

# TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane  
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## SYNOPSIS

A pretty young woman finds herself in a taxicab 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. She meets a young woman who speaks of her desire to go to Reno for a divorce, if she can get the money. The woman vanishes with the nameless girl's purse, and \$300.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

The woman turned and scrutinized the girl for a moment slowly. Her face was broad and friendly, her eyes shrewd but kindly. The long gaze was one of appraisal. Then she said, "Ah Doris! How beautiful you are, Doris! I am glad you are here!" And she flung her two fat arms around the girl's soft fox collar and slender throat, and pressed a firm, wet cheek against hers.

Doris! So that was her name. She hardly felt the embrace, nor wondered at the tears. Doris! She was grateful that she had found a friend. The woman talked on. Out of the jumble of words, a sentence suddenly disclosed itself: "And so now with your husband on the seas we will have to console ourselves together until he comes back to us!" She listened breathlessly—her husband on the seas! It seemed too good to be true.

"Oh, she is frightened," said the woman fondly, addressing nobody, as seemed to be one of her habits. "And no wonder. So young. And such excitement. Come, we will get in the car."

The bellboy still stood beside the luggage. The fat little woman turned to Doris, "He would not believe I was Mrs. Du Val. He wanted to guard the luggage well." She shook her head. "Louis will carry out the luggage."

Doris then noticed that a liveried chauffeur was standing a few feet away. He came forward and picked up Doris' bags. Watching everything, on the alert for some clue that would unravel more of her past to her, Doris followed.

A limousine stood at the curb. Dolefully Doris hopped in after the little fat woman. There was not a quail in her heart. Undoubtedly she had known this woman, and perhaps it would soon come back to her when and where. At least she would learn her own name.

"Put Mrs. Du Val's bags in front," said her hostess fustily. Doris stared. Mrs. Du Val! The older woman had been speaking of her to the chauffeur. So she was Mrs. Du Val. D. V. D. V. She did not feel quite satisfied.

The baggage was quickly adjusted and the car started through the traffic-laden New York streets. "Ah, Rocky is seasick by now, n'est-ce pas?" said little Mrs. Du Val. "He cannot stand traveling, poor fellow." She tucked a robe anxiously around Doris. "But she mustn't catch cold at such a time," she went on. She clucked in her throat like a worried old hen. "You feel warm? We have a long ride, you know."

Doris did not know. But she smiled gratefully. Rocky? Who was Rocky? And why mustn't she catch cold at such a time? She wondered where they might be going.

Her mind was going around and around in a circle. Her husband was named Rocky Du Val. He had sailed for France. That much she gathered. Then the man she had been with in the taxicab had not been her husband. Unless they had been on their way to the boat. They had just been married and were going to spend their honeymoon in Europe, and she had escaped from him. That seemed very clear.

Then why had her mother-in-law expected to meet her at the Biltmore? No, that theory couldn't be right. Doubtless it was all simple enough and would come to her in a flash. The main thing was not to let anybody know she did not remember, lest they think she had gone crazy. She felt perfectly sure she was not crazy, but she didn't think she could convince anybody else.

The car went steadily forward. "We will get home before dark," said Mrs. Du Val, in her French accents.

Doris longed to ask questions: Where were they going? But her tongue was tied. Of course she was supposed to know where they were going. Just a few such questions as that and Mrs. Du Val would begin to think she was queer. Then there would be doctors, hospitals, maybe an asylum. She closed her lips tightly. No, she would tell no one. And certainly one of these days she would wake up remembering everything.

She told Mrs. Du Val, however, about the loss of her bag. The little French woman was so incensed that she all but turned the car straight back to town. "But the police will get her. Oh, she is a bad one. She is verree bad. But I thought you had no money? Rocky said he was giving you nothing, and I should give you all? Where did you get it?"

Doris flushed. Where did she get it? She wished that she knew. "He gave it to me at the last moment," she said, hating to lie and yet not knowing what else to do. Well, perhaps he did,

she said to herself. Certainly she didn't know that he didn't. However she decided to be as mum as an oyster after this experience. Even the most innocent story might trip her up with some question about her past that she couldn't answer.

