ments and more than the

THIS HAS HAPPENED Because she is in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, successful lawyer, Nan. Carrott, secretary, decides to resign. She linger however when she hears Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford. Nan suspects that Crawford and Iris Morgan, wife of John Curtis Morgan, are lovels.

After Crawford's acquittal leaves at once, followed closely by Iris. She writes Morgan she will never reta,n to him, cleverly omit- Iris, and Morgan believing Nan ting reference to Crawford. Nan married him out of pity and love saves Morgan from despair by di- for little Curtis. Nan tells herself recting him more deeply into his she can go on no longer in this For six months she acts as manner. Hysterically she goes to long-distance housekeeper for him, her room to pack. She is cramming winning the love of little Curtis, his clothes into a suitease when a low son, and bringing comfort to a man kneck interrupts her. who ironically thinks only of an-NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Nan returns from her bar exams and Morgan tells her he has decided to divorce !ris. He proposes, come to occupy it three months be and Nan marries him.

They are prevented from going on into his wife's bedroom. Nan, cling their hopeymoon by the arrival of ing to the knob, retreated slowly to David Blackbul, accused of the make way for him. His face was murder of his father, who begs Mor- 'flushed but grim with determina-

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



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

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

Phone 75 NATIONAL ICE CO.

by Anne Austin. The Black Pigeon ac

gan to defend him. Nan adds her the room, the half-packed suitcase; entreaty and Morgan agrees. his black eyes bore dinto hers. For three months the farcical marriage continues, Nan believing Mergan cannot banish thoughts of

"Nan! Nan!" How thick and queer his voice was; "What did you mean, ing each other at a distance." when you said I was 'stupid, blind'? Nan!! Tell me!" he urged with curi-"I won't tell you anything!" she

asped, retreating from him until he door banged against the wall. "Iv'e got to know!" He was alost shouting at her, and the flush m his gram, lean face grew darker. Did you mean—could you possibly nean-that you-love me?"

For the first time since she had Nan's hands released the door knob, flew to her cheeks, pressed fore, John Curtis Morgan stepped hard into them, but she did not try to hide her eyes from him. She had never looked so proud as she did in her moment of supreme humiliation. "Of course I love you!" Her nostrils and lips quivered. "Wny did you think I married you?" Why was he staring at her so blankly, so incredulously? "And now that you've away! You might have left me my

She whirled sharply away from im, but the next instant her small body was spun about again, but this time not in obedience to her will, but by the strength of his arms, a strength that for a moment threatened to crush in her ribs. Not

"I-don't want-your pity!" she gasped against his coat. "Let me

"Pity?" he laughed, in a voice rough with emotion. "Oh. Nan!" Somehow he shifted her so that head lay in the crook of his right arm. Above her, coming cieser and closer, were his black liquidly brilliant, wider than she had ever seen them. It was like trying to face twin suns. Blinded, she closed her own eyes.

A thousand times Nan had dreamed of his first kiss, and now she learned what pallid things dreams can be beside the ecstacy of reality. If he had released her when he lifted his head at last she would have fallen to the floor. But he did not release her. Oh, no, no! she exulted, as he held her head against his breast, so that she heard the deep, quick throbbing of his

"Was that pity, Nan? least." he laughed, his voice vibrating joyously, "we talk the same language. For three months I've been telling myself that I didn't want your pity-that until you stanza earned to love me I'd not touch

Mrinting-

is a necessity of

the business man

The AGE has a modern plant and

staff of competent employees dedi-

cated exclusivly to the creation and

manufacture of Good Printing.

B's are the lates to live a restrict the

It's Good Business to buy Printing done by

THE AGE

of personality....

tion. He did not see the disorder of 1 you-Oh, Nan, my darling, what Two supposedly intelligent adults, gave him the first stanza: stupid blind fools we've both been! sick with love for each other, keep-

> But a little later she had to defend herself against his charge, of course. "I don't see how you can say, I kept you at a distance," she gasped jerkily, for her whole body was trembling.

"You locked me out on our wedding night," he reminded her gently. of pity-and because you God, that's done! wanted to be a mother to the boy.

