

# Two's Company

By MARGARET CUON HERZOG

**The Characters**  
 Nina, a nice girl with faxen 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 is Nina's closest friend.

## Chapter Eight Nina's Plan To Move

ON THE morning of the day the honeymooners were to return Nina woke with a little-girl feeling of excitement, that was all out of proportion for even such an exciting day. She was down for breakfast at 7:30, and Bridget looked actually shocked at such an unusual happening.

Just as when they had gone away, the house was a mass of flowers, lots of them from Nina.

Mrs. Carrie Van Alstyne—Aunt Carrie, as Nina called her—had sent a hideously expensive, and equally hideous looking "piece," on a wire stand. There were red and yellow roses in hard masses, and a red satin ribbon with "welcome" on it in gold letters.

Aunt Carrie was about as close to Honey, as Cordelia was to Nina... a grand person, with a great sense of humor. Cordelia called her "Horseface," and it was appropriate.

When the newlyweds got off the train, Nina thought she had never seen her mother looking better. And when Richard stepped from the platform, Nina felt a distinct shock at being so glad to see him... not critical, not curious... just glad to see him.

She kissed his cheek and it felt hard and smooth, and it smelt faintly of some expensive shaving soap. Nice.

In the taxi, he sat in the middle, and drew Nina's arm through his. It felt lean and muscular.

At home in the hall Honey cried: "Heaven! Look what Carrie has sent!"

And Richard showed immediately that he was one of them, by not taking the monstrosity seriously, for a moment.

Glimpses of the new Honey showed up in flashes of a seriousness that was very sweet; but she had lost none of her youth and vitality, because of it. Nina felt so happy that it hurt, almost.

She was not surprised at Honey's radiance, for Richard was probably the most perfect lover Nina had ever seen or imagined. It was his restraint, she thought, more than anything else, that was so frightfully touching. Little things... little, accomplished caresses.

Nina was amused and rather shocked to find herself thinking of two things: that he could have reached this finished state of artistry only through long experience; and that if he were this good in front of her... what must he be like, alone?

They got quite high, that first night at dinner, on several bottles of the Pol Roget, dix neuf cent onze, from the cellar; and all the questions about the future that Nina had had in her mind to ask, were forgotten.

## Two Vetoes

IN the past two weeks, she had wondered a good deal where Honey and Richard were going to live; where she would. She couldn't imagine that a new husband would just quietly slip into her wife's house and settle down there, complacently. And Honey would certainly want to start a new life in a new home... a place to fuss over, and arrange her things in differently. Nina had even thought of a friend's tiny three-room apartment, which she knew was for rent, for herself. Honey would probably take the three servants, but a part-time maid would be enough for her.

But as the days slipped by, no mention was made of any sort of moving, any changes of any sort being made. As far as she could make out, Richard had been living about in his various clubs; and beyond personal articles—like his silver toilet set, guns, golf clubs and an enormous wardrobe—she had no belongings at all, apparently. He just moved in. It was as simple as that.

Nina thought: "Well then, I'm simply going to move out." Because, in spite of the fact that she agreed them both, (she found herself using Honey's phrase), she thought it was a very funny arrangement, and no place for a grown-up daughter to be barging in. She told her mother.

"You know, darling, I think I'll get a tiny place of my own, somewhere nearby, because we'll want to see each other all the time... but I do feel sort of three-a-crowd-ish, with you newlyweds."

"But baby!" Honey's little round pink face puckered up pitifully. "I won't allow it, that's all. How old are you? Can't you still exert parental authority? ... Why I'm

not even going to let you get married and leave me—ever. That's how much I want you with me. You can't go."

It was impossible to argue with her. After a day or two had gone by, Nina spoke to her stepfather about it.

Now it was Richard with whom she had breakfast every morning; and she supposed it was so particularly nice, because she had been eating alone these last two years.

Nina was not one of the people who are grumpy in the mornings—neither was he; and it was fun to be taking especial care over the spun sugar halo of your hair again, and the selection of your pajamas, because you knew you were going to be seen and appreciated. For Richard did appreciate her... and told her so.

On the morning that she had decided to speak to him about moving away, he told her again, emphatically.

