

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

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WNU Service

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." He leaves her for a moment, and she drives on, for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. From the evidence of her clothing and wedding ring she concludes she is married to a wealthy man. The nameless girl 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 \$500. 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 hide from observation. She returns to the Du Val's, more mystified than ever. Rocky returns, to discover the deception. He demands to know who she is and why his wife sent her to his home. She cannot tell him.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Doris breathed deeply. Was all this finally to end in the police court? His mocking smile came again: "She registers terror!" he said unpleasantly. "Very good. Lifeline. Go to the head of the class." He sat down beside her. "Come on, Baby, come clean! What's the story?" She did not answer. She was thinking suddenly of Mrs. Du Val. "Your mother?" she said anxiously. "What about my mother?" But now his face showed slight signs of sympathy—a sympathy not for her. "I can't bear to have her know. What will she think?" "A lot you care," he said bitterly. "Poor mother—" "I do care—Oh please believe me. I feel terribly about her—" "You should have thought of that when you were tricking her." "I didn't trick her." He meditated. His gray eyes on the pretty carpet. "You've got her d-d fond of you—" "It's awful," said Doris miserably. He walked up and down, chewing his lip. "Awkward. Designing little devil!" "Oh, I'm not." "Shut up." Doris was angry. "You needn't be so frightfully rude." "No?—Well, it's a pleasure. Shut up while I think what to do." He walked up and down. Doris sat on the edge of the bed, watching him dimly. "I didn't plan this. Truly I didn't." "No," said Rocky satirically. "I suppose it just happened by accident." A hot sense of injustice came to Doris. She rose. "No, really you don't understand. As soon as your mother saw me she took me in her arms. She was glad to see me. She said I was her daughter. I thought—" She could not go on. Tears were choking her voice. Rocky said coldly. "You seem very good at falling in someone's arms. So is my friend Doris." Twisting her handkerchief reproachfully, she said, "You seem perfectly heartless about Doris. It's a nice way to talk about your wife, I'm sure. And you didn't even write to her while you were away." He flushed uncomfortably, threw himself down on the couch. "Look here. It's no good going on fighting like this. At least you're decent about Mother, and she's all I care about really—mother and father. I don't get your game exactly, but—" It was intolerable. "I have no game," she rose and went to the closet. "I don't have to stand being treated like a criminal." She deposited her small suitcase on the bed. "I'm packing." He stood up with a roar. "Not by a d-n sight. If you think you can rope us in like this, you'd better think again." "I'm going, since I don't belong here." She walked swiftly to her dressing table, gathering up her cold cream, her hair brush. His lips looked thin. They twisted sarcastically. "What am I supposed to do if you leave?" "I don't know." "And you don't care! Well, I'll tell you, Miss, I'm going to go on playing your game. I'm going to go on playing Doris' game." He smiled. "We're married. See?" "Married?" "Don't worry. You'll be quite safe from my brutal attacks." She flushed. "I'm not afraid of you." "You've got no reason to be." Suddenly Doris collapsed in a heap of helpless laughter. Rocky looked at her blankly. "What's so funny?" "What is this all about?" He sat down smiling ruefully. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm a little excited. My point is simply that I haven't the face to go downstairs and tell my father and mother that I am not married to you. They're crazy about you." Doris' anger dripped away. "I am sorry. It's a rotten situation." "Then help me." "What can I do?" "Well listen." He walked to the window and looked out. "Gosh, it's beautiful out tonight. I don't mind admitting that my family would

