

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

FOR SALE \$10,000

SYNOPSIS: Just after marrying Jervis Wearo and accepting \$10,000 for it, Nan Forsyth sees the photograph of a man she has hated and learned for ten years in Jervis' room. She believes the man, Fred, is her murderer. Jervis' marriage tears her heart, for she loves Jervis dearly yet knows he considers her only as a means of saving the fortune left him by his grandfather from Rosamund Carew, his former fiancée.

Chapter I

A LIFE ENDANGERED

CYNTHIA was married on August 20 and on the 22nd she sailed with Frank Walsh for Australia. He was to be there for six months and then return to take up the job for partnership which Cynthia's ten thousand dollars had made possible.

Nan went to the boat to see them off. She was dutifully kissed by Frank, and rather perfunctorily by Cynthia. She walked back to a room strewn with all the odds and ends which had not been worth taking to Australia, with the feeling that she had come to a dead end. She was married, and Cynthia was married. She had lost her job. Cynthia didn't want her any more. Jervis Wearo certainly didn't want her.

She tidied the room, and then sat down to face the future. She had been married six days, but it was the first time she had really had

East Sixty-fifth street. It was, of course, very improbable that she would learn anything by doing so. It was irrational to expect to learn anything. It was irrational to want to see Rosamund.

She walked through Sixty-fifth street. The door of No. 29 was shut, and the blinds were down. When Nan had walked to the end of the block, she turned back. This made it necessary for her to pass No. 29 again. She stood still and looked at the house. Something came to her from it—she didn't know quite what it was, but she didn't like it.

As this thought went through her mind, she saw a taxi coming up the street towards her. The taxi stopped in front of No. 29. Without conscious plan, she whisked round behind the taxi and was in time to see Rosamund Carew emerge and mount the steps which led to No. 29. Nan received an impression of height, grace, and brilliance. Rosamund went up the steps, and a man got out of the car and followed her.

Nan leaned sideways against the taxi. She tried to step back, and the pavement lifted under her foot. The man was Robert Leonard. After ten years, she was just as sure of that as she was that when she had seen him last he had just struck down Jervis Wearo and left him to drown.



Nan saw Rosamund and a man go up the steps. The man was Robert Leonard.

time to think. To get Cynthia married, to buy Cynthia's outfit, and to get her off by the same boat as Frank, had taken every bit of her thought and time and energy. It was characteristic of Cynthia that she had not even asked what Nan was going to do. For the moment her consciousness was so saturated with Frank as to be unable to take in anything else. She had gone as completely, if not as irrevocably, into another world as if she had died.

Some day she would come back. Some day she would probably want Nan again. But Nan was not able to derive a great deal of comfort from this thought. She had mothered Cynthia ever since Cynthia was born and she, a baby of three, had cuddled the now baby in her small strong arms.

When she had sat on the edge of the bed for about half an hour, she got up, put on her hat, and went out. It had become clear to her that she must have a job—and jobs do not just drop into your lap; you have to go out and wrestle for them.

When she had been to three agencies, she felt better. None of the agencies had anything to offer her, but one of them had asked whether she would care to make a voyage to South America in charge of children. She toyed with the idea over a cup of tea. It was not without its charm. Very, very badly she felt the need of someone to look after.

What she really wanted to do was to look after Jervis Wearo. She wondered if he was sleeping better. She wondered if he had left town. She wondered who darned his socks. She wondered if he was very much in love with Rosamund Carew. She wondered where the tall, fair Rosamund was now, in town, or in the country? It would be quite easy to find out. She knew Rosamund's address well enough, since she had often taken letters to her for Mr. Page.

She paid her bill at the tea-room and walked slowly along. It would be quite easy for her to walk down

Nan stood behind the car, waiting for her strength to return. In an instant, Robert Leonard ran down the steps. Nan saw him for a moment in profile, and then the car was between them. He wore a light felt hat and a grey suit. His face was florid and tanned. He had a small fair clipped moustache and a straight line of light eyebrow. The eyelids beneath it had a crumpled look.

Nan pressed close up against the car. She did not want Robert Leonard to see her. He must be a cousin of Miss Carew's—she remembered that Rosamund was Rosamund Veronica Leonard—there was nothing odd that he should be with her. And then Robert Leonard's voice:

"It's the four-fifteen all right. You'll have to hurry. Let him come out of the ferry house and get well away. He's sure to walk—he has a craze for exercise."

"And supposin' he takes a taxi—what then?" This was the driver, in hoarse, throaty voice.

"You must do the best you can," said Leonard impatiently.

He turned away. The driver's voice followed him.

"Look here, cap'n, I'm not so keen on this job as I was."

Leonard turned round again.

"Take it or leave it!" he said.

"Twenty-five hundred dollar's twenty-five hundred dollar's," said the hoarse, complaining voice.

"Exactly."

"And jai's jail."

"Well," said Leonard carelessly, "you needn't touch it if you don't want to."

