

# Two's Company

By MARGARET CLUON HERZOG

**The Characters**  
 Nina has married David, trying to escape 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 bright young auto salesman who worships Nina, has eloped with her—at Nina's suggestion.

### Chapter 31

#### Afraid To Go Home

NINA had urged her mother not to hurry home.  
 Richard would still be away, she pointed out, and she herself was plunging right into house-keeping.

She suggested that Honey carry out her original plans with Horse-face, and then, when she returned, the apartment would be settled and they could have more time together.

The truth of it was, Nina did not want to see her mother just yet. She wasn't ready.

She wanted to convince herself that she could be perfectly happy with David, before being reminded that she had married him out of loyalty to Honey.

Grudgingly, her mother consented.

Button arrived one afternoon in a frenzy of excitement.

To show his appreciation at being reunited with the family, he did his darndest to wreck the place; knocking things over with his incredibly strong tail, leaving wet nose marks on the day-bed cushions, and generally doing his poor best to express his joy.

He even glanced longingly at the synthetic dogwood, blooming so temptingly beyond his reach. "Now, if there were only lower," he told Nina and David with his eyes, "I'd know how to leave my mark on them, too." But they weren't, and he could only look.

"He's going to be a great companion for you, Nina," said David. And Nina answered: "Ye-e-e-s," a touch doubtfully.

But she really did love the engaging young fellow.

After a honeymoon that was strung out to 10 days by virtue of two weekends, David went back to his salaried job in the grocery automobile district, and Nina took up the study of cooking and bed-making in a big way.

She knew how she liked a bed to feel, and food to taste, but she had no idea how to produce results.

Burnt fingers, an aching track, and frequent trips to the incinerator with inedible dishes, seemed to be the only reward of her labors. And at that, she probably didn't make as many stupid mistakes as most inexperienced brides, because she put her very good mind to it.

and didn't bother with trying to do deliberately amusing things, that would make good telling but had eaten afterward. Her fault lay in that she was too ambitious.

She spent long hours cleaning the nickel gadget on the stove with silver polish, because she was so strong for an immaculate kitchen, and found that she had barely time to mop the floor, before David came home.

She gave difficult and unnecessary personal-maid attention to the appointments in the bedroom, and then had to rush the essentials, like bed-making, and carpet sweeping. The dishes she threw away were souffles and biscuits.

not hamburger and potatoes. But she soon learned that there are invariably a bakery around the corner, from every love-nest; and that a smooth coverlet and a whisk of the vacuum cover a multitude of sins.

#### The Fried Egg Situation

HER proudest moment was on their third Sunday morning, when she had forgotten the butter for the fried eggs that David had asked for. She had no lard or grease of any kind, and finally surmounted the seemingly insurmountable difficulty by using cold cream.

David said they were excellent, and only turned mean and clutched his stomach afterwards. . . when they were eaten, and she confessed.

That she never set her nose out of doors during the day except to market and take Button for walks. . . did not disturb her. She would work out a system presently, and then there would be time for other things.

That there was no money for other things, she did not realize until the system was worked out. . . and that was not for a very, very long time.

How in the world did housewives with big houses and families manage? When she was rushing from early morn to dewy eve, with only one tolerant man, and three rooms on her hands? Oh, yes, and the "foyer" . . . she musn't forget that important chamber. This problem of management was a

blessing, really, because it kept her busy for weeks.

When Honey and Richard came home on the same day, there was nothing for it, but to face the music.

Nina wouldn't go to the house on 74th St. until the evening, when David could go with her.

She was terribly, terribly, afraid.

He took her in his arms just before they went, and rumbled her a little—a thing Richard never, never would have done, no matter at what fever pitch his ardor—and told Nina not to worry about his slight contretemps with her stepfather.

"I won't insult him, precious," David promised, looking adorably little-boy brushed and washed. "He's probably a very fine fellow. . . only the form in which he chose to express his concern, for you, happened to strike me the wrong way, that's all. Maybe when he sees I don't breathe in my soup or balance peas on my knife, he'll think more highly of me."

"David, you're a lamb, and he was beastly, only, you know, sometimes when people are perturbed. . . Why couldn't she just let it go? Why did she have to stand up for him? And the old truth came back to her with astounding force, because she had not allowed herself to think of it. She was standing up for Richard because she was in love with him, that was why; and she didn't any more deserve to be accepting David's devotion, and his care and hard-earned money, than . . . than . . . Oh, it was a dreadful muddle."

