

Two's Company

By MARGARET QUION HERZOG

The Characters
 Nina, a nice girl with flaxen hair, has fallen in love with her stepfather.
 Richard, the charming, well-tailored stepfather, is openly attentive to Nina.
 Honey, Nina's gay, plump, youthful mother, is crazy about her new husband.
 David, a young auto salesman, adores Nina and has urged her to marry him.
 Cordelia is Nina's closest friend.

Chapter 15 Horseface's Advice

DAVID left that night before dinner, refusing Hester's offer of further hospitality with an easy grace. But before he went, he managed a word alone with Nina. "I've not finished with you yet, young lady," he warned her. "When you kiss 'em, they stay kissed, my darling. More anon." "More—kisses?" "You bet. And wooings, and a betrothal... and maybe a diamond-chip engagement ring, that you'll actually be able to see... if you look hard enough and use a magnifying glass." "David, you agreed that I hadn't committed myself." "I said 'maybe,' didn't I?" "But certainly more kisses." "I said 'you bet,' didn't I?" "Thank you, for doing what you did, David."

But he only said: "Oh... Nina..." and turned away abruptly. She watched him walk down the hall a little stiffly. There was a little cross of white court-plaster, where the blood had trickled out from his temple. For some reason, Nina's eyes filled with tears.

One Of Those Scenes?

IN February, Aunt Carrie (Horse-face) Van Alstyne had a little talk with Nina. She had sent for her, and they were having tea in her extremely moderne apartment. There were chairs made of chromium plated tubes and silvered leather. There were black satin hangings and black glass tables, and everything that wasn't black or silver was green. Definitely green. You had to be careful what you gave Aunt Carrie.

Aunt Carrie thought it was all a huge joke, particularly the arty young man who had done it for her. "Don't I look absurd in this place?" she had asked at her housewarming... and she did. But then, Aunt Carrie looked a little absurd, anyway, anywhere... so it didn't make much difference.

She was a tall, thin woman, a little older than Honey. She never gave a thought to clothes—usually accepting the garments sales ladies hung on her, and walking out with them.

Her greatest talents were a superficial sophistication that covered an extremely warm and simple heart... and a flair for getting the most possible fun out of life. Today, however, she was unusually serious.

"Nina, my dear, this is going to have to be one of those little talks that are called (loathsome expression) 'woman to woman.'"

Nina began to feel uneasy, but she took a deep breath and said she was ready.

"It's about our mutual concern: Honey." Now Nina began to grow hot. All over. "Get this clear in your head first, child. I think her marriage is a grand thing; but just at this point I think it needs a little supervising."

Was this going to be like one of those scenes you see on the stage, with each character knowing exactly what the other means, and yet talking in parabases? "I've noticed a very slight change in Richard lately," Carrie went on, "and I think I know what's the trouble. You can help me nip it in the bud, Nina, if you will."

Oh, it was going to be one of those scenes. So Horseface knew it all, did she? Nina thought it was a miracle that everyone hadn't noticed... or maybe they had. Things had reached a stage where it was impossible for Nina not to realize that Richard was tremendously attracted to her... he made no effort to disguise it, and she supposed that if anything had pulled the wool over people's—Honey's—eyes, it was his very openness.

Some nights when she lay sleepless from thinking about it, she thought that her stepfather himself, must be unaware of his feeling for her and some nights, particularly when she was worn out with conflicting emotions, she thought that he was being diabolically clever. You couldn't pin anything on him; if he took his coffee up to her room in the morning, he announced it beforehand; when he kissed her, he kissed her in front of Honey; if he was holding her hand when his wife came in, he continued to hold it.

All this could be interpreted in two ways, and Nina, loving him, preferred to think that he was not

—deliberate. It made him a nicer person. It made her feel like a nicer person... if anything could, these days.

But Carrie was saying something that startled her. "Your mother is so completely out of her head about him, that she has reverted to her schooldays. I haven't seen such fawning over a man since I made a fool of myself falling in love with my biology professor... I fell out of love with him, incidentally, when he practically drooled at the mouth with delight over a juicy ox eye... but that is neither here nor there, is it?"

But it certainly was. Good old juicy ox eye... Horseface was evidently on the wrong track. "It's entirely to his credit, of course," Carrie continued, "that Richard is the finished product he is. You and I both know that he must have had a great many women in love with him, Nina, and frankly, I think he's getting a touch fed up with Honey's—adulation."

It began to be funny. "My thought was, that if you would help me persuade your mother to accompany me on a little trip south, it would give Richard a bit of a breathing spell."

It ceased to be funny—immediately. She said quickly: "I think, Horse—er, Aunt Carrie..." "Go on, say it. Say 'Horseface'."

