

# Two's Company

By MARGARET QUION HERZOG

**The Characters**  
Nina impulsively married David and is trying to forget her intense love for her stepfather. Richard, the charming, well-tailored stepfather, shamelessly talks of love to Nina.  
Honey, Nina's gay, plump, youthful mother, told 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 26

**Encounter With Richard**  
I happen to know that Challoner hasn't a cent over \$3,000 a year. Tony is trying to get me to know that two of his bills last year, in London—a tailor on Bond street, and a sporting goods store—amounted to exactly that figure.

Three thousand dollars! And Honey's ménage cost her at least \$20,000 a year.  
Her mother had said, that day in the blue and white room: "Richard is perfectly sensible and broad-minded about letting me share expenses." But according to Tony's figures, "sharing" was hardly the right word, was it?

Tony went on: "Now mind you, I don't say he doesn't pay his bills, and I don't say he procures an additional income, by any shady means. I simply say that he spends every cent of his back and for his own personal amusement... and lets his numerous friends (and now, probably, his wife) look after his living expenses."  
Nina did, actually, feel a little shocked; but she managed to persuade herself that the standard David had taught her, that had seemed only self-respecting and right in his day, did not apply to Richard at all. And the very fact that she was head over heels in love with him, kept her from realizing that it was love coloring her judgment.

Well, that was that.  
Nina went on up to her room, and devoted every ounce of her considerable skill, to making herself look as lovely as possible for the evening.  
She came hurrying down the great stairway, in little skips. Her lettuce green evening dress was of silk net, with taffeta polka dots applied onto it in charming profusion. It floated after her like a foamy wave, trying to catch up with her; and her fair curls bobbed up, and then bobbed back into place again, like the good little curls they were.

"Nina... it was a low murmur. At the curve of the landing, Richard was waiting for her... looking at the window, with a cigarette in his hand, so as not to attract notice."  
"Nina... again. He stepped in front of her. "My crazy, impulsive... sweet..."

"Richard!" Or had she said, "darling?"  
"Why did you do it, Nina? Why... loving me...?"  
"Please... I'm happy. Let me go, Richard."

She didn't mean, down the stairs; she meant, let her go free...  
"You don't mean that, darling!"  
"I—must."  
"You don't want to have this thing over between us, any more than I, Nina... precious, it needn't have been. You and I..."  
"Hush. We mustn't talk this way, Richard. Please."

"Mustn't—you talk as though love could be turned on and off at will!"  
"Don't come so close. We must turn it off, Richard."  
"We... can't."  
"Someone is coming."  
"We love each other."  
"Help me, Richard... darling. Help me to be good."  
"I... can't, Nina."  
"Someone is coming!"

### Weaving A Romantic Plot

THERE were 12 for dinner that night, in the spacious white-walled dining-room.  
They were going on, later, to the Hunt ball.  
There was the inevitable talk of horses, and the recent meet, and more horses.  
"Dirty big brute, that bay of Corning's. All but jumped on top of me three separate times this morning..."  
"... no grass for grazing like a mixture of Timothy, Kentucky blue grass, and red and white Dutch clover..."  
"I hear Payson's considering 'What Not' for the Maryland."  
"Don't like her," remarked Carl, laconically, "lands with a grunt."  
Nina glanced round the table.

The flickering light from the tall silver candelabras, shining on the crystal, and the women's jewels, and the bright shades of their evening gowns, gave an unreal air to the scene... like a magazine illustration, or the setting for a play.  
Still glowing from her encounter with Richard... glowing with the knowledge that he did love her... Nina allowed her romantic fancy to run away with her. She looked again, at the people about her, and thought of them in terms of the theater.  
Honey there, on Carl's left, watching Richard... straining to hear what he was saying. Wearing a gold satin thing, with topaz, the color of her hair... her name, heard over heels in love with a young husband, who, in turn, loved someone else. How did she think he felt about her? How did he feel? ... That was part of the play.  
Tony Leeds, next—so brown and correct looking—glancing again and again at the lovely girl beside him... in whose eyes, when she did return his gaze, there was only friendship to be found.  
The girl was Cordelia—dark and beautiful, in clinging American Beauty crepe, listening to an anecdote, that Carl, at the head of the table, was recounting. What story could you weave about her? She never fell in love with anyone... perhaps that was it. Perhaps that was part of the plot.  
And young Tommy, on her left side. Red of face, eager to please both Cordelia and Colonel Selfridge's sedate wife... but mostly Cordelia.  
David then... with his adorable, scrubbed, healthy look... not in the least afraid of the Colonel's wife, and thereby making a great hit with her. Sweet, funny David, so very crazily in love with his wife, who... Nina laughed at her plot. It was so intricate.