"Ah but Oscar will be crazy about you," said Mrs. Du Val fondly. "Rocky was so naughty, wasn't he, not to tell us he was married. At first Oscar was ooh so mad. He walked up an' down. He said he would give Rocky nothing. Nothing. But soon I calmed him down because I know my Rocky. I knew the girl he would pick. And now when he sees you Oscar too will be so happy. Ah it will be like living our own love over! Such happiness!" The small eyes filled with tears of sentiment. The stout little hand covered her. Doris too was filled with a rush of emotion.

"And Oscar shall do a beautiful figure of you for Rocky," went on Mrs. Du Val happily. "Your figure is just what my Oscar loves best to model. He . . ."

But Doris was no longer listening. Something had clicked in her brain. Oscar. Who was Oscar? Mrs. Du Val's husband undoubtedly. But Oscar Du Val was a famous French sculptor. And Mrs. Du Val was speaking of his modeling her.

Oscar Du Val. She hoped it might be the first ray of light breaking into her past. But no more followed. Why did she remember Oscar Du Val's name and not the name of her husband Rocky?

Mrs. Du Val leaned near her and patted her hand. "Ah Doris, now a thousand doubts are gone forever from my heart."

Doris looked inquiringly into her face. "Doubts?"

"Ah yes, Rocky is a good boy. I knew it. Many times I told Oscar. But when he stayed away from home so much—when his life in New York seemed to absorb him, I will confess to you, sometimes I was afraid. Not that I ever let Oscar know. You will not give my secret away?"

Behind the round glasses the eyes of the little French woman were full of friendliness. More than that, they were alive with love. Rocky's mother liked her. Her heart filled with gratitude. She clung to Mrs. Du Val's hand.

"You are being very sweet to me." The moment of sentiment passed. Mrs. Du Val gave a little cluck and settled back in her corner. "No, no, you are my own daughter now, n'est-ce pas? Ah, that is what I have always wanted, a daughter."

Doris felt a pang of misgiving. If she could only know what all this meant. Could that man in the cab be Rocky? And if not, if he were her husband, then Mrs. Du Val would not be her mother-in-law. Perhaps she was not being honest. Perhaps she ought to tell Mrs. Du Val all about it. She turned impulsively.

"Mrs. Du Val, I have something to tell you."

"Oh, but you must not call me Mrs. Du Val. Non, non, jamais. C'est mauvais. Call me mother."

Doris smiled. "All right. But—I really ought to tell you—"

Mrs. Du Val's round little body bent at the waist. "I know, dear child. There is no need to tell me. Do not excite yourself."

"You know?"

"Yes, yes, Rocky has told me over the telephone. We must take good care of you. Oh oui. Very good care of you. And now already I can see you have had too much excitement for one day. Rocky would scold me for letting you talk so much, for talking to you like a magpie. It is not good."

Doris bit her lip. Was it possible that she had been with Rocky, and lost her memory then, and that he knew about it? It was too confusing. And much as she liked Mrs. Du Val the prospect of being taken care of was not alluring. But for her loss of memory she felt strong and well. She was not even tired.

As they rode along Doris learned several things by innuendo and direct information: that Rocky was named for Rockwell St. Gardens, the famous artist; that Oscar Du Val lived in Connecticut in the country, and had been there for twenty years; that Doris was to stay with her husband's family until Rocky returned from abroad. She decided that, after all, she must have remembered something subconsciously else how would she have known that she must go to the Biltmore to meet Mrs. Du Val?

The car turned at last into the Du Val driveway. To the right on a hillside lay the studios of Oscar Du Val. Doris caught a glimpse of his famous "Dying Indian," a piece of sculpture of which she had often seen pictures. The way led up a long curving road toward a big yellow Colonial house with white pillars over the porch. Way off to the left there were many out-buildings and sheds which Mrs. Du Val said were the farm buildings.

A tall handsome man was standing on the porch. He had white hair and piercing black eyes. He was watching the car anxiously. He waved with a violent, un-American cordiality.

"Ah, Oscar will be so happy," said Mrs. Du Val, as the car came to a stop before the house.

