

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

In *Jervis Wears* or *His Success*, Rosamund Curzon, for wedding the millions of *Andrew Wear*? The will provides *Jervis* must marry within three months and a day after his grandfather's death. Rosamund is been postponing the wedding; now, nearly three months after the old man's death, she day is set and *Jervis* visits Attorney *Page's* office to make a marriage settlement on Rosamund. *Nan Forsyth*, *Page's* typist, recalls that the usual is Rosamund, *Nan* is obliged because for years he has seemed to her a romantic and unattainable ideal.

Chapter 2 PANGS OF LOVE

NAN waited for her moment. Would *Jervis* look very happy and relieved now that all the tiresome business connected with his marriage was done? Would he look very happy on his wedding day? By an hour or two after this time tomorrow he would be married to Rosamund *Veronica Leonard Carew*. She took up one of the sheets that she had been typing and began to correct it. And then quite suddenly the inner door was opened and *Jervis* came out. Mr. *Page* was behind him, ruddy, smiling, and bland; his horn-rimmed spectacles pushed up; his head slightly thrown back as he talked to the tall young man. They shook hands impetuously and *Jervis* was gone. The door slammed,

skin, and rather appealing dark eyes reddened by hours of weeping. She sat on the floor, leaning sideways with one arm on the rickety double bed which the sisters shared at night, her faded blue dress-torn, faded away and showing a torn night-dress that had once been pink. On the quilted coverlet lay a pile of letters.

"You promised you wouldn't," said *Nan* gravely. She came across to the bed and began to pick up the letters. You'd much better burn them and have done with it." *Cynthia's* hand tightened on the soaked handkerchief which she held squeezed up. "Nan, you won't!" "No, of course I won't—but I wish you would." She sat down on the bed and pulled *Cynthia's* head against her knee. "What's the good of keeping them, my child? You lock them up, and you promise me you won't look at them, and when my back's turned you get them out and cry yourself to a jelly." *Cynthia* turned and clutched at her with a wild sob. "It's so hard—when we love each other—when it's just money! If he didn't love me, I'd—I'd try—to get over it—I would—I really would! But when we love each other—" Her voice was choked, her



"You promised you wouldn't," said *Nan* gravely. hot thin hand was clenched on *Nan's* knee. *Nan* stroked the damp fair hair. "It would be better to try, *Cynthia*," she said. *Cynthia* shivered. "I don't want to. If I can't marry *Frank*, I want to die—only it takes such a long time." "You'd feel better if you washed your face, ducky." *Cynthia* sniffed and dabbed her eyes. "Yes, you would. And did you get the eggs?" *Cynthia* dabbed again and shook her head. "Then I must fly, or we shan't have anything to eat. We'll have to have them boiled." *Mrs. Warren* having duly obliged, *Nan* returned with a couple of eggs. *Cynthia* walked up and down talking in a soft exhausted voice. "You can have both eggs—I don't want anything. It's all very well to say pull yourself together, but in ten days *Frank* will be gone to Australia, and I shall never see him again. And to think that if his uncle hadn't changed his will at the last minute, he'd have had \$10,000 and been able to buy that partnership."

"Your egg's done," said *Nan*. "I don't know why you like them nearly raw." *Frank* *Walsh's* non-existent ten thousand dollars was a subject to be escaped from with all possible despatch. *Cynthia* turned away with a sob. She went back to the window and stood there twisting her fingers and crying. "Cynthia, you really would feel much better if you would dress and have something to eat. Sitting and thinking about things makes them a hundred times worse." "It's all very well for you," said *Cynthia* in a hopeless voice. "You've never been in love, so you don't know." "No," said *Nan* wincing at her sister's unconscious cruelty. *Despair* shook her as she remembered that tomorrow *Jervis* would be forever lost to her.

(Copyright, 1932, Lippincott) An unrequited of events, in tomorrow's installment, brings *Nan* to a daring resolution.