And next Hester. There was a character! Hester in white, a medieval portrait... and just about as alive looking. Was there a story there? Or did she deserve a good shaking? Was she capable of loving anyone?  
At her left, did Colonel Selfridge, the weather-beaten M.F.H.; and Lilith—so unlike her name—in her inevitable black lace, straightforward and friendly, with a trace of powder on the end of her nose, as a concession to the festive occasion.

And Richard Challoner. Nina's fantasy play, stopped there, and became a dream... a wicked, lovely dream of being free to roam the world with him, never, never to leave his side.  
It was shattered by Carl, beside her at the head of the table... one of the players she had forgotten to analyze... ruddy checked and handsome, in his full dress hunt "color." Could he be happy, with queer, wraithlike Hester for a wife?  
He said: "Dreaming, Nina?"  
And she said: "Yes," without blushing.

**The Sound Of Footsteps**  
THEY all drove over to the ball shortly before 11.  
David groaned, as he got in a car, beside Nina. Groggy with fatigue, his muscles aching from the unaccustomed exercise of the morning, he contemplated the approaching festivities, and the further necessity of heaving his poor body about, with consternation.  
His thoughts, he told her, strayed continually to the warm fastness of his comfortable bed. Would Nina be a lamb and sit out with him, from time to time, when he simply couldn't carry on?  
And it was because Nina was a lamb—a willing lamb, as a matter of fact—that they found themselves waiting on the wharf in the morning, in the early hours of the morning.  
The Hunt ball was being held in one of those huge houses, of which there is at least one in every well-to-do community, and which is invariably called "The Manor," or "The Hall."  
This one was "The Manor," and Nina and David were sitting in the half-gloom of the conservatory, from which they could view the scene.  
After a minute, David said "This comfortable armchair, and this dark, soft, velvet, a deadly effect on me, sweetheart. Would you mind if I limped out and got a drink and threw some cold water on my face?... Shall I get some one...?"  
No, darling, I'm tired, too. I'll wait here, quietly. Run along..."  
He kissed her and departed.  
He had only been gone a minute or two, when the sound of slow footsteps attracted her attention.  
Her heart leapt right up to her throat.  
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Tomorrow, Nina hears the story of the erieled young Irishman.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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**SULEIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT, Sultan of Turkey, ATE 10 POMEGRANATES, A WHOLE GOAT, 6 FOWL AND A HUGE QUANTITY OF GRAPES IN ONE MEAL!**

**FORBIDDEN LAND FOR CLERGYMEN! FOR 106 YEARS NO CLERGYMAN, REGARDLESS OF RELIGION, HAS BEEN ALLOWED ON THE GROUNDS OF GIRARD COLLEGE, Philadelphia... THEY ARE EXCLUDED UNDER THE TERMS ON WHICH THE COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED...**

**ONE FARTHING (1/2¢) WAS SENT TO THE U.S. TREASURY TO HELP SETTLE HIS COUNTRY'S 4 1/2 BILLION DOLLAR WAR DEBT!**



**15TH-CENTURY PRAYER BOOKS WERE ONCE BOUND LIKE THIS SO THEY COULD BE HUNG ON THE OWNER'S BELT...**

Girard College  
"In enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises..."  
In these no uncertain terms did Stephen Girard, founder of Philadelphia's famed orphanage, Girard college, emphasize his secularistic ideas in his will that endowed the institution with some \$6,000,000 in 1811. Born a Frenchman, Girard was to sea as a boy. He endured much ridicule because of the loss of one eye, and early adopted a philosophy of utilitarianism. It was his love of free and unfettered thought that led him to ban ecclesiastics from Girard college, believing as he did that young minds should be sheltered from clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy.  
Religion, however, plays a large part today in the daily routine at Girard. Daily chapel service includes Scripture reading and prayer, with an address delivered by a staff member or visiting speaker—although never a minister.  
Girard emphasized in his strange will that he did not intend to cast any reflection upon any religious group or person by his non-sectarian tenets in founding the college that has endured 89 years under those principles.  
**British War Debt**  
During the course of the World war, Great Britain borrowed sums from the United States aggregating more than \$4,500,000,000. In 1923 repayment was begun on annual installments of about \$120,000,000, but was suspended in 1932 with the Hoover moratorium. One conscience-stricken Englishman's sporting blood prompted him to continue the payments and he forthwith mailed the U. S. treasury the sum of one farthing (worth 1/2 cent) to be applied toward his country's debt.  
If every one of the 486-odd millions of British subjects in the empire contributed a farthing a day toward the war debt, in about five years it would become non-existent.  
**Tomorrow: How Did "Blackmail" Originate?**

**Vandalism Costly**  
PORTLAND, Nov. 22—(AP)—The cost of a special police force to halt vandalism in Portland's labor office exceeds \$1000 a day, police officials said. The principal cost is wages, with tear gas, gasoline and other items estimated at \$1,244 a month.

