

# Two's Company

By MARGARET GUION HERZOG

**The Characters**  
 Nina impulsively married David, hoping 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 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 32 David's Surprise Dinner

BUTTON was tugging at a corner of the bed-clothes. It awakened David.  
 "Hey, stop it, you dope! Don't you know that's organdy, boy?"  
 "Organdy! It's crepe de Chine, stupid..."

Nina had been awake for some moments, but she had lain there watching David. He looked quite adorable, asleep... his brilliant hair, all tousled; and his expression was so completely innocent, that you just knew he could be a very bad boy, upon occasions. The really pure in heart never achieve such a look of sanctity, Nina was sure.

And she liked to watch him wake up, too. Whether it was Button tugging at the covers, or Nina shaking him, or whether he just woke up of his own accord, he always looked so terribly surprised; as though it was the most tremendous shock to find himself where he was. At first Nina had laughed at him, and thought it was because he wasn't used to waking up in bed with a lady... but he did it every morning of his life.

"What day is it, angel?" he asked.  
 "Saturday."  
 "Nope. That's not right."  
 "Why, David, it is so Saturday!"  
 "Why, hell, be it, it may be Saturday, but that's a minor point. It's an anniversary, by God... We've been married... one, two, three, four... four months, today!"

"Darling! Happy anniversary, David."  
 "Happy anniversary, Nina."  
 And later, when he was shaving, he stuck his lathered face round the kitchen door.

By the way, housewife," he said, oh so casually, "don't bother about marketing... little David's taking charge, for the day."  
 "Taking-charge?"  
 "Um-hum... he's going to come home early, and cook and wash the dishes, and even get caught up with the darnin'. Isn't that just too cute of him?"

"Well, to be frank, it's so damn cute that I don't believe him!"  
 But he meant it; and, what's more, he had planned for it ahead of time, because Cordelia appeared at one o'clock, out of a clean sky, with two tickets for a matinee, but she was anxious to get home, and see what kind of a meal David had been able to prepare by himself.

### David, You're A Madman!

WHEN she returned, at 5:30, she found that the keys had been removed from her bag, so that she had to ring, and David greeted her in a nifty little house apron, with pink ribbons on it... and there was a pink hair ribbon tied in a strand of his copper hair.

He hustled her into the bedroom, and sat her down with a book; bade her not to come out on pain of death. Then he shut the door on her.

At a little before 7, when he summoned her, she found the table perfectly laid, in the living-room. There were sweet peas in the center of it, and right away, she noticed glasses for wine.

"I can see that you have gone completely haywire, David, my love," she would be able to afford to eat for a month now, after this, but it'll have been worth it!"  
 "Don't be—previous. Wait till you see how you like my little snack."

"Well, anyway, it'll be worth it, having seen you in your hair ribbon!"  
 He pulled out her chair, and disappeared into the kitchen.

The first thing he staggered in with, was a cake of ice that must have weighed at least 20 pounds. The corners had been rounded smoothly and there were little flowers made out of vegetables, nestling in parsley, around its base. In the hollow at the top reposed a mound of caviar.

"Fresh, no less," David boasted, "not a thing out of a tin, the whole meal!"  
 "David, you're mad, but you're the cleverest madman I ever came across!"  
 She was almost too astonished to eat... why she should if she could have made those beet roots, herself...

The next thing was a clear soup. It was so superlative that Nina knew he must have bought it somewhere... not in a tin, because he had said not, and it didn't taste canned... but in a glass jar.

After the soup there was something of a pause, before he bore in proudly—a pheasant, the wings and tail feathers stuck in pieces of potato, to give a realistic effect.  
 "I think I'm going to faint, David," and surely a man never grinned more broadly, at the prospect of his wife swooning.

"Vendôme... 'de chez Vendôme' Madam," he announced, grandly. "I chose this fellow yesterday, and they fixed him for me."  
 Bread sauce... jelly... little browned potatoes... balls... and bright green peas. A bottle of white wine, wrapped expertly in a napkin... chilled just enough, but not too much.

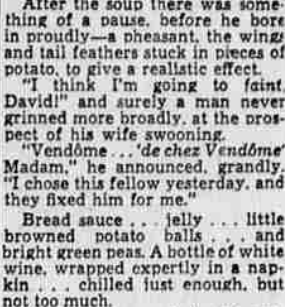
Alligator pear salad, and two kinds of cheese with their demitasse.  
 "David, am I dreaming?" She really thought she must be.  
 "Now get this, baby, just because I showed you my stuff, this evening, don't expect me to be the cook from now on!"

