck Nan forced her reluctant feet to side. Will you excuse me, Nan?" little bodice she wore a cluster of follow them into the room dominthree of the golden-yellow roses ated by Iris Morgan's beautiful, altal to take bar examinations and that her husband had brought her, most life-size portrait. She had not upon her return Morgan tells her Under the lights, her swirl-waved long to wonder what revenge Iris

eyes fixed upon the portrait of the

wife who had deserted him.

hers-

fully.

ment.

ence

drearily.

normal.

(t's up to him--"

like this house-

Her husband paused at a table to of burnished, beaten copper. Did faced the fireplace and the portrait.

"Listen, Father! Listen!" Curtis But what was Curtis saying? Nan gave the child sudden, startled atportrait of his mother. "Do you think Nan is as pretty as my and Little Pat says Nan's

she almost is, don't you, got a mother. Can a kid have two Father? Nan's heart stood still for a sec-Nan did not dare look at John

Curtis Morgan's face. was She would not have recognized that the hoarse, strained voice that anface swered, "Yes, Curtis." Just "Yes," see hers with no explanation, no attempt at justification. But what else could

he sav? "Gee, that's swell!" Curtis astonished Nan by exclaiming happily cried. "The kids at school will stop teasing me now, I guess! All time saying, 'Curt Morgan's mother run off curred at the dinner table. Although and left him': 'Curt Morgan ain's morrow! got no mother.' Betcha they'l wisht they was me, when I tell 'em I got two mothers! Won't they, Father? Won't they, Nan?" diently, if reluctantly. "You'll come Fortunately, Curtis seldom waited for an answer. He rushed on now: Father.

'Won't my other mother be s'prised when she comes home? 'Il have two mothers at home, and you'll have two wives, won't you, Father?" During the four years she had known and loved John Curtis Morgan there had been many times when Nan's heart had ached sickeningly with pity for the hurts head thrown back, his narrowed love for four years for nothing. which Iris Morgan had inflicted

adjusted his gardenia.

tention.

mothers, Father?

upon him. But the pain that stabed her heart now made every other pain she had ever felt seem trivial. unable to endure more, when her And as always, she suffered betal, silver and Italian linen had cause he suffered, would have died her taffeta skirt. He was instantly to spare him.

The door from the butler's pantry swung open. With a gasp of relief. Nan realized that the father would be spared the necessity of answering an unanswerable question. "Gosh! What a cake!" Curtis

of cake is that. Estelle? I never flavored every dish of the wedding saw such a funny, pretty cake-" Estelle laughed, as she set the

CHAPTER XXXI Man sat motionless on the little sofa, waiting. She had the curious feeling that she had at last touched bottom, after plunging through They are quietly married and Morgan really think she was fill his pipe, but Curtis impatiently pretty? He had told her so, as she and autocratically dragged him to thought she had lost all power to the center of the room, so that they feel pain or love or hope. It was good to have touched bottom. Better to know than to hope and to go commanded shrilly, pointing to the on being hurt and hurt and hurt. She did not know she was crying

until a tear splashed upon the crisp my mother now. Is she, Father? I other mother? Do you, Father? I ivory taffeta of her evening dress. Such a dear dress. Although she had been married that morning in a jaunty little tailored suit, she had ond, then lunged sickeningly. She thought of this as her wedding glad she stood behind them, dress. Apathetically, she watched she could not see Morgan's the spot of moisture spread and Glad, too, that he could not spread. What a big tear! Another fell. The dress would be ruined. Before her husband had time to But what did it matter? Her wedanswer, Nan's clear, friendly little ding day was ruined. It was only augh rang out. "I know what I fitting that the dress should be, too. think, young Curtis, my lad!" she There was a step. Her hand her voic econvincingly gay jerked up, dabbed fiercely at her and firm. "I think it's time for eyes with the tiny point lace handyou to go to bed or you'll get a kerchief. The handkerchief her black mark on your health chart to- mother had carried on her wedding Had her mother wept into it, day.

It was a potent threat. The too? child released his father's hand and Nan forced herself to show an eagerly interested face when her came toward his new mother, obehusband rejoined her.

upstairs with me for just a teeny There seems to be a conspiracy while, won't you, Nan? Good night, against our being together today," he grinned at her wryly. "The young widow of the murdered man When Nan returned to the drawing room 10 minutes later, the feel is very mysterious, but she promises to talk fast enough if I'll come to of Curtis' kisses still upon her lips see her this evening. I refused, of she found her husband half-sitting. half-lying in his own particular coursearmchair beside the fireplace, his

Nan had not put work ahead of She was not pretending when she interrupted excitedly: "Refused?