"I think, darling, that you are on the wrong track, mean, I think you're mistaken. I mean I think everything's just fine." But Horseface had the bit between her teeth. "Well, you're crazy if you do," she said, in no uncertain terms; and she said: "A little lemon?" as though it were: "A little arsenic?"

"Aunt Carrie, dear, here's the thing: you only see them at intervals. I'm with them all the time. Don't you really think I'm more in a position to see what's going on, than you?"

Carrie frowned. "Not necessarily. Don't you know the way it is when a person's getting bald? He sees it and tends it every day, and thinks he's getting along fine. It takes an outsider to come along and tell him how much he's really lost."

"No!" Nina was getting excited. "How ridiculous for you to say I don't want Honey to go away! Let them go, but I do ask you to leave this to me... Not to meddle."

Dragon-face was not in the least put out. "I've always meddled in Honey's life—for the best, Nina; and I always shall. You simply don't want your mother to go away... You're less mature than I thought, dear child. Some crumpets?"

"No!" Nina was getting excited. "How ridiculous for you to say I don't want Honey to go away! Let them go, but I do ask you to leave this to me... A change, for them both. That would fix it."

Carrie sighed. "This isn't getting us anywhere, baby. I'm not going to abduct your mother, but if I can persuade her to go away for a few weeks, I shall certainly do so. I'm sorry we can't see eye to eye about this. Now let's talk about something else." Presently Nina left, and in a half an hour she was talking to Honey.

All the way home she had thought: "I'd be lost!" "I'd be sunk!" "I'd lose my head, surely, surely." "She can't leave us alone together!"

"Honey, dear, please don't say I said anything about it, but Aunt Carrie mentioned something about wanting you to go south with her the other day... just you. You wouldn't do it, would you, darling? It would be an awfully dirty trick to Richard. Why, you're still a bride!"

She waited in an agony of suspense for her mother's reply. But Honey was noncommittal. "Why, I don't know, baby... maybe she changed her mind; she hasn't said anything to me yet. We'll see."

The next day, Honey brought up the subject again, herself. "You know, I'm rather considering that trip idea, Nina. Richard told me last night that he thought I looked a bit peaked." She paused, and then went on, anxiously: "Do you think I look peaked, baby? Do you?"

Nina suddenly imagined that her mother did... although it was probably just that Honey was nervous at the thought... she was always so passionately anxious to look blooming for Richard. "Why, I hadn't noticed it, Honey, dear. But I certainly wouldn't leave him, even if I did go away for a while. Take him with you! I think he'd have every right to feel hurt..."

She simply had to let it go at that. (Copyright, 1937, Margaret Herzog)

Tomorrow, Richard and Nina dine alone, and then...

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further pro-f address the author, including a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



WESTERN STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, Kalamazoo, Mich., SCORED A TOTAL OF 340 POINTS TO THEIR OPPONENTS' 28 IN 4 GAMES OF THE 1916 FOOTBALL SEASON

WOOL DYED WITH "ROYAL PURPLE" (TYRIAN PURPLE) COST ALMOST \$200 A POUND IN THE DAYS OF JULIUS CAESAR

A SNAKE'S SKIN NEVER GROWS!

THE MAN WHO CAN'T LOSE!

MERVIN ANDERSON—Fairbanks, Alaska, IN 2 DAYS WON 2 GAMBLING POOLS BASED ON THE TIME OF ICE BREAK-UPS (\$1550 AND \$75,000)... THEN WON A SHIP'S LOTTERY ON A VACATION CRUISE!

The Man Who Can't Lose
 Up north in Fairbanks, Alaska, lives "Lady Luck's Favorite," Mervin "Buster" Anderson, bus driver, last spring guessed 8:04 a. m., May 12, 1937, as the time that the ice would begin to break up on the Nenana river. The ice broke up at 8:04 a. m. of that day and Anderson won a \$75,000 pool.

Only the day before Anderson and his boss, another ice expert, split \$3,100 on another ice pool—the Chena Slough. Now Lady Luck might have turned her favor elsewhere after this remarkable double-header, but she was not through. Anderson, returning this summer to Fairbanks from a trip to Cordova on the steamer, "Alaska," couldn't resist entering a pool to guess the minute the ship's whistle would blow. He won \$25.00.

Royal Purple
 Associated with persons of high office since earliest history, Tyrian, or "royal" purple is believed to be the first dye ever fixed to wool or linen. Phoenicians are credited with its discovery in small cysts near the head of a Mediterranean mollusk, known to Romans as "purpura," from which the word purple sprang. Due to the scarcity of the mollusk and the small amount of dye obtainable from them, its relative cost was high, making it a luxury color available only to the richer citizens and officials of ancient Rome.

Tyrian purple is not a true purple, being in reality a deep crimson. Modern purple dye is produced artificially from a mixture of red and blue pigments.