Oscar Du Val sprang down the stairs with the energy of a boy and opened the door before the chauffeur could move. A warm smile on his lips leaped into his eyes.

"Ah, Doris!"

He helped her out of the car, and surveyed her ecstatically at arm's length.

Then he folded her close to him, kissed her on the cheek and sought the eyes of his beaming wife.

"Adoree," he said, "you were right." "Our Rocky is no fool?"

"Ah yes, our Rocky is no fool, after all."

Doris smiled shyly as Oscar Du Val released her. "You are so nice to me. But how can you tell so quickly?"

"Bah," said Du Val, "always I know instantly about people."

"After he sees them, he knows," said his wife with a slight overtone of sarcasm. "Before that, he is not so sure. He believes that our Rocky has not the good sense to choose himself a nice girl. He is sure that our Rocky—"

Du Val put his palms together in an attitude that was half prayerful, and half playful. "Ah Doris, you must forgive me. You are going to forgive me all those things which I have said to Rocky about you. I did not know you were such a girl. How could I know? And you too must admit that you have been wrong. To tell us nothing—"

"There he goes," scolded Mrs. Du Val. "Before our little Doris can step into the house he is already reproaching her."

"No, no," said Du Val. "Come we will go in. Where is your luggage?"

Louis, the chauffeur, was taking down the bags with his initials D. V. A little maid in a black dress with a white apron came out of the house and picked up the hat box. Doris felt full of happiness. Surely she had come home. These kind people were ready to shower her with love.

"Come Doris," said Mrs. Du Val importantly. "At such a time, you must get plenty of rest. I will show you to your room."

They went upstairs. Louis came in carrying her bags, and a maid Estelle hovered ready to unpack them. Mrs. Du Val sent her away with a brisk clap of her competent little hands. "She is too tired now. And she wishes to unpack her own things. She is like me, n'est-ce pas?" She looked at Doris. "You wish to superintend your own unpacking?"

"Oh yes, oh yes," said Doris eagerly. She was hardly able to wait to see if the inside of the bags might not give her some clue. "And I'm not in the least tired. I can do it now."

"Oh no. At such a time in a woman's life she must rest," Mrs. Du Val lighted in her eyes that she could not understand. "You have had a tiresome trip. But look! Look what I have got for your room. As a special surprise."

"Where? Where?"

"Don't you see? On the dressing table!"

In a silver frame the face of a young man smiled with an air of youthful seriousness.

"Our Rocky!" said Mrs. Du Val tenderly.

Instantly Doris loved his face. She seized the picture and gazed at it hungrily.

So this was Rocky. Rocky, her husband.

She gave a long sigh of relief. For the young serious eyes that stared back from the picture weren't the same as the dark straggled unhappy eyes that had looked at her from the tense face of the man in the cab.

Mrs. Du Val was briskly opening windows. A faint breeze brought in the scent of blooming lilacs. "Maintenant," said Mrs. Du Val, "you will nap, n'est-ce pas? You will have time for a nice little sleep before dinner."

"Oh no, I must unpack."

She was eager to explore the contents of her bags. Surely they would tell her something about herself, something about Rocky.

"Non, non. Later, oui. Then Estelle will help you."

Protesting was useless. Mrs. Du Val's fat jeweled hand was on the elderdown blanket that lay on the canopied Colonial bed. She drew off the gay patchwork counterpane quickly, and folded it neatly. "You like this little bed? I had it put in here for you and Rocky. This is Rocky's old room—but the bed is not the same. Come now," said Mrs. Du Val. Doris was forced to hop into bed obediently. It seemed the quickest way of getting rid of her solicitous mother-in-law.

"You must not get out of bed, now," warned Mrs. Du Val. She kissed Doris, tucked the covers firmly around her, then left the room on tip-toe as if Doris were already sleeping.

As the door closed Doris threw back the covers eagerly. In a moment she was fumbling with the fastening of the smallest bag. To her joy it was not locked.

