

# Two's Company

By MARGARET CLION HERZOG

**The Characters**  
 Nina is beginning to find happiness with David whom she married impulsively to escape her love for her stepfather.  
 Richard, the charming, well-tailored stepfather, is on a 5-month trip with his wife, after shamelessly talking love to Nina.  
 Honey, Nina's gay, youthful mother, is still about Richard and traveling on doctor's orders.  
 David, a bright young auto salesman, adores Nina and strives to make her happy on his small salary.

## Chapter 33 Summer In Town

IT HAD been a horrid early spring, and May made up for it for all she was worth. June too. The leaves on the trees standing off the dust, and hanging on to their first baby freshness as long as possible.

Nina, who had thought of the Park in past years, more as a place to walk off hips and hangers, than anything else, began to love it and use it, like hundreds of other New Yorkers, chained to the city during the summer months.

Cordella went on a cruise to Norway and Sweden. Horseface went to Bar Harbor. Tony Leeds, to the south of France. . . . Every body, that is, Nina's friends, fled the town. But still the wonderful finding of that new quiet happiness. . . . that new peace, gave Nina all the vacation she needed.

July came on with a threat of the first real heat, but she didn't mind. The movies (if the money in the previous day's dear little compartment had not been used up) were gilt heavens of coolness; the dirty roofs across the court kept under the sun's hot rays; and her husband was an angel.

"Nina, sweet," said David, "you're looking marvelous. . . ." as indeed she was.

Iced tea. Gin rickys. Salmon in aspic. . . . Beer. . . .  
 "I like New York, in the summer, darling. . . ."  
 "I like. . . you."

David was a lover, who never grew weary. . . . of loving. . . . If they got along too, too beautifully on their \$5 a day—and yesterday's compartment usually did have something left over in it, for today's amusements—David laid it all to Nina's superlative management.

Nina never realized just how she had got started using small amounts from her own allowance, when he had told her not to, but they were so small. . . . and made such a difference. . . . it seemed the height of foolishness not to continue.

Ten dollars or so a week. . . . what was that? Nothing. Nothing. . . . and everything.

## The Carstairs Sale

DAVID was that rare creature: a man who does not come home from work every evening, chock-full of business.

Cars that he didn't sell, he didn't talk about. . . . cars that he did, well, that was different. But he made it interesting, like a story. He was not anything, like, like an automobile salesman with a vision; he was just an ambitious young man, with a sense of humor.

He knew motors, and he liked them, and he had just enough of a smattering of psychology to help in putting over a sale; but Nina suspected—and rightly—that his engaging personality was his best asset.

Jack Knight wasn't anywhere near as good, nice though he was, and David said he would take an engine apart, and put it together again, blindfolded.

If Jack had the car, and his prospect had the inclination and the money, Jack could draw up the necessary papers; but it was David who worked the miracles in the salesroom. He was known as a young fellow "with a future."

There was the time, for example—David did tell her about this—when a Long Island branch of their agency sent a Mr. Carstairs in to David. Over the telephone, the Long Island salesman explained that Carstairs's automobile, one of their most expensive cars, was in their service station for a big repair job. Carstairs wanted to rent a machine while his own was being painted and overhauled, but they had been unable to satisfy him. Would David see what he could do for the man?

David would. . . . and he saw to Carstairs so well that he sold him a brand new car, instead of renting him a second-hand one. A neat piece of work, David admitted, with no trace of modesty; and although there was some doubt as to whether he—or the Long Island salesman—would get the commission, it was putting the thing over that pleased him.

The head of the agency had sent for David, and congratulated him, and that was "something."

Jack Knight told Nina that her husband was considered quite the

boy wonder at the salesrooms, and that the big shots had their eye on him.

Nina was very proud. Gracie Nolan had been away for several months. Nina had not seen her since the night up on Riverside drive. Temporarily out of work, Gracie had sublet her three-room apartment to a girl friend, and gone to visit her family, near Rochester. She was expected back about the middle of August.