Nan was about to turn and flee, But, John! What she has to tell may be of vital importance to David Blackhull. You should know what glow from hers. "All part of her husband caught the faint rustle of it is before the preliminary hearing tomorrow. I felt sure his step- with the chauffeur, carefully staged upon his feet, a smile of welcome mother was far more involved than so that it will be overheard, disrouting the brooding melancholy David would admit today. Wait! charges him, so that he can have an from his distinguished, austere face. "If he says, "Alone-at last!' I'll I'll get his statement. Of course excuse for leaving? scream," Nan said to herself as she your'e going.

She ran into the library, jerked waited for him to reach her. "For we aren't alone! We'll never be open her new briefcase, extracted were clever, weren't they? If anyalone as long as she sits there. her typed copy of David Blackhull's body's interested a year or two from shouted, beating his hands together alone as long as she sits there. her typed copy of David Blackhull's in a frenzy of delight. "What kind mocking us, smiling, gloating be- story and flashed back into the cause she knows he'll always be drawing room with it.

"Well, Nan?" Morgan put an arm Nan Carroll again for the moment, assumption that the chauffeur an "That's a wedding For a breathless moment Nan bride, this Nan. "I had a hunch money and her freedom." Maude made it her- thought he was going to kiss her. when he was telling his story this "Now that that's settled

both sides, "Ah! Thought you'd catch me. didn't you?" Nan laughed. "But in tell you the truth. I had a hunch about the actual murderer before I became suspicious of the lovely Nina. I read all the stories in the paper before I knew the case was coming to us, you know. And two

three days ago there was an obscure paragraph about the Blackhull chauffeur. Remember? He'd been questioned by the police, along with the other servants, the day after the murder, and had nothing of interest to tell. Then suddenly the police woke up to the fact that he was missing. But Nina Blackhull explained it by saying she'd discharged the man-Bassett, his name was. I believe-for impertinence to her."

10 0 Morgan's face seemed to catch the scheme, you think She has a scene 'Attaboy!" Nan applauded glee-

fully. "The row and the dismissal now, it might be enlightening to look up Mr. and Mrs. Bassett. The "Listen!" she commanded, the old only way to explain it all is on the

anyway.

each.

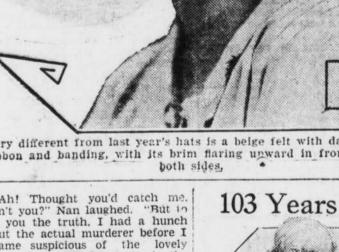
Father?'

on Aug. 15, Galusha M. Cole of and groom. But Nan, at the head tall, white cake, surmounted by a about the girl's bare shoulders and a Nan sure of her worth and of her Nina were lovers and plotted to- Pasadena, Calif., has had a log of of the table, scarcely tasted the de-tiny bride and groom, before her pressed her close against his side. ground. No lovesick, despairing gether to kill the old man for his birthdays, but he still enjoys them as they are always attended Now that that's settled." M by hundreds of his friends. Mr. But he drew her gently along with morning that he and his father laughed, "suppose the firm of Mor- Cole is shown above in his garden Nan him to a small Empire sofa, so quarreled over Nina Blackhull, not gan & Morgan goes to call on the gathering delicacies for the alifair murderess. day birthday feast. Nan was sorely tempted, but she

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Author of Mr Black Pigeon from the office with a huge florist's have flavored it with quinine in- and Nan's heart plunged. "I'm box under his arm. Atop the mass stead of almond: the bride would afraid I've grown rather fond of the little guest room, as we still call

it. If you'll permit me to share your bath-you're taking the big promise always to leave it spick and span for you-Above the roaring of blood in her

cars Nan heard Estelle's voice, as if "A telephone call for you, Mr.

Morgan. A lady. She says her name is Mrs. Nina Blackhull-"Good Lord! Nina Blackhull!"

