

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

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CHAPTER I

The world was black. Then red circles poured in. They were swallowed by purple rings. She was lost. Vast hallways opened. She was going into a strange world. She was riding. She was going somewhere.

"You fainted, dearest. It's been too much for you."

She was burning hot. She was full of something like fear, but it was worse than fear. It flamed and crackled up as if she stood in the midst of a fire. She gasped as if smoke choked her.

"Poor darling."

She kept her eyes closed. She felt a motion of something under her, carrying her.

"Open your eyes, dear."

But she did not. She did not want to see the person who spoke to her. She knew she was in a vehicle of some kind, going somewhere.

Cautiously, she clutched at the seat beneath her, running her fingers over cool leather. She half opened her eyes. A taxicab. She was riding in a taxicab. She shivered and closed her eyes again.

"You're all right, sweet."

It was a man's voice. She hated it. She turned her head away from its presence. Beneath lifted lids she saw the streets of New York. A large firm hand closed over hers.

"I'm afraid it's been a shock."

She kept her head averted.

"Poor sweet."

"I don't—"

"Don't talk, darling."

She turned and looked at the man beside her. Dark earnest eyes plumbed hers anxiously.

His tanned face was flushed. His brow was damp.

"You don't want, sweet?"

His thin mouth was twitching. She stared at it blankly.

"You don't want?"

"I don't know." She gave a long sigh and closed her eyes. Waves swept over her. She was losing something, or was it already lost? Her familiar self was fleeing. She opened her eyes. She straightened her hat.

"Feeling better?"

She searched his face. Every curve was strange. Who was he? He spoke as if he knew her well. Yet she could not remember him.

"All right now?"

Who was he? His smile was terrifying. She could not remember him. How had she got there? Where had she been before? Who was he? Who was anybody? She did not even remember her own name.

She sat straight and tense, her eyes wide open and frightened. The loss of her identity did not matter. If only she could get away from this horrible man.

His fingers were on hers again. Her eyes took him in furtively. He was young, yes, young, well-dressed and in a way good looking.

"You need something to drink."

"No, no. I'm all right."

"I'm going to get you a bromide."

"I'll take nothing."

He set his jaw. There was a drug store in the next block.

She thought: I must get away from him. She thought it so strongly there was no room for her to wonder even about the loss of memory.

He was rapping on the glass window of the cab. "You'll feel better as soon as you've swallowed something soothing."

"Please don't bother."

The driver turned a roughly shaved face toward them.

"Stop at that drug store ahead."

She shook her head. "I won't take anything."

The cab was slowing down.

"Yes you will." His smile was wan and anxious. "I'll get them to mix something to make you feel better. It's the h— of a jam. No wonder you fainted."

She did not ask what the jam was. She was filled with dread. But her eyes were determined. She would take nothing from him. The cab was stopped. The driver leaned toward them.

"Can't get right up in front of the place."

"This will do." The young man's hand was already on the latch. "Come on. But no, you better wait here. I'll bring it out to you." He was forcing a smile. He was suffering. She saw that. But she did not pity him. He went down the street, turned into the drug store. As she saw the last of him through the swinging doors, she was flooded with relief. She sat paralyzed. He was gone. She leaned forward, steadying herself against the glass behind the driver. "Drive on," she said. "Drive on."

The man turned his head slowly, looked at her stupidly.

"Drive on," she repeated. "Go on."

His heavy jaw dropped. "You want me to drive on?"

"Yes. Go on."

He bent to his gears. "Where to?"

"Straight ahead."

She relaxed, trembling. With a screeching of the gears, the car crawled into traffic. She watched the door of the drug store with terror. They passed it safely. He might come out at any moment. He might run after the cab, waving and shouting.

"Turn at the next corner. Turn left."

"No left turn, Miss."

"Then turn right. Only, turn. And

then go on and I'll tell you when to stop."

Her fear was receding. She was weak with relief and a curious sense of triumph. The cab had turned.

She drew a long breath. The air was soft and springlike. The avenue was full of brightly painted new cars. She was feeling better. A clock in the street told her that it was half-past four. Her own watch verified the hour.

"Through the park, Miss?"

"Yes."