Except for Jack Knight, and once when the model, Francine, and her boy friend Bill dropped in, Nina and David were very much alone.

She had a number of friends at the two Long Island Hamptons, at Newport, up in Westchester. . . . but following their original plan of not trying to keep up with the dashing crowd, the Days had pretty well dropped out of things. Weekends were busy for David, demonstrating cars, so that they could not accept the few invitations they received, even if they had thought it advisable.

Carl Semple had gone away for the summer, so that even that opportunity for a change now and then was denied them.

Carl's attitude about Hester had surprised a great many people. . . . and aroused admiration in all. Virtually, it had been "good for her!" Something has been the matter with Hester, all these years; my love hasn't been able to rouse her. . . . well then, since she's been wanting this thing so long, and so desperately, I'm glad she had the guts to seize the opportunity, when it came along. I hope she'll be happy!

He was helping with a divorce, doing everything in his power to make this terrific new step easy for her. He had written both Hester and Rian and wished them luck. The autumn would see him back with his horses, at Harmony. His old life would go on. He was quite splendid about it.

## Hot And Sticky

AS JULY wore on, the heat became pretty intense and steady.

Nina watched the girls in the street who went about in low-backed, sleeveless summer dresses and no stockings, as though they were in the country. . . . and envied them. Why couldn't she kick over the traces, forget her foolish sensibilities, as she chugged and puffed north of Memphis, Tenn., past desolate islands of clinging earth, Paradise Point, Happy Valley Bar and other small river towns watched the Sultana steam up the turbulent river

She felt that the heat was beginning to get her—she had never been in the city before, after the first of June—but she held on. She went about in the daytime in pajamas, and stayed in the darkened apartment as much as she possibly could, so as to be fresh for David in the evenings; but it was becoming increasingly difficult to feel really fresh. . . . ever.

Nina could play tennis, or golf in the broiling sun, become perfectly apoplectic, and then go for a swim and feel marvelous. . . . fresh as a daisy and ready to dance all night. But this kind of heat was different.

She took money from her allowance and tried swimming in some of the city pools—the Shelton was the nearest—but it was not worth the effort. If she marketed and cleaned the apartment beforehand, she was so weary that she didn't give a darn about it when the time came to go; and if she swam first, the subsequent work took all the good results away.

She grew to loathe the hot pavements, and the sticky asphalt. One day, when her french heel sank into a particularly mushy part of Lexington avenue, and her stocking-foot came right out and plopped down into the sticky street. . . . she burst into tears, she was so angry.

She kept telling herself to take it easy, but it didn't do any good. David stopped telling her that she was looking marvelous, because she wasn't; and his own freshness and vitality and abounding good spirits were a constant source of irritation to her, poor soul, instead of a comfort.

One evening, when he thought she had had enough of a spell of cooking, he took her to Schrafft's for dinner.

Nina was so excited at being confronted with a menu she hadn't prepared herself, that she couldn't make up her mind what to choose; and after much changing of orders, David said to the waitress: "As for me, I'll just have the leg of a chair, without Russian dressing!" . . . and sent the poor girl away in stitches.

And he took Nina to Long Beach, when he could, and helped with the dishes, when she would let him, and generally behaved like an angel. . . . but had she ever said "sun in New York in the summer?"

God! She must have been crazy!

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Nina has a desperate time preparing her party for Gracie and Jack, tomorrow.

