## TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1929.

ast

## THIS HAS HAPPENED

Iris Morgan, wife of John Curtin lorgan, successful lawyer, deserts im for Bert Crawford, a family iend whom Morgan never suspects Nan Carroll, Morgan's secretary deeply in love with him and save

im from utter despair by cleverly forcing him into his work. For six months she acts as long-distance housekeeper for him, bringing comfort and health to him and his child six-year-old Curtis.

Morgan breaks the news to her that he is divorcing Iris and stressing his and Curtis' need fo: her, asks her to marry him. She consents. Their farcical marriage has con-

tinued three months when Iris, jilted by Crawford, returns and attempts spirits. to bring the bewildered Morgan to his knees by feigning illness. Nan with the old uncertainty eating again into her heart, decides to fight and orders the doctor to re- was a jolly, almost boisterous hour. move Iris to a hospital.

Curtis sees his mother, who stuffs him on forbidden sweets. On Christmas morning he has an attack of appendicitis. While Morgan is in the capital on business. Iris strips the house of her belongings and By all sorts of pretexts she summons Morgan to her while Nan fusedon broken-hearted. Curtis, whom Iris continues to feed sweets, with a shudder, that Curtis had around her shoulders. "Don't lose becomes ill again. Nan is frantic and desperately goes to Morgan to insist that he command Iris to stop death. feeding Curtis, or to put an end to the child's visits to his mother.

## CHAPTER XLVI

Not realizing that she was already far too late, Nan went directly to "He just got too excited over winher husband where he was at work ning three games in succession. in the library, his desk cluttered He's sharp as a razor, isn't he, with notes and transcripts of tes- | Nan?" timony on the Blackhull case. The prosecution had rested at 4 o'clock. Morgan was to open the defense of David Blackhull, charged with the John.' murder of his father. the next

morning-Wednesday. But it was not the Blackhull case of which Nan had to speak.

'John," she said, in a deceptively go across the street to see Iris tonight.'

her tightly composed face. go-for a few minutes-if you really crippled-

"I'm not thinking of her." Nan lieve, John, it would be better to must realize ' how my hands are witness, haven't you?' tied.' Her voice trembled slightly as she made the first reference to ing," Morgan replied. "I believe -very dearly. I can't stand by topped, or-

The man's face went even paler.



of the fervor of his goodby hug and touched his abdomen the little body this hour of hovering death she was ciss. If she had salvaged Curtis' was drawn into a knot again. But Nan had learned enough to cacy, entirely, which forbade her to love out of the wreckage, all was not

make her almost faint with horror. Whether it was because he was The abdomen was like a drumpathetically determined to please puffed, rigid. She had had acute Nan or whether he really had an appendicitis her elf. There was no time to be lost. Alappetite for his dinner that night,

Nan never knew, but he ate his though the child gasped out a plea regetables and stewed fruit, drank for her to stay. Nan stumbled his milk, and chattered happily, in downstairs to chap ice. The ice bag, snatched from a drawer of the apparently the best of health and hall linen closet, was clutched to

Morgan was gravely elated over her heaving breas "What is it, Mis Nan." It was he re-establishment of an entente cordiale between himself and his Maude O'Brien, plungin;, halfson and his wife and his son. It dressed, out of the kitchen. "Curtis - appendicitis!" Nan sob-

one which Nan was later to try to bed. "Fill this ice bag and b"ing it up to me as soon as possible. live again in memory. "Poor lad! If he dies, it will There was even a game of anagrams after dinner, in spite of the his own mother as killed him, stuff- But Iris clung to his arm, moaning, fact that Morgan was avid to be at ing him with God knows what

his desk. A dozen times later, Mor- trash-' "Oh, hurry!" Nan interrupted gan groaned, in agony: "Thank God rents the cottage across the street. I played that game with him. If I frantically. "John! John! Did you had to remember now that I re- get Dr. Black?"

"I know. And it's all

"Come! We must go to

awfallest, and ther, it got better

children," Morgan chuckeld, so tre-

menduous was his relief. "Show

father where it hurts, son-

with wide, terrified eyes.

lids fluttered, clug together.

toeing to the head of the bed.