Where was she going? Where was her home? Perhaps in a few minutes it would all come back to her. She composed herself, sat tensely in the cab, trying to be calm, trying to be rational, trying to remember. Who was her mother? Who was her father? "Look here," she whispered, "you must know somebody, even if you're an orphan. Just think of some one person that you know. Anybody at all will do. Picture somebody's face!"

Thus commanded, across her vision floated the picture of the taxi driver. Then the face of the man she had left in the drug store emerged clearly in her mind's eye. And that was all.

She began straining her eyes at every one in the streets. Surely someone or something would give her a clue as to who she was, where she ought to go. She seemed to know New York, she thought with a feeling of gratitude. She could go to a hotel at least.

"Around the park again?" The cabman questioned.

"No. Take me to the Biltmore."

She spoke with decision. She did not know why she said the Biltmore. But she was glad that her wits seemed to be returning. But what she would do after she got to the hotel she could not say. It dawned on her then that the young man she had left in the drug store was her single link with her past.

She drew her fox neckpiece closely about her chin. Where had she got the fur? Her clothes were very new. She raked her brains in order to think where she had put them on. She could not remember where she had dressed that morning. "I wonder what my face is like," she thought suddenly, "perhaps I'm an old woman!"

With anxious fingers she opened her bag and found a little mirror. Her eyes, young and frightened, looked

back at her. There was not a wrinkle to be seen in the soft contours of her white face. She was glad she was still young. She hadn't felt old.

She could not tell much about her face though she spent some time inspecting it. Then she turned her attention to her hand bag. She drew out a handkerchief. It was of sheer white linen with the initial D embroidered in one corner. "D," she thought, "stands for Dorothy—or Daisy. I wonder if one of those names could be mine? Or Della? Or Drusilla?"

It was bewildering to be able to think of so many names. It was exasperating. She did not believe that any of those names belonged to her.

She returned to the exploration of her bag, and drew out a black enameled compact. This seemed to have her monogram on it in raised gold letters, but so elaborate was the design that she could not puzzle out what the letters were. The D was clear enough but whether the other two letters were N and M, or V and W she could not decide.

There was no card; nothing else but a bill-fold and a coin purse. She saw with relief that she had plenty of money with her. "At least," she thought, "I won't starve until I find out who I am and where I'm supposed to go."

On her hands were some chamois skin gloves. Now she striped them off and looked down at her slim fingers.

On the third finger of her left hand was a platinum band set with tiny diamonds. "I'm married." This was unreal. It was unexpected as a blow between the eyes. She stared at the ring wonderingly and whispered to herself unbelievably, "I'm married!"

The cab stopped with a jerk. She looked up. She was at the Vanderbilts

entrance to the Biltmore. The uniformed hotel doorman was opening the door.

She took hold of her purse firmly and prepared to get out.

"How much?"

"Dollar-sixty. Don't forget your bags."

Her bags! She was startled. The driver indicated the seat beside himself. It was loaded down with very smart-looking luggage.

"Wouldn't do to go off and leave these," commented the doorman good-naturedly.

"No—of course not." She was confused by the sense of many people, the sounds of cabs honking. The cabman waiting for his money, and the helpful attendant both bothered her, because she wanted to look at her bags, take them somewhere and examine them, carefully. Surely when she read her own initials they would remind her of her name, and her past.

She pulled out two bills, and handed them to the driver. As he let his car move into the traffic she turned and looked at the bags piled on the sidewalk before the hotel.

They bore two large, prominent letters: D. V.

At last she had some definite clue that would lead her back to herself, or the person she had been. A belloy popped out of the quietly pretentious doorway, and seized them eagerly. She tipped the doorman generously, and followed the belloy.

As she mounted the stairs she felt sure that she would remember everything in a moment. Her name was D. V. Miss Drusilla Vance, or—Miss Dorothy Vane say—or—Miss Deborah Valentine.

It was absurd and annoying that just the right name didn't come. She drew on her glove, half nervously, and her finger struck against her wedding ring. Instantly all her bravery fled. Miss Drusilla Vance! Miss Dorothy Vane! Why, she was married. She was Mrs. Somebody. Mrs. D. V. And then her imagination traveled straight back to the man she had left in the drug store.