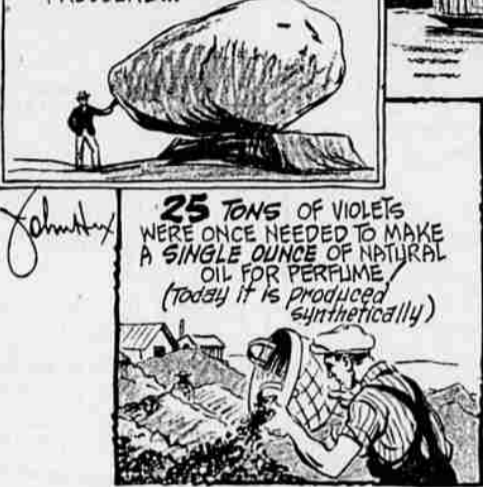
# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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ONE OPERA A YEAR—  
 WAS PRODUCED BY  
 JEAN BAPTISTE LULLY,  
 famous French composer,  
 DURING THE LAST  
 15 YEARS  
 OF HIS LIFE...  
 (1672-86)

ROLLING ROCK—  
 Fall River, Mass.,  
 A GLACIAL BOULDER BALANCED  
 DELICATELY ON A GRANITE SLAB,  
 ROLLS WITH SLIGHT  
 PRESSURE...



25 TONS OF VIOLETS  
 WERE ONCE NEEDED TO MAKE  
 A SINGLE OUNCE OF NATURAL  
 OIL FOR PERFUME  
 (today it is produced  
 synthetically)

THE  
 WORLD'S GREATEST  
 MARINE DISASTER—  
 BLASTING OF  
 THE PACKET SULTANA—  
 OCCURRED 561 MILES INLAND!  
 (NEAR BLACK CAT LIGHT,  
 MISSISSIPPI RIVER—1865)...  
 1,647 LIVES WERE LOST—  
 347 MORE THAN IN THE  
 TITANIC DISASTER...

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**Sultana Explosion.**  
 The year 1865 was a tragic one in American history. While it witnessed the close of the Civil War on April 26, the Mississippi river ran rampant, hurling its muddy waters with devastating effect over damaged levees, spreading death and destruction. Through all this, the squat river "sidebeeler," Sultana, churned with straining boilers and a cargo of 2000 Union troops leaving the Vicksburg campaign for their homes in the north. Floating debris and violent eddies hampered the steamboat's progress as she chugged and puffed north of Memphis, Tenn., past desolate islands of clinging earth, Paradise Point, Happy Valley Bar and other small river towns watched the Sultana steam up the turbulent river

into the night of April 26. Early in the morning of April 27 the Sultana pushed her way 60 miles north of Memphis, past a point of land known to river men as Black Cat Light. Here the flood had swelled "O' Man River's" banks to overflowing, inundating the countryside for 25 miles on either side of the channel. And while a few scattered refugees at Black Cat watched, the Sultana's tubular boilers strained and gave way under their intense load. With a roar and a blinding flash the river packet was blasted apart by the explosion. Screams of wounded and dying men announced the world's greatest marine disaster. First tidings of what had happened the world at daybreak when

cries of the injured men, floating down river on bits of wreckage, were heard from Mount City. The river was clogged with 1647 dead, many more wounded and a host of maimed. The Sultana drifted a while, then sank. Today it is covered by a low sand bar, overgrown with willows and cottonwoods—a grim memorial to 1647 men.

Forty-seven years after the catastrophe—almost to the day—the memorable sinking of the ill-fated liner—"Titanic" occurred in 1912 on the North Atlantic. The world's greatest sea disaster, taking 1513 lives, still did not reach the terrible toll of the Sultana's sinking, 561 miles upriver from the Gulf of Mexico.

Tomorrow: Old Man Soldier!

## Girl Is Upheld in Refusal to Salute

SACRAMENTO, Calif., Dec. 1. — (AP) — Charlotte Gabriell, youthful school girl who was expelled for refusal to salute the United States flag, won her case in the third court of appeals here today.

The appellate court upheld a judgment of the trial court that she could not be compelled to violate the injunctions of her religious sect, Jehovah's Witnesses, which forbids doing homage to other than God.

Women Form Symphony. ST. LOUIS.—(UP)—Formation of an all-women's symphony orchestra

has begun here. It will be composed of professional and amateur musicians, and will present several concerts each year.

City Plants 15,000 Trees. CLEVELAND.—(UP)—City officials are to set out 15,000 sturdy young trees in an effort to regain for Cleveland the title of "Forest City."

