

TANGLED WIVES

By PEGGY SHANE

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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. 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. An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val, cordially greets the nameless girl, addressing her as "Doris," wife of Mrs. Du Val's son, Rocky. Rocky is abroad, and Doris, bewildered, is taken to the home of Mrs. Du Val and her sculptor husband, Oscar.

CHAPTER II—Continued

The last box contained merely hats and shoes to go with the dresses. Doris Du Val didn't believe in carrying papers around, evidently. The search had yielded the information that yellow and lavender were her favorite colors and that she had undoubtedly been rich. Nothing more. Was Rocky really her husband? She peered again with strained eyes into the pictured face. If he could only speak! If he could only tell her who she was, where they had met. Gently, gradually, she felt sure she would come back to connection with her past if she could only see him.

It seemed to her as she looked into those serious boyish eyes as if she must remember. Surely the time he had given her the ring. Some of that might come back. She sat turning the ring over and over and pondering. But it was useless.

Mrs. Du Val tapped on the door softly. An hour had passed in these thoughts.

"Come in," said Doris.

"Oh, oh! C'est tres mauvais! Veree bad! You must rest. At such a time young girls must rest, and not tire themselves out."

Doris was getting rather weary of being told that at "such a time" she must take care of herself. The such a time seemed to be always. But she smiled. "I was just going to get dressed for dinner."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Du Val. "We live very simply. Do not dress tonight. It is too exhausting at such a—"

"I'll just wash my face then," said Doris hastily. She disappeared into the bathroom half expecting to be told that "at such a time" girls shouldn't wash. Then she smiled ruefully, ashamed of her impatience.

The drawing room was attractive with flowers and books. Alone there for a moment Doris looked about for a newspaper. Unable to find one, she turned on the radio.

Instantly an orchestra blared. An avalanche of jazz poured into the room, flooded the whole quiet countryside. Almost immediately there was another and larger roar from the hall outside. Oscar Du Val, his white hair disarranged, his black eyes rolling angrily, rushed in.

"Turn it off! Turn it off!" he shouted.

Amazed and frightened, Doris ran to obey. As the sound was cut off, Du Val looked at her blushing furiously. "I am sorry," he said, "I am very sorry. I did not think it was you. The servants have orders never to touch the radio."

"I didn't know," said Doris. "I'm sorry."

Mrs. Du Val had darted into the room.

"Roaring like a mad bull at our little girl," she scolded.

Du Val looked heartbroken. "Oh, I am so sorry."

"Making noise like one hundred elephants and frightening our little girl at such a time!"

But Oscar Du Val now looked more frightened than Doris.

Mrs. Du Val turned to Doris. "You see what it is to live with an artist. You can thank your stars that I brought up my son to be a business man. Oscar cannot work with the radio going. He does not like to have the outside world come to him."

"Yes, to be told I must wash my teeth every day. Me, I have never been to the dentist in my life."

"He will not have anything come into the house. No radio! No newspapers! Such a man! We never play the radio except on Sunday afternoons when we love to listen to the Philharmonic concerts."

"Yes," said Oscar eagerly. He looked at Doris as if pleading with her to understand. "The Philharmonic concerts are very nice. I like them very much." The evening passed quickly. Listening to the talk of the famous sculptor, Doris nearly forgot all about her own worry. She felt that if she had not already fallen in love with the son,

she might find herself tempted to marry him anyway for the pleasure of having such a father-in-law.

"Rockwell St. Gardens is a great friend of yours, isn't he?" asked Doris when the talk had come to a little pause.

"Ah, yes," said Oscar. "A great friend. We named our Rocky for him. His work is magnificent—magnificent. You know it of course?"

"Oh yes," said Doris, a little surprised to find that she did. "I suppose," she said after a pause in which she considered how she happened to have this particular piece of knowledge, "that he is like you. I mean—every one knows something of his work."

"Yes, he has become very famous. It is hard to realize that. I remember him always as a wild crazy one in Paris. We were young then, n'est-ce pas? But now we are so no longer. And I—I have my practical little wife, my fine son who has his own good wife, and Rockwell St. Gardens lives very respectably too—up in northern New England near the Canadian border, where it is too cold for me."

"Early in July we will visit him," said Mrs. Du Val. "We will go up to his daughter's wedding."

"Yes," said Oscar, "that is so. Beatrice is to be married in July."

Mrs. Du Val's voice often trembled on a note of ecstasy so fragile that overtones of despair and sadness could be heard beyond her joy. "Rocky will be back by then and we will all go together."

Doris felt the tremor of happiness behind the mother's words. It caught a response in her. Could it possibly be true that in six weeks she would be the normal, happy, remembering wife of Rocky? It must be so.

