

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 enigmatically and speaks of "an awful shock." He leaves her for a moment and she drives on, for she fears him. Her memory is gone. She stops at the Biltmore. From her expensive clothing and wedding ring 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 \$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. Discovering a trademark in her clothing, she visits a store, and is astounded when a saleswoman insists she hid from observation.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Doris found herself on the inside of a dark closet with the door firmly closed.

What could be the meaning of this? She groped. The hard cylinder of a broom handle was beside her, and this other shapeless thing was probably a vacuum cleaner. Could it be that she was dreaming? The fantasy of a girl coming toward her, almost calling her by name, "Miss, I mean Mrs.—Val—" she surely had said "Val"—then the crazy push into the closet; it was very like a dream.

Or possibly the salesgirl was mad. Or was Doris mad? She remembered that insane people sometimes thought every one in the world was crazy. She felt the blackness of the closet around her throbbing, throbbing. Why was she shut away in a closet, a "poor child" hidden from some unknown peril? Instead of leaving, her fright was increasing. As always in her moments of depression the vision of the man in the cab came to torment her. Now his face floated before her, very real, very menacing. Her imagination, unbidden, brought out a dozen suggestions: supposing he were out there? supposing he wanted to kidnap her? supposing he were a criminal and she was his helpless tool—a criminal herself?

Her hand tightly clutching the broom handle, her reason telling her that this was all nonsense, she still felt wave after wave of terror plunge over her like great billows knocking her common sense over, choking down her efforts to be calm and rational. The salesgirl had recognized her, had called her Val. Outside Mrs. Du Val was waiting for her in the car. Everything was all right. What was she scared about?

Everything was not all right. What was the meaning of the salesgirl's terror? And why was she in this closet?

Doris called herself a fool. Fate had taken her kindly into a safe haven where she could rest and be well treated until her memory returned. But she had not been satisfied. She had wanted to return to this alarming life she had once led. Why hadn't she been content with Mrs. Du Val in the country? She tried to think back to the impulse that had led her to this place where girls looked at her with stricken pitying eyes and pushed her into dark closets. She felt that if she ever got back to the country, she would never make any effort to leave again.

After what seemed a very long time she turned the handle of the door and looked out. The small reception room was empty. Evidently the salesgirl had left it so, that she might get away.

And outside sitting placidly in her limousine was Mrs. Du Val.

Doris stood in the center of the room hesitating. Try as she would she could not summon her resolution to go on. Out in the car lay sanity, rest, peace. If she went in again and looked up that salesgirl she did not know what would happen, but she could feel the terror the girl had spread like a contagion.

Doris knew that she was being cowardly but she could not help herself. Then she remembered that the salesgirl had used the word Du Val—or at least she had said it so quickly that Val something was all Doris heard. But it must be Du Val. What else could it be? And after all that was all she had come to find. Some proof that she belonged to the Du Val's. And that one word of the salesgirl's should be enough.

She ducked out of the door and raced breathlessly to the curb. She did not wait for Louis to get down and open the door, but got inside quickly and sank down on the soft springy cushions.

"I was beginning to worry," said Mrs. Du Val. "I did promise Rocky not to let you get out of my sight."

As the car rolled up the avenue Doris pondered this. Did Rocky know

of her danger whatever it was, and had he left these strange injunctions about her for her own safety?

Her mind went over and over the incident. "Miss," the girl had started to say, as if she had known Doris best for a long time as Miss Somebody. Then she had remembered, corrected herself and said Mrs.—Mrs. what? Oh it must have been Du Val, but in the excitement of the moment it had been said so quickly that Doris could not be quite so sure as she would have liked.

She was pale and exhausted from the fright. Mrs. Du Val was quick to notice this.

"Doris, the trip into town is a mistake. You could not stand the dentist, could you, today?"

Doris looked at her thankfully. "Whatever happens I'll always love you and be grateful to you," she said.

"Such thoughts!"

"I mean it. You have been wonderful to me."

"Whatever happens," she says! You must not worry so. You are going to be all right."

