TANGLED WIVES

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***** SYNOPSIS

A pretty young woman finds her-self in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who addresses her endearingly 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 wom-an vanishes with the nameless girl's \$900. An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val condully greats the money and 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 hide from observation. She goes back to the Du Val's, more mystified

CHAPTER III—Continued

And why? Why, in heaven's name why? She asked herself excitedly. A man she had never seen. A man she might not even like.

There were several reasons. First, if she were married to Rocky she couldn't be married to the man in the cab. Second, she liked Rocky's people. And third? Well third, she must have allowed herself to grow quite sentimental and silly over Rocky's picture. She was half way in love with him.

And there was no use denying that. So she whipped her tired brain, accused herself guiltily hour after hour.

How many days passed in this way she did not know, but one morning when she was beginning to feel better physically if not mentally, she became conscious of great excitement seething beyond her room. There was bustling and banging of doors in the hallway. Mrs. Du Val came hurrying in. Her small eyes were dancing with joy behind her round glasses.

"You must not excite yourself, Doris," she exclaimed. "You are feeling almost well, are you not, dear Doris?"

"Oh yes. I feel well enough to get up."

"No, no. Not yet. Do not get excited, Doris," she repeated.

Mrs. Du Val sat herself down in a chair and watched Doris eat her breakfast. Evidently she was bursting with news which she was longing to tell

"I have for you a surprise," said Mrs. Du Val.

"That ought to make me feel quite well," said Doris, trying to be amiable, and to look cheerfully expectant.

She knew that this wasn't true. She could hardly bear to think of something new happening. Things were complicated enough. Yet she felt that she must know. What if-

But Mrs. Du Val was shaking her head. She had made up her mind about something. She came close to Doris, bent over her affectionately, kissed her warm brow.

"Some day soon, you must prepare to see my boy Rocky," she said tenderly, "that was all I meant to tell you. I have heard from him."

All the color seemed to have been lifted out of Doris' face. Something sickening stirred within her. Her voice was buried beneath a pile of despairing thoughts. Speechlessly, she looked at Mrs. Du Val.

"Ah, it shocks you. But he loves you." Mrs. Du Val's firm cheek was against her hair. "Do not worry sohe is your husband. He loves you."

Some time after Mrs. Du Val had gone, Doris lay there without stirring. She had closed her eyes. And Mrs. Du Val, full of kind discernment, had left her. In all this maze of worry, nothing quite as stupendous as this had happened.

The man she was supposed to be married to-a man she had never seen -was on his way to her now.

She sat up suddenly. Mrs. Du Val had not told her everything. That change which had come over Mrs. Du Val's face when she first spoke of the surprise. It meant something. It meant that she feared Doris was not well enough to hear it-the whole truth. She slipped her feet into her mules and got to the door, her heart beating with suppressed vehemence.

"Estelle," she called softly down the hall, to the maid, Estelle appeared, a prim consterna-

tion in her eyes. "You are not up, Madam?" she said reproachfully. "Yes," Doris' words came in jerks, "I was afraid, tell me when, how soon

does Mr. Rocky get here?" "Not until this evening. But you are tired." She took Doris by the arm. "This evening? Do you mean he'll be out here-in this house-this eve-

"Yes, Madam. You did not under-

stand?" Estelle looked sympathetic but not alarmed.

"No." Doris, breathless for a minute, sat down at the foot of the bed. "I didn't understand. When did he-" she fastened gradually awakening eyes on the maid, "-will you bring me-no, never mind, thank you. That will be all. But Estelle," she called after her a moment later, "if you please, don't mention this, I mean my being so shocked, to Mrs. Du Val, will you? It would worry her."

The day passed slowly. She was living in an inner stillness that was beyond fear. If Rocky turned out not to be her husband-but that just couldn't be. Somehow when he came the kinks would have to be straightened out. If he knew about her loss of memory-if he were to turn out kind and helpful-

Fate had taken her to the Biltmore. Surely it could not prove unkind now that Rocky was actually on his way

Mrs. Du Val came in for the last

"Ah, Doris, I have news that should make you feel strong and happy. Rocky's boat got in this morning. He is driving out here now. He ought to be here very soon."