have been nearly so pleased if—" he walked restlessly to the dressing table, stared at himself in the mirror. "G-d, I'm a fool." He turned at last to Doris with a smile that was slightly beseeching. "Couldn't you possibly go on pretending for a day or two longer?" Doris was amazed. "But I'm an impostor." "Yes, but—" "But they've got to find out sooner or later." He nodded gloomily. "I suppose so. The real Doris—" "What's the real Doris like?" He looked at her skeptically. "You still maintain that you don't know. Well maybe you don't. But I'll say this much that when Mother wrote how much she liked my—my wife, I was never more surprised in my life." Doris stood with averted head. "What will your wife say when she finds out about me?" Rocky looked at her sharply. "Let's not discuss her right now. The point is, I'm due to walk downstairs with you on my arm. If—if if you guessed the truth there would be a most unholy bust-up." Doris shivered. "I can't go through with it." Rocky said, "Well then, I think it's the best plan to go on pretending." "It isn't very easy." "Well, we might as well be friends." Rocky smiled. His face—so like that pictured friend of hers—lighted up. His white even teeth were a surprise. As he spoke he put his arm around Doris and lifted her to her feet. Anger shook her. She jerked away. "Is that your idea of being friends?" He put his hand across his mouth, patted his lips mockingly. Then he pretended to cough respectfully. "My mistake." "I don't like—" "I know, I know." Doris glared at him. "You know what?" "What you don't like." "What's that, then." "My attitude." "I wasn't going to say that at all." She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She flushed, her hair slightly disheveled, but that dress—the dress did make her look nice. It steadied her to see herself in it. "I was going to say that I don't like to go down to dinner with a man who has soot all over his nose." "You win. It's agreed, then, that we're not going to give each other away." "Not tonight anyway." They went down into the dining room. The candles on the tables beamed joyously. Mr. and Mrs. Du Val were full of a secret elation that showed in the bursting of Oscar's dark eyes, and in the curve of Mrs. Du Val's happy lips. "Ah now, this is something," said Oscar Du Val with satisfaction. He slipped behind Doris' chair with an air of rivalry. Rocky held out his mother's chair gallantly. The women seated themselves. "Such soup," sighed Rocky. "I haven't tasted anything as good as this for years." "You haven't been home for years," said Oscar Du Val. "You are a bad son." "Now that he is married it will be different. Ah yes, Doris will see that he comes home regularly, as a good boy should." Doris did not dare to look up from her soup. Rocky changed the subject. "How's the Memorial coming on, Dad?" Oscar made an impolite noise. "Do not switch the talk like that, my boy. What do you care about the Memorial? You talk silly. Tonight we want to hear where you and Doris plan to live. I do not approve of New York. It is too noisy. The dust is bad for the children. I am right, am I not, Adoree?" His wife was looking at him reproachfully. It was evident that she considered Oscar was being far from delicate in alluding to the unborn children. Doris was so sensitive she had never once mentioned the child to her mother-in-law. "Oh, you are always right," said Mrs. Du Val disgustedly. She caught Doris' embarrassed eye, and laughed slightly. "You should not live in New York." "No, no," said Rocky loudly. "Don't want to live in New York." His raised voice gave such an odd effect that both his parents stared at him in astonishment. His face was red with the effort he was making to keep up his end of the conversation. "In fact, we've just about settled to live in Larchmont, haven't we, Doris?" "Larchmont?" echoed Doris in astonishment. "We saw such a dear little house there," said Rocky, "perched on the edge of the Sound. There were roses growing round the door—" "I should think the salt water would ruin them," said Oscar sardonically. Doris laughed hysterically. The fish was brought in and handed round. "Ah," said Rocky, "I don't know when I've eaten such fish." "The last time you were home, perhaps?" suggested Oscar. "Ah Doris, protect him," said Mrs. Du Val. "His father will spoil the beautiful homecoming with all this sarcasm about how long it has been since we have seen Rocky." "He deserves it," said Doris sincerely. "Of course he deserves it. He runs away and marries a beautiful wife and does not even let his father know," said Oscar morosely. "Then he telephones and says, 'Oh, by the