Doris looked anxiously at Mrs. Du Val. What did she mean by that? She spoke as if she knew of the strange thing that was hanging over her. Surely she could not have known that a salesgirl would push her into a closet and call her a poor child.

Doris' head was buzzing. If she could only talk to someone about all this.

She found herself falling back on her old hope: tomorrow she would remember. She had had a shock today—that ought to bring memory back.

Oscar met them in front of the house as on the night of Doris' arrival. He was delighted at their return. His first words were: "I have good news for you. Tonight there will be a stadium broadcast. It is very good. Do you like to listen to Beethoven, Doris?"

Doris said she did. Mrs. Du Val looked pleased.

Doris felt unreasonably happy. Here she was secure and loved. The salesgirl had called her by name, so she could be sure she was all right. It must be that Rocky's coolness sprang from something she had done in her past to alienate his love. But she would win it back. In the future she would be a model wife.

These feelings were still in the ascendant when she unsuspectingly sat down in front of the radio after dinner. As Oscar Du Val turned the dial to find the concert there was a preliminary buzzing. A man's voice spoke with startling distinctness. It boomed its message through the room—a frightening monologue that set Doris' arms clenching the sides of her chair:

"Diane Merrell, the girl wanted for murder in Morristown, New Jersey—"

Doris was staring into space with wide glassy eyes.

"—was reported seen in Detroit, Mich., at four-thirty this afternoon. The police are—"

Mrs. Du Val gave a low scream. Oscar switched the radio off. Doris had fallen back in her chair in a half daze. Wave after wave of black emotion was pulling her downward. The radio voice had spoken from her past and dragged her back to the no man's land of threatening circles, and menacing purple rings.

Mrs. Du Val's fat little arms were around her, trying to embrace her. "At such a time you should not be listening to murders!"

She fell forward in her chair in a dead faint.

Doris came slowly back to her senses. She opened her eyes; the white canopy met her gaze. She was in bed then, but what was this frightening trouble clutching her?

She turned her head. Mrs. Du Val was sitting at the bedside leaning over with anxious eyes. Behind her the soft rays from a pink lamp fell on Rocky's picture, sent out gleams from the silver frame.

Doris felt better. The bad dream was gone. She was back with Rocky. Rocky's mother was patting her head. She managed a smile.

"Now, now you are going to be all right," whispered Mrs. Du Val soothingly.

Then Doris remembered. She had been sitting at the radio. Something had been said, something horrible. "What—what was it they were saying over the radio?"

"Now, now go to sleep, my Doris. It is all right."

Doris sat up and looked at Mrs. Du Val a little wildly. "But you've got to tell me. It's very important."

"Now, now Doris. Remember. At such a time you must not be thinking of murders!"

Murders! Doris fell back against the linen covered pillows. Murders! What had she done with murders? She knew that her past had yawned for one terrible second while the radio announcement was being made. And now her mind had turned away from it again.

She was thinking that the reason she had forgotten her past was because it was too agonizing for her mind to dwell on. Her loss of memory was a veil which nature in her great kindness had dropped across her life. Behind that curtain lay something dreadful which she could feel, even if she could not remember it. Now that she had had that one backward glimpse she felt that she could never be happy again.

"Tell me," she said, "what murder was it that was being talked about?"

"Mercy, mercy. And how should I know that? You must stop thinking of such things, Doris. It is bad for the baby, you know."

Mrs. Du Val was blushing furiously.

"There now, Doris. You must forgive me. I have not been very delicate, have I? But I was so worried. Today has been too much for you. Now, now we won't mention it again. I

know that young girls are sensitive about such subjects."

Suddenly the meaning of the often repeated phrase, "at such a time," was clear. She looked with startled eyes at Mrs. Du Val. Of course. She might have known that was it. All those little worries about her exercise, her diet, taking care of herself, all those sly little looks: she was supposed to be an expectant mother! And of course she was not going to be a mother. Of that she was certain. Now the meaning of Rocky's words unraveled: "No need to worry about Doris." Did Rocky, too, think she was going to have a child?

She opened her mouth. "I'm not—" but the French woman's little ringed hand was already over her lips.

"You must not say another word. You are too excited."