"Proving you never can tell about

"No-don't touch him!" Nan

cried out sharply. For she was not

deceived. She knelt beside the bed.

took one of the limp little hands in

hers and searched the beloved face

And as she watched, the child's

"Asleep?" Morgan whispered, tip-

Nan shook her head. "Uncon-

"Won't the doctor ever

scious. . . Oh, John! There's no

need to whisper now!" she cried des-

In less than 15 minutes Dr. Black

was there. Waving aside their ter-

rified, broken explanations, the doc-

tor took the child's pulse and tem-

perature, and made a swift abdomi-

nal examination. Then he turned

curtly to Nan and requested her to

repeat what she had been trying to

eyes slowly grew vacant, then the

Morgan stepped out of the li-But it was Nan who remembered, brary and put his arm steadyingly your head, darling. Dr. Black will triumphantly "stolen" the word. head, with the letter T, making it be here within 15 minutes. He's going to call a surgeon, just in

quick."

pairingly.

come?

After she had put the child to case-'It IS appendicitis. John!" Nan powder puff; once, even as she hicbed, she returned to her husband, NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY with a worried frown. "His cheeks solbed, her icy hands clinging to his felt awfully hot, John. Maybe I cost lapels. my faultought to call Dr. Black-"

"Hush, Nan!" Mor an commanded "Nonsense!" Morgan retorted. sternly. hin When they re-entered the room they were astonished to find the child stretched out on his bed, a "He's-wonderful!" Nan agreed, with a catch in her voice. "You'll wan little smile on his lips. "Better now. Nan-father! It hurt be very proud of Curtis some day.

"Morgan, Morgan & Morgan, eh?" the lawyer chuckled, his deep-set black eyes very soft. "But in the

meantime, Morgan & Morgan had better do the best they can for calm voice. "I think you had better David Blackhull. Now-what do

you think? Would you advise putting old Edgars on the stand first The man's startled eyes searched thing tomorrow morning? I did "I'm not cross-examine him, you know; very busy, dear, but certainly I'll didn't want to spill the beans prematurely and give the lovely widow. wish it. Naturally it distresses me Nina Blackhull, too much warning to think of her alone over there, as to which way the cat will jump." Nan knit her brows. Then, "I be-

interrupted coldly. "I'm thinking put Nina herself on the stand first. of Curtis. I can do nothing. You You've subpensed her as a defense "Blake was to serve her this even-

the incredible situation in which you're right as usual, honey. Better Iris had placed her. Then she went make a grand-stand play, with Nina on, calmly again: "But I love Cur- as our unwilling star witness. Then we can call old Edgars and his and see his health ruined. I want daughter. Mary, to prove the senyou to exact a promise from Iris sational charges against Nina which not to give him a bite of anything she will perjure herself to deny. to eat. Otherwise, John, Curtis' Now, let's make a rough draft of visits to his 'mother MUST be the questions, I'll put to Nina."

tell him. "He was screaming with pain, his They were hard at work, in the abdomen was hard and rigid as a more haggard than it had been, close harmony which had always under his wife's intense seriousness. marked their professional associa- drum and then-then-suddenly he Slowly he raised a trembling hand tion, when a shrill scream, like the was like this," Nan told him. and passed it over his eyes, then he howl of an animal in pain, pene- | "Rupturel appendix. I believe