"I'll never go near the stove again, my friend. You made a big mistake being so good. You're elected!"  
 She raved and raved, in what must have been a very heart-warming manner, to David. She did want him to know how much she appreciated his efforts, but—in truth—she was so astounded by the whole affair, that she could not help herself.

Where had he learnt to do all this? How did he know that bread sauce went with pheasant... Well, they'd told him probably, at Vendôme... but how did he know about Vendôme...  
 "Lest you think I'm too mad, Nina, sweet, let me explain that I had a slight windfall of 25 bucks, and I decided to blow it all in on your matinee, and this anniversary dinner."  
 "And you needing shoes, like the very devil. You're the dearest, sweetest, most..."  
 "Show me!" he interrupted, and Nina did.  
 That was what he wanted most of all, it seemed... Darling David.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**POMPEY'S PILLAR, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT...**  
**STALIN—**  
 most powerful figure in Russia today, ESCAPED 5 TIMES FROM EXILE BEFORE BECOMING GENERAL SECRETARY OF U.S.S.R.'S COMMUNIST PARTY!

**LONG PASS PROHIBITION -- NO MORE THAN 20-YARD GAINS WERE ALLOWED ON FORWARD PASSES BEFORE 1912!**

**EVERY ONE OF THE DIONNE QUINPLETS IS NAMED "MARIE"!**

**CLIFFORD'S EXPOSE**  
 HE refused to let her clear up; he refused to let her go near the kitchen. Nina suspected that it was in a rare mess.  
 But once, when David was answering the telephone in the bedroom, she heard the sound of the back door slamming.  
 She crossed the living-room, and the hall, and peeked through the swinging door.  
 Something moved, suspiciously, in the brush and broom closet; and Nina was certain someone had come in the back way, and was crouching there.

She was frightened, but she walked over to it.  
 "Who's in there?" she demanded.  
 "Come out, right away!"  
 Absolute silence in the brush and broom closet.  
 "David!" she called loudly, "come here, hurry."  
 And then she saw the door open, slowly, before her eyes.  
 "Sh-h-h, Missy!" said a high, squeaky voice. "We hiding."

A little yellow face peered out of the darkness with one tiny claw of a finger pressed warningly against the lens.  
 "Mister, he be velly, velly mad-like-hell."  
 Nina was rocking back and forth with laughter, when David dashed in.  
 "David you lying rascal... you fake, you!"  
 "So-o-o," he shook his fist at the cowering Chinaman, still in the crowded closet. "So-o-o, you made a noise, ah? Come out of there, Clifford!"

He came out—all the scared four feet ten of him; and he looked so abject that David smiled.  
 "That's all right, ole fella, Mrs. Day would be right over you washing the dishes with one tiny claw of a finger for a while, didn't we, pal?"  
 "You're a simply marvelous cook, er... is it really Clifford?"  
 "Yeah," David answered for him. "He's got a name that sounds like Hi-Lee, Hi-Lo with a cadenza on the end of it, so he prefers to be called 'Clifford' for short."  
 "Well, you're a swell chef, Clifford."  
 He beamed.  
 "All time cooking, ma likee house! Me likee joke, too!" and he laughed very loudly, to show them.

When he had pocketed his \$3 and departed, and David and Nina were closing up for the night, she started in all over again.  
 "I never had such a good time sweetheart. You're the dearest, most thoughtful, darlingest..."  
 And he said again: "Just show me..."  
 So Nina did.  
 (Copyright, 1937, Margaret Herzog)  
 Nina learns what summer in New York is like, tomorrow.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

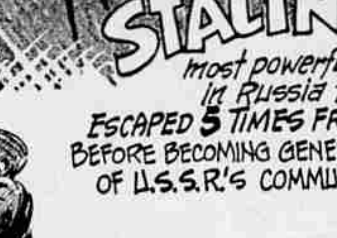


FRED PERLEY WAS SO DESPERATE FOR A FOURTH AT BRIDGE THAT HE PROMISED A SOLICITOR FOR THE COMMUNITY CHEST FUND TO INCREASE HIS CONTRIBUTION IF HE WOULD STOP AND PLAY

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## S'MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE

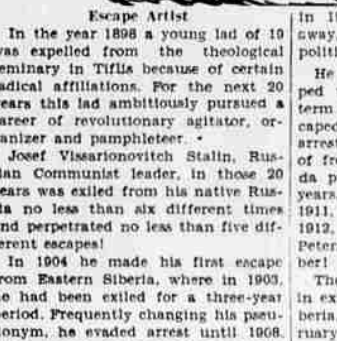


SPAGHETTI, CRAWLIN, OFF MY FORK!

