

# Two's Company

By MARGARET CLION HERZOG

**The Characters**  
 Nina marries David, trying to escape from her intense love for her stepfather.  
 Richard, the charming, well-tailored stepfather, tried to prevent her marriage.  
 Honey, Nina's gay, plump, youthful mother, is crazy about Richard, her recently acquired husband.  
 David, a young auto salesman who worships Nina, elopes with her—at Nina's suggestion.

### Chapter 20

**Apartment Bargain**  
**BEFORE** they started apartment hunting, David sat her down in front of him, and talked at her. "Now listen, baby, a lot of things are bound to come up that are going to need adjusting. What do you say we look ahead a little, right now... and forestall them?" "Fine. What things, darling... money things?" "Um-m, mostly."

"Well, right here I want to say that although Daddy left all his money to Honey she's always given me an allowance from it, and I know she'll want to go on. We can use that towards a nice apartment..."

Here her husband interrupted. "That's one of the things, sweetheart. You can use your money for all the personal pretties you want, that's none of my business; but food, rent, living expenses... that's little David's affair. Definitely... Okay?" "Okay, darling," quickly. She had known all that, but it did seem silly.

"And it won't include caviar for breakfast... or at any time, for that matter. We're poor, Nina. Fifty bucks a week means \$50 a month for an apartment. It will seem like being a pauper to you. But you knew it beforehand, didn't you? ... Didn't you?" His brown eyes were pleading.

"Oh, David... She got up and went over to him. Into his arms. "Oh, David..."

But David's attitude was not one of humble, self-abasement. He wasn't making much now—but he was young, and would do better. Nina had cast in her lot with him, and there was nothing either of them to feel sorry or ashamed about.

**A Friend in McDuff**  
**THEY** took the first apartment they saw, partly because it was a good bargain, and partly because the superintendent was such an engaging fellow.

When he pushed open the door into the tiny, dark cubicle of a hall, and paused, dramatically... David said, from the rear: "Lead on, MacDuff!" But the superintendent held his ground.

"Madam," he said, grandly, with a hand flourish, "you are now in the foyer!" "Well, that was right. Nina was being in the middle. But David still half out in the outer vestibule and their guide was bulging over into the parlor."

The elegantly named "foyer" was all of three by three. "Very nice," said Nina, graciously, and the man led on. There was a living-room—not a bad one, really, and a smaller bedroom, and a still even smaller kitchen, and a tinier than that bath.

Certain features that practically brought the tears to the superintendent's eyes were the incinerator in the kitchen and a chandelier of many loops and coils, in the center of the living-room. "Noo-veau art," he said, impressively, and made them stand and look at it.

The apartment was in a new elevator building, between Lexington and Third, on 48th St. McDuff, the superintendent—his name really was McDuff—explained to them that these extremely spacious rooms, with their fine view of the court and the delivery entrance, so that there was a cross ventilation, usually rented for \$80 a month; but since they absolutely refused to pay a cent more than \$50 he was sure the owners would be willing to let it out, at that ridiculously low figure, on a month to month basis, just to have someone in it.

That was to say, that the apartment would have to be open for inspection at all times, and that they would have to move out within the month, should tenants be found, willing to sign a lease at the higher figure. Nina and David assimilated these facts, and decided it was worth the gamble.

a few days, and moved in at the end of the week. They made arrangements with "Blue," the janitor's tiny, black son at David's old rooming house, to go on caring for Button, the beagle, until they were installed in their new place. In an excited, long distance conversation, Honey had insisted that Nina take her own bedroom furniture, so that that room, at least, was furnished... but they went a, the rest of it, they went slowly and cautiously. David had \$500 saved, and out of that they could buy things for the living-room. Richard did go on his hunting trip, so that Nina saw only the servants when she went to the house on 74th St. with David. She was thankful for that.

Cordelia was the only other person they saw, that first week, and, although she certainly must have been astounded and chock-full of questions... she was dear about it, just surprised enough and excited, and terribly happy, since Nina was. She couldn't have been nicer.

There was an announcement in the papers, and sundry remarks from the society columnists; but though the Chalmer house was full of letters and flowers and lists of telephoned inquiries every time the Days went there, they did not see people. They were honeymooning.

**The Blue and White Room**  
**ABOUT** the furnishing of the living-room, Nina had ideas. "David, darling, the bedroom is lovely, isn't it?" "I'll say it! We'll never be able to live up to it... I mean, the living-room is going to look silly. If I could, that's what I wanted to speak about, David. We can't afford very expensive stuff, or antiques, or anything, so why do we spend money on a lot of Grand Rapids furniture that we aren't going to like, after a while, anyway?"