Doris squeezed her hands together nervously. "I-I think I will wait up here until he comes."

"Yes, dear, that will be best. You must rest quietly. Besides, I know young people like best to be alone when they meet after a long separa-

As Doris was still silent she came up her and whispered:

"Do not fear. I know that you and Rocky have not been-ah-shall we say-no, we will say nothing. It is only a lover's quarrel between you, dear. You must not take it so hard. After this separation you will be happy together once more-happy as can be." "I-I hope so," said Doris nervously.

She sighed with relief as the little French woman closed the door.

She heard the sound of a car in the driveway at last. From the window she saw a tall young man leaping out. Oscar Du Val was there. She heard

unreasonably mean. The thought brought strength and she rose. "Well?" she said.

"Where's my wife?"

"How do I know?" It was silly. But she did not know what to say. His anger was mounting. He was growing red. She surveyed him, looking at the tall well-knit figure, the face which looked so like the youthful image she had half allowed herself to love in her loneliness. Yes, he looked like the hero of her visions, but his actions were very different. If he were only halfway decent! A new emotion came. It was anger. What right had he to stand there accusing her? She had done nothing to deserve this. His tone was sneering, uncontrolled. And what his tongue held back his eyes were saying, calling her dreadful names, suspecting her of things he didn't dare speak of.

"You can't-you can't talk to me like that." Her voice wavered. Her eyes were starry with frustration that was near to tears.

"I can't?" he jeered. "I come back to my home, expecting to find my wife here as she said she would be, and I find instead someone else masquerading in front of my innocent parents. Who the h-l do you think you are to play a trick like that on my mother!"

She looked at him steadily. She was stone cold, paralyzed with embarrassment; unable to think, unable to speak.

"Nervy, aren't you?" His mouth twitched slightly as he looked down at her. For a minute something kinderaloof admiration maybe-swept over his features. But it passed grimly. "Well, in your business, you gotta be. I guess. That's all right. But sometimes the nerviest thing you can do is to tell the truth, I'm warning you. What happened? Why did she send you here?"

Her fingers passed diffidently over the soft brown waves of her hair. It was an unconsciously helpless gesture. She sat down in a chair, facing him dumbly. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "No one sent me here. Your mother brought me here." Her perplexity seemed to have a hypnotic effect. For a minute Rocky



Rocky! His Young Face Was Changing-From Expectancy to a Dumb Stare.

seemed ages.

Would he never come upstairs to see his wife? At last came the sound of

his footsteps mounting. Now was the moment. She tried to realize what it might mean. Her mind could not grasp it. He was on the threshold-she wanted to run away. The handle was rattling. The door

was opening. Then he was inside her foom. Yes, he was Rocky, the man in the picture, the man who had been secretly dwelling in her heart for so many weeks. Rocky! His young face was chang-

ing. From expectancy it had changed to a dumb stare. A sudden darkness curtained her

last hope. Blindly she waited. He shouted his greeting. "Who the h-l are you?"

CHAPTER IV

This was nightmare. Hope departed. She was not Rocky's wife. His contemptuous eyes told her that even more than his words. She sat looking at him hopelessly, her romantic thoughts about him mocking her ironically. His return had not brought peace and memory. She faltered mechanically,

"I'm-I'm Doris!" "Doris!" He was bigger, nicer than his picture. Even with rage written on his face she liked him. But the scorn in his voice made her feel cheap, a wispy bride in a tawdry blue dress waiting

for a happiness that would never come. "I'm Doris," she repeated. At least it had not come to her yet that she wasn't.

"The h-l you are!" There was no mistaking his sane fury. He threw his bags in the middle of the room. He jabbed his hands into his thin hips so that his arms were set like angular weapons between her and escape.

"I-" she began weakly. "Well?" It seemed to her that he was being

the happy voice of Rocky's mother. | looked dumbly back at her. But the She waited in stiff agony for what | fires of righteous indignation put him back on his guard. "Yes, Mother did bring you here,"-his voice was kinder as he spoke of his mother-"you're right about that. She wrote me about meeting you and bringing you home with her. But that's not what worries me." His face came closer again, half menacingly. "I want to know how you happen to be in Doris' place!"

