Two's Company

By MARGARET GUION HERZOG

The Characters

Nina, *a nice girl with flaxen hair.*

Honey, *Nina's plump, youthful mother, brings home a new husband.*

Richard, *Nina's stepfather, is charming, poised, dark-haired, well-tailored and Honey's junior by 10 years.*

David, *a young auto salesman, meets Nina at a party he crashed and drives her home. He has copper hair and an engaging manner.*

Cordelia, *Nina's closest friend.*

Chapter Six

David 'Gets It' Wrong

AS NINA passed the telephone in the hall, it rang and she lifted the receiver.

It was David Day.

"Oh, hello David. How's Button?"

"He's fine . . . and I'm very well too, thank you for asking."

After all the serious thoughts that had been filling her brain, his foolishness was refreshing—like a drink of cool water, on a hot day.

She said: "Oh, I'm splendid, thanks, since you ask."

David's foolishness was refreshing—like cool water on a hot day.

"Good. And now that our healths are an established fact, do you still want us to call this afternoon?"

"You and Button? Will you tell him to keep a civi tongue in his head? . . . Oh, listen, David, I just thought . . . could you make it some other day? A million things have come up since I saw you. . . ." She didn't feel like broadcasting Honey's news, without asking her.

He interrupted: "Can't I be one of them?"

But she said she was afraid not.

"O. K. I get it, Pal. I get it."

"Don't be a sap, David."

"I—won't."

"Give me a ring tomorrow?"

"Oh, sure. Sure."

"David. . . ."

But he had said: "Goodby," and hung up.

Nina stood, frowning, for a minute, and then continued on her way.

No Diet, No Dye

HONEY was sitting propped up in her double bed, all radiant and white and goldy, like a Christmas-tree angel.

Nina felt a little embarrassed.

Honey was 44. She kept her hair its original flaxen color with some sort of an egg shampoo; and she had occasional facials, when she was worn out from running around not doing much of anything . . . but that was all she did to herself. Her skin was pink and smooth, but when you looked at it closely you could see definite little wrinkles under her blue eyes. There was a distinct line, too, just under the point of her chin, with fullness below . . . but somehow, on Honey, it only looked cunning. She wore clothes that were inclined to be frilly, but in perfectly good taste for a woman of 44, and she was the youngest looking thing you ever laid your eyes on.

She was the despair of those of her friends who dieted, and dyed and made themselves up into a semblance of youth. Hers came from within . . . and they couldn't compete with that.

"Darling! Come over here and sit down. I'm glad we're going to have a minute alone together."

So was Nina.

And then her mother said a very extraordinary thing . . . for her.

"You know, baby, I have the feeling that last night we were all play-acting."

Nina's eyes opened so wide that she had to blink quickly. She didn't want Honey to see how astonished she was. Daddy's words came back to her: "If he was the right man, your mother would be a different person. . . ."

"There were so many things I wanted to say to you, and just—didn't, somehow. I do so want you to be happy about this new marriage of mine, darling. I think your father would be. . . ."

Nina reached over, took the soft plump hand that lay on the counterpane.

"I know he would be, Honey dear; and I'm happy, if you are."

"And I wanted to tell you that it won't—couldn't—come between us, in any way, baby! or interfere with your life."

Nina said: "Silly, I hadn't ever thought of that."

"You wouldn't think of yourself! . . . Of course you hardly know Richard yet at all, but you'll adore him in no time—the way I did—the way everybody does."

"Bridget has succumbed already."

"Has she? That's nice. Bridget can be so difficult."

Nina smiled at the memory of the maid's dour face at breakfast. And then she smiled even more broadly, because Honey had apparently exhibited enough new qualities for one morning, and was back to normal again.

It Was A Madhouse

SHE began to scribble down lists of things that had to be done before she left, on the backs of envelopes that had come in the morning's mail; and then she said: "Oh, let's clear away this mess!" and tore them all up, and couldn't remember what she had written. She made little ineffectual motions with her soft, plump hands, and begged Nina to help her.

