

Two's Company

By MARGARET QUION HERZOG

The Characters

Nina, Junior League and ex-debutante, impulsively married David to escape her love for her stepfather.

Richard, the charming, well-tailored stepfather, is on a 5-month cruise with his wife, after shamelessly talking love to Nina.

Honey, Nina's gay, youthful mother who is wild about Richard, is traveling on doctor's orders.

David, a bright young auto salesman, adores Nina and strives to make her happy on his small salary.

Chapter 37

Nina's Plea

IN the morning the blow fell. "Well Mrs. Day," said McDuff, with a face a mile long, after David had gone, "the bride, she won. They's gonna take it."

Nina was stricken.

"They's only one thing I can suggest, Mrs. Day. Get your husband to spare the extra \$40 a month, and sign a lease yourself, quickly. These people only let me know this morning. I'll put off reporting to the office till tomorrow, to give you a chance to work on him."

"Thank you, Mr. McDuff... I'll see what I can do."

She got rid of him, somehow, and wasted a precious half hour in tears. After that, she dressed quickly, and went out.

She knew the best—the only possible way—of getting David to stay on. She had till the next morning.

She checked off the addresses on the classified list in the papers, as she went to them. After those apartments were exhausted she went into inexpensive looking places, at random... East on one street, back west, again, on the next.

And cheap old ones. Cheap new houses, and cheap old ones... walk-ups. At 1:30, she went into a drugstore for a sandwich, but he was too tired to eat. She drank a frosted chocolate and went out again; took a car to 86th street, and began her systematic search higher up town.

Everything, for \$50 a month, was heart-breakingly dismal.

She had brought a large sheet of writing paper along, and she kept notes on every one she saw: No. — East 91st street. Opposite wall two feet from living-room window. Rooms tiny. Iron fire-escapes... No. — East 84th street. No window in bath, only sky light. Impossible... No. — East 81st street. Large living-room, but only curtained alcove for beds. Delicately ground floor. Smelly... on and on.

Lining Up Her Arguments

AT 5:30, she returned home in such a state of fatigue that she was mumbling to herself.

The breakfast dishes still stood on the covered bridge table, the remainder of the eggs quite unpleasantly congealed on the forks. There was an odor of souring cream, and melting butter in the room... and of something else, too... Ah, yes, of course, buton, his daily walk overlooked, had seen to his needs, as best he knew how, in a corner...

In the bedroom, the bed was unmade.

She left everything, and took a cold shower. Let David see, for once, what she had to clear up every day. It was a good day to let him see it.

She had her arguments for staying all ready.

When her husband came home, he found her standing in the bathroom—a pale, little wax doll, without any clothes on. Her hair was gathered into a feather duster on the top of her head.

"David," she said pitifully, "those people want the apartment!"

He went immediately for the gin.

He came back, and he was so darlingly—so boyishly—so terribly stricken with the news, that he held the most tremendous comfort.

He said things about this being the last straw, when she had been such a marvelous sport about being poor. He said he could kick himself round the block for being such a rotten provider... he was dead.

Nina shushed him just enough—but not too much. It was balm to her soul, and also she would want to remind him of all he had just said, when she got to the point of argument.

"We've GOT To Stay Here"

SHE talked to him as she dressed herself in some soft silken pajamas... brushed out her damp hair.

"Listen, darling, McDuff told me

this morning. I've been out hunting all day, looking for 300-a-month-ers. I saw over 40, David... see, I kept notes."

David said: "You—poor—kid."

"Listen, darling, we can't live in any of them, that's all. We can't!" Her voice began to climb, so she stopped and started over again. "Took a steady sip out of her gin rickey. "David, you're not going to like it, but I must speak out... We've got to stay here, darling. We've simply got to! I'd die in one of those places."

David looked horribly upset.

He said the first thing that came into his head.

"But, baby, it's already rented..."

And she caught him up.

"That's just it. It isn't. Dear old McDuff isn't reporting it to the office till tomorrow, so we can get in ahead of them, if we want."

Ahead of them, and drew her down on his lap, and drew her down on his lap. His brown eyes looked like an unhappy dog's.