"I wonder if this

fore her by Estelle. Opposite her, cake, Curtis. Maude made it her-John Curtis Morgan seemed to have self, Miss-I mean ma'am." as little appetite, but Curtis, seated with frequent, loud expressions of kindapproval

looked her way. How distinguished

"Oh-that was dear of her." between them, ate of everything faltered. "You've both been so placed that Iris' portrait was not about money, as he insisted. Didn't Whenever the father was en- dolls. Nan? Can I? Curits clam- grateful.

grossed in conversation with the ored, and her husband, at the foot boy. Nan stole glances at him, drop- of the table, seized the excuse to ing exaggerated pains with the arping her eyes swiftly when he laugh. The tension was broken. Nan laughed, too, and the mag- skirt, Morgan again put his right dinner clothes! A perfect white Maude might not have her feelings his left hands, lifted them, brushed was the man Nan had known and gardenia for his buttonhole. She hurt, Nan forced herself to eat all his lips against the rosy finger- served for four years-the keen had been surprised and deeply of the thin slice she had taken upon tips. touched when he had come home her own plate, but Maude might

visible from it. Was that why he you notice how he blushed and "Can I have the man and lady chose it? Nan wondered, but was stammered when he mentioned her name?' When they were seated. Nan tak-Morgan had undergone a change, too. Gone was the embarrassed, ranging of her long, poppy-splashed harassed bridegroom, torn between how handsome he was in his new nificent cake was cut. So that arm about her shoulders and with an old love and a new loyalty. This

> lawyer, meeting her eyes unflinchingly, with admiration and respect. "Glad you're here, Nan?" he Yes. Go on. Thank God for Nan's womanly intuition,' he grin-

asked at last, huskily. "Yes," She could not manage ned, a corner of his mouth quirking more just then, with her whole down in the way Nan loved.

"Well, I can guess why Nina body trembling to his touch. His arm tightened about her Blackhull wants to see you. She's shoulders. "I'm-happier than I've frantic to know how much David told. 'Ill bet anything she vamped been for a long time, Nan dear. It hasn't been a very orthodox wed- the youngster until he lost his head. ding day, has it?" he added regret- Probably the old man saw or heard "But-the worst is over, I something that gave them away, Curtis . . . Of course you and-why, that's the reason she'd think. know he adores you," he blundered left for Chicago in such a hurry! on, his voice thick with embarrass- Nan concluded triumphantly

"But the will, which old Black-"We can't expect him to unhull made after she left, and after derstand-can we? he knew whatever it was that made "No," Nan said simply, but her voice sounded cold, odd. Oh, why him quarrel with his son, leaves didn't he kis her? She had waited everything but \$10,000 to Nina," so long. Nothing would matter, Morgan pointed out.

"That's so," Nan admitted. She nothing could hurt very deeply, if propped her round little chin on her he loved her, even a little. "I-it's rotten luck that we had right fist and scowled as fiercely to postpone our-trip," her hus- as her husband. Then, her face band went on, haltingly. "Poor lit- clearing, her eyes shining: "How's tle Nan? Precious little Nan!" And this? Sounds wild, I grant, but I've he laid his cheek against her shin-ing brown hair, his arm crushing crushing rect! As I said before, Nina Blackher shoulders with sudden vehem- hull vamps young David until he's mad about her. He forgets for a

Nan waited, holding her breat 1. minute she's his father's wife and cups, holding something infinitely her heart beating so loudly that she makes love to her. Probably only a was afraid he would hear its clam- kiss or two. But enough for Nina's orous, despairing message. "I love purpose. Very much the scandalyou! I love you! Don't you love me ized, virtuous wife, she goes to her at all?" Surely now he would kiss doting old husband, tells him his her. But he lifted his head, began son has taken terrible advantage of to speak again, in that halting, em- her motherly interest-has, in short barrassed way which was agony to made love to her, and she can't live under the same roof with him an-"Of course you're to do whatever other day. The boy was away the

you like with the house. Throw out day she left and did not return till anything or everything, do it over to the next afternoon late, you knowsuit yourself, dear Nan-" the night of the murder-

"He means the portrait, but he "Which Nina could hardly have committed, if she was in Chicago,' can't bring himself to say so in so many words," Nan interpreted Morgan interrupted.

"I shan't take it down. "Of course she couldn't! Do you think she'd risk doing it herself?" But he was going on, doggedly. "I want you to have exactly the kind Nan was blithely scornful, "She knows, because the old man has told her-she made sure of that, of of home you lige. If you-don't

course-that he is making a new "Oh, but I do!" Nan interrupted, will, cutting off his villainous young her heart pounding instantly to the son and leaving everything to his pain which dragged at his voice. He loyal and loving wife, so grossly inloved the house. She would suffer sulted by that villainous young son See? . . anything rather than uproot him She goes, with all ar-"I thought perhaps . . . But I'll rangements made for the murder to not pretend that I'm not glad and take place after the will has been relieved that you like it," her hus- safely made and witnessed and after band confessed, his voice almost the quarrel which will throw sus-"Don't hesitate to make picion upon the boy. See?" "I grant that of the two, the

any changes, though . I want it to be your home. . . You can forget woman had the stronger motive,' about me when you make your Morgan agreed thoughtfull. "Get-I'll like anything you do. ting rid of an old husband and ac- mous and fascinating murder trials new type of rubb'r socks?-Rochesplans. About my room-" He hesitated quiring a fortune at one blow. But in the annals of American criminal ter Democrat and Chronicle.

