

Two's Company

By MARGARET CLUON HERZOG

The Characters
 Nina, a nice girl with flaxen 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.
 Cordella is Nina's closest friend.

Chapter Nine
A Revealing Flash
 WHEN Richard turned around and came over to them, his face was imperturbable. Nina introduced him, and after a moment, the Hallidays continued on down.
 Richard took Nina's arm. He began to chuckle softly. His chuckle was different from most people's... way down in his throat.
 "So I'm the new heart throb, am I?" And even in the dusk she could see that his eyes were glowing... with amusement, probably. She had to make an effort to answer lightly: "You hear everything, I n... er know such a man. Well... are you flattered that they thought so?"
 "Immeasurably, Nina. Immeasurably."
 "I was just going to turn 'round." But her legs kept right on walking ahead, just the same. "I thought you were all tied up with that crowd at home?"
 "My dear child, when you left the party became as a pricked balloon. It faded away, immediately. Honey is now prone, with a cold towel on her forehead, and a soda-salt on her tongue. I know I should overtake you."
 Nina glanced at him.
 "You knew that the air would do you good."
 "Er... yes."
 His legs were not enough longer than hers to make any difference in their strides. He was just under six feet, and Nina was tall—a good five feet seven. It was almost like dancing she thought, they were so—
 Darkness came on all of a sudden, the way it does in the autumn, and they lit cigarettes and walked for some minutes in silence.
 Nina began to feel an absurd light-headed feeling, and when they turned round, finally, and facing the lights on 59th street glowing in the sky over the dark outlines of the trees—she had an even more absurd feeling that she would like to cry a little. Quite happily, of course... because what was there to cry over?
 Just then Richard said: "Happy."
 But she could only look at him. Quite without volition, she squeezed his arm up against her side, and he returned the pressure, keeping her close.

Adventure In Africa
 THOSE lights... they're quite heartbreakingly beautiful, aren't they, Nina?
 She nodded.
 "Lights in the darkness have a soft spot in my heart," he went on. "In Africa, I got separated from my safari... wandered the night through the dense underbrush, with nothing but my cigarette light and a pop light, to keep the beasts away... At first, I could only sense that something was following me; and then either my hearing became more acute, or my enemy more sure of himself, because I could hear an occasional twig crackle... a branch snap back that I hadn't touched, and I don't think I have ever responded to anything in my life, as I responded to the beauty of those camp lights twinkling out into the African night." He laughed. "I had reason to. The next morning, our lead boy bagged a huge black panther, not 500 feet from my tent."
 The casual way he spoke of it, made the horror seem all the more vivid.
 "Those snug little 59th street pinpoints must seem pretty pale in comparison."
 "Oh I don't know. They mean home... and safety."
 "You mention all these places in such an offhand manner, Richard. Budapest... Shanghai... Africa?"
 "Oh, I had a place in Morocco once—with a friend." He looked amused at some memory.
 Nina thought she would never get his life straight, and she wanted to... not for Honey's sake, or to get any clue about his character, but just... to know. Sometimes when she had been a little girl, driving in the big open car with daddy, she had slipped a hand into the huge fur glove with his... and she had felt as though she were the same person as he. She wanted to feel that way now. A something soft fell on to her face, and another. It was the first snow of the year.

But in a few minutes it had turned into rain.
 "Wait a second," he told her, "I'll get a cab."
 They paused under a street lamp, but though several passed, they were all occupied.
 After a minute, two cars shot out of the side street on a green light. The sedan turned south, out the empty taxi headed north, across the way. Richard whistled, stepped off the curb waving his stick. Just as he did so, the driver of the second car changed his mind and wheeled about drunkenly.
 Richard, with his back turned, stood directly in the car's path. The sedan, overloaded with young people, unbraked, evidently quite out of control, Nina called out something, frantically, and Richard jumped to one side in time. The fender missed him by a bare two inches.
 He was safe, but Nina stood there trembling.
 In the fraction of a second that she had watched him in danger of his life, a revealing flash had come to her... and she was frightened still. Terrible.
 "Nina..."
 He hurried over to her, saw that the tears were brimming over on to her white cheeks, and put his arm around her.
 "I'm all right, my dear..."
 But it wasn't that.
 When she had seen him standing there, right in the path of the oncoming car, she hadn't called a warning... or his name... or had cried out: "Darling!"
 Nina knew now that she loved him.

