

TANGLED WIVES

By PEGGY SHANE

Copyright by Peggy Shane.
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

A pretty young woman finds herself in a taxi cab in New York with a strange man who addresses her endearingly and speaks of "an awful shock." When he leaves her for a moment at a drug store she drives on, for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, still wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. From her expensive clothing she concludes she is married to a wealthy man.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Then the face of the only man she now knew flashed before her. The man in the taxicab. Her reverie ended abruptly. She turned into the ladies' room, saying fervently, "But oh—perhaps—perhaps—after all that man wasn't my husband!"

Then she saw herself in the mirror. And everything else faded from her mind because though she saw with relief that she was young and pretty, that she was well dressed and had an air of smartness, not one flicker came into her mind of any kind of recollection. She could not even decide whether she had ever seen herself before or not. But she was certainly feeling better. She stood and gazed and gazed deeper into her own eyes.

"Well, you'll know yourself the next time you see yourself, Girle," said a voice. "But if you haven't anything to do for the rest of the day would you let me take a crack at that mirror for a minute?"

She turned. A girl was grinning at her. A rakish dashing girl with lips a lively red.

"Hello," she faltered. Perhaps this girl was her friend.

"Move over, Cutie." The stranger's violet eyes were ringed with mascara. Her pretty lids were painted blue. "Got something in my eye and this is the only mirror I can get close to." She edged in and pulled competently at her lashes.

"That's a shame," said the nameless girl sympathetically. She wanted to shout: "Do you know me? What's my name?"

The new girl fished a speck of black out of her eye. "There. That's that!" She stood back and eyed herself with critical admiration.

The nameless girl watched with a friendly eye, hoping that the newcomer's greeting had meant a former acquaintance. But the girl took no further notice of her for the moment.

The nameless girl took off her gloves to wash her hands. There was the wedding ring again. She thought: Wedding rings are usually inscribed on the inside. She drew it off and began to examine it.

She found the inscription: "H. L. V. to D. M. May 19th, 1932." H. L. V. to D. M. The bridegroom would be H. L. V. And he had given the ring to the bride, D. M. And on their wedding day which was May 19, 1932.

She examined the ring wonderingly, turning it in her fingers.

The other girl spoke again. This time her voice held a note of humorous sarcasm.

"You're lucky that way, too!"

"Lucky?"

"Yeh! Got a wedding ring. I'm that way, too." Her husky voice grew more satirical. "Lucky, lucky. How do I get so lucky?"

"You don't sound as if you liked being married." The nameless girl spoke disinterestedly.

"Do I look crazy?"

"Not at all. Tell me—" The nameless girl paused. She wanted to ask if this talkative woman had ever seen her before. But it was hard to find the proper words. Such a question would seem very odd. She fingered her ring thoughtfully. May Nineteenth? She wondered how long ago that was. "Do you know the date to-day, by any chance?" she asked finally.

"I do know the date? Ask me!"

"I do ask you."

"She asks me. She asks me the date. Ask me now if I can forget it." The answer is no. No, I can't." She sighed. She was rubbing some blue paste carefully into her upper eyelid.

"Excuse me, Girle, for inflicting my dismal personal life on you, but you asked me the date. The date is 'der tag.' Get it—der tag!"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"You wouldn't. It's just one of those things."

"The day—"

"The day I say good-by to all this. The day the big fight starts. And believe me, it's going to be a good old war while it lasts. The day, in words of one syllable, that I go off to prison."

"Prison?"

"Yeh. But I don't mean what you mean. I'm going to be a bird in a gilded cage, dearie, see? But, excuse me, you asked me for the date, didn't you—it's the nineteenth."

"Not May—Not May the nineteenth!"

The talkative girl swung around, and put her hands on her hips. Her ex-

pression was a little sarcastic. "Now listen. No kidding! Do you think it's December the nineteenth? It's May the nineteenth, Girle, and—" She went on talking but her audience was no longer listening. She was thinking. This was the nineteenth of May and—her wedding day.

She looked once more into the mirror. Her eyes were starry with excitement. Besides the varnished face of the other girl she looked very young and very beautiful, but she was not thinking of that now. She was thinking that some of the pictures of her jig-saw puzzle past were beginning to fit in. She had been married that day to the man in the cab. She hated him. The shock of marrying him had made her lose her memory, and no wonder.