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mr. Blurtz Asks a Question



THE PLANE IS PILOTTED BY TOMMY TOMKINS WITH CLARENCE 'SKEETS' MILLIGAN AS CO-PILOT. BOTH FLYERS HAVE LONG, ENVIABLE RECORDS OF EXPERIENCE.



UP UNTIL ELEVEN-THIRTY THE REPORTS OF THESE PILOTS WERE HEARD AT THE REGULAR TEN-MINUTE INTERVALS. THEN THE REPORTS SUDDENLY CEASED. TOMKINS LAST GAVE HIS POSITION AS THIRTY MILES WEST OF GOODLYN.



F-FLIGHT NUMBER T-TEN! W-WHY, THAT'S US, ISN'T IT, STEWARDESS?

By HAL FOREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Victory!



COME BRIARISIE, YOU OLD SWEETIE-PIE—OUR OLD FRIEND MR. STRALE, IS ONLY HEARIN' THE BIRDIES NOW—



CHILDREN YOU'RE WONDERS, WONDERS!



MAY I ASK KIND SIRRS AND LADY WHAT DISPOSITION IS TO BE MADE O' THAT?



LET'S PUT HIM ON ONE OF THE HANDCARS AND RUN HIM BACK TO HARDPAN GULCH!

By EDWIN ALGER

## Recover Bodies of Klamath Hunters

KLAMATH FALLS, Dec. 1. — (AP) — Bodies of Vincent Reynolds, 22, and Merlin See, 19, duck hunters missing since Saturday, were recovered today from the Klamath river at a spot about 200 yards from where their overturned boat was found.

Indications were both youths had tried to remove their footwear in a futile attempt to escape drowning. One had partly unlaced a high boot and the other had run down the zipper on a galosh.

## ROSEBURG PREPARES FOR SEWER FINANCING

ROSEBURG, Dec. 1. — (AP) — Transfer of approximately \$11,000 in special funds, to be used in cooperation with the WPA in construction of an intercepting sewer system for Roseburg, was authorized by the city council at a special meeting last night.

The \$60,000 sewer project started Monday with construction of a building to house concrete pipe manufacturing equipment.

## DeMille Silent on Boom for Senate

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 1. — (AP) — A suggestion by a Republican party leader that Cecil B. De Mille be "drafted" for the nomination for United States senator was met without comment today by the veteran film director and producer.

Leo E. Anderson, chairman of the Los Angeles county Republican central committee, and head of the California Republican assembly "fact-finding" committee that will report on candidates at Santa Cruz December 11 and 12, was the party leader making the suggestion.

## Sonja Henie Hurt By Tumble on Ice

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 1. — (AP) — Sonja Henie, Norwegian skating star, had an appointment to be X-rayed today to determine if she suffered a slight brain concussion in a movie ice rink fall last Friday. Twentieth Century-Fox studio said the back of her head struck the ice after one of her skates slipped on a piece of cotton. She complained of dizziness on the set yesterday.

## THE NEBBS—The Schemer



THERE'S A NICE GUY! EVERY TIME I WALK INTO MY OWN KITCHEN HE SAYS, WHAT'S WRONG NOW? HE'S CRAZY ABOUT ARGUMENTS...WHEN EVERYTHIN GOES O.K. HE ARGUES WITH HIMSELF ABOUT BEING A COOK WHEN HE MIGHTA BEEN SOMETHIN' ELSE!