Sweet, he had called her, and Darling!

So that was her husband.

Her husband was a man she feared and hated.

She shivered. "No wonder I lost my mind," she said to herself half-cheerfully. "Perhaps he's saved the mortgage on my dear old home, and I've had to marry him out of gratitude; and on account of my conscience I've been living with him; so now some kind fate has made me lose my mem-

Blouse of Cotton-Crochet the Rage

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WOULDN'T you just love to own one or several of those smart, cool, attractive and very practical mercerized-cotton hand-crochet blouses which high-class specialty shops are showing this season, to wear with the now-so-voguish linen (particularly black linen) or plique suits? Well, why not be the happy possessor of just such? They are so easy to make and inexpensive (when home crocheted) and are they good-looking!

As to hand-crochet, it's the rage just now. Chic Parisiennes simply dote on it, wearing blouses of crochet with their best-looking suits, and gloves, the cunningest affairs you ever saw, with flare cuffs, the whole thing done in a dainty lacy stitch. Belts, too, and pocketbooks and hats all of crochet, while their frocks are trimmed with designful crochet insets and entire yokes and edgings and such.

The group of clever blouses in the picture cannot but prove an inspiration to those who feel the urge to crochet. The vastly important thing about using mercerized cotton for these blouses is that it washes so perfectly no matter how colorful it be.

Of course you are going to have a hard time deciding which of the blouses pictured to copy. We think the model on the standing figure is particularly good-looking. It's "darling" when made in a "pastel shade to match the skirt, although it is just as effective in contrast—pale blue cotton crochet blouse with a pink plique or flannel skirt, or, if you like monotones, a pink crochet blouse topping a pink linen

skirt, a matching linen swagger coat completing this most intriguing threesome. Oh, there is no end to the staging of effects which can be done with these hand-crochet blouses. It is the handsome shell stitch which makes the aforementioned blouse outstanding, also the tricky picot (crochet) finishing at the neckline.

The eye-satisfying little sweater with its pet cap sleeves on the seated figure is crocheted in blue and white cotton, intermingled so as to give it a sort of tweedy effect.

The fashionable high neck of the striped-yoke blouse shown to the right below, also its wee puff sleeves, make this model a smart item in anyone's wardrobe. The buttons at the belt are a happy thought, avoids stretching when you slip the blouse over the head.

The young woman who's head and shoulders above the group are pictured, is very much in crochet attire. Her blouse is a perfectly stunning affair crocheted in the popular flat stitch, bright orange with white. The white sports hat crocheted of mercerized cotton has the soft, easily draped brim which is becoming to all types of faces. A band of mesh stitch suggests new height for the crown.

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OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

DON'T LAUGH

CHILDREN take themselves and their ways seriously. A lot of thought and effort go into their work and play. The results of their efforts look good to them. The lopsided box, the crooked sheet of paper, the primitive sketches are perfect in their eyes. When you point to them with the finger of scorn, when you laugh at them, you hurt the creator of these works to the heart. He put all he had into them and you poke fun at it.

All artists, all craftsmen, work to their vision. Before ever a tool touches the material the idea is complete. The worker sees only that vision. Not until his hands are lifted and the work set apart does he realize the span that lies between his vision and his work. Gradually as his fervor cools the realization of imperfection dawns upon him. Another vision is born and another work is started. It will be started if his spirit is not crushed. It will not be started if ridicule kills the creative spirit.

Teachers and parents often fail to get this point of view which is the child's very own. To the teacher every error stands out like a sore thumb. Parents feel the efforts of their children keenly. They struggle along and suffer with them. It is to hide their anxiety and their pain that they so often belittle a child's effort.

Don't do that. Appreciate the work of the child's mind and hand. Go behind the clumsy effort to the vision the child cherished. So long as his work is sincere it is good. You can say so safely. So long as the child cherishes his vision and struggles to attain it he can be encouraged and praised. Screen his unseasoned spirit from biting sarcasm and the bitterness of ridicule. It is cruel to wound a child through his work.