The papers and lists of friends to be notified and last minute shoppings. . . . The whole day went like that. It was a madhouse.

Telephone calls, and flowers and bundles, and reporters, and more telephone calls.

Cordelia had whooped with excitement over the wire, and promised to come in to lunch the next day, when the honeymooners were off, and things were quieter.

When Nina had waved her last wave at the night train for Hot Springs, she sighed a sigh of the most devastating fatigue, and returned to a house that was a heaven of calm.

. . . . .

Cordelia Thorpe was a year older than Nina. She was as dark as her friend was fair, and this year she had gone in for a soft wavy bang across her white forehead.

In tableaux and charity fashion shows, wherever it was possible, they were exploited as a team—the perfect complement, one for the other. Nina seemed doomed to Bride roles, and Ice Maidens; while Cordelia had been Maid of Honor, and Queen of the Night, so many times that she didn't even have to go to rehearsals.

In their débutante year, they had usually called up and found out what the other was wearing, so as to go well together; but they were pretty sick of it now, and of compliments, too. That was probably one of the reasons why Nina had liked David so—instantly, because he had been rude to her, for a change. And, by the way, where was he? He hadn't phoned.

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Nina runs into Button on the street Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Saved By a Beetle

Were it not for the ladybird beetle, California probably would have no citrus fruit industry. About the time California's orange trees first started to flourish an unwelcome immigrant arrived from Australia, the Icerya, a scale insect. Multiplying by the millions and spreading like wild fire through out the state, the insect wreaked havoc on the citrus groves, sucking away the trees' sap. For a while it looked like the entire citrus industry was doomed.

Unable to find an adequate method with which to cope with the onslaught of the Icerya, citrus raisers turned over the problem to the government. A group of scientists was hastily sent to Australia in search of a natural enemy of the havoc-wreaking insect. The search was short. Among the orange trees there was found the ladybird beetle, ravenously devouring every Icerya to be found. A quantity of the insect warriors were imported to California and loosed. Reproducing rapidly, the ladybird beetles did such a complete job of wiping out the Icerya that in so doing they very nearly became extinct themselves for lack of food. Their only form of diet is the insect which they had been brought to California to destroy. Today the Icerya is no threat at all to California's citrus trees, but in the event that they should spread again, a shock troop of ladybirds is being kept at Sacramento in readiness to do battle.

Pigmy Newspaper Plant

If an employe of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News were to swallow some magic bexerage and be reduced to a scale of three-eights of an inch to the foot, he could walk through the entire miniature plant, built by Charles Beenau, a linotype operator, and hardly notice he wasn't in his newspaper's full-sized plant.

A marvel of miniature, the pigmy plant includes three miniature presses composed of thousands of parts, 32 linotype machinbs, and all the rest of the equipment of a modern newspaper plant. Though the presses do not actually work, they hold full-page plates, only one inch by three-fourths of an inch, that really print, that is, it behaves according to forecast. Therefore the 24-hour forecast may be depended upon.

Radio Aids Invaluable

Radio aids to navigation functioned perfectly. Pilots of both airlines received regular reports and transmitted their positions on 30-minute clockwork intervals.

Cooperation of ships on the Atlantic proved a great aid and comfort. By taking bearings from any two ships, it was simple for the pilot to double-check his position.

The bubble sextant, developed especially for air use, was equally efficient for stellar observation.