"Are you suggesting that we go Japanese, my love, and sit about on the floor?" "No... but listen... And thus was evolved the quite lovely room that caused so much, and such widely diversified comment. The walls were a deep, bright blue. (The reduced month to month rate did not include redecorating, but by licking the pencil a bit, they decided to spend the \$25 and have that one room painted.)

The walls, then, were a deep, bright blue. The woodwork, pure white. An inexpensive couch—day-bed, really—and two, simple no-period, over-stuffed chairs were covered with slip covers of a matching rough, blue material. Along the side of the day-bed, up against the wall, was a three fat, white cushion and with Bridge's help, Nina made heavy, white satin curtains that joined at the top of the windows, draped back, and fell in luscious folds to the floor.

On the mantle were two cheap, white waltzers, with synthetic glaucous blooming beautifully against the blue walls; and a blue rug, two small, walnut tables and as many straight-back chairs of simple design completed the setting.

David thought that Nina was nothing less than a genius, and hovered about with boyish awe and enthusiasm as production got under way.

It was a life saver for Nina that she had so much to do, and, of course, such a dear person to do it with. During the day, she refused to allow herself to think, and at night it was David who wouldn't allow her to.

If she thought anything, it was: "I am doing the right thing... over and over. 'I am doing the right thing,' and that in itself was comforting."

The first night in their apartment, they talked further about the things they could, and could not, do. With unusual foresight, David brought up an important point.

"Your friends, Nina, are presumably going to want to throw a lot of parties for you... because they like you, and are probably dying with curiosity about the strange fellow you chose to marry... well, here's the thing: We simply can't get started going with a crowd like that, baby, because we'll have no possible way of returning invitations, and I'm no what's that five-dollar word? ... sycophant. We've got to take kind of a stand at the beginning."

"That's okay, too!" "Surely, it's okay. In fact, it's only common sense, David." Lord, that was what she wanted—to get away from her old ties, associations. And he was right.

"Let's choose a few of our best friends—like Cordelia Thorpe, and one or two of mine—and spend what money we have for amusements with them."

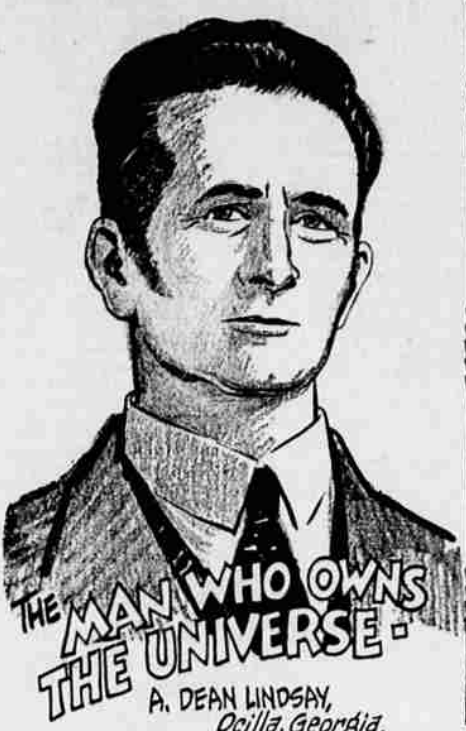
"Gosh, you're sensible, David." "Gosh, you're—sweet!" It was going to be awfully simple, getting along together.

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Nina goes reluctantly with David to see Honey and Richard, tomorrow.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

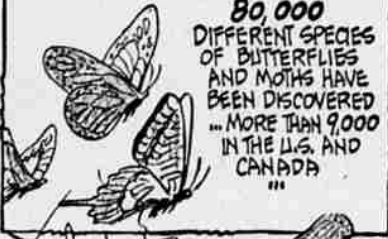
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**THE MAN WHO OWNS THE UNIVERSE**  
 A. DEAN LINDSAY,  
*Ocala, Georgia,*  
 HOLDS ORIGINAL CLAIM DEEDS TO THE SUN, MOON, PLANETS (EXCEPT EARTH), STARS AND "ISLANDS OF SPACE," NAMED THE MOON "LINDSAY'S MOON" AND THE SKY "LINDSAY'S ARCHIPELAGO"—AND CLAIMED AND SOLD THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS!