"It's marvellous, you know, having breakfast every morning with someone who is so entirely—decorative. Gets the day off to such a splendid start... Have I told you before?"

"You did, when I wore my new American Beauty..." She stopped, blushing to think that she had remembered the very day and everything.

"That was Sunday." And she blushed again—with pleasure this time, to think that he had remembered.

She said, quickly: "There's something I've been wanting to speak to you about. I talked with Honey, but she only said: 'No, as I rather expected she would. It'd like a tiny apartment of my own, Richard.' She fibbed a little. 'I've wanted one—to fuss over, you know—for ages, but naturally I couldn't leave Honey alone. Now, though, I can... Would you speak to her?'"

"I was eating grapes in the most marvellously efficient and fastidious manner. He paused with his brown hand in mid-air, and looked at her steadily. There was amusement, and a terrifying piercing quality in his dark eyes.

Nina's heart was doing a tap dance against her ribs. "I will not," he said, calmly. "I didn't intend to get you involved in a family argument, if that's what you're afraid of."

"And 'I'll see it!' I'm afraid that she might say: 'All right. Go ahead.'"

The tap dance turned into an elaborate routine. She realized with sudden conviction, that she hadn't ever really wanted to go all; and she posed the relief of not having to do what was affecting her so strangely.

She said: "Explain your grape technique, will you, Richard? I am confounded and envious." He showed her how he removed the seeds of the preceding grape neatly hidden in the skin of the current one.

They talked, very gravely for some minutes, about grapes.

## Incident On The Avenue

AUNT Carrie (Horseface) Van Alstyne was holding forth in front of the living-room fireplace. She was telling stories on Honey, and the eight or ten people gathered about her were convulsed with laughter.

It was Thanksgiving afternoon and Nina was feeling a little sick from her enormous midday meal... Mushroom soup, and turkey, of course, with rich chestnut dressing, cranberry sauce, and old Margaret's famous candied sweet potatoes, that were really more candied than potato; and more turkey again... Nina sighed.

"I think I'll walk up Fifth avenue a ways, Richard, or I shall never be able to face food tonight. I'm far from well!"

She got on her things and went out into the stimulating November air. Lord, it felt good! She struck out briskly and sniffed great invigorating sniffs.

At 86th street, on the park side of the avenue, she ran into Betty Halliday and her brother.

"Don't tell us. We're out doing the same thing. Are you going to the Fenwicks tonight, Nina?"

"If I recover sufficiently." A small group of urchins dressed in bedraggled grown-up clothes, their faces painted grotesquely, gathered round a taxi that had drawn up to the curb.

"Hush about a dime, mister..." Richard Challoner stepped out, laughing.

"Hi, Nina! I thought I'd catch you..." He stopped to pay the driver and then threw a coin high into the air. Betty Halliday's brother whistled softly.

"So they even follow you through the streets, eh, Nina? Who's the new heart throb?"

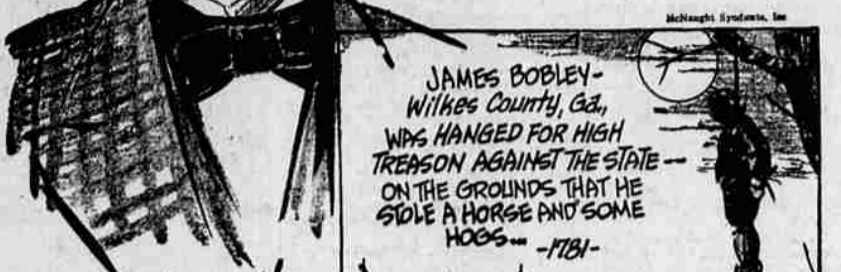
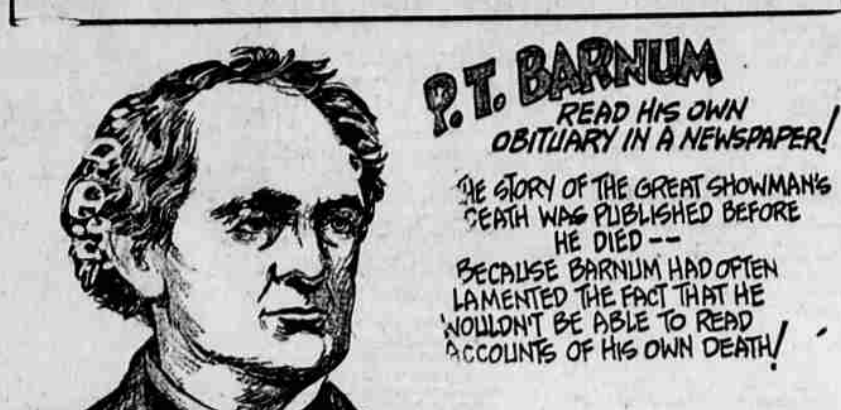
And Nina felt the hot blood rushing in her cheeks as she said: "Hush, you idiot. That's my stepfather."