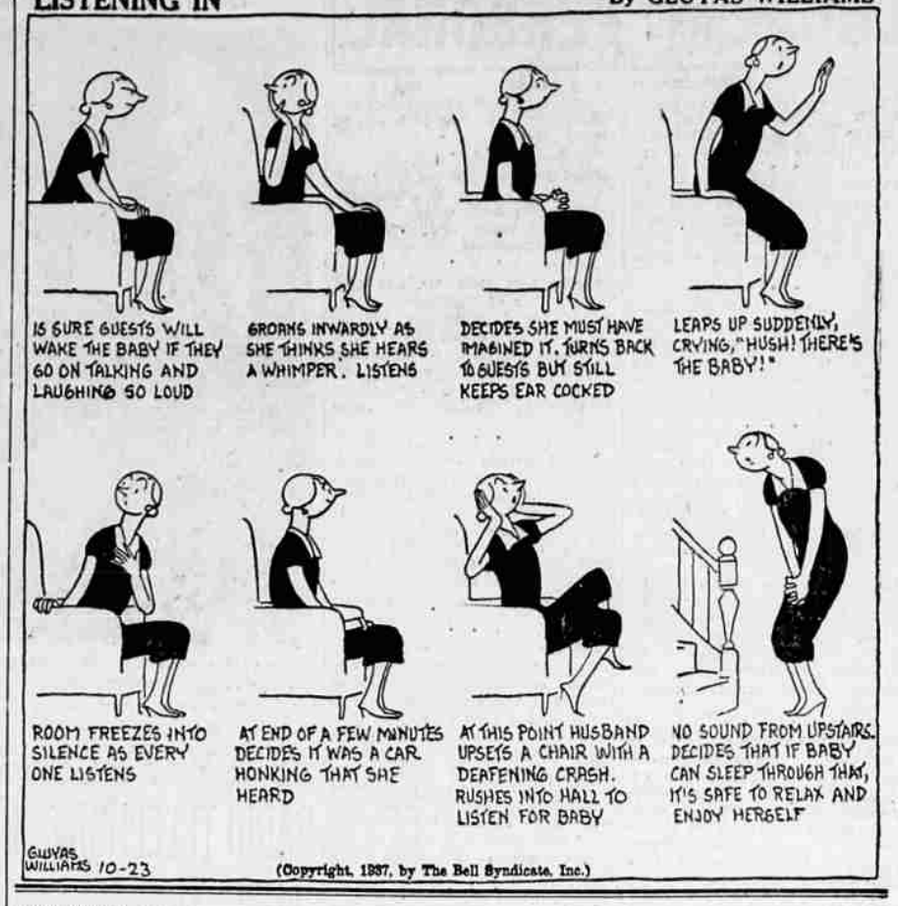
An "inquest" into the experiences of the survey commanders will be held, data will be coordinated, and schedules worked out which will provide economical as well as safe crossings by air, when mail and, later, passengers, will be carried.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

The first recorded Chinese immigrants to the United States arrived in 1848 in San Francisco.

LISTENING IN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Pete Talks!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Puzzler

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—To Be or Knot to Be?

By SOL HESS

WEATHER MAPS ON CUBE TO AID OCEAN AIRLINES

Three-Dimension Chart Is Found Need For Smooth Flying — Pilots Depend Heavily Upon Forecasts.

By Dan Rogers
(UP Staff Correspondent)

LONDON (UP)—A three-dimension map, probably in the form of a cube, like a child's building block, is one of the minor problems technicians must solve before regular trans-Atlantic flights may be performed smoothly.

Experimental survey flights by Imperial Airways and Pan-American Airways during the past summer demonstrated the paramount importance of accurate weather reports and forecasts to the pilots of the oversea aircraft. The value of radio, of course, is beyond computation in transmitting weather information after the flight has begun.

Maps Now Flat Charts

But since the overwater crossing takes only about half a day, the pilots lean heavily on the weather maps handed them at the takeoff. And these maps, at present, must express on a flat chart of Mercator's Projection weather tendencies in three dimensions. The commander must imagine he is looking at a cross-section of the air and interpret the symbols on the chart accordingly.

Experts are working on a plan whereby in future pilots will be given a large cube on which all weather data are described. Thus altitude will be shown as well as latitude and longitude when movements of air currents and temperatures are shown.

Experimental flights to date have led to these conclusions:

Atlantic weather has proved stable,