Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Nan and Cynthia Forsyth are in a hopeless tangle. Cynthia desperately loves a man but they can't marry because of their poverty. Nan dreams of romance with Jervis Weare who doesn't even know her. Nan is a typist in a lawyer's office of which Jervis is a wealthy client. At least he will be wealthy when he inherits his grandfather's fortune, but Jervis must marry within three months and a day after the old man's death. He is engaged to his cousin Rosamund Carew who gets a thrill by postponing the wedding until the last possible moment, now dangerously near. Rosamund will inherit the Weare fortune if Jervis fails to marry within the deadline.

Chapter 3

"WE'VE BEEN PUPPETS"

NAN was very tired when she got back to the office. Cynthia was loving and sweet and gentle, but she was a dead weight, and there were times when it took the very last of Nan's strength to carry it.

She found Miss Villiers on her knees in the file room sorting papers after her own peculiarly languid and dilatory fashion.

"No, dear, I haven't found it. But I've had a perfectly lovely idea for making up that length of georgette I got— Oh dear, you're not going! I was sure you'd give me a hand when you got back."

The outer door was flung open and Jervis Weare strode through the room.

"I've got the Harrington deeds to type," said Nan.

She took off her hat, sat down to the typewriter, and passed with relief into a formal world of set, correct phrases and stilted repetitions.

Mr. Page came in presently.

"Feeling all right again, Miss Forsyth?"

Nan began to feel less tired. It wasn't work that tired you; it was fighting with yourself and trying to carry someone else all the time. If Cynthia would only get a job. But standing in a shop tired her feet, and typing made her back ache, and she didn't seem to be able to manage children. Besides—

And then suddenly the outer door was flung open and Jervis Weare strode through the room, wrenched at the handle of Mr. Page's sanctum, and disappeared, slamming the door behind him. Nan had the feeling that he had taken the room in his stride without seeing it, or anything in it. Then his voice struck harshly on her ears in a violent oath.

She stood up, shaking a little. He had slammed the door so violently that it had latched and then unlatched itself. It stood now an inch ajar, and she could hear Mr. Page's startled exclamation.

"Mr. Jervis! What has happened? I beg of you!"

Nan stood still in the middle of the floor. It was most clearly her duty to close the door. She heard Jervis Weare go tramping through the room beyond; and as he tramped he swore in a steady bitter flow; not speaking loudly, but with a deadly effect of weighing every word.

"Mr. Jervis! Mr. Jervis! I beg of you! Something has happened—I beg that you will tell me what has happened. I—I—Mr. Jervis!"

There was a silence. Then Jervis said in quite a quiet, low voice:

"Rosamund's thrown me over."

Mr. Page exclaimed. Nan did not know what he said. It was just a sound to her; it left no mark. Jervis Weare spoke again.

"She's thrown me over."

He said it twice. And then he laughed, still on that low, quiet tone; only just at the end it broke sharply, harshly, and so ceased.

"Miss Carew? Dear, dear—how's this? Mr. Jervis, I—I—" Mr. Page stopped, commanded himself, and took up the last word again. "I am very much distressed at this. Is it—is it irremediable?"

"Oh, quite," said Jervis Weare.

Mr. Page went across the room to the window, halted, and came back again. Then his professional voice, grave and concerned:

"Sit down, won't you? Yes—it will be better. This is a very serious matter, I don't mean only personally—though, as I am sure you know, you have my deep sympathy. But there is another aspect—" He stopped as if he balked at this aspect to which he alluded. "This—this unfortunate breach has a consequence which may not have occurred to you, and cannot have occurred to Miss Carew."

Nan seemed to see Jervis still standing with the office table between him and Mr. Page.

Half a minute went by. Then Jervis said harshly:

"You think not?"

Mr. Page coughed.

"Mr. Weare, I am obliged to point out that the terms of your grandfather's will make this breach a most serious matter. I am bound to tell you this, and to ask whether there is not any chance of—in short, a reconciliation."

Another measure of silence, and then Mr. Page breaking it.

"Mr. Weare—will you tell me what has happened? I am in ignorance. How can I advise you? Since you have come to me, I must suppose that you want my advice."

"No," said Jervis Weare—"not your advice, Mr. Page."

"Then what do you want?"

"I will tell you." He spoke now in a cold, composed tone.

"You say that I'm probably not aware of my position. That's a mistake. If I'm not married within three months of my grandfather's death, Miss Carew—" the name halted him— "Miss Carew steps into my shoes. You talk about a quarrel. There hasn't been any quarrel, nothing but a polite note to say she's very sorry but she finds she can't marry me after all. My grandfather died on the fifteenth of May. This is the thirteenth of August. She wouldn't hear of being married before the fourteenth. She said it would give us both a pleasant thrill to feel we were running it so fine."

"No, no," said Mr. Page. "No, no—don't tell me the thing was planned!"

"And you've been a lawyer for forty years! Planned! Of course it was planned! And we've just been puppets—damned cardboard dolls—while Rosamund has pulled the strings and laughed at us. Why did he put that clause into his will? You don't know, and I don't know—but Rosamund knows, and now she's played the dirty trick she thinks she can get away with it and scoop the lot. Well, I'm damned if she will!"

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Nan makes a sudden and daring decision in tomorrow's installment.

TRAIN WRECKERS FAIL OF PURPOSE

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 24. — (AP)—Two attempts to wreck fast passenger trains of the Missouri Pacific and Rock Island railroads by blowing them up with dynamite were disclosed today by police.

The Memphis-Californian of the Rock Island exploded a bomb under the trackz early today and a section of rails was torn up but the blast failed to wreck the train.

