

**THIS HAS HAPPENED**  
Because she is in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, successful lawyer, Nan Carroll, secretary, decides to resign. She resigns, 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 lovers.

After Crawford's acquittal he leaves at once, followed closely by Iris. She writes Morgan she will never return to him, cleverly omitting reference to Crawford. Nan saves Morgan from despair by directing him more deeply into his work. For six months she acts as long-distance housekeeper for him, winning the love of little Curtis, his son, and bringing comfort to a man who ironically thinks only of another.

Nan returns from her bar exams and Morgan tells her he has decided to divorce Iris. He proposes, and Nan marries him.

They are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the arrival of David Blackhall, accused of the murder of his father, who begs Morgan to defend him. Nan adds her entreaty and Morgan agrees.

For three months the farcical marriage continues, Nan believing Morgan cannot banish thoughts of Iris, and Morgan believing Nan married him out of pity and love for little Curtis. Nan tells herself she can go on no longer in this manner. Hysterically she goes to her room to pack. She is cramming clothes into a suitcase when a low knock interrupts her.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**CHAPTER XXXIV**  
For the first time since she had come to occupy it three months before, John Curtis Morgan stepped into his wife's bedroom. Nan, clinging to the knob, retreated slowly to make way for him. His face was flushed but grim with determination.

# RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin  
Author of 'The Black Pigeon'

© 1929 by NEA SERVICE INC.

He did not see the disorder of the room, the half-packed suitcase; his black eyes bore into hers.

"Nan! Nan!" How thick and queer his voice was. "What did you mean, when you said I was 'stupid, blind'?"

"I won't tell you anything!" she gasped, retreating from him until the door banged against the wall.

"I've got to know!" He was almost shouting at her, and the flush on his grim, lean face grew darker.

"Did you mean—could you possibly mean—that you—love me?"

Nan's hands released the door knob, flew to her cheeks, pressed 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. "Why did you think I married you?"

"Why was he staring at her so blankly, so incredulously? And now that you've made me say it—go away, oh go away! You might have left me my pride—"

She whirled sharply away from him, 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 that she felt the pain.

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

"Pity?" He laughed, in a voice rough with emotion. "Oh, Nan!"

Somehow he shifted her so that her head lay in the crook of his right arm. Above her, coming closer and closer, were his black eyes, 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 ecstasy 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 heart.

"Was that pity, Nan? . . . At 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 learned to love me I'd not touch

perhaps. And a better one than you. With eyes as soft, but kinder. And lips as wise, but true. And I daresay she will do."

Her husbands' puzzled frown did not clear. "I never read any such poem, darling Nan—"

"Not? You don't remember these lines, either?" she challenged, and gave him the first stanza:

"Your hands, my dear, adorable  
Your lips of tenderness  
—Oh, I've loved you faithfully  
and well.  
Three years, or 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 that's done!" I echoed those words Nan with all my heart—Thank God, that's done!"

"You man—?" Nan quivered. "Oh, John, don't lie to me now! I can bear the truth, if you love me as well as Iris—"

"I'm trying to tell you the truth, Nan," he interrupted gravely. He held her away from him for a moment, then stooped and lifted her into his arms, carried her to the one big armchair that the room offered. But he was not alone. She lay, child-small in his lap, her head against his breast, so that she could listen to the beating of his heart as well as to his words. "You must know," he began haltingly, "how it was with me. You saw us together for three years. Would you have said I was a—happy man, Nan?"

"No," she whispered. Her fingers took fierce hold on the lapels of his jacket, as if she were trying to convince 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—"

"I did!" she agreed, vehemently nodding her shining brown head against his breast. "She didn't love you, and saw you small, made you small when she was 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 been a—happy man?"

"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 rushing into her cheeks. "But—oh! what does pride matter now? I loved you from the first day I worked for you. I tried to be decent enough to resign, when I found out what was the matter with me—"

"When was that?" he demanded eagerly as a boy with his first sweetheart.

"Oh—when Willis Todd wanted to marry me and was jealous of you, and tried to make me say I loved him and didn't love you," she answered.