I WISH I COULD SELL EMMA A HALF INTEREST IN THIS PLACE. I'D GO OUT AND PICK A FIGHT WITH HIM! IT AIN'T HARD TO DO—IF I WALK INTO MY OWN KITCHEN AND DON'T SAY A WORD, HE SAYS "WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

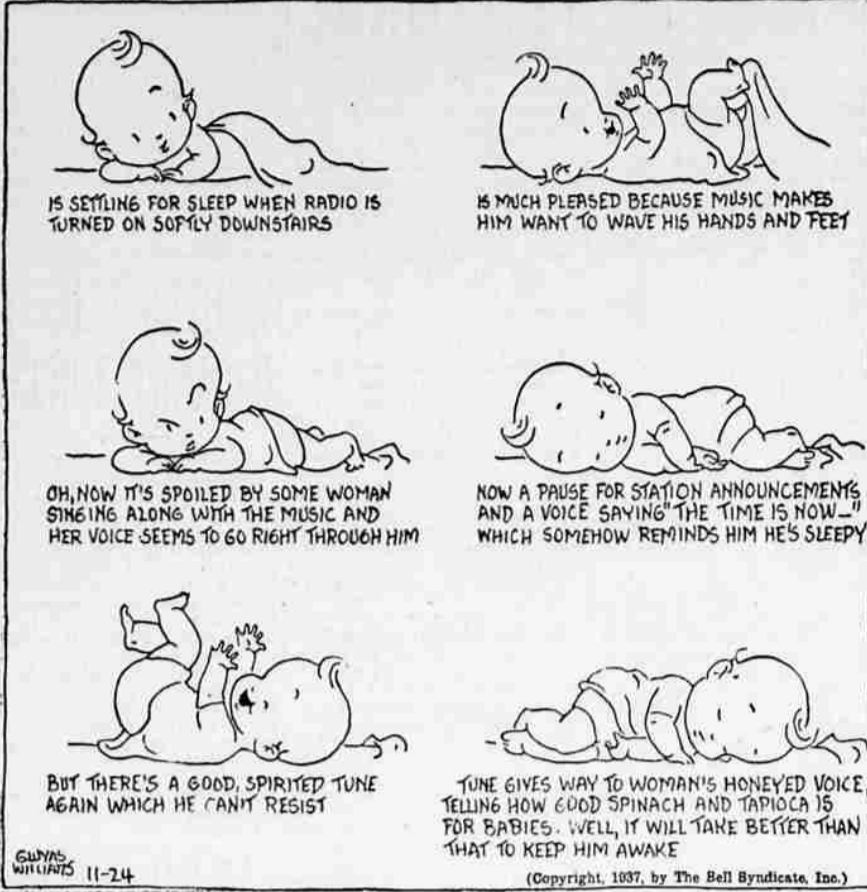


AND THEN I'LL CAN HIM AND SAY "EMMA, WILL YOU HELP OUT IN THE KITCHEN—I HAD TO FIRE PEDRO" AND SHE'LL GO OUT IN THERE AND COOK AND I DON'T KNOW ANY EXCUSE FOR TAKIN' HER OUT

By SOL HESER

## RADIO FAN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS SETTLING FOR SLEEP WHEN RADIO IS TURNED ON SOFTLY DOWNSTAIRS

IS MUCH PLEASED BECAUSE MUSIC MAKES HIM WANT TO WAVE HIS HANDS AND FEET

OH, NOW IT'S SPOILED BY SOME WOMAN SINGING ALONG WITH THE MUSIC AND HER VOICE SEEMS TO GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM

NOW A PAUSE FOR STATION ANNOUNCEMENTS AND A VOICE SAYING "THE TIME IS NOW" WHICH SOMEHOW REMINDS HIM HE'S SLEEPY

BUT THERE'S A GOOD, SPIRITED TUNE AGAIN WHICH HE CAN'T RESIST

TUNE GIVES WAY TO WOMAN'S HONEYED VOICE, TELLING HOW GOOD SPINACH AND TAPIOCA IS FOR BABIES. WELL, IT WILL TAKE BETTER THAN THAT TO KEEP HIM AWAKE

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 11-24

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## S'MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



POLICE DAWG!

LOOKS LIKE A BULLDOG TO ME.

YEH, SAME THING, ONLY IT'S SLANG FER POLICE DAWG

BULL IS SLANG FER POLICE!

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By HAL FOREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESER