

the Professional man

should use the Professional Building

Stay out of the rut! The City is advancing! Las Vegas has long wanted a high class, beautiful building for doctors, lawyers and other professional men—Now she has it.

Carl Ray's New Professional Building is a masterpiece for beauty and utility.

High Class Offices, Hot and Cold Soft Water, Steam Heat, All Offices Up-to-the-Minute Janitor Service.

See Carl Ray or Phone:

BOULDER LUMBER & SUPPLY CO.

Phone 324

Carl Ray's Professional Building

425 Fremont

Phone 331

NOTICE

We have grown a large crop of excellent tomatoes on our ranch this year—approximately one hundred tons.

We pick, sort and deliver the very choicest of this crop every morning and leave them at Delkin's Cash & Carry stores for sale

Dutton's Ranch Market Place South 8th & 9th Sts., on Charleston Blvd.

SIGNS

ARE YOUR BEST AND CHEAPEST MEDIUM OF ADVERTISING

WE HAVE ONE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Painting and Paper-hanging

JONDAHL PAINT CO., Inc

117 South Main St.

Phone 312

LAS VEGAS

Blueprinting

SERVICE

307 South Third

Telephone 16

J. B. MARKHAM, Mgr.



Your Iceman Says:

"Lady, I've been delivering ice for six years now and I've never had anyone complain about short weight. What's more, every ounce of the thousands of tons I've delivered was pure, frozen distilled water.

Just ask me for an ice card. It's your badge of summer coolness"

Phone 75 NATIONAL ICE CO.

CHRIST CHURCH

(Episcopal)

REV. BOYD PARKER, Rector.

September 1st

Holy Communion 8:00 A. M.

Holy Communion and

Sermon 11:00 A. M.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE AGE

YOUR

Photographs Painted.

--LATEST STYLE--

Brilliant--Oils--Antiques

Margaret Robson

Moapa, Nevada

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Because of her fine sense of honor Nan Carroll, secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, decides to resign when she discovers she is in love with her employer. Morgan is deeply in love with his beautiful wife, Iris. Nan lingers when she hears Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford.

After Crawford's acquittal, he leaves town and Iris follows closely. She writes Morgan she will never return, but cleverly omits mention of Crawford, whom Morgan trusts. Nan saves the lawyer from despair by forcing him into his work. She acts as long-distance housekeeper for him for six months, winning the love of his little son, Curtis, and bringing comfort to a man who ironically thinks only of another.

Nan returns from taking her bar exams, and Morgan tells her he is divorcing Iris. He stutters a proposal. They are quietly married a few months later. They stop by the office on the way to the train, where Morgan shows her his wedding present to her—a new office and partnership with him in business. They are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the arrival of David Blackhull, accused of the murder of his wealthy father. Nan insists that Morgan take the case. She telephones the house, leaving orders for Iris' chest drawers to be taken to unpack. At dinner Curtis strikes misery in her heart by asking his father if he thinks Nan as beautiful as Iris. They are interrupted mercifully by a telephone call from Nina Blackhull and Morgan leaves at once. Iris' chest drawers to her room, locking the bathroom door leading to Morgan's room.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXII

Nan rose the next morning at 7 o'clock, after less than two hours of sleep—sleep so tormented with fantastic dreams that she would have felt fresher if she had not closed her eyes. That locked bathroom door was on her conscience. What had she thought when she tried the door and found it locked? How noisy the water was! It would wake him, and he needed all the sleep he could get. Nan knew he had not returned until after 11 the night before. Every nerve in her tense body had listened for his step on the stairs. Had he stayed so long with Nina Blackhull? Or had he walked the streets, thinking, regretting Iris, screwing up his courage to go on with his marriage, repeating cynically, "And I daresay she will do!"

It was not the cold of the shower which made Nan gasp. A fiercely brisk rubdown with one of the enormous, thick bath towels which Iris Morgan had bought in prodigious quantities. Iris again! But how could she forget Iris, when everything in the house reminded her of its former mistress? Nan asked herself wearily. Kneeling, she rinsed the tub thoroughly, then darted about the yellow-and-green-tiled room, making it primly tidy. He'd promised to keep it spic-and-span for her. Well, he should have no cause for complaint, she promised herself breathlessly. When everything was done, Nan turned the key in the lock, then fled to her own room to dress for breakfast and the day at the office. She was brushing her shining brown hair when she heard the faint sound of a knock, then the soft turning of a knob. A minute later, the noisy impact of streaming water against the shower curtain.