"You man—?" Nan quivered. "Oh He stared at Nan's vivid, spark-All that day I had felt like an John, don't lie to me now! I car ling little face with avid curiosity. kingdom-and then-I was as Irisbanished again. \$ blamed only mymore than I blamed-Iris-

made me say it-go away, oh go had passed his lips since their fered. wedding day. Nan turned in his lay, child-small in his lap, her head arms and stared up at him, searchback the shadow of pain to his be- was with me. You saw-us togethloved eyes.

They must speak of Iris now, or the name would forever stan 1 a took fierce hold on the lapel of his barrier between them. "I thought coat. It was still necessary to conyou still loved Iris," she said stead-

He answered, "I thought I dia, too, until-I wanted to take my real vife in my arms and found the door locked against me.' "Oh!" The word was a little wail

of pain. She forced herself to confess: "I-that night-when you'd gone to see Nina Blackhull-"You made me go," he reminded her. "I didn't care a damn about

a murder case that night, but you'd held yourself aloof all day, and at dinner poor, funny little Curtis had said terrible things unconsciouslybut go on, darling. "You hadn't kissed me." Nan accused him. "You hadn't even said you loved me, and- No, let me finish, John! When you had gone, I went into the library and there, among your law books I found a

you'd been reading a few days before, for you'd left a marker in it-" "A poem?" he frowned, in apparently genuine bewilderment. Nan quoted that last dreadful

book of poems. I read the one

"'And I shall find some girl,

perhaps, And a better one than you, With eves as wise, but kindlier, And lips as soft, but true,

And I daresay she will do.' Her husbands' puzzled frown did not clear. "I never read any such poem, darling Nan-" "No? You don't remember these lines, either?" she challenged, and

Your hands, my dear, adorable Your lips of tenderness

-Oh, I've loved you faithfully aild well,

Three years, of a bit less-

But Morgan interrupted, giving the last line himself: "'It wasn't a success.' Poor Nan! I read no further than that first verse and the beginning of the next: "Thank God "I didn't reproach you. How could that's done! I echoed those words 1? I thought you had married me Nan, with all my heart-Thank

exiled king about to be led into a bear the truth, if you love me as well

"I'm trying to tell you the truth self, not you, I tried to resign my- Nan," he interrupted gravely. He self to the truth-that no woman beld her away from him for a mocould love me. I blamed you no ment, then stooped and lifed her into his arms, carried her to the It was the first time that name one big armchair that the room of-But one was enough. She against his breast, so that she could ing his eyes with the last flare-up listen to the healing of his heart of the old sickening fear. No, thank as well as to his words, "You must God, the name had not brought know," he began haltingly, "how it er for three years. Would you have Nan summoned all her courage, said I was a-happy man, Nan?"

"No." she whispered. Her fingers vince herself every now and then that it wasn't all a dream.

"I was a slave in bondage. Nan. Lord! I don't mean to sound pathetic, but it's so unnecessary that I try to make you understand now. so that we can forget the past and be happy. You know, Nan, I used to get a dim sort of feeling that it made you angry to see us together-

"It did!" she agreed, vehemently nodding her shining brown head "She didn't against his breast. love you, and saw you small, made small when she as with you. I loved you, and saw you big-

"And made me big," Morgan interrupted, laughing exultantly "Don't you think I realize that Nan has 'made me what I am today'whether she's satisfied or not? But -did you really love me then?"

"Won't you leave me a shred of my pride?" Nan protested, blood fair. rushing into her cheeks. "Butoh' what does pride matter now? I returned with bright blushes of emloved you from the first day I barassment. Nan was about to atworked for you. I tried to be de- tempt to make some sort of answer cent enough to resign, when I found to the child when Estelle pushed in out what was the matter with me."

