

Two's Company

By MARGARET GUION HERZOG

The Characters
 Nina, a nice girl with hazel hair.
 Honey, Nina's gay, plump, youthful mother, has brought home a new husband.
 Richard, Nina's stepfather, charming, poised, dark-haired, well-tailored and Honey's junior by 10 years.
 David, a young auto salesman, met Nina at a party he crashed. He has copper hair and an engaging manner.
 Cordelia, Nina's closest friend.

Chapter Seven Chasing Button

CORDELIA said: "We'll talk about my party at lunch, because that future Bridget will be hovering around for bits of gossip. But afterwards, you've got to give me the real low-down on Honey and her new sizzle."

So over their melon and their stuffed eggs and broccoli, they had discussed the "Evening on Montmartre." Nina had told her more about the funny young man with the copper-colored hair and what he had turned out to be, but later, upstairs in the library, they had gone straight for the business of the day.

"Now then, Nina, tell me all about this Richard Challoner, the Man of the Hour."
 "I don't know a thing, Cordelia. Not a thing, except that he's not more than 35 or 6, and frightfully good-looking."

She described him, and was surprised to notice how well she remembered every little thing about him: the way his sleek dark hair grew in points over his temples; the nice way he used his hands—lighting a cigarette—pouring drinks; the way he carried himself with an almost military stiffness... turning from the waist...

Her friend made a significant whistling sound through her lips. "I should say you knew quite a lot about him," she remarked.
 "Oh, but not the important things. When they began to compose the notice for the papers, I thought: 'Here's where little Nina gets some data...' but you saw all there was. Born in England. Member of several good clubs in different cities. Served with the Seaforth Highlanders during the war. There he is in a nutshell."

"And a hard nut to crack, if you ask me... Business?"
 "None that I know of."
 "Um-m. What's known as 'private means,' I guess... Married before?"

Nina shook her head. "I don't think so... but I don't really know, for sure."

Playing Dog Catcher

AND now tell me about Honey. Are you happy about this?—for her, Nina?"
 "Well, I may be a bit premature, but I think I caught glimpses of an

if you can!" as plainly as though he had spoken.
 Nina advanced on him, but he stood perfectly still in a queer U-shape... his hind legs facing east, his front ones west, where he had half-turned round.
 "Come here, Button!" Nina tried to sound stern, but she was laughing.
 Button proceeded to crouch, with his rump high up in the air. His tail wagged gaily, and his long salmon-colored tongue stuck out at her... insolence personified.

Every muscle in his body was taut for the leap away from her, but Button had forgotten one thing: his rope. Nina planted both her feet firmly, on the end of it, and he was snared.
 Betty Halliday caught up with them.
 "Will you—kindly—tell—me what you think you are doing. Nina. Playing dog catcher?"
 Nina said: "Meet Button, Betty. Button, the beagle. There's a young man that goes with this hound, and I want to see him."
 But no copper head appeared. Instead, what must surely have been the smallest, blackest colored boy in the world, came dashing round the corner, with the peculiar, loose-limbed agility of his race.

"Lawsie, madam," he panted. "I sure am appreciative. I sure do express my gratitude. I wouldn't like to go home without that there dawg, madam!"
 Betty Halliday was trying hard not to laugh at Nina's boy friend.
 "Oh, I see. You're taking him out for Mr. Day, are you?" asked Nina. She took an envelope out of her bag and scribbled a few words on it. "See that Button doesn't lose this, will you?" and she fastened it through the buckle on his collar.
 She had written: "Call me up, won't you, you bum?" and signed her name.

David is Terribly Busy
 WHEN David did call, he said that he was oh, so terribly, terribly busy, and that simply qua-dillions of things had come up... in fact, were likely to keep cropping up for days.
 "Now you're being mean," Nina chided him.
 So he condescended to explain that he had been sent out west to the factory to attend a special week's class in salesmanship; and was leaving again, on a trip, the next day. When he was nice, Nina was nice too, and told him about Honey's marriage, and why she hadn't been able to see him.
 David said: "Oh, did I call you before?" But he didn't fool her. "And by the way, Nina, when you were out playing girl scout to Button, why didn't you do another good deed, and buy him a decent leash?"
 "I'm sorry, David, I'll send you one." Humbly. "If you'll give me your address..."

Even this remark wasn't enough to kill the aspirations held by the young girl. Well justified was her faith in herself. The girl was the future greatest contralto of her time—the late Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

Years later, at the height of her fame, Madame Schumann-Heink returned to the Imperial Opera House at Vienna to sing. In her audience was the man who suggested her turning dressmaker.
 3-In-One-Catch
 Perhaps the best documented fish story ever told is that of the three-in-one catch of Leonard Wood, U. S. governor-general of the Philippines at the time it occurred. It is de-

scribed on an official document sealed with the Great Seal of the Philippine Islands. Wood's amazing catch took place one day in 1924 when the general was fishing off Apo Reef on the west coast of Mindoro. Feeling a small fish on his line he started to reel in when he felt a stronger pull. Starting to play his prey a bit he felt a still stronger pull. An exhausting battle ensued with the catch an eight-foot shark finally being hauled in. Opened, it was found to contain a three-foot Spanish mackerel. The mackerel was opened in turn and was found to have in it a 10-inch polka-dotted lapu lapu. The two smaller fish had been swallowed in turn while on Wood's line!

And 20,000 have been purchased by the government outright and resold to eastern buyers.
 Graduate Re-enrolls
 CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—(UP)—After 31 years Theodore Stebbins is back in school. A graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1886, Stebbins returns to take a summer course in Spectroscopy, which is now his hobby.
 Mae West quit vaudeville in 1922 to play a farce she had co-authored.