She went to bed early. The sounds of bullfrogs and crickets lulled her quickly to sleep. Her last thought was that she would wake up in the morning knowing all about her past.

But the next day everything was the same. She felt secure and full of happiness. She was in her right place, and Rocky's picture was on her dressing table.

She thought of her new family. Mrs. Du Val—"Mother" was a dear, and she seemed really to like Doris. She reviewed her eventful yesterday with tranquility. All that fright about the man in the cab had been so useless, so silly. Anyway, it was all before she knew that she had this quiet



She Studied It Thoughtfully.

refuge, before she had even seen Rocky's picture. She took it up now and studied it thoughtfully for the twentieth time.

Her husband! Where had she met him? How long had she known him? Not long, apparently. She had gathered this from her welcome.

And yet Mrs. Du Val had met her before. Mrs. Du Val had recognized her in the Biltmore! Or had she? Doris shut her eyes again, and tried to imagine the scene. Mrs. Du Val's greeting had been something about how beautiful she was. Could it be possible that Mrs. Du Val as well as her husband had never seen Rocky's wife before?

It was too confusing. Today her memory would return. It must! It would! It had to!

But it just didn't. The more she willed to know, the more the curtain of the past seemed to shut down on her, blinder than the unknown future on which she could at least make a few tentative plans of her own. As spring passed it seemed strange to be married to a photograph, married to someone who was a topic of conversation at every breakfast, luncheon and dinner, and yet whom she had never seen.

The days were always the same. Doris could understand why Rocky didn't come home much if he were at all the type that liked gaiety. For at nine o'clock promptly every night the family went to bed. And at six o'clock the next morning it was time to get up. From six-thirty until noon Mr. Du Val worked in his studio.

After lunch he worked again. Meanwhile his wife occupied herself with the house, superintending the gardening, the dairies, the farm. Aside from her work in running the huge place, Mrs. Du Val spent much of her time in acting as a guard to her husband against the outside world. Hardly a day passed that did not bring a group of tourists eager to see the sculptor at his work. His wife kept them away

from him. If she hadn't it would have soon become impossible for her to work, for they would have swamped him, overwhelmed him. He lived in his work, and he was utterly dependent on his wife, who made it possible for him to work so steadily and ardently.

"It is dull for you here, Doris?" he would say sometimes at lunch.

"No, no. I love the quiet of the country. And besides there's really a lot to do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Du Val. "We sew, we make new curtains for Doris and Rocky's bedroom."

Doris was really learning a great deal. Already the peas and asparagus were being canned in the big kitchen. She had helped start dandelion wine, seen the red currants come off the bushes, watched them bubble in enormous pots. Mrs. Du Val was making har-le-duc "such as you will not get, my Doris, this side of the water."

There was a batch of new setter puppies. Doris was weaning them. This occupied much of her attention. Then there were many vases in the big house to be filled with flowers. This had become Doris' task. There was, as Doris had said, a lot to do. And she enjoyed doing it.

Every night she fell asleep dreaming about Rocky. She had moments it is true, of doubting that anyone could be so perfect as the son Mrs. Du Val talked of constantly. But when she looked into his pictured eyes she believed them all. Somewhere in the blank past he had told her that he loved her. They had married each other. She almost believed she remembered it.

Besides his mother's stories, she had listened to his father's description (tinged with a humorous irony) of Rocky's business career. And gradually she had formed a picture of this Rocky Du Val to whom she was married. He emerged now as a lover, a person more real than anyone she had ever met. She looked eagerly toward the day when he would write to her because she thought that certainly when she looked at the intimate words of her husband, written to her, his wife, she would remember and know for all time what she still groped and wondered over.

Meantime she thought of him as being the tall, careless type fond of outdoor life. "He likes outdoor life when it isn't too strenuous," Mr. Du Val had chuckled. Mrs. Du Val said that like his father he made friends everywhere, but he had inherited his keen business sense from his mother. He had had a recent promotion in his firm which would send him to Paris frequently.

But no letter came. A week passed, and another week. June came, bringing roses and peonies, a festive setting for Rocky's return. Then Mrs. Du Val got a letter from him, but of Doris it said only, "Doris strikes me as being very husky, so there is no need to worry about her. Just see that she gets plenty of sunshine and goes to bed early every night."

This sounded far from loverlike and Doris felt suddenly cold all over when Mrs. Du Val read it aloud to her. Mrs. Du Val seemed also to feel some lack in it, for she said consolingly, "Your letter will come tomorrow."