Late last night a limited train of the Missouri Pacific ran over a huge deposit of dynamite but it did not explode because of a faulty cap.

Free Picture of your baby made by Shangle if you purchase a $1 Baby Dress, etc., from Wurts Gifts. Prizes for the mothers.

Permanent waves $1.95, wet finger waves 25c. Prevost Beauty Shop, 16 Laurel. Phone 727-J.

GIRL CHARTERS PLANE TO DIE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24. — (AP) —A young woman—Miss Marjorie Fletcher — jumped to her death from an airplane today between here and Annapolis, Md., and searchers sought her body near Edgewater Beach.

Miss Fletcher chartered the plane with Pilot Roger Scott at the controls.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McConoughy, with whom she lived here, told an airport official Miss Fletcher had been despondent over her failure to obtain employment.

RUMMAGE SALE—Closing out sale at the Thrift Shop. Everything to go. Come in and fit the children out in clothes for school. Place, over Woolworth's store.

Graves' Jewelry Shop, now located 41 So. Front.

LOAN PROPOSED TO BUILD SPANS

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 24. — (AP) — A proposal that the state highway commission negotiate with the federal reconstruction finance corporation for a loan of $2,000,000 for the construction of four major bridges on the Oregon Coast highway, is under consideration by the commission, it was revealed today. The suggestion was made at a meeting of the commission last night but decision was deferred until more definite information is in hand relative to the terms on which the money can be borrowed.

Should the money be made available it would be used to bridge waters on which ferry operation now costs $110,000 annually.

Three tier body fir, $5.25. Quality and measure guaranteed. Med. Fuel Co., Tel. 631.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Two Bandits Captured!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—The Cold, Gray Dawn

By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—Bad News For A Hungry Boy

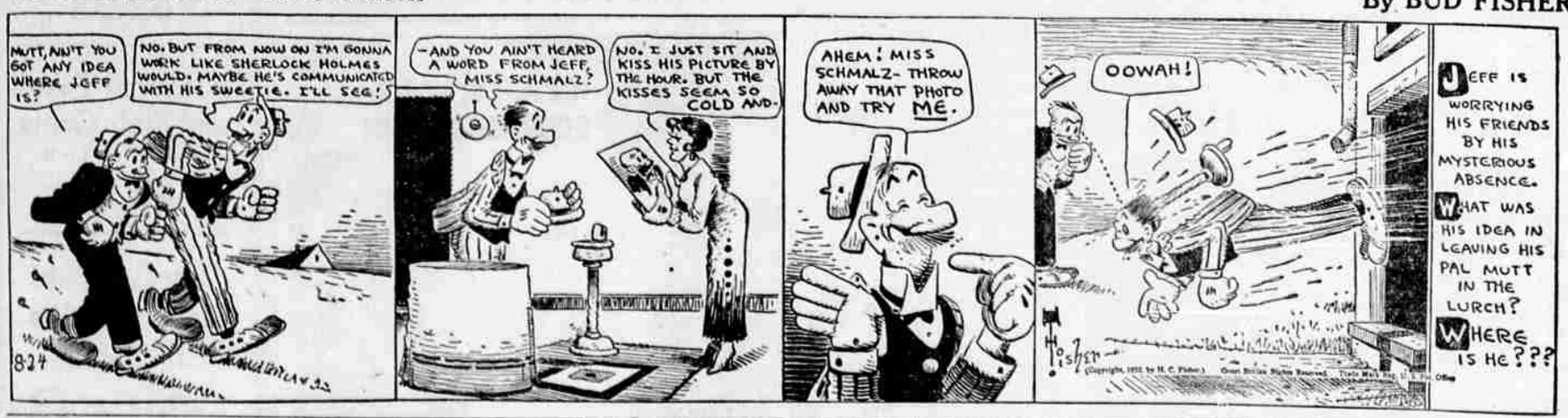
By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—The Home Coming

By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—*Some* Conceit

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

KIWANIS LEADERS CHOSEN AT MEET

BELLINGHAM, Wash., Aug. 24. — (AP)—Indications today were that Seaside, Ore., would be awarded the 1933 Pacific northwest district convention of the Kiwanis club. John B. Goff, Tacoma, and Claude W. Barrick, Tillamook, Ore., are seeking the district governorship.

Lieutenant governors nominated, and whose elections are practically assured, are Marvin S Allyn, Bellingham; James W. Gilman, Seattle; Dr. John Gilknitter, Enumclaw; Charles F. Rogers, Ilwaco, Wash.; Hal Holmes, Ellensburg; Howard W. Cooper, Lewiston, Idaho; Guy H. Johnston, Pendleton, Ore.; Walter E. Potter, Portland; E. J. Page, The Dalles, Ore.; and John H Huston, Klamath Falls, Ore.

The convention closed last night.

SLICED TOMATOES CAUSE OF KILLING

RICHMOND, Ind., Aug. 24. — (AP) Mrs. Nellie Kumler, housekeeper, confessed to Sheriff Herbert Ellison today she shot and killed Mrs. Elanore Gunsaulle, common-law wife of Guy Gunsaulle, at the Gunsaulle home.

Mrs. Kumler related events and circumstances leading up to the actual firing of the shots last week and the burial of the dead woman in a shallow grave at the Gunsaulle home near Billinsville.

Mrs. Kumler said the killing followed a tussle for a gun with which Mrs. Gunsaulle had threatened her.

Mrs. Kumler said she and Mrs. Gunsaulle had quarreled last Wednesday, the dispute arising over a dish of sliced tomatoes which Mrs. Kumler had thrown out.