Just A Silly Girl
 ON Thanksgiving evening, Nina left the Fenwick's dinner-party as early as she decently could. Honey was a confirmed out-late-er and Nina wanted to be in bed when they got home. She chose to play backgammon, rather than bridge, because it was easier to break up one person's game, than three. And she chose to play with Tom Halliday, Betty's brother, because he was so easy to handle.
 Tom was a nice, ugly, boyish person, whose every remark you could predict. If you said it was a grand party, he would say, yes, it had been grand ever since you came.
 In other words, you knew where you stood with him. He could be counted on, which was something.
 He was one of the people who had asked Nina where she had been all his life, the first time he met her. He was pretty cr... for her, poor Tom.
 After four games, she stopped, without compunction. Tom was so delighted to have her there, that his evening, was made any way.
 Nina bade him good night on her shivery, 74th street stoop, and couldn't get up to her room fast enough.
 She made ready for the night, refusing to think. She concentrated on creams and lotions, and only thought of going when the lights were out, and she was in bed.
 Nina was in the first stages of a series of emotional reactions to Richard.
 In this present stage, she sought to convince herself that she wasn't in love with him, at all. Physically attracted, yes. But not in love.
 Nina had a good mind, and a pretty fair smattering of psychology. In a flutter, excited state... quite out of keeping with her deliberate calculations... she began to count up on her fingers, all her past loves.
 There! You see? By this method she told herself, she had explained everything. That 18-year-old St. Paul senior; those two Yale boys—Tony and Frank; that good-looking golfer, who won the cup at Mid-Ocean in Bermuda; that crazy Vanderpool kid, last winter... all young, immature creatures beside whom Richard Challone was the very embodiment of sophistication. The fact that her stepfather would have made many of the current men-about-town seem decidedly bucolic, only added weight to her argument.
 It was decided then. She was not in love with him, merely be-glamored. So there was nothing to bite her fingernails about, or heave over. She was just a silly girl.
 She was just about to curl up in a ball, like a kitten, and go to sleep, with a great load off her mind, when she thought of something.
 Lord! Had Richard heard her when she called out "Darling," frantically? Had he suspected her childish infatuation?
 More cogitating.
 Then—no. She thought not. Everybody was "darling" in this industry, in that age, and besides had acted quite naturally on the ride home.
 Everything having been settled too conveniently, Nina curled up in a ball, for the second time, in this time she went to sleep.
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David, gay and ridiculous, came for cocktails with Nina, 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.

ONE SILK STOCKING—(service weight) CONTAINS 32 MILES OF SILK!

TWO U.S. PRESIDENTS WERE BORN ON NOV. 2!
 POLK - 1795
 HARDING - 1865

FOOTBALL REVERSAL!
 U. OF PENN. DEFEATED RIGGERS 65-0 IN 1886— THEN WAS DEFEATED 75-0 IN THE NEXT GAME BY YALE!

John Hix 11-2-37

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS CATCH FISH BY POISONING THEM— THEN EAT THE FISH IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT THE POISON USED IS ALSO POISONOUS TO HUMANS!

Silk Stocking Mileage
 To produce the silk in one pair of milady's service weight hose requires the life work of some 64 silkworms. The average silkworm, in spinning its cocoon, produces and winds about itself about one mile of silk filament. It takes four miles of filament to make one mile of thread and some eight miles of thread go into each stocking.

Fishing with Poisons
 Though the poisons used by the Indians of South and Central America in catching fish are poisonous to humans as well as to fish, they do not poison the flesh of the fish killed or stupefied by them. Several different poisons are used for catching fish, all of them being extracts from various plants.

Methods in "poison fishing" vary also. The simplest is that of pouring the plant extracts in a river, then wading into the water and picking up the dead or stupefied fish that float to the top.
 One species of fish, the sheat-fish, cannot be caught by means of the poison method. Seemingly to feel instinctively when the water has been poisoned, it swims speedily down the river to escape the poison's effect.

GRANGE FOR ELECTION HIGHWAY COMMISSION
 ROSEBURG, Nov. 2.—(AP)—A resolution urging that 35 percent of state highway funds be used on roads carrying school bus and mail routes, has been adopted by Douglas county Pomona Grange. The resolution also proposes that the highway commissioners be elected rather than appointed.

Famous Starter Dies
 REDWOOD CITY, Calif., Nov. 2.—(AP)—A former jockey who became known nationally as a horse race starter, Harry Morrissey, 62, died of a heart attack yesterday. Morrissey was starter for the current meeting at the Bay Meadows track.

Weather
 Northern California: Fair tonight and Wednesday, with local fogs on coast; moderate temperature; light northwest wind off coast.
 Oregon: Unsettled tonight, Wednesday generally fair with valley fogs west portion; moderate temperature; decreasing southerly wind off coast.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Decides to Take Bentley

WHILE THE GUESTS AT THE DUDE RANCH ARE ALL EXCITED OVER THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF TOMMY, BETTY, LOU AND PETE, THE GUIDE, AND BENTLEY IS WONDERING WHETHER HIS EVIL PLAN WAS CARRIED OUT BY PETE, LET'S TAKE A PEEK INTO THE BARN NEAR THE RANCH HOUSE

2957

REN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Hired!