This is true of very little children as well as older ones. When a child tries to tell a story and fails, using the wrong words, failing to catch his own idea firmly enough to express it clearly, it isn't funny. It is as great a disappointment to him as a bad investment is for you and you know how you welcome the sarcasms of your friends on that point.

Unless you can stand beside the child, unless you can see what he sees and feel as he feels, unless you can understand his impulse and appreciate his effort to create and to express, you cannot help him. Then at least you need not hurt him. Laughter can be as cruel as a blow and as kind as a caress.

"THEY MADE ME"

IF THERE is any one thing more than another that makes me long to be Merlin and have the power to change children into other forms and persons, it is the cry, "He made me do it." The instant a child says that, he betrays his weakness, that pitiful weakness that makes him a tool for all who care to use him.

It is useless to scold and fume about it. He says that because he is that kind of a child. We have to seek for some magic that will turn him into the other sort of child; the one who says, "Not me. You can't fool me. Go chase yourself."

I am always mistaken when a child's mischief or behavior are positive. When he says, "I did that. I wanted to see what Old Man Willis would say if I put a brick through his garage window. Anyway, he's too gay. Calling us names and telling our fathers on us all the time."

I don't feel discouraged even when the offense is worse than that. When Roland ran away and hitch hiked for a week and then wired home, "Send me ticket. I'm tired hiking. I got a sore foot." He got the ticket and a calm reception. His "Aw, I was tired of hearing her telling me I was left back because I didn't know this or I didn't know that. Sure I remembered my mother, but I was coming back. I knew I had no right to use the money for the groceries for myself, but I needed some, and so I just took it along."

I can manage all that because it is direct and positive. There was some thought behind it. But when he says, "I was coming home and I met him and he says to me, 'You gotta come along. I'm going to beat it on the freight tonight.' I said I didn't want to go but he made me." I feel sick. I know I have to get out the magic wand and the incantations and the blue powder and make a magic that will change this child into a real one with a mind and a purpose and a will.

First, I call in the child specialist, and I give him a list of things which he is to investigate thoroughly. This child must have in him somewhere something of strength on which we can build.

Then I want to feed him right. I want something of the quality of the mothering earth to go from them to him.

Next, I want him to live with people who are close to what I want him to be. Goodness is catching. Manners and morals are infectious. You can do a lot to change the negative child into a positive one if you work hard at the job and have a lot of faith in him and in yourself. Faith goes before work always.

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DOTS IN THE MODE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Blessed are ye who have one good black silk dress and half a dozen sets of collars and cuffs, six hatbands, two hats, three pairs of shoes and two pairs of gloves with detached cuffs. With a rounded or V-neck for the dress, any number of diversified collars—size, shape and color—may be applied, being careful to choose the correct hatband, gloves, cuffs, shoes and purse.

With the hats, shoes and gloves black and white, or perhaps one set in a brown, beige or a medium green, you can do wonders with constructing a wardrobe suitable for all occasions. One evening gown, with two or three different jackets, accomplishes miracles and makes one realize that originality and ingenuity are having a big inning.

ONE BLACK DRESS IS FOUND ENOUGH

The new coats shown in early fall displays are richly trimmed with fur, many of them having both collars and upper sleeve accents of silver, stone or blue fox, astrakhan or Persian lamb. Their silhouettes are generally almost straight, while their hemlines are from 7 to 11 inches from the ground.

The frocks shown with them are designed of soft wools or pebbled crepes with simple bodices, natural waistlines and slender skirts. Black, red, brown and deep green are the favorite hues for early fall.

New Fall Coats Are Rich in Elaborate Fur Trim

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Summer Corsets of Soft Rubber Bid for Favor

It isn't fair to keep talking about the top layer of fashion and extolling its virtues while taking the more obscure items for granted. And right now there is considerable news next to the skin.

A summer corset has made a bid for fashion's favor. It is made of soft rubber—no stays or things to cramp your style—and instead of being cut so long all the way down to give that sleek line over the hips and upper part of the thighs, sections are clipped out neatly back and front and the legs slip through rings like garters, making a perfect fit.

Jacket Ensembles

The jacket frock is developed in all the fabrics of the moment—summer sheer crepes, printed crepes, chiffons, linens, pique, eyelet embroidery and other cottons.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)