Doris' eyes, big and full of anxiety, looked at Mrs. Du Val. What was the use of trying to tell anything now? She would only be thought overwrought. Sooner or later she must straighten this thing out. Tonight there were other things she wanted to find out.

"But about this murder—"

"No, no. No more talk."

In silence Doris allowed Mrs. Du Val to tuck the covers about her chin. She was thankful when the light was turned out, and she was left alone.

She tried to think why it was that she had never before thought of this explanation of Mrs. Du Val's solicitude. But how could she have supposed such a thing about herself?

Now she sat up in bed clutching at throbbing temples.

If this were so, then she was not Rocky's wife. Rocky's wife was some other forlorn waif. In her frenzy she pictured this other woman as a sort of Biltmore ghost walking, walking through the big lobby looking for a Mrs. Du Val that never came. The shapes and shadows in the room were assuming grotesque outlines, pointing accusing fingers. "You are not Mrs. Rocky well Du Val. You are not Rocky's wife at all. You belong to the man in the cab."

She tossed all night, not quite knowing whether she slept or dreamed waking nightmares. At dawn she rose with a painfully contracted heart and knelt down before the picture of Rocky.

In his pictured eyes she tried to read the truth about her relationship to him. He had grown so familiar to her that she could not believe that she had never seen the real man. Even though her mind conjured up no recollection of him that went beyond that silver frame, she still knew that image so well that she believed him to be her husband.

"You must be. You must be," she whispered. "Fate could not be so cruel as to give you to me only in make-believe."

The breeze coming in from the open window was sharp. She sneezed, and shivered. In the long mirror she caught a glimpse of her slim figure in its thin lace nightgown. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flaming unaturally. She took hold of the corner of her dressing table to steady herself. "I must have a little fever," she muttered.

She crawled back under the covers and fell asleep.

She awoke to find Mrs. Du Val standing beside her bed. Mrs. Du Val looked anxious, and she knew she had something wrong with her. Her head felt hot and unnatural.

"It is nothing," said Mrs. Du Val cheerfully, "you have a little touch of grippe. You must stay in bed. You will be all right."

For the next few days Doris lacked the energy to bring up the subject of her supposedly approaching motherhood. Mrs. Du Val, like many fussy and worrying women, was at her best when there was actual illness to combat. She was a miracle now of optimism, as she nursed Doris.

Doris lay for hours listlessly watching the shadow of the leaves make changing patterns in the sunshine that came in through the long windows. Her hands lay clasped in front of her.

Once she took a daisy from the bunch of flowers that had been put near her bed, and pulling the leaves went through the familiar ritual of, "he loves me, he loves me not." The message of the flower was, "he loves me not." She did not like it. Superstitiously she felt that it proved that Rocky was not her husband.

"I suppose I really am slightly crazy," she told herself despondently. She fingered the ring which curled around her finger with tender reassurance. She had never taken it off since the day in the Biltmore. Now it suddenly occurred to her to look at the inscription inside again. She slipped it off.

"H. L. V. to D. M. May 19th, 1932."

D. M. That was Doris—? She did not yet know what her maiden name had been. And H. L. V. was—now panic overwhelmed her. Rocky's initials were R. D. V. She was not married to Rocky. She must be married to the man in the cab.

She tried to be rational. There must be some way that H. L. V. could be Rocky's initials. Sometimes people's initials were quite different from what you thought they would be, people who went by nicknames. Her brain whirled. She felt determined to prove to herself that she was married to Rocky.

H. L. V.—R. D. V. There seemed no escape from those awful initials.

Why hadn't she thought of this before? She had often gone to sleep with her fingers on the small circle, thinking of it always as Rocky's present to her. She had remembered that there was a V and had taken it for granted that they were Rocky's initials. Now she accused herself guiltily. She had wanted to think herself married to Rocky.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Velvet to Surpass Its Own Record

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



FROM Paris to New York to Chicago to Hollywood, it's velvet that outstands on the fashion circuit for fall. Because of the decided emphasis placed upon this ever-beloved material in the advance style program those planning new clothes will do well to get into a velvet frame of mind from the very start.

