

Two's Company

By MARGARET GUION 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, is said 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

"Lean On Me . . ."

IN SPIKE of herself, Nina drew a sharp, shuddering breath between her teeth; but Hester just sat, as still as death. Over her pale face had come that look of numbness, that Nina knew so well . . . and with its return, she suddenly realized that Hester's face had not been pale a moment before . . . that she had looked happy . . . animated.

After a minute, her lovely new color came back.

Her voice, when she spoke, was as calm as ever, and yet it had an undertone of excitement to it.

"You recognized my voice anyway, didn't you, Rian? And that's doing pretty well, after all these years . . ."

"How could I . . . forget? The last hunt ball you were wearing white. You had something soft and misty, over your shoulders, that floated."

"Tulle. It caught in your studs, while we were dancing . . ."

"Yes, I wanted to be careful, unfastening it, but you yanked . . . remember? I went about with a little wisp of it, hanging there."

Hester—yanking at her dress! Tearing it! Hester, who was so careful and precise . . .

Nina looked at her, wondering, and then continued to look. That color in her cheeks . . . It might have come from the dancing, of course, and yet . . . And that lilt of laugh . . .

"You led the band, Rian . . . ad-

for her . . . and she would have been so sure to come!"

Nina found that she was holding her breath.

The music started up again, and the Irishman stirred in his chair. He seemed to remember Nina's presence for the first time.

"Don't let me keep you ladies from the festivities, please . . . I was just about to push along, myself, anyway." His voice sounded dreadfully—flat, all of a sudden. "I wonder if any of you would be good enough to send for my man, Masters . . . I hired a car at the inn. He'll be outside waiting."

Nina said: "I'll go . . ."

But Hester cut in.

"Don't bother, my dear." Her voice was not quite steady. "I'll go with Mr. McHugh to the car. Give me your arm, Rian. Lean on me . . ."

For a moment he hesitated, and then reached out for her hand.

He must have said goodnight to Nina, and she must have answered him, but she was not aware of it. Her eyelids were tingling with tears.

She watched them wend their way, slowly, across the ballroom. Rian so tall and dark, so splendid, but for that rigid side . . . those blind blue eyes . . . And Hester, helping him. "Lean on me . . ."

The band blazed gaily. Couples began to crowd out on to the dance floor, and presently the two were out of sight.

David came up while Nina was standing there.

"Sweetheart, you'll never forgive me . . . I fell asleep in the coat-room. I sat down for half a second, and I was gone! Darling . . ."

But she wasn't listening to his apologies.


She put her hand on his arm.

"David," she said softly, "the most extraordinary thing . . . and then she couldn't bring herself to tell him, it was so fantastic.

Nina had the feeling that it was the last she, or any one else there, would ever see of those two; that—so quietly as she did everything else—Hester had gone to spend the rest of her life at Glymrock . . . that great bare castle, with its blind master, and its 56 empty rooms.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



TEGUCIGALPA, Honduras, IS THE ONLY NEW WORLD NATIONAL CAPITAL WITHOUT A RAILROAD

ALABAMA POLY PLAYED A SCORELESS TIE AGAINST GEORGIA TECH IN 1893— THEN DEFEATED THEM 96-0 THE NEXT YEAR!

THE BRIDAL WREATH PLANT BLOOMS AND BEARS FRUIT UNDER WATER

FAME BY FORGERY!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY WON HIS FIRST RECOGNITION AS A POET BY WRITING UNDER THE NAME OF EDGAR ALLAN POE!

UNABLE TO GET HIS POEMS PUBLISHED, HE WROTE A POEM IN THE POE STYLE AND HANDWRITING, PRETENDING IT WAS A LOST WORK OF POE— THEN HAD DIFFICULTY CONVINCING CRITICS HE WROTE IT HIMSELF...

11-24-37

James Whitcomb Riley. "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock, And you hear the yowling and gobbling of the struttin' turkey-cock." The world has thrilled to this poem in quaint Hoosier dialect of a typical mid-western autumn, which first appeared in the Indianapolis Journal under the name of "Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone," a famous pseudonym and character developed by James Whitcomb Riley, American poet.

Strange as it seems, Riley not only won his literary laurels by writing under a nom de plume, but received his first recognition as a poet by forging the name of Edgar Allan Poe to one of his own writings!

Big news reached the literary world one day in 1877 in the form of a news story and poem published in the Kokomo (Indiana) Dispatch. The poem, characteristically entitled "Leonie," appeared over the initials "E. A. P." An accompanying story by the editor declared the poem to be a lost work of the immortal Edgar Allan Poe. It allegedly had been discovered on the fly-leaf of a copy of Atsworth's "Dictionary" by a traveler in an old inn near Richmond, Va.

