

Two's Company

By MARGARET CUJON HERZOG

you'll adore him in no time—the way I did—the way everybody does."

"Bridget has succumbed already." "Has she? That's nice. Bridget can be so difficult." Nina smiled at the memory of the maid's dour face at breakfast. And then she smiled even more broadly, because Honey had apparently exhibited enough new qualities for one morning, and was back to normal again.

It Was a Madhouse She began to scribble down lists of things that had to be done before she left, on the backs of envelopes that had come in the morning's mail; and then she said: "Oh, let's clear away this mess!" and tore them all up, and couldn't remember what she had written. She made little ineffectual motions with her soft, plump hands, and begged Nina to help her.

The papers and lists of friends to be notified, and last minute shoppings... The whole day went like that. I was a madhouse.

Telephone calls, and flowers and bundles, and reporters, and more telephone calls. Cordelia had whooped with excitement over the wire, and promised to come in to lunch the next day, when the honeymooners were off, and things were quieter.

When Nina had waved her last wave at the night train for Hot Springs, she sighed a sigh of the most devastating fatigue, and returned to a house that was a heaven of calm.

Cordelia Thorpe was a year older than Nina. She was as dark as her friend was fair, and this year she had gone in for a soft wavy bang across her white forehead.

In tableaux and charity fashion shows, wherever it was possible.

they were exploited as a team—the perfect complement, one for the other. Nina seemed doomed to Bride roles, and Ice Maidens; while Cordelia had been Maid of Honor, and Queen of the Night, so many times that she didn't even have to go to rehearsals.

In their debutante year, they had usually called up and found out what the other was wearing, so as to go well together; but they were pretty sick of it now, and of compliments, too. That was probably one of the reasons why Nina had liked David so—instantly, because he had been rude to her, for a change. And, by the way, where was he? He hadn't phoned.

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Nina runs into Button on the street, tomorrow.

Plans War Against Confetti Weddings BOCKING, Essex, Eng., Oct. 26. (AP)—The Dean of Bocking, the Rev. Edgar Rogers, is waging war against confetti at weddings.

"Before a wedding, a deposit of five shillings must be paid," he said. "If no confetti is thrown, the deposit will be returned; if confetti is thrown, then so much of the deposit will be used as will pay for the tidying of the churchyard."

"Usually a pack of empty-headed girls, who are not even guests, cause this wasteful litter. It must be stopped."

Anne Bradstreet, wife of Governor Bradstreet, was a noted American poet.

To Present 4-H Team With Medals

Ass't County Agent Hugh F. Barnhart has received handsome gold medals from State Club Leader L. L. Johnson for presentation to the two members of the county winning team in the national 4-H dairy demonstration contest. The winners are James Dean of Alameda, and L. C. Love of Alameda. Their local leader is L. C. Cooksey.

Silver medals were also received for the second placing team made up of Elbert Bennett of Kokomo, and Buster Wheat of Morton Valley.

The teams competed for the privilege of entering the state contest to select a winning pair to enter the national finals at the National Dairy show in Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 9-16. State winning teams receive all-expense trips to Columbus and the four top and national teams \$2,300 in college scholarships, all provided by the

Kraft-Phenix Cheese corporation, sponsoring the contest which seeks to raise the standards of dairy production.

SPECIAL SESSION "OUT" AUSTIN, Oct. 26 (AP)—Another session of the legislature right away apparently is "out" Governor Allred said yesterday there would not be another after the current meeting adjourned Tuesday.

Boz was a pen name once used by Charles Dickens.

