

Two's Company

By MARGARET CLON HERZOG

The Characters
Nina impulsively married David, trying to escape her intense love for her stepfather, Richard, the charming, well-tailored stepfather, has a passionate regard for Nina.
Honey, Nina's gay, plump, youthful mother, is wild about Richard, her newly acquired husband.
David, a bright young auto salesman, adores Nina and strives to make her happy on his small salary.

Chapter 24 David Goes Hunting

AFTER the game, David came over to Nina and kissed her, and from the queer little crooked smile that appeared at one corner of Gracie's mouth, Nina began to understand the girl's antagonistic attitude, still better.
For the first time, she thought of David in a new light... a gay, copper-headed David breezing in to another girl's life, as he had into hers, and leaving his own special brand on her heart. She thought of the girls at Cordelia's dinner, who had remembered him from that one evening in "Montmartre" back in the autumn.
She thought: "Um-m-m. The boy's got something!" And she looked up at him with amused, affectionate... provocative eyes.
David forgot himself, completely, then, and dived for her again. "What do you think of my girl?" he asked, absurdly, and—without her new awareness—Nina realized that Gracie Nolan's praises were a shade too hearty.
By the time the party broke up, Nina had her all sized up... and the most important thing about her was this: in Gracie you could have a friend—or an enemy—for life. There would be nothing she wouldn't do, underhand or above board, to keep you whichever of those two things you happened to be.
Nina also realized that if it were a case of loving someone, Gracie would probably double up on her efforts.
She remembered that funny little crooked smile, and she thought: "On your toes, Nina!"
"Gosh, Nina, it's been swell meeting you. You'd better be prepared to have little Gracie in your life, from now on."
And Nina thought: "I bet she'll be!"
"Goodnight, Gracie... you were darling to have me. We'll get together soon..."
On the way home, David said: "Gracie was a crazy about you honey..." But Nina had different ideas.

'A Pitiful Little Place'

HONEY was trying to get away from the exuberant Button.
"Wait a minute, Honey. Pause and look around. You are now in the 'foyer,' my friend! Lie down, Button!"
Honey gave a startled glance about the dark little cubicle.
"And here's the living-room, darling... sweet, don't you think?"
Honey looked somewhat relieved. Although she had been home from the south for two weeks, she had been confined to her bed with an annoying attack of grippe. This was her first visit to the apartment.
"Why... why, you clever baby, you!" She really liked it. "You have a flair for decorating, Nina. I've always known that... but... and did you and Bridget read those curtains, yourself?"
"... of course, it's a bit—empty, isn't it? But you'll pick up lovely antique pieces, little by little. I suppose..."
Nina laughed.
"We will not. This has stretched the purse-string to the limit, as it is. Come on and see how well my things look in the bedroom."
They went down the narrow hall.
Honey was strangely silent.
"Um, yes. The furniture fits in quite well... considering the size of the room."
And the tiny kitchen.
"Yes... cunning, Nina. Awfully cozy."
But it wasn't until they were back in the blue and white living-room, sipping tea and little cakes (baker's) that Honey spoke her mind.
"Now listen, baby. I think you've managed too, too beautifully... your figures stagger me. I didn't know there were such reasonable things to be had... Nina, child, will you kindly tell me why all this rigid economy is necessary? This tiny box of a place?"
"Why, Honey dear, I told you, David's only beginning... he's just 24. He only makes \$50 and occasionally \$60 a week!"
Honey knew all that.
"But, surely you knew I'd continue your allowance. We agreed that two hundred a month was enough when you were living at home with all your expenses paid... but I told you, that when you got married I'd increase it, if necessary. Your daddy would have

wanted me to, Nina... Nina darling, how do you think your mother feels, seeing her only child living in a pitiful little place like this... doing her own housework? And when it needn't be, at all!"
Nina tried to laugh her out of her concern.
"Well, darling, my mother can feel perfectly happy, because her daughter is. And this isn't a 'pitiful little place'—it's adorable. I'm having a marvelous time."
But Honey's worried frown would not go away.
"It's you, your good-looking David is one of those selfish, up-right young men who will make his wife suffer and go without things rather than accept a little financial help from her! I've heard of people like that..."
"Now, Honey! Don't be naughty. I think it's the finest attitude a man can take, and I'm proud of him for it. I'll go on with my allowance, if I may get my clothes with some of it, and save the rest."
Honey looked as though she were going to cry.
"Don't call me 'naughty,' darling... All I want in the world is for my baby to be happy, you know that. But it does seem like such a silly, old-fashioned stance for a young man to take! Why Richard is the most perfect husband a woman could ever hope to have, and yet he's perfectly simple and broadminded about letting me go on sharing the expenses..."
Nina had wondered about that.