It is not at all necessary to wait until later to wear velvet. The psychological moment is right now. You will think so yourself when you see the cunning beret, glove and capelet sets made all of velvet which are already on display in the better shops. You will not want to lose a minute in acquiring one of these intriguing ensembles for they are perfectly stunning worn with the now-so-voguish midseason frocks and suits of dark linen or sheer woolen. Buy them in the color you like best, black coming first in favor, with rich autumn tones in close rivalry.

If the plans of our style creators carry through, and of course they will, velvet treated in a tailored way for wear during the daytime hours will surpass any previous record in matter of richness and ultra chic. Just to give you a hint of things to be in a tailored way, we picture to the left of our group illustration, a really handsome specimen of a fall street coat which is finished to a nicety with quilted cording on the sleeves in groups and about the neckline where darts radiate in somewhat of a yoke effect. This is a Maggie Rouff model and this eminent couturier sees to it that the dress of handwoven silk is

as "classy" as the coat which tops it. You will notice that the collar and cape sleeves of the afternoon model, centered in the picture, are also quilted in a ribbed effect. This form of decorative treatment is going over big in newly arriving fashions. For this extraordinarily beautiful daytime wrap, which bears a Lanvin label, the designer employs Lyons velvet of super quality. The little feather toque is the crowning glory of this costume.

Being of red transparent velvet the coat posed to the right tunes its color to the motif of the dress. Make a mental note of the wide rhinestone bracelet which this lady of fashion is wearing; also the imposing bar pin which enhances this effective ensemble, for they go to show the increasing importance attached to costume jewelry.

The swagger casual daytime coat of brown and beige plaid velvet of which only an above-the-waistline view is here given has its shoulders modestly squared. It fastens with a big bow tie of self-velvet. The hat shown is one of the voguish stitched velvets.

The alluring thing about the new velvets is their versatility. You can get most any sort of velvet your fancy may picture. Even uncrushable and waterproof velvets are now on the market. An outstanding novelty is a ribbed velvet with a luster-lack finish. You can imagine how stunning evening jackets and blouses and accessories such as bags, belts and collar-and-cuff sets look made of this velvet.

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STRIPED WOOLEN

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



The new autumn wooleens are most intriguing. Striped versions are particularly stressed in the early showings, also diagonal tweeds in woven and knit versions. For the model pictured, the designer plays up the stripes of a mustard and dark brown tweedy woolen to perfection. The high neckline is here considered and the capel-yoke gives the sprightly shoulder effect which has been interpreted in so many novel ways throughout recent styling. The unique plastron effect is of brown velvet. The little draped toque is of self-material, following up a mode which has been in evidence and is so well thought of, it continues on into fall.

GLOVES TO MATCH COSTUME FOR FALL

Your gloves will match your costume this fall in fabric as well as color.

If you are stepping out in a new black satin afternoon gown, you'll want black satin gloves to go with it. And you'll be able to find them, in a satin jersey fabric that fits like the good old chamoisette, and has a surface as sleek and shiny as your gown.

Or, if you have a brown wool knitted suit, you may wear brown knit gloves, in a smooth ribbed knit fabric, not bulky, but smooth fitting and neat.

And so on. The good old silk jersey glove is back again with a bang, and you'll find it in all the newest shades of fall—gray, eel-brown, navy, and black.

Then chamoisette, the grand old standby, is presented in new colors and perforated styles, for wear with fall clothes.

Shirtmaker Frocks Are Startlingly Picturesque

Now that the hinterlands also have made the poignant discovery that a wardrobe not filled with shirtmaker frocks is a menace, the New York makers are running riot with ideas on the subject.

During the Palm Beach season, one bought a tony little tub silk in shirtmaker style and called it a day, but now folks are riding high, wide and fancy in this ideal type made of crazy Tattersall checks, gaudy jockey stripes and tie silks that would startle an Indian.

The "shirtmaker" is the greatest chapter in the book.

Tops of Shoes for Fall Are Remindful of Spats

There are rumors that manufacturers with loving care are designing kid shoes for fall that will remind ladies of spats. It might be even reasonable to think that some day spats will come back. Day clothes are long enough now that one needn't fear the "comic strip" between skirt hem and top of spat, but that as was, today oxfords and pumps are being stitched up in kid combinations whereby the light upper fits over the rest of the shoe like a spat.

