

Two's Company

By MARGARET CLIVON HERZOG

The Characters

Nina, a nice girl with flaxen hair, has fallen in love with her stepfather.

Richard, the charming, well-tailored stepfather, pays considerable attention to Nina.

Honey, Nina's gay, plump, youthful mother, is crazy about her new husband.

David, a young auto salesman, has begun to adore Nina.

Cordelia is Nina's closest friend.

Chapter 13

The Hunt

THEY had dinner, just the three of them in the spacious, white-walled dining-room. Afterwards, Nina played pool for a while with Carl as Hester sat back looking like some old feudal painting, with her tapestry frame. . . and at 10:30, they went to bed.

Carl said—as he did every hunting-evening: "You can't hunt and stay up late."

So they said their good nights. Hester turned a cool cheek for Carl's kiss, and they went to their separate rooms.

Nina dreamt that she and Richard were walking, hand in hand, down a long, flower-bowered path. She felt tired when she woke up.

But soon the excitement of the day overcame her fatigue: dressing by lamplight, breakfast, English fashion, with hot dishes at the sideboard—a young fellow named Tommy somebody or other, and Lilith Kent came over to join them; gay, sleepy greetings; the creak of leather. . . the faint jingling of steel. . .

"Well, Tommy, better luck today, young fella! You're riding

at first, the brittle rhythm of horses' hoofs mingling with the creak of saddlery, and the sharp cries of the huntsman to his hounds.

"Lope on there. . ."

"Aye—e, Colonel!"

"Coop on, Echo!"

Nina took a great deep breath from sheer exhilaration. . . held it; and Carl, riding beside her, saw it and smiled. He understood just how she felt.

Presently, drawing from an important covert, a hound opened in a loud, resounding voice.

"Echo!" cried Carl. "Never opens unless she's sure she's right. We're for it!"

And they were. Through the woods; across a field, with the weird gray mist in their nostrils curling up from a nearby marsh over a wall, a ploughed field; a muddy brook; a stiff post and rail it was tough going.

"Damn that Worthington creature!" swore Lilith, cantering easily at Nina's side. "She's been in my pocket all morning!"

"Too bad. Where's Tommy?" Everybody kept an eye on young Tommy, apparently, he was such a very bad rider. . . and such a brave.

"He got a refusal down the road."

Poor Tommy. They both grinned and separated a bit.

Tommy Falls Off

TWO fox were run to ground before there was a pause for sandwiches. A few of the ladies dropped out for bridge—but not many—they were a hardy lot. At two o'clock, hounds found again at the far end of the Miles Covert. Away they streamed, and the field settled down to what promised to be a nice long gallop.

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 Lost Cavern

When the Royal Purple of Rome was all-powerful some two thousand years ago, a favorite resort of the Roman emperors was Grotto aszura—the celebrated Blue Grotto of Capri in the Bay of Naples.

Accessible only through a narrow, three-foot high opening that completely submerges at high tides, the Grotto is strangely illuminated with every shade of blue. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple: only the light that enters the cavern—some

1,200 feet in circumference and 90 feet high—is refracted through the aquamarine blue ocean water that floods the entrance and fills the Grotto half way to the stalactite-studded roof. All other rays are excluded.

Strange as it seems, this natural wonder was lost to the world for more than a thousand years! With the fall of the Roman Empire the secret of the Blue Grotto's location was lost.

Early in the 19th century, however, an Englishman, swimming near the tiny opening to the lost cavern, was

led by curiosity to enter and rediscovered the dazzling, sapphire-hued cave.

Spells of War

Strange as it seems, when the War of 1812 ended with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, December 12, 1814, not one word was mentioned in the document regarding the trouble that precipitated the costly conflict—the impression of American seamen into the British naval service. All land captured by either side during the war was returned to its original owners.