"You know they say things, David dear, that they're sorry for afterwards."

David's left eyebrow hinted at his doubt of Richard's ever being sorry for anything. . . but he said: "Oh, sure, forget it, sweetheart. I live."

So Nina let it drop.

David kissed her again—causing another return trip to her dressing table for repairs—and they started off, at last.

#### The Yellow Frock

DAVID had asked her to wear the deceptively ingenu yellow frock he had seen hanging in her crowded closet, and which she had worn on her fatal last evening at home. She had started to tell a fib about it involuntarily. . . .

It was torn, soiled, anything to keep from wearing it. But then, she had checked herself. There was to be truth between them in all things possible—even the littlest things; so she took it, and pressed in, and wore it—shivering. If Richard remembered. . .

But she was shivering for more reason than the wearing of the yellow dress, as they stood on the stoop of her mother's house, and when Richard himself, opened the front door, smiling, welcoming, beautifully groomed. . . . David had to push her forward. . . actually, her feet wouldn't work.

"Well—y o u t w o runaways. Hello! How are you?"

He might have sent them off with his blessings, the way he behaved. Nina was grateful.

(Oh, Richard, you divine, heavenly creature. Don't be too nice! Behave a little badly. . . that I may be free!)

And Honey. . . If Nina had had to give a one-willing, welcoming, beautifully groomed, and his sympathies concerning the new American

Revolution were decidedly anti-British.

Strange as it seems, the Marquis de Lafayette in this manner first learned of the American Revolution—a war in which he was to play a great part—from the lips of the brother of England's king! His imagination was so fired by the duke's words that he took immediate steps toward joining the American forces in their struggle for freedom.

In December, 1776, Lafayette arranged in Paris with an American agent, Silas Dean, to ally himself with the colonials as a major-general. Against the wishes of the king of France, Lafayette sailed incognito for America with 11 companions, including Baron De Kalb, in a yacht equipped by himself. During the voyage he learned what little English he could pick up. Arriving at Georgetown, S. C., on April 14, 1777, he proceeded to Philadelphia to give up his command and serve as a private without pay.

Yet, strange as it seems, this boy of 20 became a major-general in the American army and a member of Washington's staff.

These facts of Lafayette's life are dramatically portrayed in a current "Strange As It Seems" motion picture. "The Boy Who Saved a Nation."

Tomorrow: Can a Mirage Be Photographed?

which all except one defendant, Robert Lee Cannon, entered pleas of not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity.

During the past year there were reports of 3,402 missing persons in St. Louis; 5,108 in Philadelphia; 10,796 in New York City; 2,638 in San Francisco, and 3,092 in Los Angeles.

By armed guards patrolling the court house and a guard stationed behind each of the men accused of murdering Warden Clarence A. Larkin in the Sept. 19 riot.

The small court room, seating scarcely more than 110 was half filled by the ventmen and only as many of the public were admitted as would fill the remaining seats.

The trial is on an indictment to

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**LAFAYETTE**  
 WAS INSPIRED TO JOIN THE AMERICAN FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE BY THE BROTHER OF THE KING OF ENGLAND-- THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, FROM WHOSE LIPS HE FIRST HEARD OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION!

McNulty Brothers, Inc. 11-16-37

Marquis De Lafayette.

D'Artagnan, immortal hero of Dumas' "Three Musketeers," led no more thrilling a career than did in real life Marie Jean Paul Rock Yves Gilbert Motier, the amazing Marquis de Lafayette.

In 1774, at the age of 17, Lafayette entered the French army as an officer of the guard. While stationed at the garrison at Metz, France, Lafayette attended a dinner at which the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III of England, was guest of honor.

The duke had been exiled from England by his brother-king because of his love for and marriage to the Countess Walsgrave, and his sympathies concerning the new American

Revolution were decidedly anti-British.

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AN EXCITED YALE FAN TOOK THE BALL ON A KICKOFF DURING THE 1935 YALE-PRINCETON GAME, 14TH QUARTER. A PRINCETON MAN TACKLED HIM TO RESUME THE GAME!



NORWAY HAS A 2,000-MILE COAST LINE, YET IS ONLY 1,100 MILES LONG FROM TIP TO TIP.