"Who are you?" the surgeon demanded curtly, beetin I told him it think you. Nan, for having the The clock in the drawing room had 'rive any minute n eyebrows and regarding her with was probably appen 'is. . . . frosty blue eyes While we're waiting, I wast you to "Curtis!" Nan gasped, as two "I'm-Mr. Morgan's-wife," Nan short, yelping screams quickly fol- have a lot of hot water on the range. brought out the words jerkily. Wait! I'll go down with you-get "Then who is the beauty in "Maybe the poor little fellow is things started." green? I thought she was the boy's just having a nightmare." Morgan "What-things?" Morgan asked mother.' suggested, but there was panic in with white, stiff lips. "She is," Nan answered dully. "Emergency operation," Dr. Black Why try to explain? eyes, too, as he followed his swiftly running wife up the stairs. answered curtly. "It would be mur-"I-see. Odd triangle," the sur-They found the child rolling in der to put him in an ambulance to "Well, young geon commented. agony upon his tumbled bed, his take him to a hospital. Will have lady. I can't tell you whether the a few points of the Blackhull de- fists pressing frantically against his to be operated on here-unless, of child will live or not. If peritonitis abdomen, his black eyes wild with course, Dr. Drew disagrees with my doesn't set in-as it probably will-he has an even chance." His frosty diagnosis "Phone for Dr. Black, then run The faint hope which Nan and eyes softened a bit at sight of her her husband snatched at in those profound misery. "You look all in, John?" At his stiff nod, she laid to the garage for Maude." Nan flung an apologetic little hand upon his. over her shoulder to her husband child. Better go to bed. There's last words of the doctor's was "I don't mean to pry, dear, but- as she reached the bed "Stomachjuickly slain, for Dr. Drew, a thin, nothing you can do-nothing any-I'm dreadfully worried. I hope-it | ache, darling?" she asked the child, man with cold blue eyes and hair one except the nurse can do now. taking care, even in her terror, not so fair as to be almost white, con-Nan did not take his advice Twice before dawn, she crept to the to excite him. firmed Dr. Black's opinion within "It hurts-awful," Curtis gasped, door of Curtis' room, opened it three minutes of his arrival. While Dr. Drew was telephoning to the noiselessly and peeped in. And both "Let Nan see," she begged tennearest hospital for an anestheti- times she saw the father and mother cian and a nurse. Nan beckoned her kneeling at the bedside, their eyes stricken husband to follow her out fixed upon the white, unconscious of the room. Outside the child's face of their son. Nan did not endoor she faced him resolutely, her ter. At 6 o'clock she went down to school, almost light-hearted because before her gentle fingers had voice steady with the calmness of the kitchen and prepared breakfast for the watchers. Her hands shook despair: "Go for Iris, John. She has a as she set the table for two-Iris and John Morgan. The nurse would right to be here now." And thus it was that Iris Morwant hers on a tray, Nan decided, gan returned to the home, the hus- so that she should not have to leave band and the child whom she had the unconscious boy for a moment. Maude O'Brien had gone back to deserted just one year before. But Nan, with the child she loved bed, and Estelle, who "lived out." When Thirsty-Visit lying upon the kitchen table as an had not yet arrived. It was Nan, improvised operating table, had no therefore, who summoned her husroom in her heart or mind for re- band and his former wife to the alization of the irony of Iris' re- meal she had prepared for them. turn-at her own bidding. She felt "But there are only two places. absolutely nothing as she saw her Aren't you going to eat, Nan?" husband trudge heavily up the Morgan asked, his weary voice whipping itself to what sounded like stairs with his former wife's suitcase in his left hand and his right genuine solicitude.

LAS VEGAS AGE

and

beyond.

and

about.

"No.

you know-'

say now," Dr. Black answered have done with this business, cred-

The slow procession began the tions to Nina Blackhull, widow of

difficult negotiation of the stairs. the man for whose murder his son

satisfied that the operation was the chauffeur, Bassett.

Curtis.

drafted last night?"

"Yes." Morgan agreed. "And you

"Of course. And I'll try to do you

"You-oh, God bless you, Nan!

He took her hands and bowed his

face upon them for an instant. They

. . .

case had sunk almost to insignifi-

cance in comparison with the im-

pending tragedy in her own home,

Nan faced the court calmly, un-

afraid. Her one thought was to

itably, of course, and to get back to

She put the pre-arranged ques-

At the third question,

Probably because the Blackhull

know as much about this case as I

do. You'll take those questions we

credit, John. Please trust me.'

came away wet with his tears.

across his eyes

she saw Miss Powers tiptoeing out feet, her hands warding off the girl ried a portion of the Lincoln funeral lawyer as if she were infected with party from Chicago to Springfield. of Curtis' noom "Any-change, Miss Powers?" Nan some terrible plague.