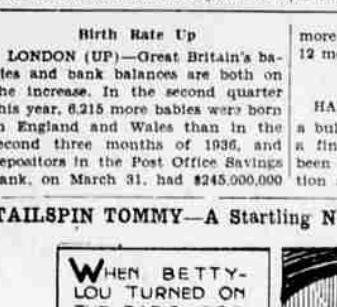
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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Startling News Flash

**WHEN BETTY-LOU TURNED ON THE RADIO FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE PASSENGERS OF FLIGHT TEN, MR DIRKMAN BEGAN TO WEEP, CRYING, "TURN IT OFF! I DON'T WANT TO DIE WITH MUSIC IN MY EARS!" BETTY-LOU WAS ABOUT TO SWITCH OFF THE RADIO, WHEN--**



WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO BRING YOU THE LATEST NEWS FLASHES...



JENVER, D.C.O.A.: OFFICIALS OF THREE-POINT AIRWAYS...



VOICES SOME CONCERN TONIGHT OVER THE SUDDEN CESSATION OF RADIO COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ITS DENVER TERMINAL AND THE TRANSPORT PLANE FLIGHT NUMBER T.M.

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Finish!

By EDWIN ALGER



WE'S GOIN DOWN, BEN!



KNOW IT, JASON!



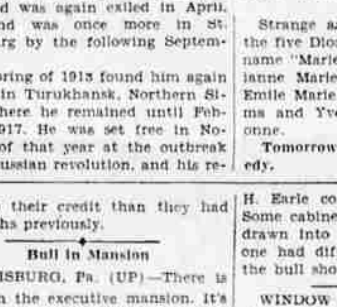
ME, TOO!

## THE NEBBS—Simple Enmas

By SOL HESS



EMMA, IT'S YOU WHO IS SPREADING THE STORY THAT I HELD UP YOUR NEAR-HUSBAND. I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THAT STORY GO AROUND



I DON'T SAY POSITIVE



I ONLY SAID THAT MAX BOUGHT BACK HIS RESTAURANT AND WANTED ME TO GO IN BUSINESS WITH HIM AND I SAID I COULDN'T DO IT.



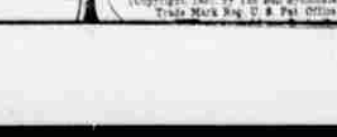
I THOUGHT CAUSE YOU'RE SO KIND-HEARTED IT WAS YOU THAT ROBBED BACK MY BONDS AND YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO GO IN BUSINESS WITH MAX



I DON'T CARE IF YOU GO INTO BUSINESS WITH GEO. RECTOR AND I SINCERELY WISH YOU LUCK, BUT REMEMBER, I'M SOMEBODY IN THIS COMMUNITY. PLEASE DON'T MAKE A HOLD UP MAN OF ME



I RAN FOR SENATOR ONCE SO



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## Student Paroled In Auto Tragedy

KLAMATH FALLS, Nov. 30. — (AP) — Ralph Peyton, University of Oregon student, was today sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary by Judge Edward B. Ashurst, and paroled.

Peyton had previously been convicted of manslaughter in the auto-accident death of 12-year-old Mildred Hicks July 14.  
 Peyton was forbidden to drive or drink during the term of his parole.

## Bandits Hold Up Bank Second Time

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 30. — (AP) — Two bandits, one of them masked, pushed their way into the Citizens bank behind a messenger boy today scooped up \$14,434.76 and fled after herding everyone out of the bank.  
 The gunmen ordered 18 of the bank officers and employees to follow them to where their car was parked in the alley behind the bank.  
 It was the second holdup of the bank in the last four months.

## Deny Habeas Corpus Exiled Machado

NEW YORK, Nov. 30. — (AP) — Federal Judge John C. Knox told reporters today he had denied an application for a writ of habeas corpus, sought by counsel for Gerardo Machado, former Cuban president, whose extradition to Cuba is sought on murder and embezzlement charges. Machado was overthrown in the 1933 revolution.

The former president is under guard in Murray hospital. His counsel had indicated earlier he would seek a writ to remove Machado from surveillance.

## Ex-State Printer Claimed By Death

SALEM, Nov. 30. — (AP) — Henry S. Boshard, former state printer, died at a local hospital yesterday.  
 Boshard was 84 years old. He was appointed by the state printing board as state printer August 30, 1919, during the administration of Governor Ben W. Olcott, and served until July 1, 1931. He was a native of Chilton, Wis., and came to Salem from that state in 1910.