**Flood Project Hit**  
PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 22—(AP)—Value of the flood control features of the proposed Willamette valley project were stressed at a luncheon here by Col. Thomas M. Robins, U. S. army division engineer, who added that "all essential projects" are not warranted now.

**Gets Federal Post.**  
LA GRANDE, Nov. 22—(AP) George T. Cochran, attorney, was appointed by Interior Secretary Harold L. Ickes Saturday to a commission to investigate financial and economic conditions of United States and Indian reclamation projects.

## CHRISTMAS RUSH AT SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS, Ind., Nov. 22—(UP)—The first general snowfall of 1937 brought a deluge of mail to this sleepy little southern Indiana village today and the annual rush of the world's most famous postoffice began five weeks before Christmas.  
Trucks brought bulging mail pouches from the nearest railroad station, 12 miles distant.  
Postmaster Oscar L. Phillips called his daughter, Beatrice, to help him with the most unique job in the postal service.  
"The Christmas rush already is starting," Phillips said. "I look for a record year. We'll handle at least 1,000 pieces of mail today. Of course that figure will increase every day for the next month."

## NEW DESTROYER TAKES TO WATER

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 22—(UP)—The U. S. S. McCall, new four million dollar destroyer and first naval vessel to be built in a private shipyard on the west coast since the World war, was launched Saturday at the Bethlehem shipyards.  
The ship was christened by Miss Eleanor Kempf, daughter of Rear-Admiral Clarence S. Kempf, commandant of the 12th naval district, before a crowd of civic and state officials.  
The new ship was named after Lieut. Edward Rutledge McCall, naval hero of the war of 1812.  
Miss Harns Killed  
NORTH BEND, Ore., Nov. 22—(AP)—Injuries suffered when struck by a broken saw at the Empire Lumber company were fatal to L. W. Briggs, 38, of Charleston.  
Vegetable Fuel Study  
WASHINGTON, Nov. 22—(AP)—Authority to spend \$1,000,000 on experiments with vegetable fuels will be sought by Representatives D. Worth Clark of Idaho and Clarence Lea of California.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ON THE DAY THAT ASHES AND RUBBISH ARE COLLECTED, FRED PERLEY SKIPS HIS SETTING-UP EXERCISES BECAUSE HE GETS PLENTY OF ACTION WEAVING IN AND OUT OF BARRELS AND HURDLING THEM ON HIS WAY TO THE STATION

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By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Talkative Passenger!



By EDWIN ALGER

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Getaway?

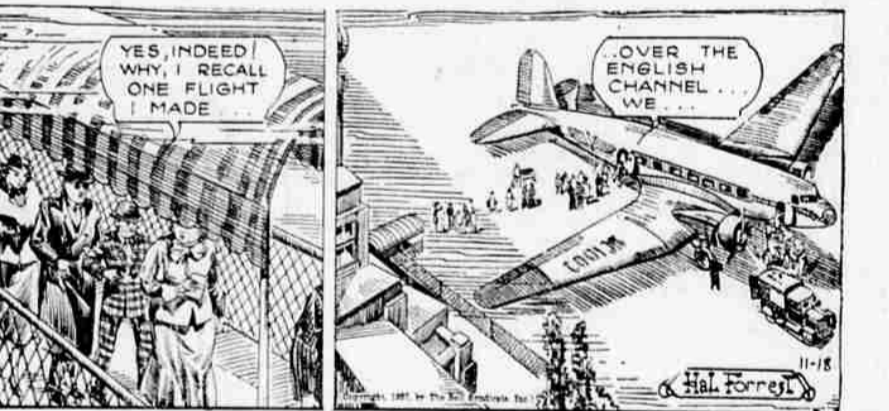


By SOL HESS

## THE NEBBS—He Was So Handsome



## CHRISTMAS RUSH AT SANTA CLAUS



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