Admiration For David

AND now, the Days were having another party given for them by Carl and Hester Semple this time a house party at Harmony. The Semples, she says, the Chaltoners, Cordelia Thorne and a man named Tony Leeds, Oh, and Button, of course, staying in rather sulky solitude in one of the row of kennels that had been empty since Hester's reign.
It was Saturday afternoon, and with the exception of Honey and Hester, they had all been hunting even David.
David's hunting had been hysterical, something to write a book about. His previous experience with horse flesh had been confined to a few rides in the Park ("on flush Sundays") from a West Side riding academy. But today, clad in a pair of Carl's breeches, a turtle-neck sweater and tweed coat, he had bounced and flapped his way through the countryside, until he was actually in at the death... without a single fall to mar his record.
Nina thought she would never forget the picture he made: face set and excited, copper hair standing up in the wind—the last standing at the first fence—clucking to his mount, and urging it forward with terms that applied more to automobile row, than the hunting field.
"Step on the gas there, baby!" "Whoa... whoa over we go!" "How's the old chassis holding out?"
But he got results, just the same. Lilith—who had rescued him from the kicking horses in the autumn—and young Tommy whatever-his-name-was and the Master... and of course the whole Harmony party, watched him, fearful and marveling.
Of the lot, it was Richard, Nina noticed, whose intense dislike of the younger man would not permit of admiration. Richard riding at full gallop—lifting his horse over a difficult jump... well, he was something lyric to watch. But somehow, beside David's ridiculous exhibition of determination and courage... it had paled a little. David was the man of the hour. He was pleased as a kid about it.

Standing now, as usual, with his back to the roaring fire, Carl Semple was going over the day's run, for the benefit of the two ladies who had not been present... but this time, your usual, was sitting by Richard, holding his hand, watching him... quite oblivious of anyone else, or what they were saying.
"We had a field of 65, and hounds were cast about two miles north of the kennel where they found immediately. After a 45 minute run, crossing Little Creek river and the Sutton coverts, fox went to earth. But the hounds found again, and ran a good hour down Wistaria road and on to the Miles coverts, where they checked in a bit of plough."
Nina saw Lilith and young Tommy coming through the square hall toward the library; and she noticed that Hester saw them too, and hastily straightened the tea things, pulled the bell cord for Clayton, glanced about the room, and smoothed her hair with her white, white hand. It seemed to Nina that she even set her face in a gracious expression of welcome... for these people whom she had known for years! These two, who were in and out of the house every day!
"What was it about Hester? What made her so queer, and punctilious... so remote? It gave Nina the creeps."
(Copyright, 1937, Margaret Herzog)

Nina overhears a startling comment on Richard, Monday.

No. 1 Rooter Found
NILES, O. (UP)—William Lewellyn is hometown rooster No. 1 here — he hasn't missed a home football game in 29 years.

Zinnia Is Two-Colored
ALBANY, N. Y. (UP)—A zinnia blossom, one-half pink and the other half bright red, appeared on a flower in Mrs. James McEwan's garden.

SALINA, Kas., Nov. 19.—(AP)—Dr. Larkin Bruce Bowers, 60, president of Kansas Wesleyan university, died today of injuries received Tuesday in an automobile accident.

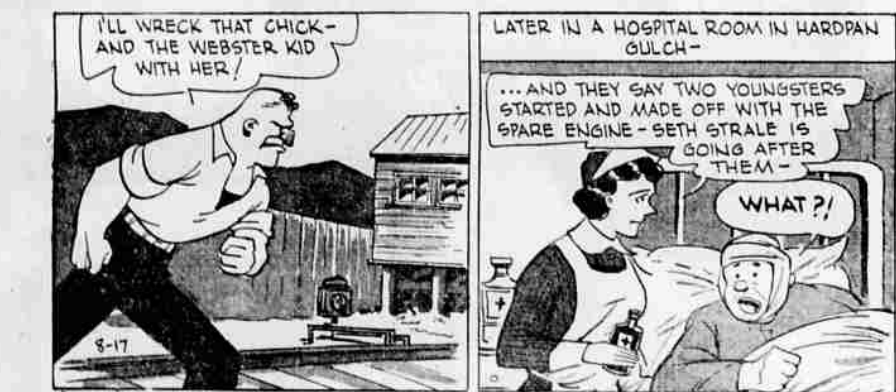
8 MATTER POI



TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Dirty Work!"



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—He's the Doctor!



THE NEBBS—It Can't Be Done



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\$7,050.00 IN PRIZES on the West Coast

LAST CHANCE TO WIN YOUR SHARE... THIRD ALLSWEET CONTEST ENDS NOVEMBER 27

OH, WHAT GORGEOUS NEW CHINA! WHERE DID YOU BUY IT, MARGE?

I WON IT IN ONE OF THE ALLSWEET CONTESTS, JANE. I'M SO PROUD! I'M GOING AFTER THE \$10,000 PRIZE NOW.

YOU, TOO CAN WIN, JANE. IT'S EASY. YOU JUST COMPLETE WITH 25 WORDS OR LESS THE STATEMENT: 'I PREFER THE NEW ALLSWEET MARGARINE BECAUSE... THIS AD TELLS ALL ABOUT IT.

GOODNESS, WHAT A GRAND ARRAY OF PRIZES!

IT SAYS \$10,000 FIRST PRIZE EVERY TWO WEEKS... 70 OF THOSE 38-PIECE SETS OF GOLDEN WHEAT PATTERN DISHES LIKE YOURS, MARGE... AND 100 MIRACLE MIXING KNIVES.