Snake Skin
 The skin of a snake—the outer layer of epidermis to which the scales are attached—does not grow. Instead, it stretches as the snake grows inside it. On breaking, the skin is sloughed off, turning inside out, and a new one grows beneath it.

Tomorrow: Halstorm That Ended a War!

Autoist Killed In Crash Near K. Falls

KLAMATH FALLS, Nov. 8. (AP)—Harold Lemere, 28, was fatally injured last night when the north-bound car in which he was riding crashed into the rock bank of The Dalles-California highway 10 miles north of here.

VICTIM OF EPILEPSY DROWNS IN BATHTUB

THE DALLES, Nov. 9. (AP)—Melvin Butts, 17, drowned in eight inches of water yesterday when he fell face downward in a bathtub. He had been subject to epilepsy, his father said.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Ready for Action!



1963

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not So Dumb!



11-5

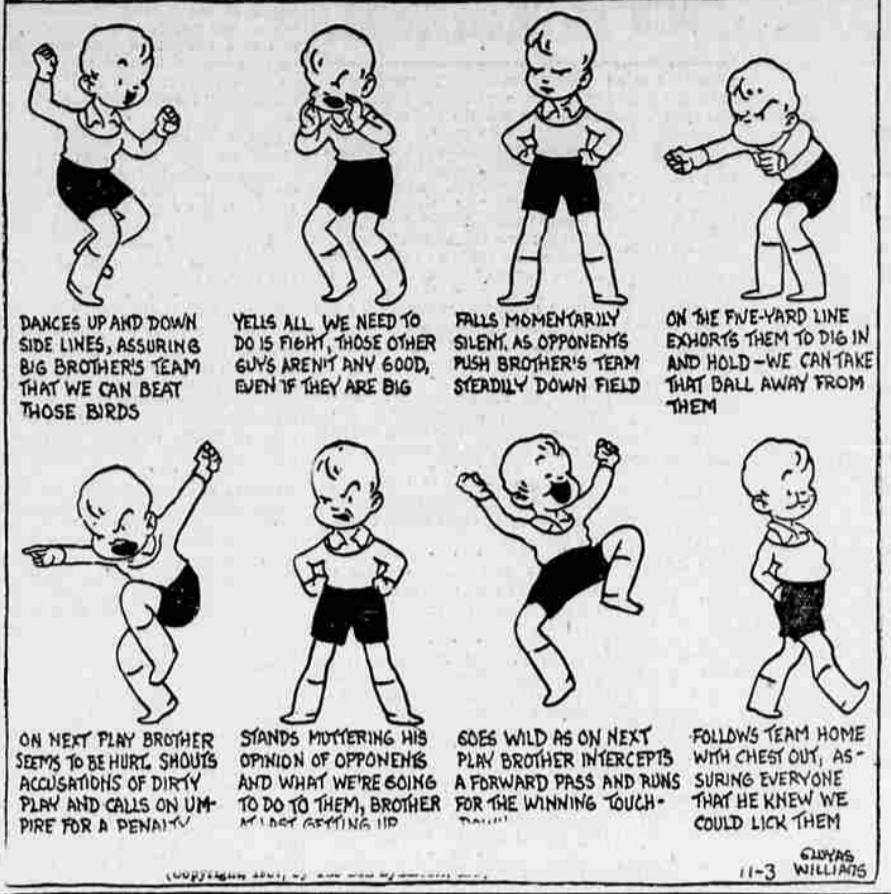
THE NEBBS—Rubbing It In



11-6

"WE!"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



11-3

S'MATTER POP

By C M PAYNE



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By HAL FORREST



11-5

By EDWIN ALGER



11-5

By SOL HESS



11-6

NEWSPAPER MAN SHOT BY 15-YEAR-OLD BOY

WHITEHALL, Mich., Nov. 8. (AP)—Floyd Peterson, 43, a Grand Rapids, Mich., newspaper man was shot and fatally wounded early today in the residence of Mrs. Ruby L. Gee where he was a week-end guest.

Sheriff Louis Eklund of Muskegon county said Peterson was shot by 15-year-old Foster Steven Gee, the woman's son. He is a high school student.

The sheriff said the boy told him he wanted Peterson "to get out of the house and leave my mother alone or I will shoot you."

Mrs. Gee is a widow. Peterson was divorced two years ago.

CASH SHORT, POLICE MAKE AMMUNITION

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich. (P)—The pioneers who made their own bullets and measured out their own powder haven't a thing on the Grand Rapids police department.

Confronted with budget limitations which hindered pistol practice for the department, Superintendent Frank J. O'Malley ordered Patrolman Walter P. Weber to see what could be done about it. Weber recently reported that more than 39,000 cartridges had been made from reclaimed cases, lead and tin since August 1, 1936, at a cost of \$160 as compared with the \$800 to ammunition would have cost now.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

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