But it didn't come, though Doris began wistfully to watch for the mailman's daily visits. The words, "there is no need to worry about her," made Doris wonder again if her young husband did know of the condition in which she found herself mentally. Had the Du Vals, after all, suspected it? Was that why Mrs. Du Val was constantly fussing over her, urging gentle exercise on her, making her take naps, begging her to take sunbaths, and forever babbling about, "such a time?"

No. That was impossible. The Du Vals showed no sign of guessing that Doris could not remember anything. Yet Rocky's letter left her more than slightly disquieted. The old doubts came back. Supposing she were not Rocky's wife. Supposing Mrs. Du Val had mistaken her in the Biltmore? What on earth should she do if Rocky came back and repudiated her?

She spent hours brooding now on this situation. She ought to go to New York and make some effort to locate her rightful place. Supposing her memory never came back? For over a month had passed now, and she was beginning to lose that first expectancy that had buoyed up her spirits.

"What is the matter, Doris? You look pale today. You need rest."

"No, no, I'm all right." Rest meant returning to her nightmare imaginings; if Rocky was not her husband then she must go back to the other.

"Tell me what is troubling you, dear?"

She considered taking Mrs. Du Val into her confidence. If she found out that Doris had lost her memory there was no telling what she would do. As it was, she was always talking about taking Doris to the doctor. She could not tell Mrs. Du Val now after all these weeks of deception.

But she really ought to go into New York and see if she couldn't find out something. Supposing she went to Tange's—the store where she had bought most of her trousseau. The label with its Fifth avenue address was on all of her clothes. Perhaps some clerk there would recognize her, and tell her for sure if she was Mrs. Rockwell Du Val. That was something she must do before Rocky came home. And he was due home in a week.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rats Wreck Whole Town

A whole town in Tanganyika was destroyed by rats, which first destroyed the cotton crop and then invaded the town in such numbers that the inhabitants had to vacate it.

For Immediate Chic—Black Satin!

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IF YOU have not already done so, then "do it now"—buy a black satin suit or frock for immediate wear, for satin is the opening sensation on the new style program. Favor for satin is running at such a high pitch at this moment, even our hats, our handbags and our gloves are being made of satin, while certain exclusive booteries are displaying shoes of satin to help correlate a perfect ensemble.

The call of the hour is for the black satin jacket suit. Ideal it is for mid-season wear. Just the thing to do when summer togs take on that passe look which they always do when cool days herald the approach of autumn. Which is why we are presenting herewith several sketches of the newest fashions styled of satin.

The suit to the left has the three-quarter-length coat which has won its way into the hearts of womankind. The organdie frill, large bow and the flaring cuffs of the gloves carry the pretty fashion of white accessory touches on into the fall program.

The other charming satin ensemble happily combines black with white satin. The top part of the dress is fashioned of the white and the hat is one of the new swanky white satin sailors which you will find are immensely flattering.

The satin sailor, which is initiating a program of midseason millinery, is scoring a triumph. For a "first" hat it is ideal. One of the very newest models is shown in the inset circle.

So far all that we have been saying pertains to daytime fashions as they sound the satin note, but if you wish to follow evening trends you will discover that it is satin which is leading the way. Satin with lustrous finish and silk back is the wanted kind for formal dress. Stunning dinner gowns combine black satin for the skirt with white satin for the bodice and girle as sketched in the center of the group.

Novelty satins for evening wear especially intrigue the fancy. All sorts of effects are shown, from printed design to interwoven bar and rib novelties, also jacquard effects and stripes which alternate satin and dull crepe. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is the new reversible satin which may be one color on one side and another on the opposite, or it may be had with one shiny and one dull surface. The color play of these fascinating two-tone satins is inexhaustible.

Evening gowns of gleaming white or off-white satin have their severely classic necklines softened with hand-some white ostrich boas or with leis formed of petals cut from sheerest silk mousseline. Another feature of the evening mode is the dazzling mirror jewelry which is worn with these gowns of white satin.

One of the smartest type gowns shown for immediate daytime wear is the shirtwaist frock which is tailored of crepe satin.

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COLORFUL JEWELRY

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Incoming style reports particularly stress the increasing importance attached to costume jewelry. A fascinating story is now broadcasting concerning jewelry which repeats the colors of the costume. This theme is being especially played upon in connection with formal evening dress. Jewelry which reflects the color of the costume is smartly exemplified in the simulated ruby and rhinestone ensemble worn with a white and red crepe evening gown as here illustrated. Note that this handsome jewelry set includes a stunning bracelet, pendant earrings and two clips.

Plaid Taffeta

Plaid taffeta makes girles on some of the most striking evening frocks this season. A white organdie dance frock with ruffles running from the hem to the knees is trimmed with a wide belt and long sash ends of blue, red and white taffeta ribbon.