**PROGRESSIVE FOOTBALL!**  
 ALTOONA HIGH SCHOOL, Pa., SCORED ONE TOUCHDOWN AGAINST DUBOIS IN 1932  
 TWO IN 1933  
 THREE IN 1934  
 FOUR IN 1935  
 FIVE IN 1936 AND  
 SIX IN 1937!



**80,000 DIFFERENT SPECIES OF BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED... MORE THAN 9,000 IN THE U.S. AND CANADA**



**THE LUXURY WEED**  
 TOBACCO WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN SILVER IN 16TH-CENTURY ENGLAND...

**Landlord of the Universe**  
 A. Dean Lindsay need no longer "reach for the moon." He now owns it! One warm night in May, 1936, Lindsay sat out in the park gazing spellbound at the fullness of the moon. A terrifying idea seized him—so terrifying that he pondered 13 months before acting on it. Then, in June, 1937, he paid a visit to the Irwin county, Georgia court house and amazed the clerks there by filing General Warranty Original Claim Deeds to the Moon, Sun, Stars and other "islands of space" and all unclaimed oceans of this world! "No man will ever again have the power to hold so much property, so much wealth," Mr. Lindsay says. And herein lay his problem. At a loss over what to do with his unlimited holdings, Lindsay last August drew up a will. In it he directed: "... that the portion of my property commonly 'The Moon' and located in 'Lindsay's Archipelago' (commonly called 'The Sky') shall at my death become the property of all persons who bear the name of 'Lindsay' and to their heirs forever." His stated reason for this disposition is: "That in those semi-silent hours as future lovers blissfully sit, they shall not need to burden their minds for a subject of which to speak, but will remember the great lover of youths who reserved his possessions purposely and especially for them." As a final philanthropic gesture, Lindsay willed that, with the exception of Saturn and the Moon, all his celestial holdings "shall become the private property of all mankind."

Return he postically reserved as a wedding gift for a future bride, because "it is the most beautiful of all planets." Not entirely a dreamer, Lindsay turned his more mundane holdings to practical purposes. He advertised for sale the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans and found immediate buyers in Francis W. Hanley of Pittsburgh, Albert E. Anstis of the same city and Mrs. Flora Fisher of New York City, respectively. Tomorrow: The Boy Who Saved a Nation!

**Sidewalk On Fire**  
 AUBURN, N. Y. (UP)—A burning sidewalk called Auburn firemen out on one of the oddest alarms they have answered in years. Gasoline from a leaky gasoline tank became ignited when a passer-by tossed a lighted cigarette into the gutter. The firemen were told "the sidewalk's on fire."

**Blind Golfer Scores 79**  
 LONDON (UP)—Captain Gerald Lowry, famous blind sportsman, returned a score of 79 in a game at Mersea Island (Essex) Golf club. The length of the course is 6,352 yards, and the bogey is 73. His valet placed the ball, told him where to stand and the distance of the ball from each green.

**Muzzle Loaders Tried**  
 LEWISTON, Mont. (UP)—The muzzle loading rifle club of Montana residents held a rifle shoot here in which the contestants crammed shot down the muzzles of their antiquated weapons. Competitions in shooting the old Kentucky rifle, the flintlock and percussion types were held.

## DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN CALLING IN REGARD TO COMMUNITY CHEST CONTRIBUTIONS, YOU REALIZE THAT THE SMALL CHILD WHO ADMITTED YOU HAS DISAPPEARED WITHOUT ANNOUNCING YOUR PRESENCE. YOU DON'T LIKE TO TIPTOE OUT, FOR FEAR, IF SURPRISED, OF BEING TAKEN FOR A SNEAK THIEF; BUT YOU CAN'T VERY WELL GO ON SITTING HERE ALL DAY.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS  
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## SMATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE



NOTHING DOING! YOU MUST GO TO BED NOW!  
 AW, POP, LEMME STAY UP WHILE I EAT SUMTHIN! WILL YA?  
 OH-H, ALL RIGHT. WHAT DO YOU WANT?  
 AH-AH-HH, GIMME A STICK OF GUM!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bently "Pulls a Fast One!"