She was grateful to the strong enclosing walls around her for shielding her from that man. She was grateful to the city for being so big and impersonal that she could lose herself in it. All she needed now was to rest quietly until her memory returned.

Her action in leaving that man had been purely instinctive. But she was glad that she had done it. Still, she wondered, was it as simple as it now seemed? She married a man she hated and then lost her memory because he was so horrible, and then had left him. She was not satisfied. It seemed too easy an explanation. Why had she married him? She would have to find him again sooner or later and tell him that she must divorce him. She could do that at Reno—for this strange chatty girl to whom she had scarcely been listening was talking about Reno.

"If I had the dough, Baby, believe me I'd be on my way to Reno right now."

"It's easy to get a divorce in Reno, isn't it?"

"If you have the dough! But that's a big if, Girle."

"How much does it cost?"

"About a thousand dollars, including the trip and everything, but I know a girl who did it for seven hundred and fifty. She had a friend living out there, and her living expenses didn't cost her anything."

"It doesn't take very long, does it?"

"It takes exactly six weeks. Oh ask me anything about Reno. I know. I've been studying up on it like it was the Bible. You got to go out there and

establish a residence, stay there six weeks, then file your suit. . . ."

As she talked the nameless girl was wondering. It was a little fantastic to be thinking of Reno when she did not yet know for certain that she was unhappily married. Could it be possible that the man in the cab was not her husband? Surely in a few moments she would be able to remember about herself, and when she did there would be time enough to make plans.

"So it's actually the nineteenth of May today."

"H—I, yes. There you go again."

The nameless girl slipped her wedding ring slowly back on her finger.

The girl in the blue coat winked. "Not so crazy about it, eh—well, there are a good many like you, Baby. Believe me, there's a lot like you that can't seem to see the charm in the old cottage for two stuff with the roses or what have you around the door."

She leaned over and examined the nameless girl's ring more closely. "It's not a bad little item to hock," she said.

"I think I'll throw it down the first sewer I come to," said the nameless girl.

The woman grew kindly and fervent. "There's always Reno," she said. She became thoughtful. "If that cheap-skate husband of mine weren't so d—n stingy—Baby, there's always Reno, if you have the dough. And you seem to have plenty!"

"You mean I could get a divorce?" said the nameless girl.

"It's easy in Reno—specially for a girl like you with plenty of cash."

The woman's eyes had dropped to the open hand bag on the dressing table. The nameless girl wondered if she could divorce a man whose name she did not know.

"Reno!" said the girl in the blue coat. "G—d! And if you know what I have got to go through you wouldn't hesitate." She rambled on in a tone that was full of a resentment and self-pity. The nameless girl paid little heed. Again she noticed the woman's

eyes on the bills that were visible in her purse.

Now it occurred to her to count them and find how much she had. As she did so a silence fell over the small room of which the two were for the moment the only occupants.

There were nine hundred dollars in bills. And something under ten dollars in her coin purse.

She closed her purse, and as she did so, she was aware of a certain tenseness in the atmosphere. She turned her head to stare at the other girl, and she could have sworn that as she did so the woman turned away as if to give the impression that she had not been watching the younger one. Her former friendliness was washed from her face, but there was a watchfulness in the lines of the figure that the nameless girl could not understand. Perhaps the other girl did know her. Perhaps that was why she had spoken. And perhaps the lack of response in the nameless girl had offended her.

So she reasoned, not in any way connecting the girl's sudden change with the large roll of bills she had shown.

"I've met you some place, haven't I?" she said at last half timidly.

But the other girl no longer wanted to talk. "Doubt that," she said briefly.

The nameless girl saw a towel rack and a row of washstands in an adjoining room. She rose and went in, leaving hat and purse on the tiny dressing table.

Her feeling of depression had now completely lifted. She was separated from a man she hated. She was in a comfortable hotel. She had plenty of money. She would make up a name, register under it, and try to get a good rest.

She washed her hands in warm water. Then she let ice water chill her wrist and hands, thinking that the shock might restore her memory. A cold shower would be even better, she thought almost happily. She looked thoughtfully in the glass. She was completely alone. Yet somewhere surely she must have friends. Perhaps they were looking for her now. She smiled. She would remember. Of course she would remember.