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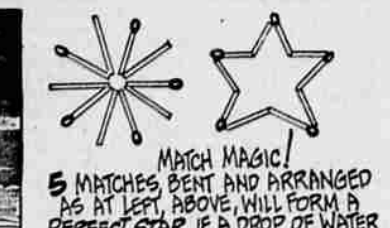
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



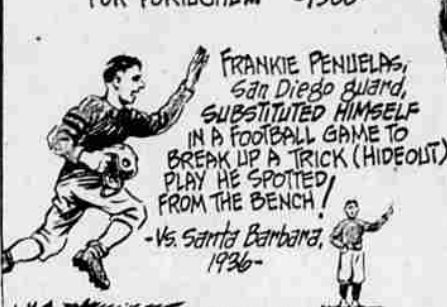
WIND OF DISCOVERY!

PEDRO ALVES CABRAL, PORTUGUESE EXPLORER, WAS BLOWN CLEAR ACROSS THE ATLANTIC WHILE COASTING OFF AFRICA— INTO THE MOUTH OF THE AMAZON! HE CLAIMED THE NEW LAND, BRAZIL, FOR PORTUGAL—1500—



MATCH MAGIC!

5 MATCHES BENT AND ARRANGED AS AT LEFT, ABOVE, WILL FORM A PERFECT STAR IF A DROP OF WATER IS PLACED AT THE CENTER...



FRANKIE PENUELAS, San Diego guard, SUBSTITUTED HIMSELF IN A FOOTBALL GAME TO BREAK UP A TRICK (HIDEOUT) PLAY HE SPOTTED FROM THE BENCH! —Vs. Santa Barbara, 1936—



VICTORIA C. WOODHULL—

Comeely Ohio suffragette, RAN 3 TIMES FOR PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES— ONCE WHILE RESIDING IN ENGLAND. (Equal Rights Party, 1872, 1880 and 1894) — KNOWN AS THE "TERRIBLE SIREN" SHE WAS THE FIRST WOMAN EVER NOMINATED TO THE OFFICE —

"Victoria for President" "Yes! Victoria we've selected. For our chosen head; With Fred Douglas on the ticket. We will raise the dead!"

Strange as it seems, these words, sung to the tune of "Comin' Through the Rye," formed the battle cry of the Equal Rights party in 1872 in the first attempt to seat a woman as president of the United States—Victoria Claflin Woodhull!

Born at Homer, Ohio, in 1838, Victoria, a girl, traveled about the country following the career of a charlatan, selling patent medicines and telling fortunes. She found her way to New York, and, through a mutual interest in spiritualism, met the elder Cornelius Vanderbilt and obtained enough influence to open a stock brokerage office, making a success of the venture.

With her sister, Tennessee Claflin, she published a newspaper in which she proclaimed her advocacy of the principles of constitutional equality for women, free love, spiritualism and frugality. She was the first woman ever to obtain a hearing before congress, demanding votes for women under the fourteenth amendment of the constitution.

In 1872 the Equal Rights party selected this amazing personality as its candidate for presidency, with Fred Douglas, a negro reformer as prospective vice president. She actually included "free love" among her platform promises!

Victoria Woodhull was defeated in this campaign by Grant, Republican candidate, but ran again in 1880, although residing in England at the time, and in 1894 made a final, futile attempt at the office.

Wind of Discovery

In the spring of the year 1500 Pedro Alvares Cabral, sailing to India with a Portuguese armada over the trade route discovered but two years previously by the explorer, Vasco da Gama, swung wide off the coast of Africa to avoid the calms of the Gulf of Guinea. He found a wind—so strong in fact that it carried him westward to the mouth of the Amazon! Cabral claimed the land—Brazil—in the name of Portugal. Tomorrow: Gamble for Death!

Same Old Charge ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 6.—(AP)—Faye Springer, released a few months ago from the Oregon state penitentiary, to which he was sentenced Nov. 21, 1936, for one year on a charge of forgery, was back in jail today. He is facing a new charge of obtaining money by false pretenses.

