

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. Doris falls in love with Rocky's photograph, but cannot remember having married him.

CHAPTER III

"I think I'd like to go into New York," said Doris.

She looked away from Mrs. Du Val as she spoke. Below her eyes was a long vista of formal terraces, dropping one below another and ending in a square pool.

They were sitting on a grassy floored room set against the house, and walked on one side by a rock garden, and on the other by a lattice of climbing roses. Lunch was spread on a gaily tiled table. They were waiting for Oscar Du Val to come from his studios and eat with them.

Mrs. Du Val's fingers were busy as usual with crocheting. She did not look up, but Doris saw that she was frowning anxiously.

"Rocky left orders that you are not to go into New York, you know."

This was rather surprising. Doris lifted her pretty brows. "Why not?"

"You know Rocky's reasons better than I. You were with him, were you not, when he spoke to me over the telephone? You perhaps heard him make me give him my promise."

"What harm would it do for me to go into New York?"

"Oh, C'est Rocky," sighed Mrs. Du Val. "Perhaps our boy is a little of the jealous, n'est-ce pas? What do you think? At the time he made me to promise I had the idea that you were a little—shall we say a little too gay in your habits? But since I know that this is not the case—I rather wonder at that boy Rocky."

"It's certainly rather unusual."

"You find it dull here, little Doris?"

"Oh no. You've been so kind. So wonderful, only—"

Doris hesitated. "I hate to bother you about it, but I did want to go to New York."

"Why do you want to go to New York?"

Doris could think of no convincing answer. "I'd like to do some shopping," she said haltingly. Then she flushed with embarrassment. She had no money. With what could she shop?

"What is it you need?" said Mrs. Du Val kindly.

Doris tried hard to think. "Oh some thread. Some red thread to mend a rip in my red dress, and some darning cotton."

"But I can let you have those things, Doris. You know you have only to ask."

Doris felt ashamed and desperate. It was impossible for her to go to New York without money. To suppose she were not Mrs. Rocky Du Val seemed now simply morbid imagining. If she weren't then where was the real Mrs. Rocky Du Val? She would have turned up long ago, surely. She sat biting her lip and looking at Mrs. Du Val who kept busily on with her crocheting.

After a moment the French woman's rich voice began to flow like an organ; pulling out stops of joy and gloom, ecstasy and despair. "I know how it is when you are young, Doris. You want change. You want to see some of your friends. Perhaps the doctor?"

"No."

"Or to the dentist?"

Doris said in relief, "Oh yes. I ought to go to the dentist."

"We ought all to go and see the dentist regularly," said Mrs. Du Val placidly. "We will go together into town. We will go to the shops. We will buy some things which you need. Will that be good?"

Doris did not know what to answer. She was touched by the evident desire of her mother-in-law to please her. Mrs. Du Val was at once fussy and grand. This paradox made her lovable. But it did not make her a possible companion for Doris on her proposed tour of investigation into her own past. She would not let Doris have a minute alone. And at the same time her dignity of character, her overflowing kindness would make it difficult for Doris to practice the least kind of deceit.

"Where is your dentist?"

There, she had already told one he about a dentist. Now she must make up something glib. "I haven't a good one," she said. "Do you know of one?" Could she possibly think of any reasonable excuse to get away from Mrs. Du Val in New York?

Mrs. Du Val was looking pleased. "Yes, I have a very good dentist." She rose and folded away her lace. "I will tell Oscar that we are going to New York this afternoon. He will not like that. He is like a baby. Always

I must be here. We will leave immediately after lunch and return for dinner. Will that, do you think, give us enough time?"

Doris did not know. It did not seem to her that it would give any time at all, since it took two hours to get into New York, and two more to return. It was after twelve now. If they left at one they would get to New York at three. They would have to leave at five to be back by seven. Two hours was something, of course. If she could find an excuse to go to Tange's and see if she could identify herself through the hat, and dresses and suit she had bought, it would be plenty of time. But could she break away from Mrs. Du Val and get to Tange's?

In a few minutes Oscar had joined them and they all sat down at the little table.

Mrs. Du Val told her husband that she was taking Doris into New York that afternoon.