Would he come in, after he had bathed, shaved and dressed, to say good morning? Well, I'm not going to hang around to see. Nan nodded fiercely at her reflection in the mirror. "Circles under my eyes," she discovered with melancholy interest, then pride made her try to conceal them with an extra coating of powder she used. Pride, too, made her use an extra dash of rouge on her pale cheeks. She'd show him!

But when, half an hour later, he entered the dining room, all her anger against him was submerged in pity. No powder could have blotted out the dark shadows under his deep-set black eyes. His tall, lean body was drooping with weariness or discouragement, but as soon as he caught sight of Nan, very businesslike in her severely simple, dark brown silk crepe, he straightened his shoulders and smiled—a smile so sweet and kindly and frank that tears rushed into the girl's eyes.

Before he took his seat he bent over her, laying a hand softly on her cheek with his lips. "How—how did you get along with Nina Blackhull last night?" Nan asked, as she poured his first cup of coffee with hands that trembled betrayingly. "Oh—yes, Estelle, we're ready for the fruit. Then will you run upstairs and see if Curtis is up and dressed?" John Curtis Morgan dug his spoon in his grape fruit. "I believe my junior partner's hunch was correct," he smiled at her. "She's obviously a thoroughly selfish and vicious woman. A raving beauty, of course. Just the sort to turn the head of a youngster like David Blackhull. Without saying anything plain, I let her understand pretty clearly that I knew the subject of the quarrel between her husband and her stepson the night of the murder. Thinking I knew the truth from David himself, and not from your amazing intuition, she spilled what will undoubtedly be her story on the witness stand—how he fell in love with her and annoyed her with his amorous attentions, until she was driven to complain to his father."

"Then," Nan interrupted, "she'll be a prosecution witness, of course." "Naturally," Morgan agreed. "She wants him convicted. I told you she is utterly selfish and vicious. The district attorney will be wild when he knows how much she told me." Nan grinned. One of her chief delights in life was seeing Morgan outwit District Attorney Brainerd. Then, "But what are you going to do?" "That poor boy—" "Luck was with me last night. As the butler was helping me with my overcoat he slipped a note into my hand. Says he and his niece, who

RIVAL WIVES

© 1929 NEA SERVICE INC. by Anne Austin Author of The Black Pigeon

it seems, is Mrs. Blackhull's maid, want a word with me when it can be arranged." "Good!" Nan applauded. "They'll have plenty to tell about that chauffeur, Bassett, or I'm a rotten guesser. . . . Here comes Curtis! Good morning, darling. Do I rate a kiss, or don't I?" "Sure!" Curtis gasped, breathing as one who has run miles. His kiss was moist and very sweet—a rewarding smack full on the lips. "Guess why I'm late, Nan!" he panted as he slipped into his chair. "Give up? Well, I had to take two baths!" "Two baths?" Nan echoed. "Here's your glass of orange juice, darling. Sip it slowly."

"Sure! I had to take two baths, because on our Health Chart we gotta mark how many baths we take a week, and yesterday I got up so late I don't have time to take my bath, and if you don't take seven baths a week, you don't get on the Health Chart Honor Roll, so this morning I took two baths. I took one bath and dressed, and then I undressed and took another bath—"

Nan threw back her head and laughed joyously, but she could not blame John Curtis Morgan for taking a more orthodox view of his son's ingenuity. "I'm afraid you'll have to count it as only one bath, son. You don't want to cheat, I'm sure."

"The old Health Chart don't ask you when you took the baths," Curtis sulked. "Anyway, it was Estelle's fault. She didn't wake me early enough. Will you come wake me up every morning, Nan? Will you, Nan?" Nan gave the promise and Curtis promptly forgot his resentment toward his father.

"I'll have lunch with you today, won't I, Nan, won't I? I get out of school at 12. You'll wait for me, won't you, Nan?" "But I'll be at the office, Curtis," Nan protested regretfully. "I'm awfully sorry—"

"Aw, I thought you were going to be a regular mother," Curtis scowled. "My other mother didn't go to any old office—"

Nan's face flamed, but her husband spared her the necessity of answering. "It's this way, Curtis," he said, making his voice both jolly and coaxing. "Nan's such a wonder that she can be a lawyer during the day and a fine mother all the rest of the time. I simply couldn't do without her, son. She's my junior partner now, you know. Some day, I hope, you'll be a junior partner, too, and then the firm will be Morgan, Morgan & Morgan—"

"Don't wanna be a lawyer. Wanna be an aviator," Curtis dashed his father's hopes sulkily. "Listen, Nan! Is father still your boss, like he used to be before you married him?" "No," Nan smiled. "We're partners now. Why?"