shook her head. "No, John. You go alone. If Nina's the siren I think jurisprudence, the girl's tormented is, she'd resent having me tag mind could not take in a page of it. along. She wants to vamp some in-She returned it to its shelf, selected formation out of you, and a-ashe was about to say "wife" but instead a thin volume of poetry, an could not utter the sacred word so incongruous interloper among heavy casually yet-"a female lawyer legal tomes. Nan opened the little would cramp her style dreadfully volume where a scrap of paper, No. you run along. I-I'm tired, with a penciled memorandum "I must say you're anxious to get served as a marker. The scribbled rid of me!" Morgan protested indig-Curtis Morgan had been reading the nantly. "I'm not going to leave

poem after working on an appeal of you-your merciless little slavethe Nolan case-less than a week driver!" And he put an arm about ago. Her hands trembled so that her shoulders and hugged her close she could hardly hold the book, but "Oh, yes, you are!" Nan assured her eyes swept up the first stanza: him, pushing him away with mock 'Your hands, my dear, adorable, severity, when every nerve in her body clamored to have him hold Your lips of tenderness

her closer and closer. "I suppose the junior partner of this firm has well some say-so! Go along! 'Im crazy Three years, or a bit less. It wasn't a success.' to find out if our theory has any Faintly, in pencil, in the margin

basis in fact-"Oh! All right," Morgan agreed opposite "three years" was written, abruptly, turning sharply away from | in the hand she knew so well, "nine her. For one precious moment Nan years." Iris, always Iris! Nan's thought that he was hurt and angry frantic eyes leaped down the page, with her for sending him away raced to the next. In his heartfrom her on their wedding night break, had he thought of her at But-she remained herself - she all? The last lines of the poem had touched bottom, leaving hope answered her question;

tar behind. Of course, for very dehaps, cency, he had to pretend. And a better one than you But hope had not been so com-With eyes as wise, but kindlier, pletely crushed as Nan had believed. After her husband had gone, Nan And lips as soft, but true. sat quite still for many minutes, And I daresay she will do." staring at her hands, like little pink Nan dropped the book to the

floor with a gesture of loathing "And I dare say she will do." She precious. A kiss in the palm of forgot that Rupert Brooke, and not The house was very silent. Es- John Curtis Morgan, had written telle had left at 8. By this time the poem. He had made it his the O'Briens-Big Pat, Little Pat own, with that pencilled correction. and Maud-wer cozily talking over After a long time, Nan stooped and the wedding in their pleasant apart- picked up the little book of poems. ment over the garage. Curtis was It had sprawled open, so that the cound asleep in his own small room. flyleaf was exposed. Her eyes could What was that terrible thing he not help taking in the black-i.tk words which flowed across its had said, in his appalling innosence?-"Won't my other mother be whiteness:

s'prised when she comes home? I'll "For my adored wife, oh our first have two mothers at home, and anniversary-John Curtis Morgan.' you'll have two wives, won't you, Almost blinded by tears, Nan fled from the library, up the stairs to Nan shivered; her hands elenched the "man-and-wife" convulsively, squeezing the life out With frantic, trembling haste she of those two precious kisses. She selected the plainest night dress was being foolishly neurotic, she from her modest trousseau, snatched told herself in disgust. Iris Morup her second best negligee and gan had left of her own accord, bemules, whirled into the bathroomcause she did not love her husband sobbing like an inconsolable child. and did love another man. It was "And I daresay she will do!" Nan idiculous of her to let a child's inquoted fiercely, between shuddernocent words upset her so. Buting sobs, as she turned the key in

what if those words were prophetic? the bathroom door that led into John Curtis Morgan's room. With sudden determination Nan Pride was Nan Carroll Morgan's ose front the little sofa and ran bedfellow on her wedding night. nto the library. She would read intil her husband came home. In-

Women are becoming expert in stinctively her hand reached for a law book, but although it contained patching tires," says ar. automobile summaries of some of the most fa- advertisement. How about some

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