K. F. LABOR REBUKED FOR MAHONEY FAVOR

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 6.—(UP)—Secretary Ben T. Osborne of the Oregon Federation of Labor, in a letter to the Klamath Falls central labor council, today rebuked that

group's support of Willis Mahoney's U. S. senate candidacy.

Declaring that the Klamath organization had acted prematurely, Osborne said:

"We want to call to your attention the folly of the labor movement of one section of the state acting independently of the entire movement upon candidacy of anyone who seeks an office."

Osborne said he neither endorsed nor repudiated any candidate.

PORTLAND, Nov. 6.—(AP)—Ernest Patrick Mahaffey, 58, president of the City Insurance agency and active Republican, died today. Mahaffey, formerly president of the Central Oregon bank at Bend, had been in poor health for two years.

EUGENE, Nov. 6.—(AP)—The WPA has allotted \$3,446 to codify city ordinances, Herman Kehrl, secretary of the League of Oregon Cities, said today. At least ten municipalities will receive aid.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bentley Decides to Flee!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Quick Plans



THE NEBBS—My Friend



FOOT TROUBLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



A stiff post and rail. It was tough going.

Headstrong if I'm not mistaken." Carl was mounting him. "Nine-year-old, clean-bred, doing his fifth season. Capable, courageous, but a trifle er—well, 'Headstrong' is right, but I'm sure you'll find him a real hunt widow, aren't you?"

Laughter. Prophecies. Wagers. "Good morning, Mrs. Semple. You really shouldn't bother to get up so early. . ."

Hester came in, in a floppy, but-tan-colored thing that Nina felt was an unfortunate choice. It made her look slightly sallow.

Lilith said, in her straightforward way: "Poor Hester, I've heard of gold widows, but you're a real hunt widow, aren't you?"

And Hester crossed over to the buffet with that peculiar, numb look on her face.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "but it's my own fault, of course."

A Horn Blows, Whips Crack

IT WAS another tradition at Harmony that Carl always "hacked" to and from the meads. If he had a household of guests, they were usually driven over in light brakes, or the tally-ho, but this morning his three friends rode over with him.

Outside the air was fresh . . . tangy. The four hunters were waiting at the steps.

"We'll take the cut through Scarborough wood," said Carl, and they were off.

As they neared the end of the wood path, the gray through the trees gradually began to change to violet, to salmon, to pink, and just as they came out upon a glorious stretch of open country, to gold!

The fullest moment of beauty . . . the sunrise.

Far away they heard a hound. At the Manor, there was a crowd of cars, carriages and a small army of groom. Only a few had mounted, the rest were standing about in their top-coats chatting, till the arrival of the master.

"He's arrived!"

All up! A horn blew. Whips cracked, and they were off.

Down the main road they went

her rights to the estate by fraud, in return for an annuity of \$18,000 a year for life.

The widow, formerly Mabel Harlow, contended that the pre-nuptial agreement was signed in Massachusetts, where Green maintained a lavish estate with private airport at Round Hill, but that actually her husband was a resident of Texas and that Texas law rendered the agreement invalid.

VOTERS DEFEAT PLAN FOR BEND COURTHOUSE

BEND, Ore., Nov. 6.—(AP)—A proposal for joint action by Bend and Deschutes county to construct a \$180,000 county-city building was rejected, 993 to 841, in a special election.

Deschutes county remained without a court house, its leased quarters having burned last February. Downtown buildings house present offices.

\$500,000 SETTLES ROW OVER ESTATE OF FAMED HETTY GREEN

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—(UP)—The squabble over the \$700,000,000 estate left her son by the famed Hetty Green was settled out of court today for \$500,000.

Surrogate Harry Owen of Essex county announced that Mrs. E. H. R. Green, daughter-in-law of Hetty, had agreed to accept that sum from Mrs. M. A. Wilks, sister of the late Edward H. R. Green, one-legged eccentric who died June 9, 1935. The agreement settled Mrs. Green's claim that she had been induced in pre-nuptial agreement to sign away