"Quit looking at me like that!" whispered. "Yes. He's come out from the Nina Blackhull screamed. "I didn't ether, Mrs. Morgan, but he's too do it! I tried to keep Ernest Bas- it won't be long until the mail weak to talk," the nurse answered, sett from killing my husband! I swear I did! I swear it! And now Dr. Black is keeping his fingers on The action is-very he's doublecrossed me! He's tryhis pulse. ing to put the blame on me-" indeed an outcast. It was not dell- faint.

"Then-you think-?"

That was almost the end, of course. Somehow Nan managed to get through the necessary formali-"No one can: tell yet," the nurse answered in her kind, cheerfully ties-the resting of the defense; a sympathetic volice. "If he rallies from the shock of the operation motion for the quashing of the inperitonitis doesn't set indictment against David Blackhull, then continued which was, of course, denied until hesitated. rible punishment for the interloper frankly: "It, will be several hours Nana Blackhull's amazing half-convet. Mrs. Morgan, before we can fession could be corroborated; the congratulations of Judge Bunce and definitely hope; that is, if he-" "If he doesn't die in the meaneven of District Attorney Brainerd, time, she means," Nan forced her-

who was ready to admit defeat. self to complete the nurse's ominous Press photographers caught snapsentence. Aloud she said, quietly: shots of the "girl lawyer" as she hurried frantically down the court-'Miss Powers, will you please ask my husband to come to me? He's house steps and as she sprang into with Curtis, isn't he?" her car parked at the curb.

In spite of the coffee he had So extreme was her anxiety for drunk, the man who joined Nan in Curtis that she had forgotten the the hall looked almost as deathlike courtroom drama before she arrived as the child who lay in the room at her home. But evidently John Curtis Morgan had had room in his

Nan went at once to the point. heart for both his child and his No use to express sympathy now wife, for his first question was: 'I'm going to the courthouse, John, "How did you get along, Nan? take your place today. We I've been ashamed of myself for letting you face that ordeal alone." can't ask for an adjournment, and if we delay putting Nina Blackhull "Nina Blackhull confessed on the stand, she may seize the oppractically-to conspiracy, and incriminated Bassett." Nan answered portunity to leave the country.' impatiently. But-how is Curtis?" Morgan stared at her as if he did not know what she was talking "He's holding his own stronger, if anything, than Dr. Then, with the gesture which his troubles had made fa-Black expected," Morgan answered, his deep voice shaking with joy. miliar to Nan, he passed his hand "I'd-forgotten We-can hope now, Nan. about the trial, Nan. I'll-go.'

And Nan's own relief and joy Curtis- You must be here were so overwhelming that it did until-" Nan floundered. Then more not occur to her to resent her hussteadily. "You are going to stay band's failure to congratulate her here, John. I can examine Nina on the amazing outcome of her first Blackhull, even if I have never apappearance before the bar. peared before the bar. I'm quailfied.

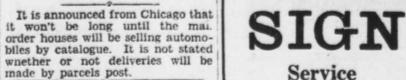
It was three full days, however, before hope settled into virtual certainty that little Curtis Morgan would recover, And during those strained days of watching and waiting and praying. Nan Morgan found herself reduced to the status of housekeeper for Iris Morgan. Arrogant with the victory she believed she had won. Iris treated the hated interloper like a servant. And whenever Morgan was in the house, which was most of the time, Iris was with him, playing superbly the role of anxious mother and wronged though forgiving wife.

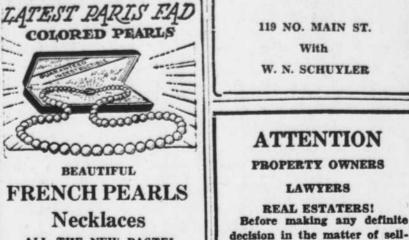
So hard to bear were the humiliations which Iris, unknown to Morgan, inflicted upon her, that Nan at last found herself almost glad to keep the promise she had made: to leave Iris in possession of husband and child, if Curtis' life was only spared.