'When was that?" he demanded bran muffins. eagerly as a boy with his first

"Oh-when Willis Todd wanted to Curtis was happy again; his eyes marry me and was jealous of you, sparkled greedily and tried to make me say I loved

only because I needed you more peace than he did," Morgan confessed. "But-about Iris. It had better be said—all of it, and then we can talk about US. I did love her, Nan, with the most painful, shameful, solicitor whose future college course degrading, enslaving love that a man depends on our kindness of heartever felt for a woman who could not Why, Estelle! What's the matter?" love him. She didn't try to pretend he broke off to demand of the maid that she loved me. As I said a who had run into the dining room. while ago, I don't blame her. But I her hands clasping and unclasping used to pray to God in my agony, to in pitiful distress. wake up the next morning and find

myself free of my love. "I knew Iris would be relieved, which she had just closed upon hereven if her vanity would have suf- self, Estelle darted to the breakfered. I must have bored her and fast table, her face quite white, her annoyed her unbearably with my pale blue eyes rolling passion. It made her despise me and hurt me in thousands of little gasped hoarsely ways. But-I couldn't cure myself. My malady was so malignant that from their chairs, like a pair of it required a surgeon's knife-and morionettes jerked by unseen wires. Iris elected to be the surgeon."

He paunsed and Nan's heart they did not cling. Simultaneouslunged sickeningly. Was he living ly they glanced away, neither able again the agony worse than death to bear what was to be read in the which that major operation had other's eyes. But as Nan's eyes tore

His arms tightened about her. band's they swept downward over One hand cupped her little face his face. It was like the face of a with such infinite tenderness that ma nsuddenly smitten with deathtears sprang into the girl's eyes. "I ghastly pale, pinched. Lips, caught had a marvelous nurse after the and frozen in the whimsical smile operation, he pursued the meta- with which he had speculated on phor whimsically. "It was her de- who his caller might be, had gone voted care which made the opera- blue-gray in that sudden draining tion a success, more than the sur- of blood from his face. geon's knife. And as most patients do, I-fell in love with my nurse. was unable to speak. Estelle's eyes And, oh, Nan! The wonder of it- were rolling wildly from one to the

to be free of the malady!" "Are you-sure-you're cured?" Nan whispered. "Sometimes such deal with before. maladies break out-again-"

"You can't frighten me," Morgan drawing room and tell her that Mr. laughed, bending his head to kiss Morgan will join her-" Nan began her again. "Of course, if you want in a queer, strained voice that to torture yourself- You see, darling, the whole thing was so purely tance. physical. I never loved Iris' mind whether she had either. I loved stir to carry out the order the door her beauty. With you it was so into the hall was torn open and devil!" he commanded sternly as room on the rising tide of her own she was about to take him up on anger. loved your mind and your brave, from seeing my own husband, Es-fine soul long before I loved your telle?" The insolent voice, usually from the very first, but physically curled like a whip about the cower-I was enslaved to another woman. discover and fall in love with your anything so impudent in your life,

"I'm not beautiful," Nan protested, a little forlorn note dreeping the day before. into her voice. "Not-like Iris-"No, thank God." he agreed fer-"Not like Iris. Her beauty is devlish, yours is-divine. Now

-is it all said? Can we be-But, womanlike, Nan could not "Leave the room, Estelle!" Iris forbear to ask the forbidden ques- commanded imperiously. Then her tion, the one question which she voice changed, became arch, laughshould have avoided above all oth- ter-rippled: "Dear Jack! Are you

ers. "But-John-what if you saw too stunned to speak? It's Iris, haps it would have been better if fogotten Mother, have you, sweet-

that happened later might have didn't mean to be gone so long-been very different if he had. His Oh! Why-it's Nan Carroll, isn't answer came slowly, conscientious- it?" ly: "I—don't know. I can only say,
'Nan, I love you with all my heart Arrested in the act of stretching

never see Iris again.' it him with wide, solemn eyes John Curtis Morgan, I love you

mind, And thank you for loving ne," she added childishly, as she flung her arms about his neck.

CHAPTER XXXV "Good morning, Father. Good norning, Nan." Curtis, panting a little as usual from his hurried efforts to bathe, dress himself and reach the breakfast table on time, slipped into his chair the next morning and was making a dive for

the cream pitcher when something about his stepmother halted his greedy hand in mid-air. "My gosh Nan! Whassa matter with you? You look all-all glory! Don't she, Father-don't she?"

> He groped in his small vocabulary for more potent words of description: "I never saw you look so-so sparkly, Nan. You look like you got about a million 'lectric lights turned on inside of you. Don't she, Fa-He turned to his father eagerly for confirmation, then his black eles blared even wider, "Golly Father, you look the same way Whassa matter with you two? You look like it was already Christmas-

John Curtis Morgan laughed aloud, so unrestrainedly, so joyously that his son's bewilderment in-"You're right, Curtis. Nan and I simply couldn't wait another minute for Christmas. We gave each other our Christmas presents last night."

Nan biushed vividly, but laughed too, a throaty little sound that was rather tremulous, but rich with hap-

"Aw-no fair;" Curtis accused them, his expressive black eyes clouding sulkily. Then he bright-"What did you give each other? Don't grown-ups have a Santa Claus like kids do? Did Father give you a swell present, Nan? Can I see it?"

Nan and John glanced at each other, then their eyes caught and And in the newness and wonder of their happiness they forgot the child who was watching them so intently. Laughter fled from their faces; a solemn, almost prayerful exultation took its place. "Aw!" Curtis exclaimed at last, in deep chagrin. "Guess it's secrets. Grown folks are always having secrets from kids. It ain't

That broke the spell. Laughter from the kitchen with a plate of

"Hi! Muffins! Have they got raisins in 'em. Estelle? Have they?"

"Currants," Estelle grinned. Then, didn't love you," she "Oh, there's the doorbell. Excuse me, ma'am. Wonder who it can be "And for three months I've been at the front door this time of the tormented by the suspicions that you morning? Looks like they wouldn't loved Willis Todd and married me let a family have their breakfast in

Nan wondered, too-aloud her husband shrugged, "Oh," "probably a magazine subscription

With a fearful glance over her shoulder toward the hall door

"She-she's. back, sir!" the maid

Both Nan and her husband rose No need to ask who "she" was. Again their eyes met, but this time caused him? She held her breath, themselves away from her hus-

Nan saw that for the moment he other, imploring help in such a crisis as no maid had ever had to "Show Mrs. Morgan into

seemed to come from a great dis-But she was not allowed to finish.

or her soul. . . . I don't even know Befor the frightened maid could No, wait, you little Iris Morgan was swept into the

"I was going to say that I "How dare you try to keep me I loved you in those ways so musical, now shrill with anger, ing maid. "I certainly shan't keep When she was-gone, I Iwas free to you another day! You never heard Jack!" she rushed on, as if she had seen Morgan not longer ago than

Nan gasped her amazement, then realized that the tall body of her husband formed an effectual screen between herself and the woman who had been his wife. Iris had not seen her-yet.

darling, come home again!! And He did not try to lie to her. Per- there's my little lover! You haven't he had lied. Certainly a great deal heart? Naughty mother, but she

and soul and mind. I hope I shall out one lovely hand to her former husband and the other to her son "I-see," she said very quietly. Iris Morgan stared blankly at the Then, raising her head, she looked girl whose presence there was apparently the last thing she had ever dreamed of. Blue-green eyes grew vith all my heart and soul and wider and wider, then suddenly narrowed until the thick bronze lashes almost touched. Dropping her hands which had not yet touched either husband or son, Iris' tall, slim

body straightened, stiffened. "I—see!" she said slowly, "No wonder Estelle tried to keep me out of my own house. Apparently it's high time I came home! So this is what the saintly Sir Galahad has come to."

Nan's head jerked up. Her brown eyes blazed. Involuntarily she took a step forward, but Morgan halted her and commanded her to silence with one imperative gesture. His task to explain. Curtis was shrinking against the back of his chair, an utterly bewildered and frightened pawn in a drama whose significance he could not even faintly grasp. "Leave the room Curtis!" Mor-

gan commanded sharply. The child cowered as if he had been struck. "'Don't wanna go!" he whined. "I wanna se my mother. Can't I stay, Nan? Can't I?"