Divorce Ideas Upset COQUILLE, Ore., (UP)—It may be fairly easy to sever marital ties nowadays, but not so easy as one woman thought. Going to the office of the clerk at the circuit court here, the woman asked, "Is this the place where one gets a divorce?" When informed it was, she replied: "Well, I want one."

Snake Awakens Sleeper ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y. (UP)—Seward Smith felt something tickle his cheek while napping. Drowsily, he brushed his hand across his face. Again he felt the tickle. Opening his eyes, he saw a snake coiled beside him. Smith leaped out of bed. The snake followed. He killed the reptile by dropping a flatiron on its head.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tragedy!

IF YOU WILL ALL PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR SEATS, SO THAT I MAY PASS

NOW I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT YOUR FEARS ARE GROUNDFLESS

OH, MY GOSH!... HE'S DEAD!

O-O-O!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Good Advice?

HOW DO YOU DO, JORDAN—I REPRESENT MR. GRABBER OF THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM— YOU SORT OF TOOK OUR DUMBBELL STRALE FOR A RIDE, DIDN'T YOU?

RECKON YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO UP THE PRICE WE'VE OFFERED YOU FOR THIS STREAK OF RUST, EH? WELL, WE AIN'T— AND THE REASON WE AIN'T IS WE KNOW YOU'RE BROKE!

WHY, YOU FLEABITTEN JACKRABBIT, GO PEOPLE YOUR FISH!

THROW THAT COOT OUT, BROTHER JORDAN! YOU AIN'T BROKE—YAIN'T EVEN BENT!



THE NEBBS—Big Business

HELLO, SOFT COKE, YOU'D MAKE THE BIG MARK IN A SHOOTIN' GALLERY LOOK LIKE THE DOT OVER AN 'I'

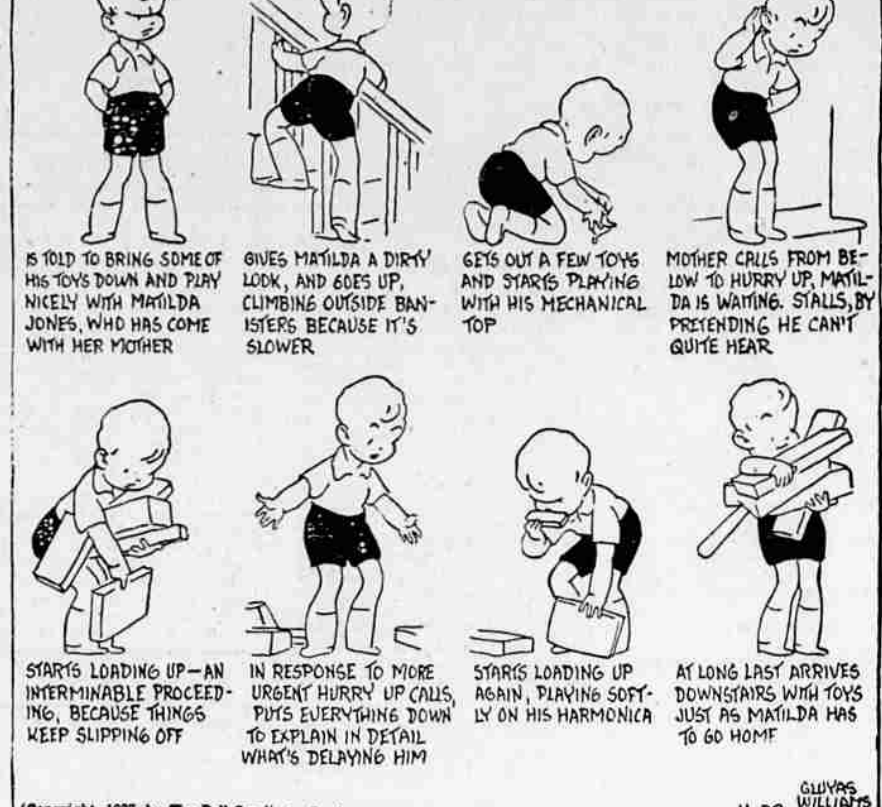
I HEARD MAY BRAG ABOUT GETTING HIS PLACE BACK FROM OLD GRINNER FOR \$3000 AND NOW I UNDERSTAND HE'S GOING TO SELL YOU A HALF INTEREST FOR \$3000— JUST HOW IS IT THAT EVERYBODY BUT ME CAN TAKE A HACK AT YOUR COIN?