"And for three months I've been tormented by the suspicions that you loved Willis Todd and married me only because I needed you more 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 painful, shameful, degrading, enslaving love that a man ever felt for a woman who could not love him. She didn't try to pretend that she loved me. As I said a while ago, I don't blame her. But I used to pray to God in my agony, to wake up the next morning and find myself free of my love."

"I knew Iris would be relieved, even if her vanity would have suffered. I must have bored her and annoyed her unbearably with my passion. It made her despise me and hurt me in thousands of little ways. But—I couldn't cure myself. My malady was so malignant that it required a surgeon's knife—and Iris elected to be the surgeon."

He paused and Nan's heart lunged sickeningly. Was he lying again the agony worse than death which that major operation had caused him? She held her breath. His arms tightened about her. One hand cupped her little face with such infinite tenderness that tears sprang into the girl's eyes. "I had a marvelous nurse after the operation," he pursued the metaphor whimsically. "It was her devoted care which made the operation a success, more than the surgeon's knife. And as most patients do, I fell in love with my nurse. And, oh, Nan! The wonder of it—that I was free of the malady!"

"Are you sure—you're cured?" Nan whispered. "Sometimes such maladies break out—again—"

"You can't frighten me," Morgan laughed, bending his head to kiss her again. "Of course, if you want to torture yourself— You see, darling, the whole thing was so purely physical. I never loved Iris' mind or her soul. . . . I don't even know whether she had either. I loved her beauty. With you it was so different. No, wait, you little devil!" he commanded sternly as she was about to take him up on that. "I was going to say that I loved your mind and your brave, fine soul long before I loved your body. I loved you in those ways from the very first, but physically I was enslaved to another woman. When she was gone, I was free to discover and fall in love with your beauty—"

"I'm not beautiful," Nan protested, a little forlorn note creeping into her voice. "Not—like Iris—"

"No, thank God," he agreed fervently. "Not like Iris. Her beauty is devilish, yours is—divine. Now—is it all said? Can we be happy?"

But, womanlike, Nan could not forbear to ask the forbidden question, the one question which she should have avoided above all others. "But—John—what if you say Iris again?"

He did not try to lie to her. Perhaps it would have been better if he had lied. Certainly a great deal that happened later might have been very different if he had. His answer came slowly, conscientiously. "I—don't know. I can only say, 'Nan, I love you with all my heart

and soul and mind. I hope I shall never see Iris again."

"I—see," she said very quietly, then, raising her head, she looked at him with wide, solemn eyes.

"John Curtis Morgan, I love you with all my heart and soul and mind. And thank you for loving me," she added childishly, as she flung her arms about his neck.

**CHAPTER XXXV**  
"Good morning, Father. Good morning, 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 stared at Nan's vivid, sparkling little face with avid curiosity. 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 electric lights turned on inside of you. Don't she, Father?" He turned to his father eagerly for confirmation, then his black eyes 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 increased. "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 blushed vividly, but laughed, too, a throaty little sound that was rather tremulous, but rich with happiness.

"Aw—no fair!" Curtis accused them, his expressive black eyes clouding sulkily. Then he brightened. "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 clung. 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. "Grown folks are always having secrets from kids. It ain't fair."

That broke the spell. Laughter returned with bright blushes of embarrassment. Nan was about to attempt to make some sort of answer to the child when Estelle pushed in from the kitchen with a plate of bran muffins.

"Hi! Muffins! Have they got raisins in 'em, Estelle? Have they?" Curtis was happy again; his eyes sparkled greedily.

"Currants," Estelle grinned. Then, "Oh, there's the doorknob. Excuse me, ma'am. Wonder who it can be at the front door this time of the morning? Looks like they wouldn't let a family have their breakfast in peace—"

Nan wondered, too—aloud.

"Oh," her husband shrugged, "probably a magazine subscription degrading, enslaving love that a man ever felt for a woman who could not love him. She didn't try to pretend that she loved me. As I said a while ago, I don't blame her. But I used to pray to God in my agony, to wake up the next morning and find myself free of my love."

"I knew Iris would be relieved, even if her vanity would have suffered. I must have bored her and annoyed her unbearably with my passion. It made her despise me and hurt me in thousands of little ways. But—I couldn't cure myself. My malady was so malignant that it required a surgeon's knife—and Iris elected to be the surgeon."

He paused and Nan's heart lunged sickeningly. Was he lying again the agony worse than death which that major operation had caused him? She held her breath. His arms tightened about her. One hand cupped her little face with such infinite tenderness that tears sprang into the girl's eyes. "I had a marvelous nurse after the operation," he pursued the metaphor whimsically. "It was her devoted care which made the operation a success, more than the surgeon's knife. And as most patients do, I fell in love with my nurse. And, oh, Nan! The wonder of it—that I was free of the malady!"

"Are you sure—you're cured?" Nan whispered. "Sometimes such maladies break out—again—"

"You can't frighten me," Morgan laughed, bending his head to kiss her again. "Of course, if you want to torture yourself— You see, darling, the whole thing was so purely physical. I never loved Iris' mind or her soul. . . . I don't even know whether she had either. I loved her beauty. With you it was so different. No, wait, you little devil!" he commanded sternly as she was about to take him up on that. "I was going to say that I loved your mind and your brave, fine soul long before I loved your body. I loved you in those ways from the very first, but physically I was enslaved to another woman. When she was gone, I was free to discover and fall in love with your beauty—"

"I'm not beautiful," Nan protested, a little forlorn note creeping into her voice. "Not—like Iris—"

"No, thank God," he agreed fervently. "Not like Iris. Her beauty is devilish, yours is—divine. Now—is it all said? Can we be happy?"

But, womanlike, Nan could not forbear to ask the forbidden question, the one question which she should have avoided above all others. "But—John—what if you say Iris again?"

He did not try to lie to her. Perhaps it would have been better if he had lied. Certainly a great deal that happened later might have been very different if he had. His answer came slowly, conscientiously. "I—don't know. I can only say, 'Nan, I love you with all my heart

Unlisted Stores Were Closed Yesterday Too

Several stores which were closed for Labor Day were omitted from the list printed last week in the Age, the names furnished by the Vegas Credit Bureau having been submitted as not necessary a complete list.

The Las Vegas Mercantile Corporation was one of the stores which honored labor by closing its doors 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 his mother!" Iris almost screamed. "Poor little lover! God knows what (Continued on Page Five)

**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

**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.**

**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

**McNAMEE & McNAMEE**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
Office: 431 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif., and Las Vegas, Nevada

**F. M. FERGUSON, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Las Vegas Hospital  
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

**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.

**Beauty the Home—  
Bath and Dain Boards**

**O. K. TILE**  
105 So. First

We guarantee to complete all wells contracted

**LAS VEGAS VALLEY WELL DRILLING CO.**  
W. SCHAUSS, Dist. Mgr.  
113 1/2 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 238

**JAS. A. FLEMING**  
ARCHITECT  
Structural Engineer  
411 1/2 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.  
Phone 22 Las Vegas, Nev.

**E. F. DUPRAY**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
Suite 17-19, Clark Bldg.  
Las Vegas Nevada

**C. D. BREEZE**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
115 South Second St. Phone 8

**CHAS. LEE HORSEY**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
Suite 1-2, Clark Bldg.  
Las Vegas Nevada

**I. S. THOMPSON**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
Rooms 3 and 4, Griffith Bldg.  
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

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

**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.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
New Hospital Bldg., Second St.

**ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR**  
**HUGH A. SHAMBERGER**  
Let me figure with you on your subdividing, clearing and street work.  
Maps and blueprints furnished  
Swanson's Arcade  
121 South Main Street  
Tel. 380

**Printing -**  
*of personality....*

**is a necessity of the business man**



The AGE has a modern plant and staff of competent employees dedicated exclusively to the creation and manufacture of Good Printing.

*It's Good Business to buy Printing done by*

**THE AGE**

**'Better Printing Costs No More'**