CENT PER MILE LABOR DAY RATE

Labor Day travel in the west this year gives promise of rolling up record-breaking traffic, following announcement by the Southern Pacific company that cent-a-mile round trip

fares will prevail over its lines, September 1 to 8, inclusive. All arrangements for the five-day offering of so-called Dollar Day reduced transportation in six western states have been completed, according to A. S. Rosenbaum, district freight and passenger agent for the company here. Persons availing themselves of the low fares will have until midnight September 12 to complete their journeys, he said. Inasmuch as the Monday holiday makes a three-day weekend, excursionists will have an excellent opportunity for short trips, it was pointed

out, while long-distance travel is made possible by the generous return limit of the railroad's excursion program. Prayerbook Hides Radio. GEELONG, Australia—(AP)—The answer to a prisoner's prayer here was more discipline. Warders found that the prayerbook which he always carried contained a neat crystal radio set. His cellmates now depend upon next day's papers for racing results. Permanent waves \$1.95, wet finger waves 25c. Prevost Beauty Shop, 16 Laurel, Phone 727-J.

NEW YORK RIDE THRILLS FLIER

NEW YORK, Aug. 23—(AP)—Captain J. A. Mollison, who flew the perilous westward crossing of the North Atlantic alone without particular excitement, got the thrill of his life today being driven through traffic

lights with a motorcycle police escort. With sirens blowing and traffic police along the way holding up all traffic to let him pass at high speed, Captain Mollison arrived at Roosevelt field mopping his brow and jubilant with excitement. "That ride was the thrill of my life," he said. "There couldn't be anything like it in England. Even the king has to obey the traffic rules there." August special. Three loads 15-in. slabs for \$6.75. Med. Fuel Co. Tel. 631.

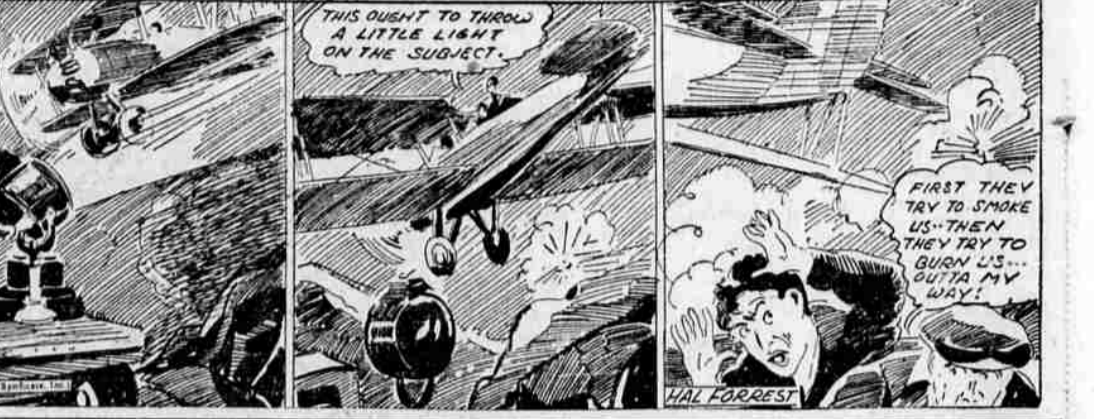
Houseboat Slaying Called No Crime

ST. HELFNS, Ore., Aug. 23—(AP)—A coroner's jury here today decided that no crime was committed when Oscar Chapman, 65, shot and killed Warren Albo, 35, in an argument here Saturday night in Chapman's houseboat. The jury concluded that Albo had been troublesome and quarrelsome and that Chapman had warned him to stay away. August coal special, \$13.00 per ton. Med. Fuel Co., Tel. 631.

TAILSIN TOMMY—Speed's Trying To "Get Even!"



BOUND TO WIN—The Robbery!