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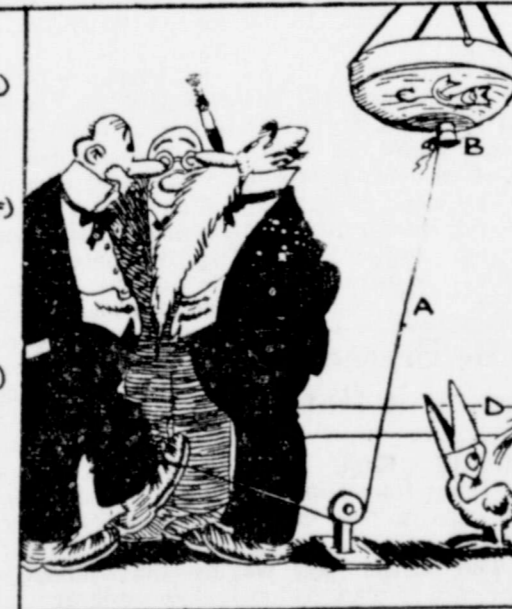
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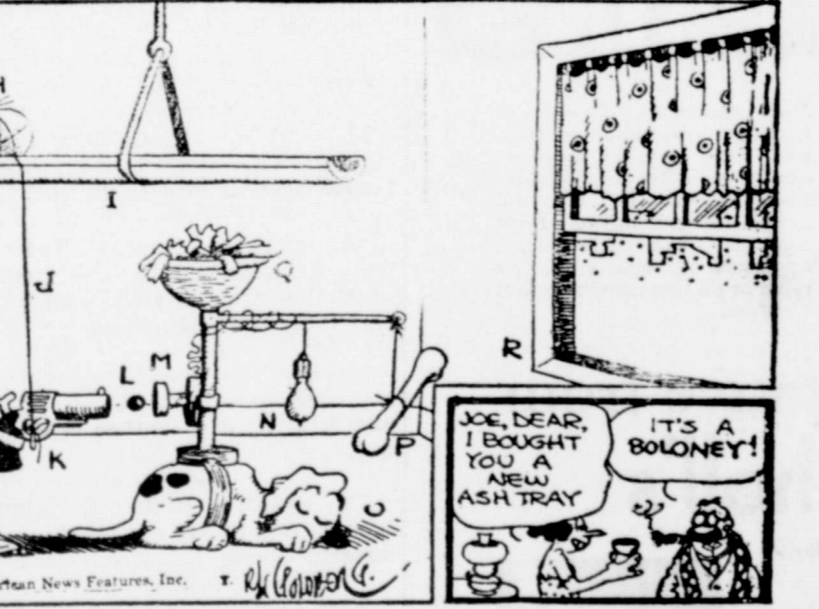
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Simple Device for Emptying Ash-Tray



BEST MOVES—FOOT AND PULLS STRING (A) WHICH PULLS CORK (B) AND RELEASES GOLDFISH (C), WHICH FALLS INTO MOUTH OF BIRD (D)—BIRD WAGS TAIL (E) WITH JOY AND STARTS PENULUM (F) IN MOTION, CAUSING PADDLE (G) TO HIT BALL (H) AND START IT ROLLING ALONG GROOVE (I)—STRING (J) PULLS TRIGGER OF PISTOL (K) AND BULLET (L) HITS BUTTON (M), LIGHTING BULB (N) AND WAKING DOG (O)—DOG DIVES AT BONE (P) AND DASHES ASH-TRAY (Q) AGAINST WINDOW SILL (R), DUMPING CIGARETTE AND CIGAR BUTTS OUT OPEN WINDOW—THEY SET DOG AGAIN FOR THE NEXT LOAD.

By RUBE GOLDBERG



JOE, DEAR, I BOUGHT YOU A NEW ASH TRAY.
 IT'S A BOLONEY!

REG'LAR FELLERS More Sense Than Cents

By GENE BYRNES



WHY DON'TCHA PAINT YOUR RACER NOW?
 DON'T THINK I'D PUT THIS SHELL NEW PAINT ON TILL I TOOK THE OLE PAINT OFF? I GOTTA BUY ALCOHOL TO GET THE OLE STUFF OFF!
 GIMME FIFTENTS WORTH ALCOHOL PLEASE!
 WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?
 ABOUT THREE CENTS!

ation... rogram... meet... taxes... ing... 1 g... time... The... le sena... olitical... probably... ly in... of "wo... found... time... of Pre... which A... on repea... Nina's closest friend... press co... s own... Chapter Six... ds out... 'Geis It' Wrong... iled... she passed the telephone in... it rang and she lifted... ver... David Day... hlo David. How's But... fine... and I'm very... thank you for asking... all the serious thoughts... been filling her brain... hness was refreshing—... ink of cool water, on a... said: "Oh, I'm splendid... since you ask..." And now that our... are an established fact, do... want us to call this aft... and Button? Will you tell... keep a civil tongue in his... Oh, listen, David, I just... could you make it... er day? A million things... me up since I saw you... can't feel like broadcasting... news, without asking her... interrupted: "Can't I be one... she said she was afraid not... I get it, Pal. I get it... be a sap, David..." "I don't... me a ring tomorrow?"... Sure."... had said: "Goodbye," and... hood, frowning, for a min... and then continued on her... No Diet. No Dye... was sitting propped up... double bed, all radiant and... had gaily, like a Christmas... felt a little embarrassed... was 44. She kept her hair... flaxen color with... writing... part of an egg shampoo; and... occasional facials, when... worn out from tanning... string... not doing much of any... but that was all she did... Her skin was pink and... but when you looked at it... included... you could see definite li... ash ben... the...