BLACK SATIN SUIT IS WISE PURCHASE

Black satin is the common denominator of advance smartness to remember in your present purchases. It has been a long time since black satin had a run of luck, but it looks like it was in for the money now. The new designing sensation of Paris, "Dilkusha" has created the black satin "appointment suit" with nipped waistline and white handkerchief linen plastron and calls the result "Black Magic." Marvellous for all town appointments, and not a frill for the budget either, as it'll still be useful next winter under your minks or sables. Major, another new Paris house, comes clean with an austere and simple long double-breasted evening wrap in black satin which will send a lot of the little idiotic jackets into farcical tailspins.

Candy Stripe Ribbon Is Popular Dress Trimming

A rush of frills to the shoulders brings a rush of thrills to the beholders, and then the fun begins. Wide candy-striped ribbon does a lot of frilly things for Lucien Lelong because he has magic in his fingers as he turns and twists it into just the right folds and pleats and gathers he wants it in. On a model called Melodie, Lelong uses a Roman striped faille and chiffon, running it around very large and deep armholes—great loops that extend from the tip of the shoulder to the waistline. The ruffles appear again at the hem of the princess skirt.

Clothes That Adorn but Do Not Conceal Deceit

Fashion has decreed that the smart woman will be the one whose clothes adorn but do not conceal.

Two articles of clothing comprise the approved full dress for the hot months—a transparent frock and beneath a simpler than ever corset of a new material, trimmed scantily with lace.

"The mode is not inspired by nudism," Mme. Charnis, lingerie czarina of Paris, said. "But women nevertheless will give the impression of nudity under their summer robes."

How I Broke Into

The Movies

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By CONRAD NAGEL

BREAKING into pictures for me was a matter of stepping across the footlights to the front of the camera. There was no long, weary journey from studio to studio, no heart-breaking disappointment, nor fruitless search for work. My first role in the silent drama was that of leading man.

From a stock company in my home town I entered vaudeville and gave that up a year later to play in "The Natural Law" in New York. Following this came the role of "Youth" in the allegorical play "Experience" in which I appeared for two years.

Then William A. Brady, with whom I had worked for some time, decided to make a picture called "Little Women," and cast me in the leading role. When this was over I went back to the stage.

Pictures held a lure for me and without giving up my stage work I played several leads in as many pictures with such companies as Vitagraph and the old Famous-Players-Lasky.

Then came the actors' strike. Naturally, I turned to the movies and have remained in them ever since.

I think it's a great mistake for an actor to specialize. An actor or actress must be versatile to attain and hold his position, to any degree of permanency.

Some one asked me which I liked best—motion pictures or the stage. I cannot tell, for both have proven tremendous factors in public education, both are wonderful mediums of expression and both have their definite



Conrad Nagel.

place in the world of things artistic. However, with the growing popularity of talking pictures, more and more actors from the legitimate stage are turning to the films as a field of artistic endeavor.

For anyone seeking to "break into" the movies today it is almost imperative that they have personal acquaintance with some studio executive, plus a good-sized bank account or personal income, and above this, of course, a complete wardrobe and the ability to act.

Even though you may have something really good to offer, unless you get the chance to appear before the camera and demonstrate it, your efforts will be in vain.

To the non-professional, motion pictures represent fame and fortune. They hear of the dozen or so enormous salaries in the industry and feel that by coming to Hollywood they, too, have an equal chance to reach stardom and receive a similarly large financial reward.

But figures do not lie! There are a definite number of pictures to be made and a definite number of people are required to make them. New-comers must possess the ability to displace some one already in the game, or failure is theirs before they even start.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that the outside world seldom hears of the thousands of ambitious youngsters who annually come to the movie capital in a vain search for the elusive "stardom."

Beginners have a long row to hoe, and unless they have the proper background and equipment, mentally and physically and financially, they are most surely doomed to disappointment. For such is Hollywood!

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First an Amateur

Miss Diane Sinclair began her career in amateur theatricals, from which she graduated into the Thalian club in Philadelphia. She next became a member of the Hedgeron Theater Stock company, where she played leads in "The Inheritance," "The Bill of Divorcement" and "Street Scene." It was there that she was discovered by screen executives and brought to Hollywood.

Shuns Beauty Doctor

Greta Nissen, blond Norwegian actress, has never been inside a beauty parlor, as a client.

Miss Nissen has never had her finger nails manicured, her toenails pedicured, or her hair waved. She has never had a facial or a shampoo given her. All these things she does for herself at home. The one treatment to which she does succumb is an occasional massage.