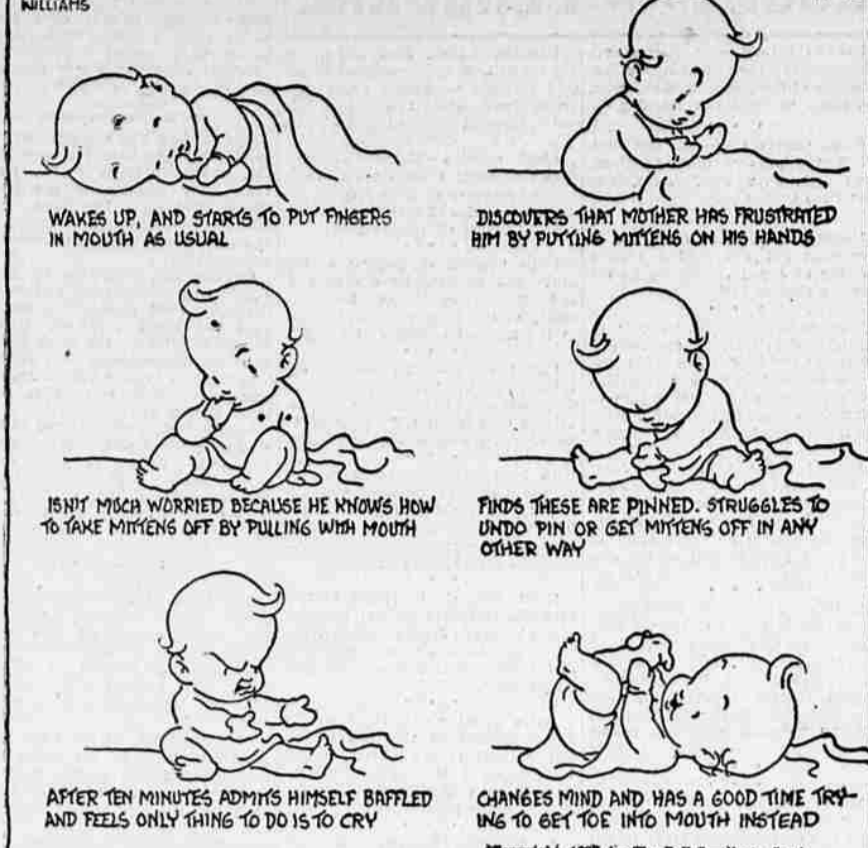
THE MASS BURIALS SACRED IBIS BIRDS OF ANCIENT EGYPT WERE MUMMIFIED AND BURIED IN LARGE POTS—OFTEN AS MANY AS 50 TOGETHER.

## FOILED

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

11-10



## S'MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



## FOLSOM DEFENDANTS UNDER HEAVY GUARD

HAMMOND, Ind., Nov. 16.—(AP)—Folsom's five convict defendants went on trial here today, with heav-

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Sheriff Comes After All!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Some Mistake?



## THE NEBBS—I'm Sorry



## Last Of Gangmen To Take Medicine

HAMMOND, Ind., Nov. 15.—(AP)—Diminutive James Dalhover, 31, only Al Brady gangster to survive a bloody battle with federal agents at Bangor, Me., October 12, pleaded guilty in federal court here today to an indictment charging him with the murder of State Policeman Paul Minneman.

Judge Thomas Slick accepted the plea and set December 6 for calling a jury for punishment, which may be death in the electric chair.

Honored Hit by Car  
 HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 16.—(AP)—Donald Ogden Stewart, 42-year-old humorist, is slightly improved altho out of danger from a nasal skull fracture. Doctors of Lebanon hospital reported today Stewart was struck and critically injured by an automobile at a Hollywood boulevard intersection Saturday.

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

## Evangelist Given Term For Murder

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 16.—(AP)—Lloyd Pusey, 44-year-old itinerant evangelist, was sentenced today to 18 to 20 years at hard labor in state prison for the hammer slaying of his evangelist wife in Linden three months ago.

The sentence, imposed by Judge Lloyd Thompson, followed acceptance of Pusey's plea of guilty to second degree murder as his murder trial was about to start.

Women Get Elk  
 LA GRANDE, Ore., Nov. 16.—(AP)—Twenty-two more elk carcasses were checked into La Grande over the week end, bringing the total kill checked in here to 93. Four women were successful over the week end.

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., Nov. 16.—(AP)—Four bullets from the pistol of an unidentified assailant early today critically wounded Hymie Miller, 31, film scene, restaurant proprietor and former prizefight manager.