"Then can you come home early—real early—if you want to? The black eyes were very wistful. "Of course I can, when I'm not too awfully busy at the office," Nan told him, a little huskily. It was sweet to be wanted so ardently.

Later, as they were traveling to the office in the handsome new sedan, Morgan said gravely, after a long silence: "I think the boy is right, Nan. He has almost as much right to you now as—as I have. Your new work should not keep you busy all day, since you won't be in the courtroom much; in fact, I'd rather you left that part of the dirty work entirely up to me. The courtroom is no place for a girl, especially the criminal court. And with Miss O'Hara to do the stenographic work for both of us—"

He hesitated, stole a sidelong glance at her to see how she was taking it. Nan would not look at him. Her eyes gazed straight ahead, as she answered in a low voice: "I'll do what you want me to do. I want to do my duty—by you—and Curtis, and my work—"

"Dear Nan!" his voice was little more than a husky whisper. Then he cleared his throat, and said in an oddly strained voice: "Don't worry about your duty to me, dear Nan. I understand. I shouldn't have let you go so young—"

Nan listened, first with amazement, then with indignation. "Can the blessed idiot possibly think I locked the door because I don't love him? Or is he seizing this opportunity to let me know, as tactfully as possible, that he doesn't care?" Her pride, which had been thoroughly aroused the night before, stood her in good stead now. It gave her the power to laugh, before she retorted flippantly: "Who's so young? I was 25 last week! But I promise not to be a dutiful wife, if it will make you feel better. I shan't even mention rubbers or winter heavies or the frightful amount of tobacco you smoke. In fact, I'll be such an unorthodox wife that you'll forget most of the time you're married at all. . . . When are you going to see the dentist?"

"They drove downtown together Morgan using the stenographer before court opened, if he had a case on, Nan dictating only after his work was done. Nearly always they lunched together, Morgan giving her a summary of his morning in court, and respectfully listening to her suggestions for the grilling of witnesses. As near 3 o'clock as possible the junior partner of Morgan & Morgan cleaned up her desk and drove home in the sedan, to take on her role of "regular mother" and housewife.

fact that it was a wrench to tear herself away from the office each day, leaving the dearly beloved place in the charge of Kathleen O'Hara. Nor could she blink the fact that Kathleen was glad to see her go, although the two of them got along together very amicably—chummily, it would have been, if Nan had permitted it. Did Kathleen enjoy the feeling of added responsibility that came with her early desertion of the office? Or did her eager joyousness arise from the fact that, with Nan out of the way, she herself became indispensable to John Curtis Morgan, for whom her eyes always shone frankly with the bright light of hero-worship?

"If I don't watch out, I'll degenerate into a jealous little cat!" Nan scolded herself roundly. "I should have one consolation anyway—if my slavish passion for Iris keeps him from falling in love with me, it will just as surely keep him from falling in love with anyone else.

Let's see: Curtis to the dentist; some new shelf paper for the kitchen cupboard; try to match that broken Sevres cup."

The evenings brought her the greatest joy and the deepest pain. For every evening managed somehow to renew the hope she thought was so utterly dead. There was a world of good talk—mostly about the fine points of criminal law in general and their own cases in particular; talk during which Nan felt all the old intimacy and congenial companionship. But every evening hope was crushed again.

It was on Wednesday evening, December 12, exactly three months after her wedding day, that Nan said to herself: "I can't go on like this. I'll go crazy or run away. But how could I leave them? They said to herself: "I can't go on like this—"

It was as if Fate had been waiting for her ultimatum and wanted to show her how promptly such a challenge could be accepted.

CHAPTER XXXIII

When, that Wednesday evening, the third monthly anniversary of her marriage to John Curtis Morgan, the little Curtis loudly clamored for a game of anagrams, Nan had no presentiment that a crisis in that still incomplete marriage was rapidly hurrying down upon her.

Curtis' very modern school teacher had introduced the game of anagrams into her classroom as a novel but effective aid in the teaching of spelling and definitions. And Curtis had become so enamored of the game that he insisted upon a session of anagrams with his father and stepmother every evening after dinner.

They had been engrossed for 10 minutes this evening with the little wooden letters when Curtis triumphantly formed the word "h-o-p-e" adding it to the three other words he had captured.

"Only trouble is, it's too easy to take," the little boy grumbled. "There! I knew I'd lose it! Why did you have to get 'e' so quick, Nan?"

His stepmother grinned at him as she took his three letters and made the word into "hope."

"And here's 'L' which I can't do anything with," his father said with pretended discouragement, as he laid the letter in the pool, along with an "R" and a "K" already there.

