

Two's Company

By MARGARET GUION 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 Richard, her new husband.
 David, a young auto salesman, adores Nina and has urged her to marry him.

S.O.S. To David

RICHARD'S eyes were less stormy, and a little of the amusement that always lurked there, had returned.

"I know, darling, but don't say it." He laid a finger against her lips that were still throbbing. "This is our hour—we can't undo it by saying how wrong it is... let's instead, make it so beautiful that we'll always remember its beauty." He laughed that low laugh of his, that began way down in his throat. "Whoa, there, sweet... I can see you're beginning to think, and that's quite fatal."

His cure was sure-fire. Nina had not been capable of consecutive speech or thought since he had first stood up and moved the backgammon table away. And this time when he freed her, she was so completely under his spell, that though she found words, it was as though she were hypnotized.

She laughed a laugh that seemed to come from a very far off.

"... And I lay up in my bed and reasoned it all out so comfortably, that I didn't really love you. Oh, no! I even used arithmetic... on my fingers..."

They laugh together.
 "... And when I sat at breakfast, and you came in all handsome and beautiful in that black dress—gown of yours, with silver dragons on it, I said, 'Nina, my child, snap out of this schoolgirl crush of yours, will you?'... Imagine, darling, snap out of it... just like that!"

She tried to snap her fingers, but they wouldn't, and he kissed them instead, and Nina saw the end of her brief, lucid interlude.

The next time it was Richard who found the words, telling her the little things he loved about her...

"... the way you lower your eyes and then look up again. The way you're blushing now—slightly. The way you use your hands... practical little hands, but inefficient looking, thank heaven... I love to watch your mouth when you're talking."

... heavy words... impossible not to listen to.
 "I love—you, Richard. Everything."

Nina never knew what suddenly brought her back to reality, to a realization of what she was doing.

Perhaps he let go of her hand for a second; or paused too long in casting a spell over her with his words. At any rate she suddenly slipped away from his enchantment, and became her true self again.

She drew away.
 "Wait, Darling Richard, wait. Please. This was our stolen hour. I know. I can't un-say any of the things I've told you, because they're true... But if we could keep the memory of this beautiful... we must end it now, darling. Please understand." She was pale and shaking—near to tears. "I... I'm sick now... suddenly. If you kiss me once more I shall hate you, hate us both. Nobody can be blamed for having a thing like this overtake them... it's Destiny, or something, I suppose... But we'd be wicked, wicked to go on!"

And then she said it: "Honey... and the tears came, now, enormous, individual ones, that welled up from a great unhappiness within her."

But Richard sought to calm her in the way he thought best, and it was a mistake. Her eyes blazed and she jerked away from him.

"Richard! I told you I'd hate us both, and oh, I do. I do-o-o." It ended in a sob.

And still he couldn't—wouldn't let her go.

And even with her new determination to do right, she found herself yielding to him... but then it was the end.

She was more afraid than ever. That kiss was the last kiss. Terrified at herself... at Richard... at life, she turned and ran out into the hall.

The dash up the two flights of stairs made her heart throb so that everything jumped before her eyes, in unison with its beats. Her lungs filled with air and she couldn't think how to let it out again.

It wasn't until she gained her room, and leaned back against the

panel of the locked door, that she remembered to breathe.

"Come For Me Now"

"HELLO... hello... David? ... Dear, dear, David, it's Nina. Did you mean what you said in the station wagon... Then you do still want me! Because, David, I need you, want you, in the most terrible sort of a way. If I sound strange, darling, it's because I'm excited. It came over me so—very suddenly... I did you, too, you say? Then you can understand... David, come for me now, will you, darling? Did you hear me? Now, we'll go away somewhere and be married... What? No, I'm all right, darling. I just gave a little gasp, because I had forgotten to breathe."

Nina put down the French phone that was really French, because she had brought it back from Paris with her and had had difficulty having it installed. It was painted the same soft green that was in her decorative color scheme, and as she looked at it now, she wished she had left it its original black. It looked slightly Broadway, she thought... and then laughed at herself; an unbalanced, flighty little laugh.

She began to concentrate on packing sensibly—things that she would need; and with accomplishing the commonplace is she regained some of her common sense, as well.

She realized that she had sounded extremely hysterical, but she had also done the right thing.

Five minutes more with Richard, and... she shuddered at herself. And five minutes with him tomorrow, or the next day... the next month... it would still be the same. Something irrevocable, like this marriage she was planning, that was the only way to put a stop to it.

But this marriage must go through. If David thought, for one instant, that she was ill, or hysterical, or tight... or anything, he would never take advantage of her condition, even to bring about something so very important to him. He was like that.

And when she thought of his earnestness, and his gaiety, and his underlying kindness, she had the feeling of peace steal over her, that she had felt before.