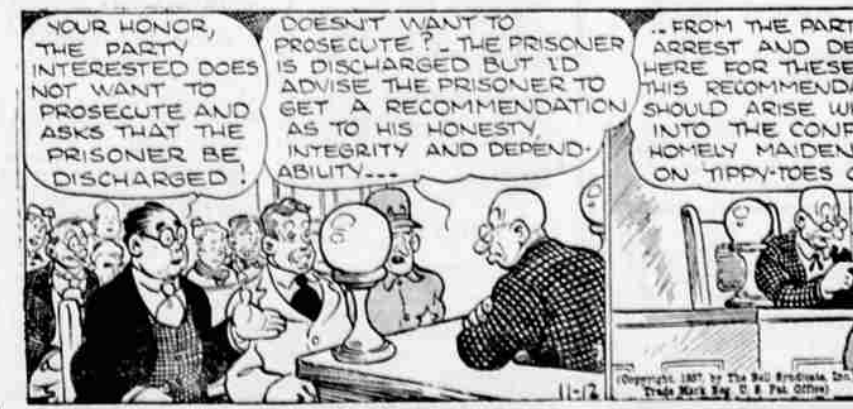
WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE! I'VE GOT GUN IN MY SHOULDER HOLSTER!  
 AN' WERE THREE AGIN' TWO!  
 BE CAREFUL, TOMMY! HE'S TRICKY!  
 I WON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO USE HIS TRICKS THIS TIME, BETTY-LOU!  
 DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY, BENTLY.  
 NO USE LOOKING FOR OUR GUNS! THEY'RE RIGHT AT YOUR FEET!  
 THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE OF YOU!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Toot! Toot!



BUT, JULIET, WHAT'VE YOU DONE?  
 I'VE FIRED THIS ENGINE AND IF YOU RUN IT, BEN, WE'LL STILL HAVE SERVICE ON THE NUGGET LINE!  
 GEE, YOU'RE A WONDER!  
 I'M NOT EITHER—I'M A RAILROAD MAN'S GRANDDAUGHTER—  
 JAGON'S HURT, JULIET—  
 I KNOW IT, BUT NOT BADLY—THEY'VE GOT HIM IN THE HOSPITAL NOW—  
 IF WE KEEP SERVICE GOING FOR ANOTHER DAY, WE'RE OKAY—I'VE FOUND GRANDDAD, TOO—SAY, WHEN'RE YOU GOING TO START THIS ENGINE?  
 RIGHT NOW!

## THE NEBBS—Discharged



YOUR HONOR, THE PARTY INTERESTED DOES NOT WANT TO PROSECUTE AND ASKS THAT THE PRISONER BE DISCHARGED!  
 DOESN'T WANT TO PROSECUTE?—THE PRISONER IS DISCHARGED BUT I'D ADVISE THE PRISONER TO GET A RECOMMENDATION AS TO HIS HONESTY, INTEGRITY AND DEPENDABILITY...  
 ... FROM THE PARTY WHO CAUSED HIS ARREST AND DETENTION IN OUR JAIL HERE FOR THESE DAYS. IF YOU CAN'T GET THIS RECOMMENDATION AND A LIKE CONDITION SHOULD ARISE WHEN YOU WANT TO CREEP INTO THE CONFIDENCE AND LOVE OF A HOMEY MAIDEN LADY AND MAKE HER TREAD ON 'TIPTY-TOES OF TEMPORARY HAPPINESS...  
 ... IN EXCHANGE FOR GOVERNMENT BONDS OR OTHER NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES, JUST REFER HER TO THIS COURT!  
 POP, I COULD SENSE A BIT OF DELICATE SARCASM IN THE JUDGE'S REMARKS!

## WPA Gives Santa A Big Headstart

MILWAUKEE, Wis. (AP)—Santa Claus is off to an early start here in filling one of his biggest toy orders. His helpers are 80 WPA workers. Santa's order list contains the names of 12,000 boys and girls under 12 whose families are on relief. The names were assembled by William L. Coffey, manager of county institutions, and Benjamin Glassberg, county relief superintendent. The goal is at least one toy on Christmas eve for each underprivileged child.

**Bible for Every Home**  
 LONDON (UP)—Plans to distribute a Bible to every British home next year to mark the celebrations of the fourth centenary of the Reformation are being drawn up by Rev. E. J. F. Bagnall, secretary of the London Free Church Federation.

## Ban Fishy Turkeys By Watching Diet

MANHATTAN, Kas. (AP)—Thanksgiving day turkeys should taste like fish, not fish, says the Kansas State college poultry husbandry department. So the department has advised turkey raisers not to feed their flocks any fish products during the eight weeks before market time. There were complaints last year that fish food, upon which turkeys thrive, made the turkeys taste like halibut.

**Lays "Slamwise Eggs"**  
 NEW LONDON, Conn. (UP)—Louis Lombardi's hen has laid three "slamwise" eggs in three weeks. Lombardi says the laying of one such egg, although unusual is not rare, but when the same hen lays three eggs equal to a half-dozen within three weeks, that's different. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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