A storm of comment was provoked, one literary faction claiming the poem to be a genuine work of Poe, another labeling it a fake. Finally the publisher of the Dispatch, J. Oscar Henderson, broke down and admitted the whole thing was a hoax, perpetrated by himself and a young sign painter named James Whitcomb Riley. Even then many critics refused to believe that they had been duped and clung to the illusion that the poem actually was written by Poe.

Riley, author of the hoax, had written the poem to prove that his heretofore unsuccessful efforts to win recognition with his poetry were simply due to the fact that he was an unknown.

WONDERLANDERS FORM EXHIBIT COMMISSION

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 24.—(P)—The Shasta-Cascade exposition commission filed incorporating papers today with the secretary of state. It has as its objective the publicizing of the attractions and advantages of the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland and the furnishing of an exhibit at the 1939 Golden Gate International exposition.

Counties in the incorporation are Tehama, Lassen, Modoc, Siskiyou, Trinity and Shasta in California, and Lake, Klamath and Jackson in Oregon.

Directors named in the papers included Marshall Cornett of Klamath Falls.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Zero-Zero Ceiling!"

AS FLIGHT TEN ROARS THROUGH THE FOG-BOUND NIGHT, EN ROUTE TO DENVER, WITH ITS FULL LOAD OF PASSENGERS, WE GO TO THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE BIG TRANSPORT, WHERE WE HEAR TOMMY CARRYING ON A TWO-WAY RADIO CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE SHIP AND A GROUND STATION ON AHEAD.

WACO, FLIGHT TEN TO GOODLYN . . . LOTS OF "SOUP" AT NINE THOUSAND . . . ON INSTRUMENTS WHAT'RE YOUR SURFACE CONDITIONS?

CEILING ZERO-ZERO HERE. NO REASON TO "SIT DOWN" UNLESS YOU NEED SERVICE. NO RESERVATIONS. ROUTING YOU ON TO OATMAN. GOT IT, FLIGHT TEN?

OKAY, GOODLYN! OATMAN IT IS! THAT'S ALL! FLIGHT TEN, WACO, CALLING OATMAN. LET'S HAVE YOUR LOCAL WEATHER.

THE FOG SEEMS TO BE GETTING WORSE, STEWARDESS . . . OH, IT WILL LIFT SOON!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Race!

"WE'RE GAININ' ON HIM, MR. JORDAN—WE'LL KETCH HIM INSIDE O' FIVE MILES!"

"GREAT! GREAT!"

MEANTIME, HAVING REACHED THE END OF THE LINE AND OBTAINED WITNESSES TO THE FACT, BEN AND JULIE WERE LEISURELY RETURNING TOWARD HARDPAN GULCH.

"WE'VE KEPT SERVICE GOING TODAY, BEN—"

"WE WILL, JULIE, WHEN WE REACH THE GULCH—"

"IF YA COME ANY FARTHER, I'LL BLOW YA TO KINGDOM COME! THIS IS DYNAMITE!"

"SLOW DOWN, JASON—WE'RE DEALING WITH A MADMAN!"

"SLOW DOWN, NOTHIN', MR. JORDAN! HERE COME BEN AN' JULIE!"

THE NEBBES—Getting Even

"YOU REMEMBER OLD GRINNER SENT BUCE ARDLEY DOWN TO BUY MAX'S ALUMON-INN WITH THE IDEA OF RUNNING NEBBES OUT OF BUSINESS BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT SO GOOD"

"WELL, DO YOU WANT TO BUY THE PLACE OR SHALL I SCRAP IT?"

"WHEN YOU SCRAP IT I'LL BUY SOME OF YOUR FIXTURES—THERE'S A LOT OF STUFF HERE I MADE A MISTAKE IN BUYIN'—YOU KNOW HOW EASY THEM FIXTURE SALESMEN CAN TALK YOU INTO SOMETHIN'."

"WELL, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE—DO YOU WANT THE PLACE FOR \$3000? THE REASON I'LL LET YOU ROB ME IS I WANT TO GET OUT OF TOWN AND NEVER SEE THIS PLACE AGAIN!"

"WELL, IF THAT'S PART OF THE AGREEMENT, I'LL TAKE IT."

"THERE'S YOUR CHECK FOR \$3005—WRITE INTO THE BILL OF SALE THAT YOU PROMISE NEVER TO COME BACK TO THIS TOWN AGAIN—THE \$5 IS A TIP!"

BRIDGE PENCILS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 11-18

STARTS TO PUT DOWN SCORE. ASKS DID ANYONE TAKE THE PENCIL?