"Oh, I'll do it," said the driver. "I'm a man of my word, I am."

Nan heard the whirr of the starter. Her knees were shaking. The taxi began to move. It slipped away, leaving her shelterless.

Robert Leonard, with his back to her, was mounting the steps of No. 29.

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Nan makes a mad dash to save a life, tomorrow, and meets an important person.

DRY ICE TRUCKS HAULING SALMON

NEWPORT, Aug. 29.—(Sp.)—A new and valuable market for fresh fish has been reached by the Newport Fish company, which is now sending about 20,000 pounds of fresh salmon each week by refrigerator trucks to Los Angeles. This contact was made only recently and the truck line from this end is owned by a Toledo man, but this week the Los Angeles dealers sent one of their own trucks here for a load. The fish are packed in boxes and loaded into compartments with dry-ice refrigeration and arrive in Los Angeles absolutely fresh. The trucks travel night and day, so the trip is made in quick time. At present low prices in Los Angeles people are enjoying Oregon salmon at a cost they can well afford, and Newport is finding an outlet for a surplus product.

JAPAN'S COLONIES ON AMAZON GROW

RIO DE JANEIRO.—(AP)—Within a few years Japanese colonists along the Amazon will number 20,000, predicts Dr. Kinrok Awanu, who has just taken 65 Japanese agricultural experts to the Amazon to study for a year and then instruct colonists.

T. Uyatuka, Japanese financier and politician, is director of the colonization project, which includes concessions of more than 2,500,000 acres. The colonists engage in various types of tropical agriculture and have experienced considerable success with pine, rice and fruits.

Technicians for the Brazilian developments are being trained by the Japanese government's colonization school.

PHYSICAL NEEDS OF SCHOOL CHILD SHOULD BE EYED

With the opening of another school year close at hand, the Oregon State Board of Health is again reminding parents of the state that children must be physically equipped to undertake this new work.

The warning letter addressed to health officers in all towns in Oregon reads in part:

"Physical handicaps may lead to mental handicaps, with the result that such children will fail to make as rapid progress in school as they otherwise would. Due to diseased adenoids or abscessed teeth—common infections of childhood—a child may fail to gain weight properly or perhaps be ill. At the time of illness it may be that nothing can be done to correct the defect and it is necessary to wait until the child's physical condition is such that the correction can be made.

"Having recovered from his illness, the parents often postpone the correction in the hope that there will not be a recurrence of illness. The child thus goes along with his abscessed teeth or diseased tonsils, perhaps without any acute illness, for some months until finally it is discovered that he has developed a far more serious condition, such as heart trouble.

"Sufficient time remains before the opening of school to correct minor defects so common in pre-school children. If a child needs glasses, there is plenty of time to have the eyes tested and time enough for the child to become accustomed to his glasses if action is taken at once. If the child needs his tonsils or adenoids removed, there is sufficient time to have it done and for the child to regain his normal health and possibly to improve before school begins.

"When the child goes to school he is thrown in contact with larger numbers of children than ever before and is, therefore, more likely to be exposed to communicable diseases. No parent should even consider sending a child to school without giving him protection against two serious communicable diseases, namely, diphtheria and smallpox."

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Four Out Of Six!

MAKING A SURE SHOT IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT OF A PARACHUTE FLARE, THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, BARRY, SAVED TOMMY'S LIFE BY DOWNING A BANDIT WHO HAD DRAWN A BEAD ON TOMMY AT CLOSE RANGE. THREE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GANG HAVE BEEN CAPTURED, BUT THE LEADER IS STILL AT LARGE AND THE STOLEN MAIL HAS NOT YET BEEN RECOVERED.

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ONE OF TH BANDITS SQUEALED. THERE ARE SIX OF THEM IN THE GANG. THE LEADER'S NAME IS SLICKER NEMPHILA.

SOUNDS LIKE A FLOWER—BUT HE'S JUST DEVIL GRASS TO ME.

THEY MUST HAVE HEADED STRAIGHT DOWN INTO DEATH CANYON.

THAT'S WHERE THE SHOOTING WAS WE HEARD A FEW MINUTES AGO. WATCH THINGS HERE, RUSS! I'M GOING DOWN THERE.

OKAY, YOUNGSTER, BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!

SOMEBOY'S COMING UP THE TRAIL. THE WAY HE'S MAKING THE GRAVEL FLY THERE MUST BE A PANTHER AFTER HIM—OR SKETER.

BOUND TO WIN—Good Losers

SAY, HE'S A BANDY, BEN. WERE'D YOU HOOK HIM?

OVER IN DEVILISH BAY—ONE THING IS CERTAIN, JONATHAN—WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT FOOD WHILE WE WAIT FOR A BIG FEET TO COME BACK.

WELL, THAT'S A BLESSING, BEN.