way, I have a wife. Take care of her while I go to Europe. She is a wild one—that wife, so do not let her get away—she might go down to the village and get drunk if you don't watch her very carefully.' Bah! Such talk. I tell you there is something wrong with that boy Rocky to say such things about a beautiful young girl like Doris." Mrs. Du Val's voice mourned: "Doris is a beautiful young girl." She looked a sly and secret tenderness at Doris. "So you have found a house—a nice little house in Larchmont. You did not tell me, Doris." "No, I did not tell you." Rocky spoke. "It's on the Sound. It has gardens at the back." "It sounds expensive," said Oscar Du Val. "Your business is looking up, n'est-ce pas?" His eyes gleamed maliciously. "It is too expensive for us, of course," said Rocky. "It's just one of our dreams, isn't it, Doris?" "I'm said Doris." "It is such a pity," said Mrs. Du Val. "What is such a pity?" "That Doris should set her heart on this nice little house, and she shouldn't have it." Doris' eyes were large with embarrassment. "No, that isn't it at all." Mrs. Du Val's colorful voice sounded a diapason of sad tones: "Of course, Oscar. Now she is afraid that you are going to give her that nice little house. The little house they have picked out together. Isn't it true?" "Hand in hand," said Rocky. "Please don't say that." "Doris," said Rocky, "was especially crazy about the cupids on the bathroom ceiling, weren't you, Doris?" "Of course I wasn't." "Oh—he tries to tease. But all the same he wants that little house. Oscar, you must give them that house for a wedding present." Rocky knocked over a glass of water. "Just to put us all at our ease, Mother," he explained. "What is that?" "Nothing. It's a stupid joke. But to change the subject," he went on, mopping up the water with his napkin. "I can't tell you how good those warm socks you knit me felt, crossing the ocean." Mrs. Du Val's face opened in a wide smile. "You wore them." "Naturally. What do you take me for?" Having diverted the conversation Rocky tried to keep it away from himself and his supposed wife. He talked about his trip, and business conditions in France. He told anecdotes and stories feverishly. Doris' cheeks were hot. Her eyes felt strained and anxious. Where could all this folly end? Why had she promised to go on? Her hand shook as she reached for the salt. Surely the Du Val's must see through this. Could they be blind? "Oh—oh Doris. You have spilled salt. That is bad luck," wailed Mrs. Du Val. "Throw some over your left shoulder. That will ward off the bad luck." Doris shrugged. Oscar Du Val said, "Her bad luck is over, since her husband has returned. Isn't that so, Doris?" Doris was hating Rocky so violently at that moment that she found it difficult to answer. Why couldn't he have introduced his wife to his family himself instead of letting them meet in the Biltmore in that silly way? And now he was thinking that she was trying to force her way in where she didn't belong. She had a strong impulse to tell the whole thing, blurt it out right now. But if she did, what would the Du Val's think of her? Perhaps they wouldn't even believe that she had lost her memory. They were nice to her now, but if they found out—She closed her lips. She would have to have time to think about what to do. They rose from the table at last, and Mrs. Du Val slipped her hand under Doris' arm. "You must go upstairs right away, Doris. This is your first night down and you must not overdo it." Doris felt thankful of the opportunity to slip away. She kissed Mrs. Du Val, thinking, "This is the last time perhaps that I shall ever do this. Tomorrow you will find out the truth, and hate me." "Good-night, my child," said Mrs. Du Val fondly. "Shall I come up with you?" "Oh no. You must stay with Rocky." "Ah, I know you want Rocky. We won't keep him long." Though half way up the stairs Doris turned in horror. "What did you say?" Mrs. Du Val smiled. "Rocky will soon come to bed." "But not—but not in my room?" A shadow crossed Mrs. Du Val's face. "Ah? You have still the small quarrel—you and Rocky? These things blow over. I will send the dear boy up to you very soon." "But I can't—" Mrs. Du Val raised a protesting finger. "You are being a very naughty little girl. And tomorrow you will be sick again. Come, I will take you upstairs to bed." Doris was pale and determined. If Mrs. Du Val came upstairs there would be more kindly nursing than she could stand. She would have to settle this with Rocky himself. If he thought he was going to sleep in her room he was mistaken. "All right. I'll go to bed." She fled up the stairs. The door was shut. She put her hands against her hot face. What a tattoo her heart was making. And her hands were trembling. She would no dress and get in bed. She would sit and wait for Rocky to come upstairs. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

News Review of Current Events the World Over

Cuban Radicals Oust De Cespedes, Setting Up Junta Government—"Buy Now" Campaign Organized by NRA—Vermont Votes for Repeal.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SOLDIERS, sailors, students and the radical wing of the ABC revolutionary organization that upset the Machado regime in Cuba decided that the methods and program of President Carlos Manuel de Cespedes were too mild. So they staged a second revolution while the president was far from Havana inspecting hurricane damage and forced De Cespedes and his entire government to step out of the island republic were placed in the hands of a commission consisting of the five leaders of the revolt, Sergio Carbo, Ramon Grau San Martin, Guillermo Portela, Porfirio Franco and Jose Miguel Irizarri. This junta announced that the five would serve with equal power except that Portela would be the "nominal president before the diplomatic corps."