LOOKS ON FLOOR WHILE REST OF PLAYERS SEARCH LAPS AND POCKETS

SAYS NEVER MIND, IT DOESN'T MATTER, HE'S GOT ANOTHER

SETS DOWN SCORE, MRS. WIMPLE MEANWHILE DISCOVERING FIRST PENCIL WHICH SHE HAD BORROWED FOR HER INDIVIDUAL SCORE

A FEW HANDS LATER BOTH PENCILS HAVE DISAPPEARED AGAIN

SETS UP AND GETS ANOTHER PENCIL FROM DESK, WHICH VANISHES AFTER NEXT HAND

MR. WIMPLE PROFFERS A PENCIL HE DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD, AND WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE THE SECOND ONE LOST

GAME GOES ON, SOMETIMES WITH FIVE PENCILS ON HAND, SOMETIMES WITH NONE

GETS SO ENGRESSSED INVENTING DEVICE TO CHAIN PENCILS TO BRIDGE TABLE, IS SET FOUR AT SPADES DOUBLED

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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE

DO YOU KNOW WENDY?

WENDY WHO?

I'LL HAVE TO TELL THAT TO POP!

POP! DO YOU KNOW WENDY?

WENDY WHO?

WENDY WE EAT!

HOW SOON'R WE GONNA EAT SUPPER?

YA-HA-HA! YA-HA-HA-HA!

I DON'T GET IT

S'MATTER, POP?

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By HAL FORREST

pit now, you were just the least bit tight!

"I was quite drunk, Hester . . . drunk with youth and life . . . Colored boys, they were just up from Baltimore. They were the rage then, weren't they?"

Hester Comes To Life

NINA had the strangest sensation, as though she were sitting on top of a volcano . . . or out in the open, just before a fierce electric storm, when nothing had happened yet, the leaves are just beginning to stir . . . and yet the air is so charged with something, that you know any minute, the heavens will open . . .

The old hunt hall, Hester's torn dress . . . the band . . . There was nothing of portent about their actual words, and yet Nina felt the thunder in the air.

Again that bright smile of Hester's. What was it? Ah, yes, now she knew. It was warm, glowing, as though—after years of walking about in a trance—she had suddenly come to life again.

She only said: "Tell me, Rian, are you here for long, my dear?" But now Nina knew the whole story.

Hester was the girl.

And now, she was lovely, not a beautiful cold statue, but a lovely woman. Warm . . . human . . .

Rian's words came back: "It would have been so easy to send

She never forgot the picture they made . . . walking away together . . . as the band played . . .

Such A Brave Act

"I SIMPLY can't believe it!" Honey's eyes were round.

"Hester, of all people! I feel as though I were dreaming," said Cordelia, in an awed voice. "Carl . . . poor Carl . . ."

They were all standing in a huddle in the middle of the upstairs hall, at Harmony. It was five in the morning.

Carl had come out and read then Hester's brief note, in a queer, strange voice, and then excused himself. Cordelia had gone to him, and taken his hand. He had held on to it tightly.

"To do such a . . . a brave thing, she must care so very much, that I am not going to try and stop her," he said gravely.

He had looked stunned . . . but not broken.

Honey and Cordelia and David and Tony, all said various things, in subdued voices . . . but Nina and Richard only looked at each other, saying nothing at all.

One thought beat, relentlessly, in Nina's brain.

"She had the courage to give up everything . . . to hurt people! She was brave enough to go away with the man she loved."

(Copyright, 1937, Margaret Herzog)

Aunt Carrie raises Nina's fees for Honey's health, tomorrow.

Don't let your wife talk about medicine and surgery in private life. Don't give us small talk in the consulting-room.

Don't try and impress on us that you're attending Lord and Lady Lipstick.

Don't allow scandal to be talked in your presence.

Don't back horses.

Don't go to the moneylenders.

Don't talk medical shop in mixed company.

Do always dress for the part.

Do cultivate an easy, smiling manner.

Do employ a smiling parlormaid to open the door.

Do be definite, even if you are wrong.

A general practitioner's patients, said Sir Seymour, are divided into four kinds.

"Fifty percent of them are natural people—be very kind to them," he advised. "Thirty percent are shy—they treat them with tolerance. Ten percent are snobs—give them a swift kick in the pants. And ten percent are idiots. Get down on your knees and thank heaven for that last ten percent—for they'll never find you out."

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS



Rian so splendid, but for that rigid side—those blind eyes. And Hester helping him.

YOUNG DOCTORS GET COUNSEL ON SUCCESS FROM ENGLISH ACTOR

LONDON (UP)—A long list of "do's" and "don'ts" to guide them to success and popularity among patients has been offered students of the Westminster Hospital Medical school by Sir Seymour Hicks, famous actor-manager, speaking as a "patient of 65 years' standing."

"I have enjoyed a great many very pleasant illnesses in my time," he said. "In fact, at times, I have almost been a professional patient. That is my only excuse for having the temerity to come here and give you a few scraps of advice to remember when you leave the hospital and embark on general practice."

Here are Sir Seymour's Do's and Don'ts for young doctors.

Don't keep your patients waiting.