He put down his spoon at once. He looked at his wife angrily.

"Why?"

"Ah well. We have many things to do."

"That is nonsense," said Oscar. "What with all these motor accidents on the roads it isn't safe for you to drive into New York. The last time you went when you went to get Doris, God knows what I suffered!" He rose abruptly and sent the light chair behind him flying into the rock garden.

His wife rose. "See what you have done now!" she scolded. "Come, sit down and finish your lunch. Of course we will go to New York." She smiled into Doris' agonized eyes. "It will be all right. He always acts so when I have to go to New York."

After lunch the big car came around in front of the door, and Oscar Du Val gloomily watched them drive away. From the important way that Mrs. Du Val switched herself into the limou-

sine and settled her skirts over her round short legs, Doris knew that the French woman was secretly pleased with the outing. Perhaps married to a less exacting husband she would have loved gaiety and mixing with the world.

Oscar Du Val kissed them both as solemnly as if he never expected to see them again.

"I feel rather guilty," said Doris. "Nonsense. It does him good. Let me advise you, Doris, about your husband. In big things, give in to him, yes."

"Yes?" repeated Doris somewhat doubtfully. She did not understand Mrs. Du Val's meaning.

"Yes," said Mrs. Du Val firmly, "always give in to your husband in big things, in things that matter. Let him have his own way about his work. He knows best about that. Let him have his way about his home, yes. But in the little things—ah, Doris, in the little things the woman must be the ruler."

Doris said thoughtfully, "Most people seem to think you should do the other way around? Let him have his way about the things that do not matter, so you can influence him in the big things."

Mrs. Du Val's bright face was overcast like the quick wrapping of the sun in a cloud. "I know. I know it is the theory of the play 'What Every Woman Knows,' a theory that has done much harm, much harm, and made every empty-headed little woman think it is she who is the greater and the doer if it happens her husband has done something good. Never let yourself fall into that error, Doris. I know many women like that. Remember, whatever Rocky becomes it will be because he himself had it in him to become that thing."

Doris felt thrilled and happy. Surely this trip would set her doubts at rest. She must be Mrs. Rocky Du Val. Who else could she be?

As the limousine rolled pompously over the white pavements, her heart was beating more quickly. If she were to go to Tange's and find out that, after all, she was not Mrs. Rocky Du

Val—then what would she say to the little French woman?

A silver of ice seemed to go down her spine. But that was nonsense.

Nevertheless she must find out for certain. The problem that confronted her was how to leave Mrs. Du Val for a few moments. She had an idea that the French woman meant to stick to her very persistently.

"Where do you want to go first, Doris?"

"I would like to go to a shop called Tange's. I bought a dress there that has come out at one of the seams, and I want to show it to them."

This was pure inspiration. Mrs. Du Val clucked sympathetically. "Such robbery. A dress in an expensive shop like Tange's coming out at the seams. Did it not fit you then? Oh my—yes. We must certainly speak to them. Did you bring the dress with you?"

"No—I didn't think—"

"Oh, dear, oh dear. We should have the dress. You remember perhaps the clerk that waited on you. I will give her a talking to. But we must not excite you at such a time," she said with an air of tenderness.

What mysterious ailment was she supposed to have? She saw genuine concern in Mrs. Du Val's small brown eyes. "I feel very well," she said.

"Shall we go first to the dentist?"

"Suppose we stop by Tange's and I just run in for a moment while you wait in the car. I'm sure when I tell them about the dress, they'll agree to fix it, and tomorrow I can send it in to them."

"No, no," said Mrs. Du Val, "we will go together. There is plenty of time."

Doris felt desperate. Panic was clutching her heart. She wanted more than anything else to prove that she was Mrs. Rocky Du Val. But she had to go in that store alone. She determined on new tactics. "I have a confession to make," she said. "I want you to trust me. You said a little while ago that you did. I have merely made up this silly story of a dress torn at the seams, because I wish to run into Tange's alone. I—I can't tell you my business. But I



But Instead She Slapped a Highly Manicured Hand Over Her Sagging Lips.

