

Two's Company

By MARGARET CLON 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 wild about Richard, her recently acquired husband.
 David, a bright young auto salesman who adores Nina, strives to make her happy on his small salary.

Chapter 28
Dinner At Gracie's
 "HOPE they like me," Nina said rather timidly, for her, and backed away from his enfolding rumpling arms, in the nick of time. The very first thing she noticed, when Jack Knight opened the door, was that the two girls behind him were in evening dress.

The tall one, in black, had all the earmarks of a model... so chic and svelt was she... and the shorter one, in flesh-colored crepe, must certainly be Gracie, from David's description of her.

Nina felt like a sophomore from Peoria, in her simple, little Hattie Carnegie creation. And she had tried to be so thoughtful!

"Hi, there, David! And Nina... hello! Gosh, I'm glad to meet you!" The shorter one, who was Gracie, came forward with a wide smile.

Nina relaxed a little. It was going to be easy.

Gracie took her arm and whirled her off to the bedroom... a tiny apartment, very taffeta and lacy. The bed was piled high with big dolls and little cushions.

Every chair had either a white fur cat, or a black fur scottie; and the dressing-table mirror was jammed with cards, clippings and snapshots.

It looked like the kind of room you see in the movies, where two pretty girls in black undies plump themselves down on the bed, and "tell all."

From the moment she went in, Nina had the feeling they could have a lot of fun together.

Gracie was undeniably attractive, in a dark, pert sort of way. She had hard, bright eyes, and a comical little nose, and curves that could not fail to be pleasing to the masculine eye.

Her flesh-colored evening-gown was not calculated to conceal them... but it was smart and perfectly all right.

Nina might have chosen it, herself, if it had been her type. It had cost \$18.50, she found out later.

Gracie stared at her, as she fixed her hair.

"You don't mind if I stare, do you, Nina? I've been so darn' curious about you. You know when David told us about going around with a new-twist, I knew you must be good... The boy's got eyes in his head... But I had no idea you'd be so good!"

"Hey, hold on! You'd better wait till you know me better, Gracie." "Oh, we'll get along, I'm not worried about that. David's a great kid, isn't he, Nina?... Crazy about him?"

"Umhm. You bet I am!" "Come on in, you look great. Jack's an awful ass, but you'll like him... and Francine and Bill are swell, too."

"She models for a wholesale house, and they're 'that way' about each other, like you and David." Nina felt sure she and Gracie were going to get on.

Jack, The Schoolboy
 "GOSH! The victuals..." Gracie shoved her into the living-room and disappeared.

Her living-room didn't have as much definite character as her bedroom.

There was a red lacquer secretary, and a black velvet hanging on the wall, with a statue and the fountain painted on it, in oils; and the most interesting collection of cigarette boxes and ash-trays, that Nina had ever seen. The rest of the room was nondescript. Sinky chairs, chintz curtains... just a cozy, comfortable room.

The windows looked out over the Hudson river, and that was the best thing of all.

The model, Francine, was languidly beautiful, and beautifully languid. Bill was just a nice young man; and Jack Knight... well, Nina knew that she was going to like him, too.

He was probably about 28, but remained—and would remain—the perennial schoolboy.

that he might fancy himself a bit of a playboy... but he wasn't. He was a schoolboy.

He was utterly natural, and in love with life.

"How about a little panther sweat?" he suggested, after the introductions had been made; and the party was on.

The biggest surprise of the evening, was Gracie's perfectly delicious dinner... cooked and served by her own hand, from a kitchenette that made Nina's look like a ballroom.

They all huddled into an alcove, and Gracie meandered back and forth with one scrumptious dish after another... unhurried, at ease, keeping up a running fire of conversation all the while.

Nina marvelled at her. Fruit cup. Cream of mushrooms. Chicken Maryland...

"How do you do it, Gracie?" "Oh, it's nothing, my dear, nothing. Just a little something I whipped up out of left-overs. No trouble at all... I've only been preparing this little snack for the last two weeks!"

She was wonderful. "You know, Mrs. Day," began Jack.

"Why Mrs. Day? Have you any objection to 'Nina'?" "Not a one in the world! You know, Nina, you deserve to be congratulated... no, I'm not going to say anything about that mug of a husband of yours... I was going to congratulate you, because you're the first person who hasn't made some crack about 'Day and Knight'... Night and Day, get it?"

"Well, I had a narrow escape. It occurred to me, all right."

"Nina," put in Francine, "would never think of being so—obvious." "It was pure luck," said Nina modestly.

Francine's Broad A
 FRANCINE had a slight tendency, at first, to be social.

"I saw young Willie so and so, the other night, at the Paradise. Amusing place to go, about once a winter, don't you think?"

But Gracie wouldn't let her get away with it.

"What are you trying to do, pal? Impress Nina?... You live at the Paradise, you know you do! Put your broad A back in moth balls, kid."

David smiled at Nina. His eyes said: "I told you she was great, didn't I?"

Nina smiled back at him. Gracie went on.

"You should have seen us, Nina, reading all about you in the papers. The former Nina Stafford as the eye-compelling Ice Maiden, in such and such a pageant... We're impressed! How do you like cleaning David's razor, and putting the top back on the toothpaste, after him?"

"The boy," said Nina, "is neatness personified, and we have two tubes of toothpaste, I'll have you know!"

"What swank!... and I thought you were one of us!"

David said: "Nina is a wonder. Nothing about housekeeping fazes her. When she ran out of butter, one Sunday she fried my eggs in cold cream. That's initiative for you."