Snake Pays Jail Visit
 JEFFERSON, O.—(UP)—Perhaps because it was cold, or maybe only wanting company, a tiny garden snake wiggled its way into the county jail here to cause consternation until released—outside.
 Rivalry for influence in Korea was the cause of the Chino-Japanese war in 1894-1895.

Teach Lip Reading
 PHILADELPHIA—(UP)—Free lessons in lip reading have been instituted in city schools here. The course is open to the hard of hearing and is given in afternoon and evening classes.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



"GO HOME AND BUY A SEWING MACHINE"
 WAS THE ADVICE GIVEN MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK AFTER AN AUDITION WITH THE IMPERIAL OPERA COMPANY OF VIENNA...
 YEARS LATER SHE SANG WITH THE SAME COMPANY AS THE WORLD'S LEADING CONTRALTO!

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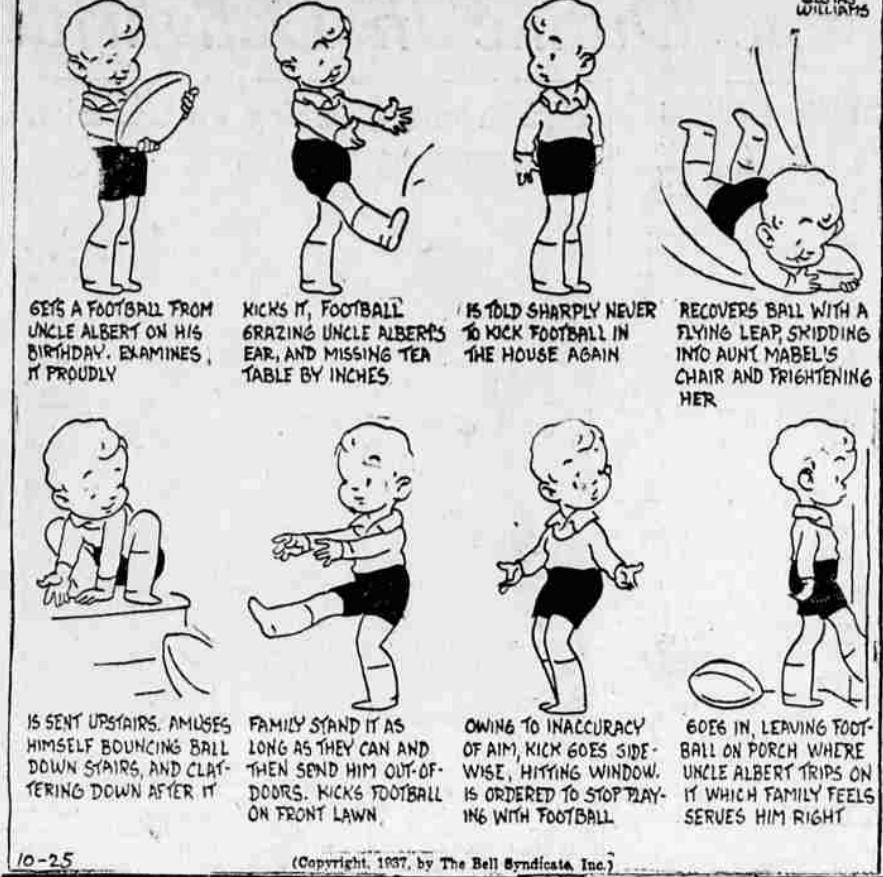
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ON A PUNT IN THE 1921 ST. STEPHEN-CONN. STATE COLLEGE GAME, THE FOOTBALL COLLAPSED IN MID-AIR, WAS CAUGHT BY A ST. STEPHEN MAN AND CARRIED FOR A 32-YARD GAIN...



A VERY SMALL BOY AND A FOOTBALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Tommy and Betty Take a Prisoner!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

A Blank



THE NEBBS

Oh, Happy Wedding Day



Button's brown eyes said: "Catch me if you can!"

entirely different person yesterday. More... more down to fundamentals, if you get what I mean."
 Cordelia was very understanding about things.
 She said: "I think I know, darling."

A few days later, as Nina was coming out of the Colony restaurant, early in the afternoon, something large and spotted dashed round the corner of 63rd street, collided with her and very nearly knocked her over.

The girl with whom she had been lunching, Betty Halliday, headed her, and then looked perfectly dumbfounded as Nina cried: "Button!" and dashed after the hound puppy.

At the sound of his name, he stopped, abruptly, and glanced over his shoulder. A long rope—it looked like part of a wash line—dangled after him, tautly, and his brown eyes said: "Catch me

CANADA WIDENS PASTURAGE AID IN ARID AREAS

OTTAWA, Ont. (UP)—The Canadian government has extended its feeder cattle-freight scheme to embrace sheep and cattle outside the drought-stricken areas of the prairie provinces.
 The policy, under which the government pays half the cost of moving cattle purchased in arid areas to British Columbia or eastern Canada, is designed to aid western ranchers to dispose of their cattle. It originally applied to feed cattle purchased in the drought areas only.

The scheme has now been extended to include feeder cattle, breeding ewes, and feeder lambs in other parts of the prairie provinces. Buyers may go to almost any part of the west to buy cattle and sheep, and the government will defray half the cost of their own transportation and half the cost of transporting the animals to eastern markets.
 At the same time, the government is entering the cattle business directly, although it does not expect to make any profit out of it.
 The government is buying thousands of head of cattle and moving them to a 100,000 acre pasturage in Manitoba, where they are being re-sold to eastern buyers. It expects to make no profit on the transactions, and if there is one it will be divided up among the ranchers.
 More than 50,000 cattle have been moved out of western Canada's drought areas within the past few weeks with the government's help. Thirty thousand were shipped east under the freight and feeder policy,