"Oh-of Sorry." (Copyright, 1937, Margaret Herzog)

A flash of danger shows Nina the truth, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**P. T. Barnum**  
 Phineas Taylor Barnum, pioneer American showman, author, politician and "father of the circus," actually lived to read his own obituary. When, shortly before his death, he expressed a desire to read what would be said of his career after he was gone, Charles A. Dana, publisher of the New York Sun, printed an obituary that filled four solid columns and sent Barnum a copy of the paper.

Barnum's health immediately improved, but he suffered a relapse and died April 7, 1881.

**Hog-Slayer Hanged**  
 First man in United States legal history to be tried twice for the same crime was James Bobley, a Georgian, who was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to hang for the crime of "high treason against the state in that he did steal and carry away a black horse and 57 head of hogs."

The action took place in the superior court of Wilkes county, Georgia, in 1781, when Bobley, after winning a "not guilty" verdict, was convicted on retrial and sentenced to hang.

The early Georgia court, with due regard to form, manufactured an official seal from a silver quarter with which to stamp the execution order of Bobley. The clerk of the court

draw a quarter from his pocket and, with his penknife, scratched thereon "Superior Court, Wilkes County." The court then passed an order authenticating the device.

Orville Mohler, star quarterback, was the "twelfth" man who started with the University of Southern California football team in the 1932 Notre Dame game. Injured in a previous game, he was given the honor of holding the fall for the kick-off. A full Trojan team besides Mohler was on the field for the kick-off.

Tomorrow: The Biggest Football Umpire!

## SALEM POSTOFFICE READY FOR SERVICE

SALEM, Nov. 1.—(AP)—At a brief ceremony today Henry R. Crawford, Salem postmaster, received from Wainard Hippl, federal engineer, the keys to Salem's new postoffice and officially took over the building. Moving the postal service from the old building into the new one will be done next Saturday and Sunday. During the week government offices located on the top floor will be moved. A second unit of the new building remains to be built.

## Great Shires Injured

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 1.—(AP)—Art (the great) Shires, former first baseman on the Chicago White Sox baseball team, was a traffic casualty today. He suffered a dislocated vertebra when his automobile struck a Pasadena telephone pole.

## Salem Gets New Water

SALEM, Nov. 1.—(AP)—Salem today officially began using water from North Santiam river, replacing Willamette river water that has been used for many years.

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bently Is Worried!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Help Wanted?



## THE NEBBS—Poor Emma



# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



10-26

## S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



10-26

# FATHER HELD FOR SON'S AUTO DEATH

WICHITA, Kan., Nov. 1.—(AP)—A 45-year-old McPherson man was charged with manslaughter today in connection with the death of his son in a recent motor car accident here.

The father, Frank Hackney, was critically injured in the crash and is in a hospital here. His son, Earl, 22, died a few hours after the accident.

The Hackney car struck a concrete warning signal at a railroad crossing while the elder Hackney was driving at high speed, George Shepherd, traffic investigator said.

# STRANGE MALADY HITS HERDS AT TABLE ROCK

TABLE ROCK, Nov. 1.—(AP)—Several farmers of this district have

# The Grange

Eagle Point Grange will meet in regular session November 2 with regular officers in charge. Third and fourth degrees will be conferred upon several new members. The usual business session will be conducted, followed by refreshments and a social evening.

Election of officers will be held the second meeting in November. All members are urged to attend.

Closing time for too late to Classify Ada is 1:30 p. m.