

# Two's Company

By MARGARET GUION HERZOG

**The Characters**  
 Nina, a nice girl with hazel hair, lets a young man she has just met at a party, drive her home.  
 David, the young man, has copper-colored hair, a beagle, an uppity new car and a refreshing nerve. He crashed the party.  
 Cordelia, Nina's closest friend, gave the party.

## Chapter Two Honey's New Husband

IT DOESN'T take very long to drive from 47th street to 74th at 4:15 in the morning, when you drive like David. As he crossed over to Park, he said wistfully: "Sure you won't have some scrambled eggs, or something? You see, I want to put off the evil moment."  
 "So it's evil... your surprise?"  
 "Rather."  
 "Um-m. Well, I really ought to go in, in a second, because Honey—that's my mother—got in from Chicago tonight, on a late train. I couldn't meet her on account of Cordelia's party, and she's just crazy enough to stay awake for me."  
 But she sat on in the car, after he had drawn up at her door.  
 The beagle puppy put two enormous paws over the back of their seat, nosed off David's battered felt hat, and then rasped across Nina's cheek with his long tongue.  
 "Well! I must say, he has more nerve than you, David." She scrubbed at herself with a handkerchief. "Tell me about him. And why do you call him Beagle? He's awfully large for a beagle, isn't he? And even if he were, you don't call a horse, Horse."  
 "Don't you? I do. In fact, I call a spade a spade... But I only found him this afternoon, no collar, or anything, and frightfully hungry. Suggest a name, then."  
 Nina regarded the hound thoughtfully.  
 "Well, he has little brown spots on him, like buttons. Why not 'Button'?"  
 "That's cunning."  
 "It's stupendous. Button he is."

**David's Confession**  
 NINA looked at David's nice clean-cut profile. The street lamp shone on his uncovered hair, and she saw that it really was copper—not red at all and straighter than you would have expected

Funny David... She let herself in.

The Stafford house, on 74th street between Madison and Park, was an old-fashioned one, with a high stoop that made you feel sort of naked and shivery as you stood up there, waiting for the maid to let you in.  
 Inside, it was as it had always been: a front living-room, and a back dining-room, with fireplaces in each, and a library on the second floor. Even the sliding doors were there, on little steel tracks; but there were no rubber plants, or statuary, or heavy velvet hangings on fat brass rods. They were lovely rooms. Queen Anne-ish. Polished floors and antique walnut pieces of rare beauty. In the high-ceilinged parlor, two chintz-covered love seats came out at right angles from the fireplace, giving a comfortable feeling to the quiet, dignified old room.  
 Nina liked it better than the library, where Honey kept adding things: a china cat on a taffeta cushion, numerous eccentric blown-glass figures, cacti, "just one more teeny little coffee table"... till it looked like a Madison Avenue store window. It was Honey's room, and Nina loved it for that reason, but it made her sort of breathless.  
 As she came in, tonight, every light in the house was burning. Well, that was like Honey, too. She looked on the hall table for a note saying: "Come in and see me, or I'll never speak to you again, as long as I live."... or something like that. But there was none. Instead there was a feeling in the air of hushed expectancy... like a surprise party, with people waiting behind portières to pop out at you.  
 Nina stood still and sniffed.  
**Something Of A Shock**  
 PRESENTLY, Honey's voice sang out from above.  
 "Is that you, Nina?... Oh, hurry, darling. Come up quickly. I've the most marvelous thing to show you. I brought it back from Chicago."  
 "Something more for the library?"  
 "No, sweet... a new husband!"  
 "My God, Honey!"  
 Nina took the steps, two at a time.

Her mother and a good looking man of middle height were waiting in the hall. Little, plump, golden Honey... with her blue eyes glowing, like bits of bright sky.  
 Nina stretched out her hands

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**The Man Who Pays and Pays**  
 Strange as it seems, Melvin J. Dunn, owner of a farm on the United States-Canadian border, pays taxes to no less than eight different governments. Taxes benefiting from Dunn's tax payments are those of the Canadian and American national governments: the province of Quebec; the state of Vermont; Orleans county, Vermont; Broome county, Quebec; and the towns of North Troy, Vermont, and Mansonville, Quebec.  
**Triple Child Marriage**  
 Oddly enough, though two-thirds of the 150 acres comprising his farm are situated on the Canadian side