"I have David." She would play fair with him. Just this one secret thing that she would fight to overcome... and after that, truth and honesty between them. They would be happy. They would!

The door opened.
 Now for her case with all the creams and lotions; she knew that David would be confounded by them and immensely amused.

Richard had known the manufacturer's mark and most of their uses. He had stood in front of her bathroom dressing-table and said knowing, complimentary things about her being a living advertisement of their efficacy. Nina remembered how she had loved the shape of his sleek, dark head, as he stood under the bright daylight lamp. But now that was part of her new rule, she must stop remembering.

"Wait A Minute!"

SHE was putting on her black hat, with the two little green wings on either side, that matched the shade of her street dress, when she heard the bell ring, far below.

She slipped into her broadtail coat, grabbed up her two bags and ran down the stairs.

Richard was not in the living-room. The backgammon table was there, the half-played game a poignant reminder... and the rumpled cushions on the sofa... but she took a deep breath, and opened the front door.

"Nina! sweetheart!"
 They clung to each other for a long moment.

"I have my bags—see? All ready, I am, David."

"But Angel... May I come in a minute? I must talk with you first. What do you think? Do you really love me, darling?... I mean, you aren't doing something you'll regret? I want you with everything that's in me, you know that, but..."

She interrupted.
 "These are all we need to know, David. I want you the same way. What does it matter how we..."

"It doesn't, if you're as sure as I am." And there was all heaven in his eyes.

She was so sincere in her need of him, that he felt it... the sincerity; and if he mistook her need of him, for love... it was as well that he did, Nina thought.

She told him, silently: "I won't let you down, David"... and she opened the door, again.

But it was not as simple as all that.
 "Wait a minute!"
 Richard's voice. Richard himself, half-way down the stairs.

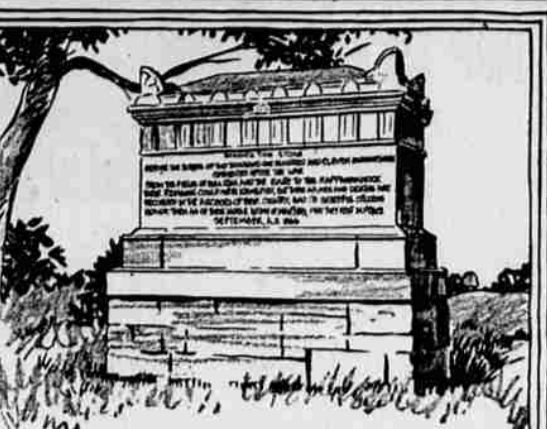
Richard and David have a tense scene, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

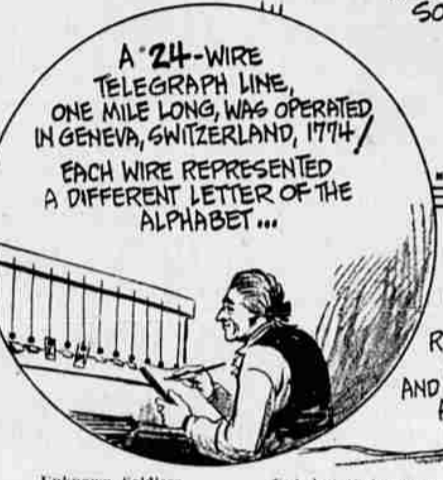
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THREE BASS, EACH ON A DIFFERENT HOOK, WERE CAUGHT ON A SINGLE CAST BY RALPH MULHOLLAND...
 - Blue Lake, Lake County, Fla., 1937 -



THE TOMB OF 2111 UNKNOWN SOLDIERS!
 BENEATH THIS MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, VA, ARE BURIED 2111 UNIDENTIFIED SOLDIERS, KILLED IN THE CIVIL WAR.



A 24-WIRE TELEGRAPH LINE, ONE MILE LONG, WAS OPERATED IN GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, 1774!
 EACH WIRE REPRESENTED A DIFFERENT LETTER OF THE ALPHABET...



DUST FROM THE ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA, IN 1883, REACHED A HEIGHT OF 22 MILES—AND WAS STILL 9 MILES HIGH A YEAR LATER...

Unknown Soldiers
 Sixteen years ago today the body of an unknown soldier of the world war, killed in action, was laid to rest in Arlington cemetery, Va. The tomb in which he lies has become a national shrine as the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Eruption of Krakatoa
 Blowing to bits the whole northern and lower portion of the island of Krakatoa, Straits of Sunda, the 1883 eruption of Mount Krakatoa hurled three cubic miles of earth and rock into the air. On August 26 occurred the volcano's mightiest blast when it shot up a column of debris 17 miles high. Fine dust from the eruption rose 22 miles and was still at a height of nine miles more than a year later!