Chic Hairdress a Necessary Luxury

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS YOUNG-LOOKING, as smart-looking, as good-looking as your "permanent" is a beauty secret which is no longer a beauty secret, for we are all discovering for ourselves how greatly are our charms enhanced via a perfect hairdress.

You are expected to put yourself in the hands of beauty specialists these days who study your features with a view to giving you a hairdress which will make you good-looking even if you are homely. They can do it, too!

Perhaps you have heard about the new machineless permanent wave. It is proving nothing less than a sensation in the realm of beauty culture. It is so simply and comfortably done as to be almost unbelievable. A clean odorless vapor takes the place of electric current. The entire procedure is that simple one can actually walk around or play the piano while getting one's permanent wave.

As to this matter of playing up to individual type in dressing the hair we feel that the illustrations herewith are particularly well-chosen to demonstrate that point. What a difference! These lovely, flattering, delectably comfortable coiffures as compared to the burdensome hairpin-laden long tresses of yore. Nowadays instead of scraggly necklines and unsightly "scolding locks," law and order and beauty prevail. Then, too, if your particular type of beauty calls, perhaps, for a little soft curl here and there to lessen the suggestion of over-high cheekbones or, mayhap, a clever exposure of a well-shaped earlobe might "turn the trick"—whatever the accent required the trained hairdresser is alert to the fact which is happily assuring as to this matter of playing up one's own individuality.

If you are very, very young and

without a furrow on your brow the brushed-back-from-the-forehead hairdress and "bob" shown in two views at the top of this group is for you. Note the fetching softly curled lock over the temple.

Just to convince you that older women are in on all the beauty secrets and that they are not forgotten in the scheme of things, we have included in this galaxy of attractive femininity a charming white-haired lady. Hers is a most gracious and inspiring example of the artistry with which one's hairdress may be suited to type. Can't you just fancy to yourself what a lot of compliments she will be receiving as to her lovely wave, when she presides at the next meeting of the woman's club?

We would especially call your attention to the lovely feather-blown wave which is pictured to the right center. Do not get feather-blown confused with windblown, for they are different. The type shown glories in soft wisps of hair which flutter caressingly yet orderly about the features in a manner flattering to most women.

The call of the hour is for masses of ringlets at the nape of the neck. This reigning vogue is aptly illustrated (two views) in the model below.

And now just a word or two more of this beauty discourse—some one has said of the French woman that when she leaves her boudoir she is "finished." So sure is she of herself and her appearance that she finds no need to resort to a lipstick or powder puff in public. We thought that possibly there might be somewhat of a moral to be gleaned from this message for some few of us.

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NEW-LENGTH CAPE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



This lovely simple ensemble, which might well be called a Paris classic, comes from the atelier of Lanvin. Its simplicity is its charm. There is a note of embellishment in the soft bow of wide metal ribbon which ties on one shoulder. A handsome dark velvet cape contrasts the exquisite pastel tone of the frock. Velvet capes of this new length are in high favor with the smart-Parisienne. Discriminating women take particular delight in choosing them with a view to providing a perfect color accent to their costumes.

NEWEST NECKLINE DIAMOND SHAPED

If you don't want to appear dead on the vine—the fashion vine, that is—you'd better start making your neckline go diamond shaped. We all can wear diamonds of this kind even if we can't claim any set in platinum, and the trick is very simple, after you know how. Schiaparelli's most potent example of this mode is done with curled cire feathers set in a row, pointing down the back, points over the shoulders and pointed in the front where it meets.

Another way of convincing the public that you are "on the team"—fashionably speaking—is not to forget to attach "Angel Wings" to your best coat or jacket. Sometimes the wings are set in from the back of the shoulder and fly forward rather than the reverse.

Down in Front and High in Back, Fall Hat Mode

Down in front and up in back is the rule for fall hats. The high crowns of this summer have compromised with the general masculine protest, and have come half way down to normal—that is, they have come down in front.

High-backed turbans appear to be the order of the day, some of them built up in points and angles, others achieving the high-back effect by means of quills and drapes.

The beret in satin or velvet continues to be the big news of the early fall showings, however, pulled down over the eyes, with slightly more height in back.