When dinner was over, Gracie whisked up a screen, and the matter of dishes was not referred to. Nina's heart ached for her.

"Wouldn't you let me—help, Gracie?"

But her hostess told her: "When you've been poor a little longer, darling, you'll learn to treat dishes with a beautiful disregard. Right now, they're probably the biggest thing in your life. But you'll get over it."

They played red dog, for penny chips.

Gracie said: "You've gotta get used to it, Nina... your Monte Carlo days are over, baby!"... If anything, Gracie rather harped on the subject of Nina's being poor now.

She sat by David, opposite Nina, and kidded her—all very good-naturedly, of course—about her steady losing.

"Here, here! bridle!—them's pen-nies you're throwing around!" She whispered with David a good deal, and constantly referred to amusing experiences they had had together, in the past.

Nina began to have a vague—and then a very definite feeling, that Gracie was not as friendly as she appeared.

Suddenly, her continued talk about Nina's elegant past and her new poorness, took on a different note.

It was as though she was teasing David's wife... seeing if she could take it.

Nina became self-conscious and then uncomfortable.

She readjusted all her previous ideas about Miss Nolan, and decided that, beneath her apparent openness, she was clever and shrewd, and could make a plenty mean enemy.

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David rides to the hounds, tomorrow, with grim determination.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MINIATURE CANDID CAMERAS ARE NOT NEW...
 A CAMERA OF THE 1880's, ITS LENS EXPOSED THROUGH A BUTTONHOLE, TOOK 6 PICTURES THE SIZE OF A SILVER DOLLAR...
 DR. ARTHUR N. CLARK, 77, So. Norwalk, Conn., HAS DELIVERED OVER 6,500 BABIES IN THE LAST HALF-CENTURY...
 THE TINY PHILIPPINE GOBY IS THE ONLY VERTEBRATE WITH A LIFE SPAN OF LESS THAN ONE YEAR!

WALTER RUNYAN, Rapid City, S. D., WON A \$100 MARE WITH A DIME! HE PROVED OWNERSHIP IN A COURT RECOVERY SUIT BY FINDING A 10-CENT PIECE IN THE MARE'S THIGH!

Dime Wins Mare
 Strange as it seems, a 1920 dime established ownership of a black mare in a Rapid City, S. D., municipal court recently. Walter Runyan of that city claimed he was the animal's original owner and that the mare had disappeared when about one year old. W. Ray Sanders, defendant in the recovery suit, claimed he had recently purchased the horse.

Miniature Cameras
 Nothing, it seems, is new under the sun. Not even the "latest" miniature candid camera craze! Strange as it seems, back in the 1880s a grandpa of the modern, high-speed "mini-cams" was the rage. It was designed to be worn under one's vest, with only the lens peeping through a buttonhole, and was capable of taking six small pictures. Handicapped by lack of the better films and lenses available today, exposures were necessarily much longer.

Baby Doctor
 In 1888 Dr. Arthur N. Clark, now 77, located his offices in South Norwalk, Conn. In August of this year, Dr. Clark checked back over his birth records and found he had delivered 6488 babies into the world. The number did not include deliveries made in other states, which he estimates at an additional 200. Since August, Dr. Clark's South Norwalk record has passed the 6500 mark!

During his 49 years of service in that location he has brought between 40 and 50 pairs of twins into the world. His "records" are 301 babies in a single year; 38 in one month, and 18 in one week.

"I have attended three generations in one or two families," Dr. Clark says of his South Norwalk services.

Dairy Goat Co-op Is Incorporated
 SALEM, Nov. 18.—(AP)—The Co-operative Dairy Goat association, Rogue River, was incorporated today to sell goat products at wholesale and retail.

Delirious Patient Jumps Out Window
 ROSEBURG, Nov. 18.—(AP)—Fighting off the restraining efforts of nurses, with superhuman strength born of delirium, R. E. Toner, traveling salesman of Eugene, suffered a fractured leg and jaw in a leap from a hospital window here, it was reported today by his physician.

Toner was being treated at the hospital for a concussion received last Saturday in an automobile accident south of Roseburg. In his brief spell of delirium he jumped from the first floor window of the hospital.

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THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Nervous Passenger!



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Doubts Whatever!



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—You Crook



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Son Of Pioneers Takes Own Life

WOODBURN, Ore., Nov. 18.—(AP)—Ozell J. Scollard, 37, member of a pioneer Woodburn family, committed suicide by shooting himself at the family residence here early this morning, Coroner L. E. Barrick said.

Scollard had recently been manager of the national re-employment service at McMinnville and had previously been connected with the Salem branch of that unit. He is survived by a sister, Miss Mary Scollard, and a brother, Edward S. Scollard. He belonged to the American Legion.

Wagner Labor Act Impotent: Carson

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—(AP)—Mayor Joe Carson of Portland, Ore., charged today the Wagner labor relations act was "wholly silent and impotent."

The statement was issued at the close of the annual mayors' conference as he prepared to return to Portland, where rival unions had tied up the lumber industry with jurisdictional disputes.

Dog Pushes Girl Through Window

SEATTLE, Nov. 18.—(AP)—King, a lively two-year old English setter owned by Harold H. Mitchell, makes news without biting a man, or getting bitten by one.

His 14-year old mistress, Lillian, had 11 stitches in her arm today. The dog pushed her through a door glass yesterday, cutting an artery in her arm.

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