S'MATTER POP—Ambrose's Helpful Hint



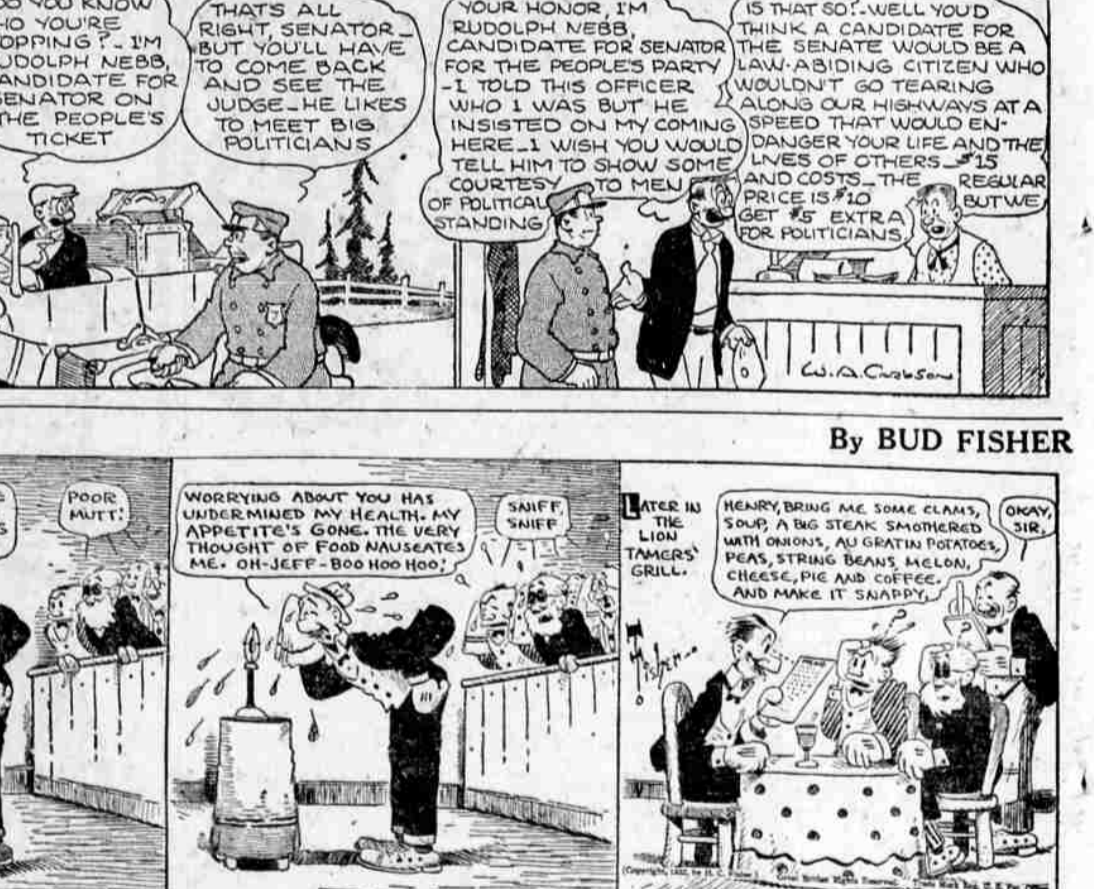
THE NEBBS—That's Who I Am



MUTT AND JEFF—Oh, Mutt!



BRINGING UP FATHER



MARX BROTHER LOSES JEWELRY

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 23.—(AP)—Zeppo Marx, one of the four Marx brothers of screen and stage, reported to the sheriff's office today his Hollywood apartment had been burglarized of jewelry valued at \$37,600. Marx said the loss was discovered when he and Mrs. Marx returned from their Malibu Beach cottage shortly after midnight. The apartment had been ransacked and the jewels taken from a drawer in Mrs. Marx's dressing room, he said. The two, accompanied by Gouverneur Morris, the novelist, and other friends, had been at the beach cottage since Saturday afternoon.

PICCARD WRITING BOOK ON FLIGHTS

DESSENZANO, Italy, Aug. 23.—(AP)—Professor Auguste Piccard, who has ascended twice to the stratosphere, is writing a book about his excursions he disclosed today, but he will not go up again because he is "getting too old." Today he and Madame Piccard left here for Zurich. Charles Kipfer, Professor Piccard's companion on the first stratosphere flight last year, will be in charge of another planned for next summer, from the shore of Hudson's Bay. The professor himself will give considerable time meanwhile to preparations of his book.

BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF—Oh, Mutt!



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