In Doris' place! So there was a Doris. She was not Doris then? She looked up at the young man with tortured eyes. She moistened her lips.

He looked slightly shaken by her evident agony. Then he quickly hardened, "Come on. No baby doll on the witness stand business. I want to

"Who I am?" Doris finished it questioningly.

He waved a hand. "Never mind that. I know d-n well who you are, I want-"

"Who am I?" said Doris joyfully. He clucked angrily. "You know d-n well what I meant. I meant you were a friend of Doris'. Doris didn't want to come to the country, so she pawned you off on my parents." A hurt movement clenched his jaw sharply. "She'll find out-" He turned his face away, so that she saw the line of determination written on his profile. A pang struck through her. He loved. this other girl. This Doris. He looked back with new contempt in his eyes. "You women are all alike, You'll do anything for money. Let me tell you one thing. Doris promised you some dough for this, no doubt. Well, you won't get a cent. Not a cent."

Doris rose. She waved her hands in the air in exasperation. "I don't know your Doris, I tell you. I don't know

"Then how did you get here?" Doris collapsed. She sat down on the edge of the bed. Again suspicion seemed about to conquer him. "You know I think I'll hand you over to the police!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Smart Fashions for Immediate Wear



possession of the style-minded, to be off with the old and on with the new? Be encouraged, ye who are about to enter on a "what-to-wear" quest, for we promise you thrilling discoveries for those who seek new clothes for autumn-winter, year 1933.

A most exciting "find" for early fall wear is the satin suit or ensemble which is sure to make you look slender beyond your fondest hopes. We are illustrating a stunning black satin model in the picture herewith. It is just such as behooves every woman to consider who aspires to be clad in the latest or rather should we say the earliest so far as initiating the new season is concerned. The dress is made with cap sleeves and it has a back-and-front yoke of white satin. Bias cut and graceful flare distinguish the skirt and please to notice the snug tight fit-most of the skirts are that way in the newer

The three-quarter length matching coat is the very quintessence of chic. have reference. The picture below in its full long sleeves with inset sec- the group gives you the idea. 'Nuff tions above the elbow being obviously "new." Satin is also used for the jaunty beret. Which is the same as saying that milliners are going to be in for a busy season since headgear made of the same material as the dress or coat is said to be going over in a big way for fall.

And then there are the new dotted satins, how striking they are! It is safe to guess that you will covet an outfit fashioned of such at first sight. There are also in the showing some very attractive dotted woolens. Choose either and you will be making no mistake. The model pictured happens to

BLACK SATIN VOGUE

EXTENDS TO HATS

Black satin's vogue for fall wear is

extended to hats in the newest dis-

plays of fall millinery. Latest models

in the smarter shops show a wide va-

riety. The very wide-brimmed hats

for dressier occasions are most often

found with a flat crown, some of the

new models measuring only an inch

or two in depth. Their round, wide

FEELING the urge, are you, which, be satin. The blouse reverses the ever at the dawn of a season, takes order of colors in that the background is white, dotted with black. Lest you might think it a pointed-fox boa which milady is wearing with her modish satin ensemble we hasten to inform you that her jacket is made outstanding with one of the new shoulder arrangements such as certain leading designers are sponsoring this season. It may also interest you to know that quantities of monkey fur are likewise worked into odd epaulets and other novel shoulder trimmings. The swagger little "pill-box" turban of self-dotted-satin is one of the newest of the new.

Supposing you have a navy blue suit, or perhaps dress, which you long to freshen up a bit so as to carry through the first weeks of the autumn season-here's how! Scout about town, you won't have to go far, for all the smart shops and specialty departments are displaying them-It's the "sets" which include scarf and gloves made of some one or other of the new novelty fabrics to which we

If you happen to prefer a neckpiece and gloves of velvet or satin for dressier occasions you will have no difficulty in finding most any sort you want, for these made-of-fabric sets are being featured in every conceivable weave.