She turned to go into the outer room. The girl was gone.

She went to the small dressing table and picked up her hat and fitted it



"If I Had the Dough, Baby, Believe Me, I'd Be on My Way to Reno Now."

Cunning Summer Clothes for Tots

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SUCH a spurge as stripes and plaids are making in fashionland this summer, specially in the children's realm where gingham galore and dimities and linens and other popular materials for little folks' clothes are simply running riot in the matter of striped and plaided effects.

To add sprightliness to the mode the little frocks of plaids and stripes take on all sorts of dainty organdie frills and furrowels just like grownup fashions are doing. These flatteringly organdie trimmings, sewing mothers need never be at a loss as to "what to do" to achieve prettiness for little daughter's summer dresses.

We think the little ruffled organdie cape on the red and white cross-bar dimity frock which the little girl to the left in the picture is wearing is a detail worth keeping in mind when next the problem presents itself as to "how to trim" this or that frock for Miss Seven or Eight. Each circular ruffle is piped with bright red to harmonize with the plaid. The skirt is somewhat gored and a sash of self-material is tied in a perky bow at the back.

Since these little capriets are so decorative and so easy to make, why wouldn't it be a good idea to make one as a separate item so that it could be worn with any number of dainty frocks. Accessories of this sort count as a real asset when it comes to "dressing up" children to occasion.

Concerning the charming little gumpe dress of multi-colored gingham on the girl picking flowers, it is

an adorable style for a child of six, or seven or so. The skirt is plaited and the bodice part is banded at the top with a clever yoke effect which provides straps over the shoulders. This little contrivance buttons, as you see, on to the fussy little organdie blouse. The puffed sleeves which give a broad shoulder effect are in keeping with present fashion trends. Piplings of the gingham relate the gumpe to the dress. One of the very practical things about an outfit such as this is that it admits of several interchangeable blouses.

Brother-and-sister fashions are given special emphasis in the realm of juvenile apparel these days. Little sister's dress and Junior's blouse as shown in the picture feature the effectiveness of bright blue and white striped broadcloth for children's clothes.

An unprecedented vogue for linen goes on record this season both in the adult and the juvenile realm. The curly headed youngster with the wide-brimmed hat is clad in linen even to her chapeau—pale blue handkerchief linen for her simple frock with little strips of navy blue linen stitched on its collar, the same navy linen binding and banding her hat, which is of heavy light blue crash linen.

Handkerchief linen of the sheerest sort and in pastel colorings is proving a favorite for cunning little frocks upon which exquisite handwork is lavished, especially smocking, fagoting and drawwork.

© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

TIE-AROUND NECK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



At a glance one senses the swagger style of this frock. In the first place the material of which it is made, a broad ribbed chardonize acetate in gleaming white, is a distinctly new weave which carries a message of unmistakable swank. Note the neckline. See the amusing way it is tied around the throat like a drawstring in a laundry bag. The same kind of cord (made of self-chardonize) which is used at the neckline, ties about the waist, knotting casually at the side.

Surprise Color

Red has turned out to be one of the high fashion colors, contrary to usual style procedure. White frocks with red jackets, red bags, gloves and hats are extremely good for mid-season.

BLACK AND WHITE HOLDS POPULARITY

"Black and white" is the refrain of the latest fashion song.

Midseason showings in fashion houses displayed scores of costumes in the striking combination. White coats and black frocks, white hats, gloves and collars with black dresses and white costumes with black trims are all seen.

The white coat with the black frock is one of the most effective combinations of the season. Leing displays an afternoon frock of black satin printed in white leaves with a three-quarter length coat of white satin, while Bryere shows a tea-time frock, having a cap sleeved white silk pique bodice and black silk skirt, topped by a long coat of white silk pique.

White accessories with black frocks are seen at smart luncheons and teas.

Paris Milliner Displays

Hat Made of Human Hair

Fashion has found a hat for humans made of human hair. We've worn horsehair hats and thought nothing of it or, rather, not much of it, except for weddings, garden parties, and the like; but now that the human-hair hat has come upon us we almost stagger with its oddness. For instance, a platinum blonde might wear a Tiltan hat, or a raven brunette would, perhaps, choose a headgear of snow-white tresses—black and white being the important color scheme from the Parisienne point of view.