YOU BET IT IS! ALL THE EMERALDS IN THE WORLD WOULDN'T COOK A FISH ON SHORE FOR OUR DINNER IF WE DIDN'T HAVE A HOOK AND LINE AND BAIT.

OH, EXCUSE ME, JONATHAN! I FORGOTTEN YOU HAD ASKED ME TO BEEN PLAIN GLASS NOT TO MENTION THE EMERALDS AGAIN.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOY—THE EMERALDS MIGHT JUST AS WELL O' BEEN PLAIN GLASS SO FAR AS DOIN' ME ANY GOOD WAS CONCERNED!

IF I HAD 'EM, THOUGH, BEN, I'D GIVE A COUPLE O' PECKS O' 'EM. RIGHT NOW, TO BE BACK ON THE OLD FARM, BEIN' A MILLIONAIRE AINT WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE 'SPECIALLY WHEN YOU LET YOUR MILLIONS SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS AS FAST AS I DID!

S'MATTER POP—In Debt

THREE PENNIES IS A LOT OF MONEY THESE DAYS YOU SHOULD FEEL RICH.

THANKS.

OH! I SEE YA HAVE MONEY. LOAN ME A NICKEL TILL JATURDAY!

BUT I ONLY HAVE THREE CENTS.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT YOU YIN OWE ME TWO!

POP, I DON'T FEEL SO RICH NOW!

HUH?

I OWE AMBROSE TWO CENTS!

AWK!

THE NEBBS—On The Square

IT IS TO BE REMEMBERED THAT IT WAS THROUGH CAESAR HEIT, THE POLITICAL BOSS, THAT NEBB GOT THE NOMINATION FOR SENATOR BY THE PEOPLES PARTY.

I PICKED YOU BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE JUST THE KIND OF A MAN WHO CAN BE ELECTED AT THIS TIME—THE PEOPLE ARE TIRED OF POLITICAL PROMISES—THEY'LL BELIEVE THEM FROM ONE WHO NEVER MADE ONE OR BROKE ONE.

I WENT INTO THIS THING WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT I'LL PLAY SQUARE WITH THE PEOPLE—I DON'T WANT TO PROMISE A THING I CAN'T MAKE GOOD—I JUST WON'T FOOL THE PEOPLE!

SUPPOSING YOU MAKE ONLY THOSE PROMISES THAT YOU CAN MAKE GOOD AND YOU'RE NOT ELECTED? WHAT GOOD ARE THEY?—PROMISE EVERYTHING AND IF YOU'RE ELECTED YOU CAN MAKE SOME OF THEM GOOD. AND AS FOR FOOLING THE PEOPLE YOU CAN ONLY FOOL THEM OUT OF A VOTE APIECE.

AND PERHAPS THEY WOULDN'T DO MUCH BETTER IF THEY VOTED FOR THE OTHER CANDIDATE.

MUTT AND JEFF—Introducing Jeff's Twin Brother

A LETTER FOR YOU, MISTAH JULIUS!

THANKS, CLARANCE.

IT'S FROM MY TWIN-BROTHER JEFF. HE SAYS MUTT IS GETTING TOO HOT ON HIS TRAIL AND HE WANTS ME TO GO AROUND AND MAKE MUTT THINK I'M JEFF. MUTT DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT ME, I'LL DO IT!

A REPORT FROM THE DETECTIVE AGENCY—THEY SAY THEY'RE ALMOST READY TO LAY HANDS ON JEFF AND—

CRASH!

HELLO—MUTT!

JEFF! WHAT'S THAT?

JULIUS—THE STRONGEST LITTLE MAN IN THE WORLD!

BRINGING UP FATHER

DON'T TELL ME MR. ARTIE CHOKE ISN'T A FINE GENTLEMAN—HELL MAKE AN IDEAL SECRETARY. DON'T YOU DARE TO DISCHARGE HIM!

HE DOESN'T SHOW UP OFTEN ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET A CHANCE TO FIRE HIM. I WANT I WUZ OUT OF THE RACE FOR MAYOR.

MR. ARTIE CHOKE IS HERE AN WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU WANT TO SEE HIM.

I DON'T, BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM A FEW THINGS HE'S BEEN LOAFIN' ON THE JOB. SEND HIM IN.

WELL, I NEARLY GOT A VOTE FOR YOU YESTERDAY, BUT THE FELLOW SAID HE WOULDN'T VOTE FOR YOU.

NOW LISTEN! YOU'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THIS ELECTION FOR TWO WEEKS. HAVEN'T YOU?

BY JOVE, YES! WHEN DO I GET MY VACATION?

O-U!

BY C. M. PAYNE

BY C. M. PAYNE

BY SOL HESS

BY SOL HESS

BY BUD FISHER

BY BUD FISHER

BY GEORGE MCMANUS

BY GEORGE MCMANUS

BY EDWIN ALGER

BY EDWIN ALGER

BY GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

BY GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

BY EDWIN ALGER

BY EDWIN ALGER

BY GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

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