The navy blue hat which tops this intriguing outfit has a fashionable peak which found its inspiration in the harlequin hat which has played during the years so important a role in fantastic dress to many an admiring audience. 6. 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

HAIR ORNAMENTS By CHERIE NICHOLAS



brims are an irresistible temptation to any brisk breeze. High-crowned hats are plentiful also, some of them with fairly goodsized brims, but most of these are decorated with a cluster of flowers at the base to soften the harsher lines. An attractive model is of black velvet with a brim which dips over the right eye. At this point at the base of the crown is a huge bunch of pink and purple violets. The younger things seem more likely to revel in the small brimless mod-

Fabrics of Our Childhood Come Back as Favorites Dimity, dotted swiss, muslin, ail the old fabrics of our childhood, return

els. Berets that have more versatility

and can be pulled into all serts of odd

angles already are giving proof of

greater popularity.

torial season, and are worn by the smartest women. A simple dimity dress with very smart accessories is grand for town

proudly as favorites of the new sar-

A most attractive frock is done in red and white dimity in a tiny check design. It has short full sleeves, a self-bow and tiny buttons down the

Fur Fabric Fashions

Fabrics resembling astrakhan and Persian lamb are among the favorite trimmings for new wool dresses designed to be worn without coats on early fall days.

Paris is sponsoring the discreet rhinestone hair ornament. The one which poses on the exquisitely coiffed head of the pretty young lady pictured is in leaf design. Evening headdresses which suggest a return to favor of formal jewelry have also been noted at many high functions, such as, for instance, a Juliet cap of silver lace mesh with a band of pearls, also a coronet done in gold wire with sprays of crystal leaves. Which is only the beginning of the program so fashion seers tell us.

Prints for Evening

There's a real old-fashloned flavor in some of the new evening gown materials . . printed satin, printed velvet in particular. Developed into gowns with a last-century look, they can add much to the charm of the

JOY FOR WAIF IN RANCH HOME

Lucky Youngster to Have His Chance in Life.

Of unusual appeal is this simple human interest story of a waif resqued from the harshness of the world, written by John Steven Mc-Groarty, in the Los Angeles Times:

"From a certain institution which cares for orphaned children and takes in little human waifs, we have

had good news, lately. "The good news is that the institution has found homes for the waifs that have come to its doors. It is a salvage house which goes out and gathers in children who have been, from one cause and another, cast upon the mercy of the world. Darling little ones, so much like those whom the Wanderer of Galilee gathered about his knees, saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"Well, what this children's home that we are talking about does is that it calls in childless men and women and says to them, 'Wouldn't you like to have one of these adorable tykes in your home that now knows no no child's prattle and laughter?' And so the hearts of the childiess men and women long for the bables and take them away with them to their homes. It is all very wonderful.

"But, what we started to tell you all in the Synagogue this blessed Sabbath morning is that when we looked over the pictures of the waifs who had been adopted into good homes, we came across a picture of one sturdy little fellow who had been adopted by a rancher. God knows who the little chap's father or mother is. But what difference did it make?

"The picture showed the boy on the ranch, sitting on a farm wagon holding the reins of the horses, and the old rancher sitting beside the boy and smiling proudly down on him. It was a picture so happy that it would almost make you cry just to look at it.

"No doubt other children adopted into good city homes are to be reckoned fortunate. But, this boy who was taken into a ranch home is more fortunate still. He will grow up to be a real man. The strength of the good earth will grow into the fiber of his soul and body. He will live with nature. He will know the de light of green things growing. Seedtime and harvest will be his. He will know what Lincoln knew when a boy and what Washington learned from sun and rain and forest trees.

"It is wonderful just to be a boy anywhere, but to be a boy with nature to companion and teach him is the most wonderful thing of all.

"God keep all boys, and all girls, too. But, you, little fellow out there on that ranch, God is very near you now, and he will have you in the shadow of his wing.

Education in Letters

Not so very long ago Richard Steele wrote in one of his papers in the "Tatler," a line which deserves immortality. It was simply this: "To love her was a liberal education."

Perhaps he was thinking of his own "Dear Prue," but the individual does not matter when a great truth is uttered.

There is a liberal education now in process which is quite outside of school. The youngsters have devised it for themselves. They attain it through letters that take so long to write and bring such regular replies.

The era of letter-writing may be on the wane for those on the shady side of thirty, but it is just beginning for those between thirteen and thirty. Through it modern youth may gain much of what Steele described as a liberal education .- Boston Globe.

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