HOW'D YA HAPPEN TO STRIKE ME FOR A JOB, KIDDO?
 WELL, GIR, I FIGURED THE GOLD RUSH WOULD MAKE YOU TERRIBLY BUSY AND—
 OKAY, CHICK—YOU MUST HAVE SOME BRAINS SPROUTIN' SOMEWHERE—WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
 IT'S, ER, BR, JANE JAYNE, GIR—
 ALL RIGHT, CHICK, I'LL GIVE YA A CHANCE—YOU'RE HIRED—WHEN'RE YOU READY TO START?
 RIGHT NOW, SIR—

THE NEBBS—Forgive and Forget

HERE WE HAVE THE WIFE OF "DADDY" BROCC ALIAS BRUCE ARDLEY, AT EMMA'S HOME, BEGGING HER NOT TO PROSECUTE HER HUSBAND
 MISS GRUNTLEY, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T PROSECUTE MY HUSBAND—WOULD YOU TELL THEM TO LET HIM OUT OF JAIL?
 LET HIM STAY IN JAIL—WE'LL BOTH KNOW WHERE HE IS
 I'M SORRY HE MADE A FOOL OUT OF YOU BUT IT'S LARGELY YOUR OWN FAULT—WHY DID YOU WANT TO MARRY A MAN YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT?
 IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT—WHY SHOULD YOU BE MARRIED TO HIM—HE DON'T LOVE YOU—HE LOVES ME—
 IF YOU WONT DO IT FOR ME, DO IT FOR HIS SON—HE'S JUST BLOSSOMING INTO MANHOOD AND NEEDS A FATHER'S GUIDANCE
 DON'T ASK ME TO HAVE NO SYMPATHY FOR THAT SON—HE'S BIGGER THAN HIS PA AND THE WAY HE GRABBED HIM BACK OUT OF THAT WINDOW LOOKS LIKE HE SHOULD BE GUIDING FATHER!

MIDNIGHT PARTY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS AWAKENED IN MIDDLE OF NIGHT BY A PARTY NEXT DOOR.
 GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT A RUMPUS—RADIO, PIANO, SINGING AND EVERYBODY MAKING A LOT OF NOISE
 WISHES THEY'D HAVE SOME REGARD FOR PEOPLE LIKE HIMSELF WHO WANT TO SLEEP.
 PARTY STARTS TO BREAK UP AND GOOD-BYES ARE CALLED, MAYBE HE CAN GET TO SLEEP NOW
 GOODNESS THIS IS WORSE THAN EVER—CARS BEING STARTED, GOOD-NIGHT BLASTS ON HORNS AND FINAL SHOUTS
 QUIET AT LAST. WELL, HE'LL GIVE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR, NOW THAT THEY WANT TO GET TO SLEEP, SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE

'SS MUST POPS WALKIN' CANE!
 LET'S SEE IT WALK!
 AW-W, IT CAN'T WALK!
 THEN TAIN'T 'TIS!
 S'POSE MY POP WOULD HURT IS FOOT AN' IT COULDN'T WALK?
 THEN HE'D JUST GET TA CANE TO WALK FOR IT!

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By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

MILK WEEK SET FOR OREGONIANS

SALEM, Nov. 2.—(AP)— Governor Martin proclaimed today the week of November 14 to 20 as national milk week, urging Oregon citizens to "give their attention to the greater use of milk and its products in the daily diet."
 "From a health and family-budget basis, milk furnishes the most satisfactory and economical item in the daily list of food purchases. From a business standpoint, the purchase and sale of milk, a daily and steady cash transaction, stimulates the business activity of every community as well as giving employment to thousands of persons in the production

and distribution branches of the milk industry," he governor wrote.
 "The 30,000 dairy farms of Oregon have a net worth of more than \$208,000,000, five times the cost of Bonneville Dam, and the dairy industry of the state gives employment to the greatest number of workers."
Held In Theft.
SALEM, Nov. 2.—(AP)—Ralph Taylor, said to have admitted taking two .45-caliber automatic pistols from the armory at Klamath Falls last March 29, is being held in the city jail here for federal officers. The charge is theft of United States government property.
Good Hunting
ASTORIA, Nov. 2.—(AP)—Hunters who brought \$40 duck stamps here reported good hunting after initial visits to lakes and sloughs.
SALEM, Nov. 2.—(AP)—Miss Purvine, 62, former address and member of a pioneer family, died Monday.