Kneeling on the thick carpet she was looking inside her own "overnight" bag, examining a row of bottles with cloisone lavender tops. Cleansing creams, night cream, astringent lotion, powder—she touched them wonderingly—a round pink bar of soap, toilet water, bath salts; tooth brush marked with her monogram, tooth paste, nail file, manicure scissors; two silver-backed brushes, a comb. They were utterly strange to her. Could these things possibly belong to her? She studied the monogram carefully. The D was there, and the V. But she could not be sure what the third letter was.

There was nothing else except some neatly folded pajamas in orchid shades. She sighed, examining the bag carefully for any small slip of paper that might tell her something. But there was nothing.

She opened the suitcase next. It contained two Jersey dresses, a linen suit, a leather jacket in bright blue, two cotton sport dresses, and an evening gown with a little coat to go with it. "Like the wardrobe of a girl who expects to be gone on a very short trip," she decided, "for else why arent on her trunks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Revival of Garden Party Type Frocks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BACK to the "perfect picture" type of costume swings the pendulum of fashion this summer. Wherever fashionists gather at formal outdoor occasions the scene is graced with lovely ladies wearing romantic costumes which declare the revival of quaint and alluring garden-party frocks. Most artfully be-frilled and be-ruffled are these summery creations which are styled of wondrous sheer weaves, with skirts reaching to the ground, and hats the wide brims of which have not been so wide and picturesque for many a season past.

This revival of the beguilingly feminine in dress is especially apparent near and about the French capital this summer, where smart Parisiennes have been wearing just such enchanting gowns and chapeaux to the races as you see pictured in the group herewith. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more entrancing in the way of midsummer array than this trio of sheer airy-fairy frocks topped with hats whose shallow crowns and widened brims are the very essence of poetry in millinery.

At every turn of the road in fashion's realm organdie in profusion greets the eye this summer, and if not organdie then mousseline de soie which exudes more because of its elusive sheerness. The winsome gown to the left in the picture tells a romantic story in terms of intricately befringed panels at each side of its voluminous skirt and in the wee jacket of pastel taffeta, the message being completed via one of the wide-brimmed capelines which are so distinctively new in that their crowns are exceedingly shallow and their brims amazingly broad. What's more they are worn to dip over an eye in a most tantalizing manner.

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## VOGUSH COTTONS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Cottons are playing a spectacular role on the stage of fashion. The attractive lassie in the picture is dressed in cotton from the tip-top of her pretty head down to her hemline, for hat, jacket and dress are all of a spongy soft cotton weave. The plaid cotton presents as handsome an appearance as more pretentious tweed and the beauty of it is that it fits perfectly. The bolero jacket with its scarf neckline is removable. Together with its matching beret it can be worn with any number of dresses.

## DAYTIME SKIRTS AND SKIRT LENGTHS

The smooth bell skirt flaring from the hips without exaggerated ripples, but permitting plenty of freedom, is the favorite for all daylight hours. There are some back and front pleats variously placed; a few all-around pleated skirts. Some creators, like Worth and Patou, favor the straight and narrow, particularly for suits.

Daytime skirt lengths, in general, look a little longer—from 8 to 10 inches off the ground. Schiaparelli and Patou both show some a bit shorter—12 or 13 inches off.

## Angel Wing Shoulders on Evening Jackets Newest

Angel wings appeared in 1923 styles for modish mortals when Schiaparelli launched her midseason collection showing "angel wing shoulders" on little evening jackets. These innovations are curved pieces of fabric extending from the top of the shoulder to the shoulder blade. They stand straight out on the mannequin's back.

Among the models was a little waist-length evening wrap of pancy blue crepe sprinkled with white blossoms, designed with angel wing shoulders, and worn with a white crepe evening frock.

Hookless, buttonless frocks pulled over the head were another feature of the display.

Slimmer, crinkled-crepe frocks with waistlines above normal were designed with round necklines finished with elastic ribbon, which pull wide when slipped over the head and snap back into place to fit closely around the throat.

## Smart Dinner Outfit

You can make yourself an attractive dinner outfit by using a bright-colored washable fabric for the dress itself and lining a white linen or pique jacket with the same color.

## Black for Swim Suits

Smart for swimming are black bathing suits worn with white accessories—or vice versa.

# ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

## ADVERTISING BUILDS BUSINESS

WHEN Hugh Nash of Redfield, S. D., finished selling his best watermelons to wholesalers, thousands still remained in the fields. Pondering a bit as to how he could sell them, he decided to advertise in local newspapers for 40 miles around his farm. "Watermelon Day," screamed the headline of his advertising. When dusk settled over his farm that Sunday, there wasn't a melon on the place as large as a man's head. More than 500 cars had visited the farm and 6,000 watermelons brought \$500. But that wasn't all. Potatoes, squash, popcorn and a few other such products were bought freely from piles near the gate where customers stopped to pay for the watermelons they picked.

"The way 'Watermelon Day' took hold was a revelation to me," said Mr. Nash. "I never dreamed the advertising we did would draw so many people. It didn't cost much, but it surely paid big dividends. It all goes to show that producing what the people want is profitable. A little time thinking what things will appeal to the public often gets you more than months of the hardest kind of labor in the field."

E. A. Ikenberry of Independence, Mo., was a county agent until he saw he could make more money growing fruit himself than trying to teach farmers. Now his orchards produce 15,000 to 20,000 bushels of apples, and he has 12 acres in pears, grapes, strawberries and blackberries. Ikenberry isn't on the main road, but his roadside market is well patronized, thanks to his advertising.

Local advertising, good fruit and a square deal for his customers built up a business that not only takes all of his fruit, but hundreds of gallons of cider and thousands of dozens of eggs and countless dressed chickens.

"Good advertising is cheap," he said. "I don't need as much publicity as I did when we started; but I keep my name before the public except on rainy days, when you can't expect anyone to come out."

BARTON BROTHERS  
Roadside Farm Market  
Fruit—Vegetables  
Fresh From the Fields  
Coffin's Corner on Haddonfield Road

It didn't take an expert to write that advertising copy which the Bartons used in a three-inch space in their local papers; but it was strong enough to pull \$200 worth of sales in one day. The same amount of produce, sold wholesale, according to the terminal market quotations, would have brought Barton Brothers about \$100, and they would have had to haul it to market, pay commissions and other expenses.

And Bartons, primarily fruit growers, had to produce vegetables because the consumers asked for them. Sweet corn, a big seller, often moves at the rate of 100 dozen a day.

V. A. Houghton, Maine poultryman, will gladly testify to the value of local advertising. During the hatching season he sold eggs at \$1.50 a setting. The price of table eggs was 15 cents a dozen. A few dollars' worth of publicity netted \$48 extra profit on the egg deal.

"I can't help but believe in advertising," he explained. "Here's another reason: I spent 63 cents for a classified ad after I had sold 10 large dressed cockerels for \$1.20 each because the return was too small. Local neighbors bought 30 males for breeding purposes through the 21-word ad, paying me \$100. I could have sold almost a dozen more if I had them."

F. C. Crocker, like many other Nebraska pure bred hog breeders, held two big auction sales a year. He sells direct to the farmer now, finding it much cheaper and more profitable. Advertising does the selling. It's cheap, using small space; but even lower prices bring him greater net returns because of reduced expense.

"Markets patronized by people living in nearby towns can often make good use of newspaper advertising, a medium which is especially helpful in moving surpluses at the peak season," said H. P. Gaston, roadside marketing expert of the Michigan state college. "The plan followed by some growers, when confronted with a surplus, is to reduce the price on the product in question, making it a drawing card to get people to come to the market. Satisfied customers buy other commodities and come again, and, though the grower may make little profit on the sale of the featured product, he avoids loss and is doing the thing which will develop his patronage."

"The effectiveness of newspaper advertising depends, among other things, upon the location of the market, the kind of products offered for sale, their quality and price, and on the class of people who read the paper. These factors are so variable that the only way for any individual farmer to determine what may be accomplished by this means is to give it a trial."

"Advertising copy should be prepared with the realization that prospective customers will want to know what products are for sale, the prices charged, and where the market is located. Many newspaper offices, if supplied with the essential facts, furnish the service of some one trained in writing advertisements to put them in final form, or at least make suggestions as to how it should be done."

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