(To Be Continued)

was on trial; put them calmly, but The first Pullman car ever used her great, tired brown eyes blazed was placed in service in 1859. It was with a fire that seemed to wither a converted passenger coach and the beautiful young witness, who, was operated on the Chicago & Al-Nan was convinced, had actually planned the murder, the execution ton Railroad between Bloomington, Ill., and Chicago. There were four of which she had left to her lover, lower and four upper berths, which

in were partitioned off by curtains. The put come, and leaving Dr. Black and Nan's even voice, terrifying in its first Pullman car built from the very calmness, the woman in the ground up, was finished in 1865 and "Please, Dr. Drew-" Nan dared witness box suddenly sprang to her was called the "Pioneer." It car-





ALL THE NEW PASTEL SHADES Bring this coupon and 98c and

we will give you one of these beautiful pearl necklaces. . . . any shade or length you desire, guaranteed indestructible. . . A regular \$3.50 value.

Offer good only Tuesday and **Realty Syndicate** Wednesday, September 17 and 18. 724 Santa Monica Blvd. Las Vegas Pharmacy SANTA MONICA, CAL.

FIRST AND FREMONT The New

Boulder Club Nevada's Newest and Finest



N

 $\bigcap$ 

R

T

H

THRE

Wolverton

Service

With

ing your Business, residential

or acreage properties, write us

fully what you are offering

**Boulder Dam** 

and you will profit.



obtrude her own anxiety and grief

upon that of the father and mother.

It was, rather, a desolate conviction

that they would grant her no right

to grieve with them. . . . Iris herself

But Iris and John Morgan were

wandering distractedly about the

house, too, and it was not always

easy for Nan to keep her small per-

son out of their sight. Two or three

times it seemed to Nan that John

was looking for her, that his tragic

eyes, when, by accident, she was

forced to meet them, were praying

to her for comfort and reassurance.

weeping, or hysterically justifying

Not even the shadow of death.

however had dimmed Iris' beauty.

As she walked the floors with her

husband, the drapes of her char-

treuse chiffon negligee fluttered en-

chantingly about her tall, slim body

--- if there had been anybody to ob-

serve and be enchanted. Twice Nan

saw her dab at her cheeks with a

cuped her grief, she made up her

quivering mouth with a geranium

It was Nan, not Iris, who remem-

bered to make up Curtis' little bed

with fresh linens and blankets; Nan

who had the presence of mind to

place three hot water bottles be-

tween the sheets as a precaution

against post-operative pneumonia.

But when that small service was

done, there was nothing to do but

wait and weep inward tears of

agony which her hot eyes refused to

She was in the library, trying

desperately to focus her mind on

the Blackhull case, so that the wait-

ing might not be so unbearably long.

when faint sounds told her that the

operation was over and that the boy

was to be taken to his room. She

crept out, trembling so violently

"Is he-?" she heard her hus-

"He's still alive. That's all I can

brusquely from behind the yellow-

Morgan and Iris, the latter sobbing

convulsively, brought up its rear,

and Nan sunk into a little huddle

in the hall, unonnoticed until Maude

O'Brien found her there and ad-

At 3 o'clock Dr. Drew went home,

successful," no matter what its out-

to stop him at the front door. "Will

the trained nurse in charge.

band's almost unrecognizable voice

that each step was an effort.

ish-muslin mask he wore.

ministered to her.

he-live?

herself for her undoubted responsi-

bility for the child's condition.

she hated.

lipstick

shed.

croak.

could not have devised a more ter- She

courage to--" He broke off abrupt- just chimed 11. ly, kissed her awkwardly but tenderly, and turned sharply away.

He was gone less than half an lowed the first. hour. The first thing that Nan's eyes poted was a questioning smudge of white powder on the left

lapel of his dark-blue flannel coat. his "Iris-it will be all right; dear," he said with assumed cheerfulness. "Now, are you too tired to go over

fense with me?' "Of course not." Nan answered, pain and terror. "Did she promise unconditionally. isn't too late."