Pass Is Dangerous.
 SALEM, Nov. 11.—(AP)—The highway commission warned motorists today against using McKenzie Pass over the Cascade mountains because of heavy snows. The road is still open, but the commission said a sudden severe storm may close it for the winter.

Sentence Gas Stealer.
 ROSEBURG, Ore., Nov. 11.—(AP)—Arthur Rapp of Oakland, arrested last week on charges of larceny and carrying a concealed weapon, was sentenced in justice court here today to a year and a day in prison for alleged violation of the Mann act. He was charged with transporting Patricia Gay from Ontario, Ore., to Lewiston and Boise. The woman testified against him.

White Slave to Pen.
 MOSCOW, Idaho, Nov. 11.—(AP)—John Leon, alias Fat McCoy, was sentenced in justice court here late Tuesday to one year in the county jail. He was convicted of stealing gasoline from a pump to which he had fashioned a key.

SPOKANE, Nov. 11.—(AP)—Deputies left yesterday for Oregon to return S. P. Scott, arrested in Portland on a warrant charging larceny of \$383 on an apple consignment deal, and three youths held at Albany on automobile theft charges.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AS THE FOOTBALL SEASON NEARS ITS CLIMAX THE RIVALRY GETS SO INTENSE THAT THE TEAMS USE UP FOUR UMPIRES IN THE COURSE OF A GAME—ONE TO EACH QUARTER.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty Sights the Fugitives!



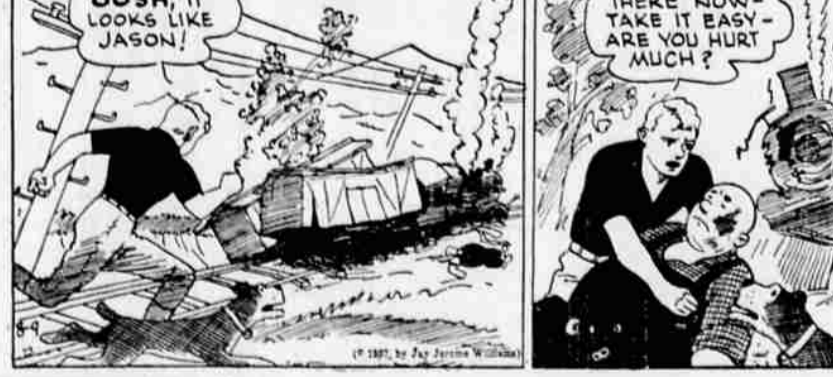
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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jason's Words



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jason's Words



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THE NEBBS—Look Out Ahead



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Envoy's Assassin Goes To Gallows

BIERUT, Lebanon, Nov. 11.—(AP) Crooning a song in Turkish, Mequerdich Karayan, 29-year-old assassin of United States Consul General James Theodore Harriner, went to his death on the gallows at dawn today.

The significance of the song went unexplained but the words were: "I have waited for thee but thou hast not come."

Karayan, an Armenian who had lived in Boston as a naturalized American, was hurried to the gallows after a night of calm sleep.

Ralph Budd Sees Railroad Crisis

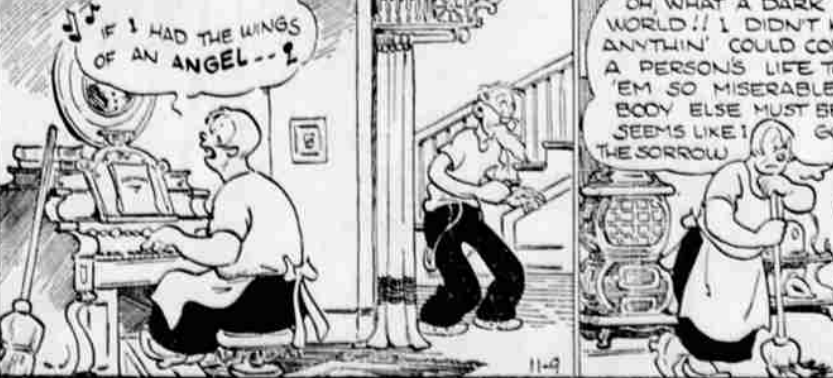
PORTLAND, Nov. 11.—(AP) A grave financial crisis in railroading can be avoided only by a 15 percent increase in freight rates, Ralph Budd, president of the Burlington system, said in an interview here.

Taxes, wages and material costs have increased operating expenses "hundreds of millions of dollars" and piled up new deficits, Budd said. A rate increase is being sought from the I.C.C.

Claims Fruit Prize

ROSEBURG, Nov. 11.—(AP)—J. Roland Parker, county agent, claimed the fruit growing prize for Oregon in Douglas county this year with nearly 15,000 acres devoted to tree fruits, nuts and small fruits.

BONNEVILLE, Nov. 11.—(AP)—Falling from a scaffold high on Bonneville dam, Andrew Nalvig, 45, Portland, suffered fatal injuries.



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