I OFFERED YOU A GREAT CHANCE... INVESTMENT IN MY CHICKEN FARM... HEATED HOUSES, ELECTRIC LIGHTS... WHERE THE CHICKENS SING AT THEIR WORK... BUT, NO! I GUESS IM TOO HONEST... NO HONEST PROPOSITION... LOOKS BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU!



SLOW FREIGHT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS TOLD TO BRING SOME OF HIS TOYS DOWN AND PLAY NICELY WITH MATILDA JONES, WHO HAS COME WITH HER MOTHER

GIVES MATILDA A DIRTY LOOK, AND GOES UP, CLIMBING OUTSIDE BANISTERS BECAUSE IT'S SLOWER

GETS OUT A FEW TOYS AND STARTS PLAYING WITH HIS MECHANICAL TOP

MOTHER CALLS FROM BELOW TO HURRY UP, MATILDA IS WAITING. STALLS, BY PRETENDING HE CAN'T QUITE HEAR

STARTS LOADING UP—AN INTERMINABLE PROCEEDING, BECAUSE THINGS KEEP SLIPPING OFF

IN RESPONSE TO MORE URGENT HURRY UP CALLS, PUTS EVERYTHING DOWN TO EXPLAIN IN DETAIL WHAT'S DELAYING HIM

STARTS LOADING UP AGAIN, PLAYING SOFTLY ON HIS HARMONICA

AT LONG LAST ARRIVES DOWNSTAIRS WITH TOYS JUST AS MATILDA HAS TO GO HOME

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S MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE NEW SLED, HUH?

HEY, HEY! NO, SIR!

MAYBE NO SNOW, BUT YOU CAN ENJOY ALL THE LOOKING YOU WANT, HUH?

OH, H. H. NO, POP!

HOW COME? I HAFF TO STOP TO WINK!

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WHISKEY QUALITY UP, PRICE LOWER

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—(AP)—The fourth anniversary of federal prohibition repeal tomorrow will find the bootlegger still in existence but his activities "greatly reduced."

The fifth year of repeal opens with 43 out of the 48 states permitting the sale of hard liquor, with liquor tax revenues rising and with the first large supply of bonded whiskey ready to tap.

Originally the quality of whiskey is gradually going up and the price down. This process, they believe, will be speeded up next July 1 when between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 gallons of bonded whiskey will be ready. Bonded whiskey must be aged four or more years and next July will be the first release date for the post-repeal product.

The impact of this supply on prices will be watched closely by enforcement officers. They believe that, although bootlegging probably never will be wiped out altogether, cheap legal whiskey will make most bootlegging unprofitable.

Sams Valley Club Bazaar Wednesday

SAMS VALLEY, Dec. 6.—(Sp)—A genuine good time and evening of fun is in store for all attending the Ladies' club bazaar Wednesday, December 8, at 8 p. m. in the school auditorium. All men are especially invited to watch the ladies perform.

Two screwingly funny plays will be presented, one entitled, "Be a Little Chickee," will be given by the high school girls. The other, "How the Story Grew," given by members of the club.

Admission will be free.

The ladies have finished some beautiful pieces of fancy-work for the bazaar, which will make perfect Christmas gifts. Candy, doughnuts, etc., will be for sale during the evening. Proceeds will be used for a good cause such as Christmas candy for all school children and improvement of stage in auditorium.

Outing for Hermen

DEBURY, Conn., (UP)—A 1936 P. m. cruise has been proposed for all voluntary fire fighters to prevent fire stations from being used as all-night club houses. The suggestion was made after a fireman fell from a second story window at 3 a. m. and suffered serious injuries.

Use small ATTITUDE WANT ads.

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