OUR CHILDREN

By **ANGELO PATRI**

REVIEW LESSONS

EVERY so often it is necessary for a pupil to go over the points he has learned. He repeats his rules, brushes up his tables, does the problems once more. This is an essential step in his learning. It makes for thoroughness, for one thing. Our minds often trick us. We think we know a fact very well. It has a pleasant familiar feeling as we remember it in passing. "Oh, I know that," says the child, and goes on. The wise teacher doesn't stop with that. She says, "Good. Tell me all about it." Oftener than not the pupil is dismayed to find that this thing he knew so well slips from his grasp when he tries to lay hold of it. He hesitates, stammers and fidgets and finally says, "I knew that just as well as my own name and I couldn't say it."

He didn't know it as well as he knew his own name. His name has been used so often that it has become a part of himself. The fact that slipped into the haze when he tried to hold it had not been used often enough, had not been knitted into the fabric of his thought. To make an idea part of one's thinking one must work it, knead it into his mind by repetition and use.

Repetition alone will not help a child to knowledge. It is not enough to repeat words, accurate though they may be. That is only one form of an idea, its thinnest, most elusive and deceptive form. To grasp its values and make them useful to our thinking we have to know the idea in many forms—in action, in association with other things.

A child learns that a river is a stream of water running down hill toward the sea. Suppose he never saw the boats carrying their loads up and down its course, never saw the farms turn green and bear their harvests because of its beneficent watering, never noted the difference its drainage meant to the nearby uplands—how much does he know about a river? We begin with the word but the word must be clothed and made manifest before a child knows much about it.

When you are trying to help a child review a subject, instead of hammering on the set word, try to get a new view of it by helping the child to find new associations for it.

A review ought to be the old idea with some additional sidelights. If the pupil is not interested in the idea the review won't help him at all and the way to interest him is to call up other ideas in support of the original fact.

IT'S RAINING

IT'S raining. Mother, it's raining. Does that mean we can't go? "You certainly don't expect to go out in the rain? If it is raining you have to stay in the house. That's all."

A groan runs through the anxious group about the window. "Stay in all day? What will we do?"

There are some rainy Saturdays in every year and that means a lot of disappointed children, for Saturday is their important day. They save up their treats for that day, they look forward to it all week, for weeks ahead. A disappointment like a rainy day is no light blow to eager children.

Sometimes the rain need not interfere. If the children were going to the circus, let them go. The circus in the rain is great fun. Usually, it is under cover, anyway. Concerts, plays, museum trips, need not be affected by the weather. The outdoor trip, the picnic and the hike and the week-end camping may be impossible, but sometimes there is a chance even for them. If there is, let them take it.

Getting a wetting is not going to hurt a healthy child. They are as waterproof as young ducks, provided they are in good health and their clothes are fit. There is beauty in a rainy day. The soft gray that veils the world enchants it. The everyday things take on an air of mystery. The smells and the feels of a rainy day are a welcome variety in the children's experiences. It would be a pity to deprive them of the delights that the rains bring.

The drip of the rain from the trees, the echoing voices, the soft thud of footsteps on fallen leaves, the smell of earth that lies open to the meat and drink that the season is offering, the colors and the atmosphere of all our days offer something precious and lasting to the children who can enjoy them.

I don't like to teach children that a rainy day checks them completely. It may not be wet enough to change their plans. If a rainy day outfit will settle the difficulty let them put it on and go ahead. If it is too heavy a rain use one of the alternatives you have had in mind. Instead of the outdoor excursion make it an indoor one to some interesting place. Help them to use the rainy day and enjoy it.

The weather does not hurt healthy children. Dress them to meet it. Instead of dressing them by the calendar, use the thermometer. A sweater can be worn with comfort on a cool day and laid aside with perfect safety on the following warmer day. We master the weather. We like it. We enjoy the changes in color and atmosphere and temperature that it brings. Who wants to be afraid of a rainy day?

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