I CAN WIN! LET ME ENTER, TOO.

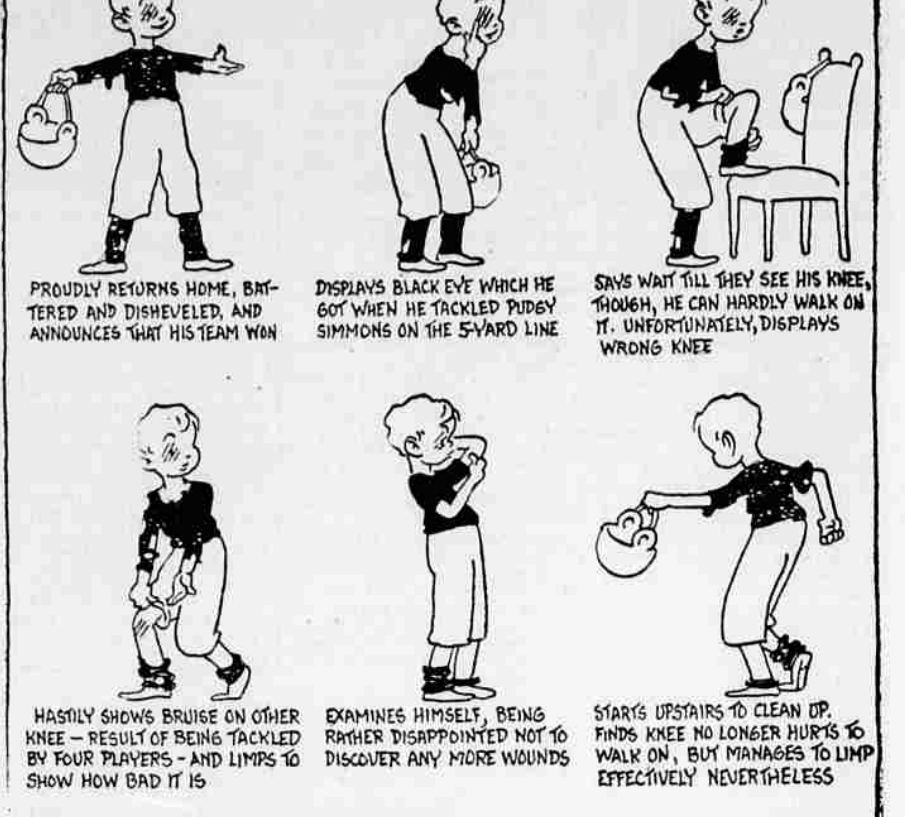
YOU GET AN ENTRY BLANK WITH EVERY PACKAGE OF DELICIOUS ALLSWEET MARGARINE.

LATER—AT JANE'S

WHEN I WIN THIS WEEK'S ALLSWEET CONTEST, DADDY, I'LL BUY YOU A NEW AUTO.

I THINK WE'VE WON ALREADY. THIS ALLSWEET TASTES AS FINE AS HIGH-PRICED SPREADS. YET IT COSTS NO MORE THAN WE'VE BEEN PAYING FOR MARGARINE.

WOUNDED HERO



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALG



By SOL HESS



Ocean Freight Rates Increase January 1

LONDON, Nov. 19.—(AP)—A ten per cent increase in ocean freight rates from the United Kingdom to eastern Canada and United States ports, effective January 1, was announced today by the trans-Atlantic conference.

Rates of north Pacific ports will be increased for most cargoes, the officials announced. The new rates will be adopted by the 15 lines embraced by the conference.

Frost Hits Wheat
WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—(AP)—The bureau of agricultural economics said today reports from Buenos Aires indicated that recent frosts had caused a 30,000,000-bushel damage to the Argentina wheat crop. The bureau estimated the prospective crop at 200,000,000 bushels.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Selectman Shakes Hands With Death

SANBORTON, N. H., Nov. 19.—(P)—For 40 years a box supposed to contain old records stood unopened in Selectman Nathan Morse's office.

Then a friend induced the selectman to allow him to open it.

Several healthy blows from a hammer were required to force the lock. Inside were five sticks of dynamite, complete with fuse set.

Night School as Penalty
MIAMI, Fla. (UP)—Two days in night school may not sound chronologically correct, but according to present plans such sentences soon will be heard by Miami's minor traffic offenders, unable to pay fines.

The city's bureau of accident prevention will teach violators how traffic rules should be observed.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

EVERYBODY WINS WITH ALLSWEET!

Twenty-five words or less... that's all you write to qualify for the final big \$10,000.00 Allsweet first prize, or for a whole 38-piece set of swank new china! So enter this easy contest right away. Entry blanks are given with packages of the marvelous new Allsweet Margarine.

You win whenever you use Allsweet. For it tastes as fine as spreads which often cost nearly twice as much, yet it sells at thrifty margarine prices!

Allsweet is absolutely wholesome, too. It's tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and accepted by the American Medical Association, Council on Foods. It's a West Coast product made of pure American vegetable oils churned in fresh pasteurized milk. Use Allsweet on hot vegetables, too—and in cooking!

YOUR NEAREST FOOD DEALER HAS ALLSWEET