The next morning her terror of the night before seemed a little ab- trying pitifully to smile. surd. Curtis ate a hearty breakfast. and looked almost normal. Later derly, "Stretch out for just a min-Nan was to reproach herself bitter- ute, if you can, darling." ly for not having suspected the The child obeyed, but could not But she saw him off to repress another scream. Almost truth.

> "I-ate in the kitchen," Nan anarm about Iris' shuddering shoulders. What did anything matter swered.

> "Imagine eating at a time like now, if Curtis was to die? "Oh, God!" Nan prayed, "don't let this," Iris sighed, as she settled in him die! If I've been wicked, try- her chair, amid a flutter of draping to keep him and John from- eries.

> her, I'll do anything-give them up You must try to eat, to keep up gladly, if you'll only let Curtis your strength, darling," Morgan urged, and Nan knew that the old. In her extremity, Nan did not re- familiar endearment had slipped

> alize that she was insulting God by out unconsciously. Not that it matassuming His partnership for the tered now. "I suppose I must. Jack," Iris wicked, rather than the good. agreed, with a forlorn catch in her

CHAPTER XLVII

live!

lovely voice. Then, with a tearful rush of words: "Oh, Jack, darling, If she could have done anything to help. Nan could better have en- to think it took THIS to bring us together again!" dured those two hours that elapsed

between the arrival of the surgeon. Dr. Drew, and the appearance from Nan did not wait to hear Morgan's answer. She fled, her hand the kitchen of the wheeled stretcher with its still, blanket-wrapped bur- pressed against her heart. It DID matter still! Oh, it did! But she den. But even Dr. Black, her champion and friend, brusquely ordered remembered her childish promise to her from the kitchen which had God to give this man up to this been turned into an operating room. woman if He would only spare Cur-It was already crowded with him- tis' life. And she would keep that self, the surgeon, the anesthetician promise regardless of what it cost and the nurse. Science was in her.

charge; love could avail Curtis For two interminable hours she lay on her bed, her body taut, every nothing now. And so the desolate girl wan- nerve listening. The nurse had dered from room to room, feeling promised to call her if there was more like an outcast spirit in "Tom- any change. At half past 8 she linson." of which Kipling writes: rose, took a cold shower, and dressed "The wind that blows between the in office clothes. There had still Worlds, it nipped him to the bone." been no word from the nurse, but han like a human being. For in as she emerged from her own door E R N B

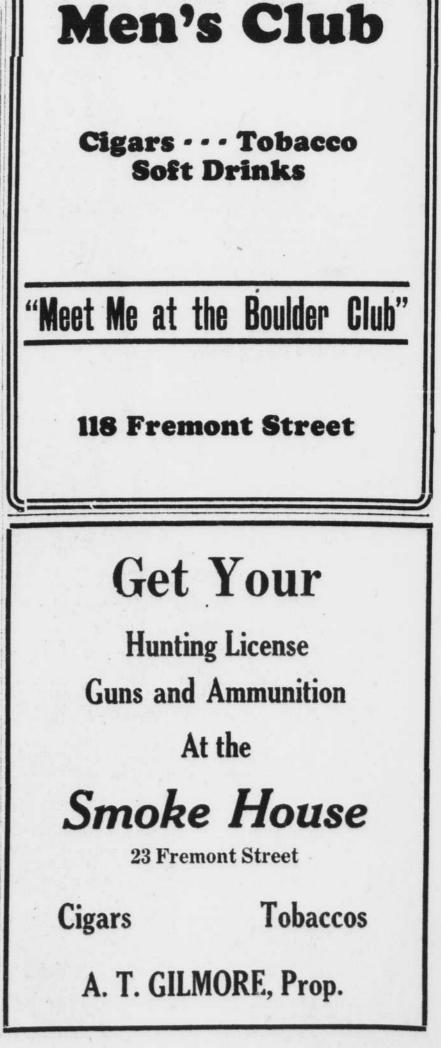
CIGARS and TOBACCO

Soft Drinks and Fountain Lunches



**STOCKER BROS.** W. M. Pechart, Mgr.

15 Fremont street



The Rendezvous of Gentlemen

The La Salle

**Catering to a Refined Patronage** 

North First Street, Las Vegas, Nevada