Unlisted Stores Were Closed Yesterday Too

Several stores which were close for Labor Day were omitted from the list urinted last week in the Age Credit Bureau having been submit ted as not necessari'v a complete

The Las Vegas Mercantile Corpo ration was one of the stores which honored labor by closing its door yesterday, although it was not mentioned in the published list.

PLEASE RETURN

OVERDUE BOOKS

All dues owing on books borrowed from the City Library will be cancelled if the books are returned to the Library by Saturday, September 7th

"Of course he shall stay with hi mother!" Iris almost screamed "Poor little lover! God knows what (Continued on Page Five)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. BULETTE PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Rooms 6 and 7, Griffith Bldg. Hours, 8:30-11:30; 2:00-4:00 Over Postoffice

F. M. FERGUSOIN, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

> Las Vegas Hospital Las Vegas, Nevada

Forest R. Mildren, M. D. Specialist in Surgery Obstetrics and Diseases of Women

LAS VEGAS HOSPITAL LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

DR. Z. A. d'AMOURS PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON A Graduate From Baltimore University

126 No. Second St. Phone 301

DR. R. R. MYERS DENTIST

Hours 9 to 12-1 to 5 Eagles' Bldg., Fremont St. Office Phone 145 Res. Phone 344

DR. WM. R. BURGESS CHIROPRACTOR Suite 15, Delkin Bldg. For Appointments PHONE 344

ELECTRIC CABINET BATHS MINERAL TUB BATHS OIL MASSAGE

BUHANAN REST HOME 11th and OGDEN STS.

Beautify the Home-Bath and Dain Boards

O. K. TILE 105 So. First

We guarantee to complete all wells contracted VEGAS VALLEY WELL DRILLING CO. SCHAUSS, Dist. Mgr.

1131/2 No. 5th St. Phone 254

W. J. HOOPER PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR

Income Tax Counsellor Real Estate Bonds Insurance

Park Building 111 So. Second St. Phone 239

JAS. A. FLEMING ARCHITECT Structural Engineer 4111/2 Fremont St., Las Vegas Drawings for Anything

HARLEY A. HARMON THOS. J. SALTER ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Las Vegas - - - Nevada

A. A. HINMAN

ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR Suite 18-20, Clark Bldg.

Las Vegas, Nev.

McNAMEE & McNAMEE ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Office: 431 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif., and Las Vegas, Nevada

STEVENS. HENDERSON & NOLAND F. A. Stevens A. S. Henderson Dan V. Noland ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Suite 3. Clark Building

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

E. F. DUPRAY ATTORNEY AT LAW

Suite 17-19, Clark Bldg.

C. D. BREEZE ATTORNEY AT LAW

115 South Second St. Phone 8

CHAS. LEE HORSEY ATTORNEY AT LAW Suite 1-2, Clark Bldg.

I. S. THOMPSON

Rooms 3 and 4, Griffith Bldg. LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HAM & TAYLOR W. Ham Ryland G. Taylor ATTORNEYS AT LAW Suite 7, Mesquite Building 103 Fremont Las Vegas,

J. T. McWILLIAMS, C. E. County Surveyor
State Water Right Surveyor
Land Reports and Surveys
Clark County — Moapa Valley
Maps Hundreds of Other Detail Desert Maps for Sale

E. F. B. DAUDE CONSULTING ENGINEER Hotel Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah Research ARTESIAN WATERS SOILS

C. D. BAKER CIVIL ENGINEER U. S. Mineral Surveyor State Water Right Surveyor 11 Fremont Las Vegas, Nev.

LAS VEGAS HOSPITAL Trained nurses are in constant attendance. Laboratory. X-ray. Fully equipped to handle both Medical and Surgical cases. ROY W. MARTIN, M. D.

ENGINEER AND

Physician and Surgeon

New Hospital Bldg., Second St.

SURVEYOR HUGH A. SHAMBERGER Let me figure with you on your subdividing, clearing and street

Maps and blueprints furnished Swanson's Arcade 121 South Main Street

'Better Printing Costs No More'