These hair hats are made just like any other hat that is knitted, crocheted or woven with soft threads of fabric, but as a final touch they are shellacked so that everything, including the trimming curls, stays "put."

Autumn Already!

Just as women get used to the cartwheel hats of straw along comes the news that we are to be wearing large velvet bonnets right soon now. They are very pretty with colored print frocks and do wonders for enhancing the beauty of the eyes.

OUR CHILDREN



By ANGELO PATRI

HEALTHY VARIETY

I AM always pleading for the routine day, the routine way, for children. The health habits, the habits of industry, of politeness, of good conduct are established by routine. The same thing at the same time; the same action in the same situation; the same law for the same action. Now I am going to speak about overdoing the routine.

It is possible to so routine a child that he is tied hand and foot. Change his schedule, change his mode of living in the slightest degree, and he is helpless. That is the chief fault in establishing a rigid routine.

A child should go to bed at the same time every evening. That is a fundamental principle of hygiene. But that does not say that the same person must help him prepare for the night. Different people should be allowed to do this so that he will not feel bereft if his mother is not at hand to get him ready for sleep.

Children ought to be washed every morning. That again is a fundamental of hygiene. But that does not say that the same piece of soap, the same washrag, the same temperature of the water, the same person is to be in the picture. A little child who can wash his face and hands in the brook or in the wash basin on the back porch or in the bathroom is in a better position socially, hygienically than is the helpless one who must have his own home bathroom before he can wash himself at all.

Eating is another fundamental of living. Children ought to have their meals at the same hour daily. But that does not exclude variety from their menu. Color, taste, beauty, variety must enter into the routine of meals or there is no value in them.

Change the place of eating. Have a picnic. Eat on the porch or the terrace. Put the meal into a little basket and carry it to the place where you can see the sea, or the sunset, or the old oak tree. Put the spirit of variety into the routine duty and it loses its hint of bondage.

Habits are our best friends provided they can be used in variety. Always the mind must control the actions of the body or the material bonds become too strong and we become the victims of our own goodness. It is good to eat cereal, but it is sad to be tied to just one. It is good to love one's home, but it is baneful to fear leaving it.

BY THE BOOK

TEACHERS who write and preach as much as I do ought to be the last, perhaps, to warn readers and listeners against the book, but my experience forces me to caution conscientious people against accepting any word in child training as the perfect one. There is no such thing.

Every child is an individual and peculiar combination of forces. When a doctor or a teacher, a child specialist of any sort, expresses an opinion or gives a direction, he comes as near the matter as his knowledge and experience will allow. But there is always an uncertain element in the situation. That is the child himself. When we have offered him our best it may not be what he needs. We must always allow for a margin of adjustment between the child and us.

Take the matter of diet. Milk and eggs are fine foods for children. But how much milk? How many eggs? In what form? That depends upon the child himself.

A mother called her child's physician because, in spite of everything she could do, the little one refused to touch an egg or anything that contained an egg. "Well, don't offer him an egg again. We'll give him something else and try how that works," said the doctor. "But you said he ought to have an egg for his lunch, doctor." "True enough, but if he can't eat eggs we can offer him something he can eat. He can live and thrive if he never eats an egg." That seemed to astonish the young mother. I am certain that after she has reared a family she will know that what is one child's meat is another's poison.

The same idea holds throughout. One child takes his afternoon nap and another refuses to lie down, much less sleep. One child obeys without protest and another fights every direction. We can give one child permission to play in the yard and know he will stay there, while we dare not allow his brother out of sight lest he be on the highway among the traffic, the instant we leave him alone.

The books are full of wisdom. They offer helpful advice. They suggest and they stimulate ideas in child training, but they have a limit. Where they leave off, the mother's intelligence and first-hand knowledge of her child must begin. That is why rearing a family requires the greatest skill and intelligence. That is why a mother's job demands our respect and admiration as no other job ever does. "Her children rise up and call her blessed," because she opened the book of life for them and taught them how to read it, each in his own language.

Use the good books, listen to the experts, consult your physician, but always carry your own responsibility toward your own child.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

(TO BE CONTINUED)