"And here's an 'L' that's no good to me," Curtis gloomed, as he flung the letter to the center of the bridge table.

good, and gloating indecently over having won three games straight. "I'm going to take the dictionary to bed with me." Nan threatened blithely. Would either of them notice that she had been crying? "Good night, Curtis. Your father'll go up with you tonight. I'm busy, darling."

"Going over the Blackhull case, Nan?" Morgan said cheerfully. "Good! There are one or two points I'd like to smooth out with you, if you feel like it. . . . Come along, champ! . . . Oh, all right, but might I remind you that you've already kissed Nan twice."

When they had gone, hilariously, chummily—her work, that!—Nan stared for long minutes at the mass of papers on the library desk, but a thick lens of tears makes a poor reading medium.

No, she couldn't go on like this any longer. Why should she? Every day was torture, every night a hell of loneliness and crushed hope. Curtis had put it with perfect clarity: "Poor Nan! Father takes her 'hopes' and I take his 'love' before she can—"

For three months he had daily given her a tiny modicum of hope, only to kill it, by a casual good-night kiss on her cheek or forehead or hand. Few three months she had striven with every ingenuity known to a woman in love to win his love. . . . and she had failed. She had made his home a haven of comfort and peace and beauty. She had mothered his boy until the boy's own mother would scarcely have known him, so splendidly healthy and happy and normal he had become. She had brought father and son into such close companionship and congeniality that an editorial writer for a woman's magazine would have burred with joy as he described the two. She had worked on his cases with a brilliance and zeal which not even the old Nan of pre-marriage days had dreamed possible. And for reward she had—exactly nothing.

Oh, of course—Nan reminded herself bitterly—he appreciated her work as housekeeper, mother and law partner. He was not chary of praise. And of course there was some nourishment for her starving heart in seeing him slowly lose the tragic shadows from his deep-set black eyes, in seeing his lean body become less lean. Oh, yes, she had given him peace of a sort, contentment of a sort, and he was obviously grateful. But what had he given her? Well, a chance to serve him! Once that would have been enough for Nan, but now it was not enough. She had to have something more.

And since his love for Iris could not die, he had no coin with which to pay his debt to her. To his credit he had said—Nan reminded herself with a bitter smile—he had not tried to pay in counterfeit.

"Slaughtering away, dear?" Morgan interrupted from the doorway. "See any loopholes in the case? Want to be in court in the morning when the case comes?"

Nan bowed her head lower over the papers, so that he might not see the traces of her tears. "I—believe not, John." She could not explain that the jovial, teasing attitude of her husband's legal colleagues toward the great criminal lawyer was unbearable to her. As well as in name, she would have gloated over their pleasantries. . . .

"The case looks watertight to me. I see you have the last of the depositions from Riverside, California. Bassett doesn't suspect a thing, does he?"

"No, and neither does Nina Blackhull, so far as I vote," Morgan answered, his deep, throbbing with triumph. "If nothing slips up Nan, we'll get a dismissal of the indictment against young David Blackhull and new indictments against Nina Blackhull and Bassett before another week has passed into history. A fine Christmas present for young David, huh? Let's see about this time last year I was maneuvering an acquittal as a Christmas present for Bert Crawford. Time seems to drag endlessly, and then all of a sudden you wake up to realize that it hasn't been dragging at all, but flying—"

His voice trailed to a constrained pause. Nan knew that he was thinking not only of the anniversary of the opening of the Crawford case, but also of another anniversary that was hurting inevitably toward him—the anniversary of his adored first wife's desertion. Was there any wonder that he had no thought at all for the significance of the date, so far as he and she were concerned. He had not indicated by word or glance that the twelfth of the month meant anything. . . . Perhaps it didn't—to him, since the marriage was not really a marriage, and there was room in his heart for celebration of only one wedding anniversary.

"I've often wondered about Crawford," Morgan went on, his voice all more normal again. "You know, it's rather hurt me that he has never written. After all, I did get him out of a nasty situation. By the way, I got into conversation the other day with a new vice president of the First National Bank. He brought up Crawford's name; said he'd heard about my defending him on an embezzlement charge, and thought I might be interested to know that Crawford had been living in Paris. He said him there about six months ago, playing about with a woman so beautiful that she was the talk of the town. Up to his old tricks, I suppose," he added, with a wry grin.

Nan's heart stood still. It was ghastly to hear him gossip with such appalling innocence of the man who had tricked him into defending a crook and who had stolen his wife. A hundred times Nan had wondered if Morgan had had no suspicion at all of the shameful alliance of the two who had wronged him so deeply. She was answered now. He had not the faintest suspicion. (Continued on Page Five)