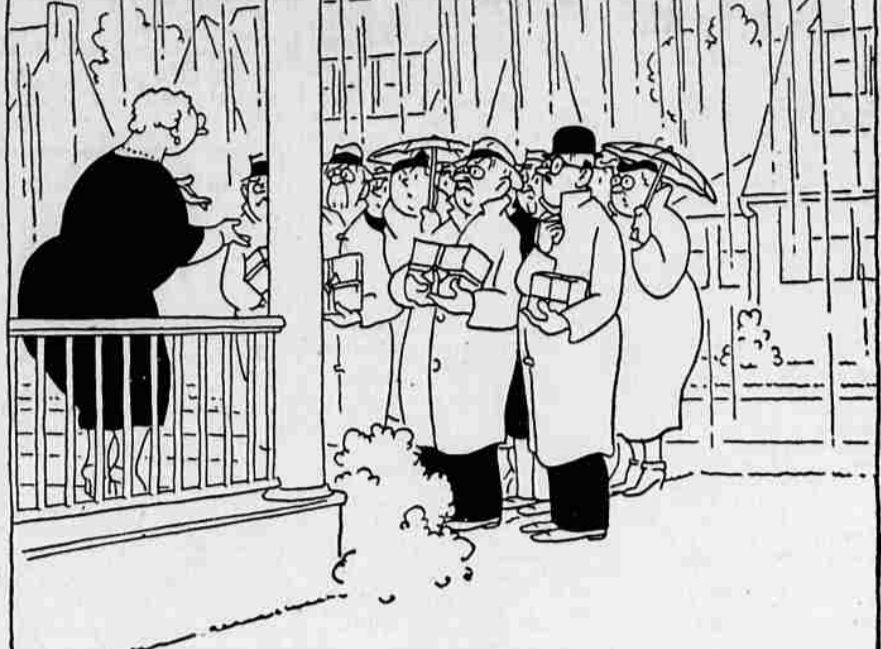
of the border, Dunn pays approximately two-thirds of the taxes on the American side. In America he pays \$245 in yearly taxes while in Canada he pays only \$120.  
 Writes Mr. Dunn: "Our barn is located right on the boundary line. On the American side of the barn we keep 30 cows and sell milk from these at Newport, Vt. On the Canadian side we keep 10 Durham cows, cream from these being sold at Mansonville, Quebec.  
**Historical Society Elects**  
 PORTLAND, Oct. 25.—(AP)—Lewis A. McArthur, distinguished Oregon historian and author and member of a pioneer family, became president of the Oregon Historical society today.  
**WINDOW GLASS**—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works

**Convict Extradited**  
 SALEM, Ore., Oct. 25. (AP)—Governor Charles H. Martin today authorized the extradition of Art Lindsey, who is wanted at Sacramento, Calif., on a charge of second degree burglary. He is now serving a term in the Oregon state penitentiary here.  
**Accused Return**  
 EUREKA, Cal., Oct. 25.—(AP)—Sheriff Arthur A. Ross said today James Percival, 23, and his brother,

Alfred, 20, of Tacoma had waived extradition to South Bend, Wash., and will be returned there for trial on charges of car theft.  
**Ask Uniforms Signs**  
 PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 25.—(AP)—A uniform system of traffic signs advanced here will make "safe thinking" identical for motorists in any section of the state.  
 Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



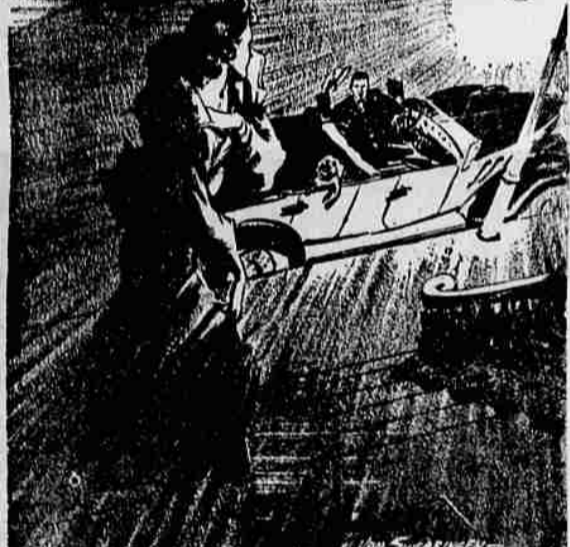
GLUYAS WILLIAMS  
Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

## S'MATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE



Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.



that color to be... just a suggestion of a wave. His eyes were brown like her own, and clear and honest-looking.  
 She sighed.  
 "I really must go in. Spill it, David."  
 "O. K. Well, as I have no intention of going out of your life, I may as well be frank. I'm a fake and a phony... not to say a heel. I crashed that party tonight."  
 Nina raised her eyebrows.  
 "No!" she breathed. "Why, I hadn't the faintest suspicion!"  
 "I was transacting a little business with a man at the Ritz—saw the festivities—and popped in. And that brings me to the next thing: this isn't my car, at all, Nina. It's a demonstrator. I'm an automobile salesman."  
 Nina didn't bat an eye.  
 "Are you a successful one?"  
 "Not very."  
 "Are you trying to sell me this little number?" She remembered his puerile praise.  
 "No... But it's an idea."  
 She said: "Come round for a cocktail tomorrow."  
 And he gasped: "Nina!" and grinned; and she ran up the steps.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Danger Ahead for Tommy and Betty!

By HAL FORREST



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Meeting

By EDWIN ALCOO



## THE NEBBS—The Beauty Builder

By SOL HESS



Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

## MOTOR PROSPECTS PLANE DISASTER NEXT YEAR ROSY INQUIRY CALLED

NEW YORK, Oct. 25. (AP)—Motor car manufacturers today looked toward another "good" year in 1938 as they prepared to present their new models at the 38th national automobile show here Wednesday.  
 As the first of the tarpaulin-covered beauties were wheeled into the exposition hall, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board of General Motors corporation, and K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler corporation, issued statements predicting the motor industry would continue its contributions to national prosperity.  
 Previous showings of the new cars indicated that while there were numerous mechanical improvements, all making for added safety, ease and economy of operation, the greatest stress has been upon "eye appeal."  
 Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 25. (AP)—

The federal government's investigation of America's worst airplane disaster in which 19 persons lost their lives last Sunday, will open here Tuesday. Miller C. Foster, department of commerce official, announced today.  
**New CCG Camp**  
 PORTLAND, Oct. 25.—(AP)—The federal bureau of biological survey received word from Washington today announcing the establishment of a CCG camp at Pusch, Lake county, for development of the Hart mountain game refuge.  
**Traffic Deaths Mount**  
 PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 25.—(AP)—The death of J. D. Sanford, 89, struck down by a motorcycle yesterday, sent Portland's traffic fatalities to 64 for the police year.