Machine Stitching
Never "help" an article through the sewing machine. Let the feeder do its own work. If pulled through, the stitches will be irregular and it usually means broken or bent needles.

OUR CHILDREN



By ANGELO PATRI

A BROKEN DAY

MISS MARIA made out her daily plan. After morning exercises arithmetic drill, special emphasis on minus seven. Written arithmetic—special emphasis on a man had and a man gave away—with special attention to Peter and Katherine.

Miss Maria felt the first setback of what was to be a broken day when the principal escorted two Indians in full regalia to the platform. "Dear, dear, I suppose they will talk half an hour. There goes my arithmetic drill." They did talk a half hour and the children leaning far over the edge of their seats took in every word, war whoops and all.

"Well," said Miss Maria, as the class filed into their seats with rather more noise than usual, "we are a little bit behind this morning but we will work hard to make up. Row one, stand. Seven take two—"

The door opened and in walked the superintendent, note book in hand, spectacles adjusted to the seeingest angle. "Good morning, Miss Maria. I've just come in to see how well these children are getting along. Perhaps they would like to read for me."

Miss Maria groaned in secret. This meant getting out the readers.

Somehow they got through the morning. The afternoon session opened in comparative calm. "I may as well try to get in the drawing lesson. The supervisor will be along and those spring pictures aren't ready for her," thought Miss Maria. "Monitors, give out drawing material." The monitors did. Bang, bang, bang, bang, BANG, went the rapid dismissal gongs. All out on record time, lined up in the yard for inspection.

When the class trooped back the classroom was a sight. A stray breeze had wandered in and the clean white drawing sheets were littered about the floor. "Monitors, pick up the papers, Martha, fill the pans. Peter, bring a fresh package of paper. We will paint spring pictures."

"I'll let them paint as long as they like. There's no sense in trying to stick to a schedule on a day like this," said Miss Maria to her astonished and bewildered self. That afternoon as Martha put the blackboard rubbers away and Peter counted the readers, and the class sat ready for the bell, Charabelle looked up at her teacher and said, "Didn't we have a good time today? Just like a party." A broken day comes as a welcome break in the child's routine. He doesn't feel as bad about it as you do, perhaps. Anyway it is not wise to allow a routine to become so firmly set that it cannot be broken without catastrophe. When it comes make the best of it.

THE WEAK BROTHER

YESTERDAY my Jimmie went into the candy store and spent a half dollar that he had taken from my purse. He gave all the candy to two boys in his class. I find that he has been doing like this for a long time. Well, all this term. Since he has been in the class with these boys, they make him steal for them. He is afraid of them. I want them locked up right away. If they are not locked up my boy will get into serious trouble."

When such a thing as that happens to your child sit down by yourself, and think. Think the thing through. Why was it this child was selected to do the pilfering? Why was it not one of the other children? Why did the child not tell you about his troubles? Because he was the boy or she was the girl, ready for the job.

Not that the child will do such a thing. It is possible that he never thought of it. But that he was mentally weak enough, spiritually weak enough, to fall under the pressure of the stronger spirits. Arguing that he was afraid of them gets us nowhere. Fear is the expression of weakness. What we must discover is the cause of his fear and the reason of his weakness. WHY was this child ready for this kind of a job?

Waste no time in berating the children who used the child for their own ends. Children have no understanding of the moralities in question. They must be trained into them and the leading can safely be left to the teachers and parents while you attend to the weak child.

Sometimes a child is driven beyond his powers in school. The parents are so anxious to have their children shine that they push them on, make them take courses they are not fitted to take, make them try to adjust to situations for which they are mentally, socially and physically unfitted and the children worry themselves into weakness and illness and trouble.

These things are likely to happen even when we have done our best to provide good associations for the children. Even the best neighborhood produces its wayward ones. But the weak child is the victim every time.

If he is weak the other children soon find it out and pick on him. They chase him and make him redeem himself with a ransom.

Have the weak child examined and treated. Change his school. Change his associates. Say nothing about his old trouble. Build him up to standard and his fear will vanish with his weakness.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)