This revolution, the second within a month, was accomplished without bloodshed, but the rebels, after arresting their officers, had posted machine guns at strategic points in Havana and guns from the fortifications were trained on the presidential palace. De Cespedes hurried back to the capital, met the junta members and turned the government over to them after they had rejected as unsatisfactory his explanation that it was impossible to accomplish all the revolutionary aims in twenty-five days.

Ambassador Welles was formally notified of the change, but had nothing to say to the press. The news surprised Secretary of State Hull in Washington and it seemed all the good work of Mr. Welles and Assistant Secretary Caffery was being undone. President Roosevelt immediately ordered four warships to Cuban ports, but this, it was explained, was only to protect American lives and property and did not constitute armed intervention. Privately, however, some officials admitted that intervention under the Platt amendment was nearer than it had been for many years.

Much was made in the newspapers of the fact that Secretary of the Navy Swanson went to Havana just at this time, but it was credibly explained that he was on a previously arranged trip to the Pacific coast and that his call on Ambassador Welles had no connection with the Cuban crisis.

Carbo, one of the junta and a magazine editor and leader of the youth movement, said the overthrow of De Cespedes was determined upon when it was discovered that Mario Menocal, lately returned from exile, was organizing a counter-revolution. The radical leaders, also, were utterly dissatisfied with De Cespedes' appointments to his cabinet, some of his ministers having been too closely identified with former administrations of which the radicals did not approve.

JUST before the revolution Cuba had been swept by a tropic hurricane that took the lives of yet uncounted scores of inhabitants and did vast damage. The storm moved toward the northwest and struck Florida and Texas. In the latter state perhaps a hundred lives were lost and the beautiful lower Rio Grande valley was devastated. The cities of Brownsville, Harlingen and Rio Hondo suffered severely. Relief for the stricken districts was swiftly organized by Governor Ferguson and the federal authorities. Troops were hurried into the valley, where a flood followed the hurricane. On the Mexican side of the river the destruction of life and property was as great as in Texas.

HUGH S. JOHNSON, NRA administrator, has organized his forces for a nation-wide campaign for "Buy Now Under the Blue Eagle," and in his Labor day address at the World's Fair in Chicago he set September 20 as the date for its starting. He and his numerous aids will endeavor to persuade the people that to buy things at this time is not only a patriotic duty but a prudent use of their money. Indeed, they stress the latter point especially. The women particularly are relied on to make this movement a success and many thousands of them, under the leadership of Miss Mary E. Hughes, are enlisted in the campaign to secure from consumers pledges to support with their custom the manufacturers and merchants who are entitled to display the blue eagle.

In his Chicago address General Johnson warned his hearers that the process of economic recovery necessarily entailed the raising of prices, but gave assurance that this would be controlled by the government. Two troubles the recovery administration has run into were described by Mr. Johnson as, first, the failure of

some employers to live up to their agreements under the blue eagle, and second, misunderstanding of the codes between employers and workers, with some resultant strikes and lockouts.

"Our chief reliance is in the force of public opinion," he said. "We know that to take away the blue eagle is a more severe penalty than any puny fine. It is, we think, enough, but if it should prove not enough, there are plenty of penalties in the law."

"In stating this plan we have been accused of inciting a boycott. Of course, what people are doing is not a boycott. No willing employer who complies with this great national purpose can live in competition with a chiseler who does not. The whole idea is based on unanimous agreement and action. It is for the benefit of the American people. It is their plan or it is nothing."

"It cannot last a month if a few unwilling or cheating employers are permitted (by the advantage of lower costs) to ruin the business of their willing and honest competitors."

RETURNING from his short vacation cruise, President Roosevelt was handed by General Johnson a number of serious problems concerning the NRA codes. Most important of these was the deadlock in the soft coal negotiations caused chiefly by the labor union issue; and this labor problem also entered into various other troubling disputes that probably will have to be settled by the President himself.

President Green of the American Federation of Labor was determined that the provision in the automobile code, permitting employers to deal with workers on the basis of their individual merit, should not be included in any other agreement, and he promised union labor he would seek its elimination from the automobile code.

Henry Ford was another problem, but it was indicated the government would not take any immediate action in his case. The whole country watched interestedly to see whether he would sign the code within the allotted time, and when he failed to do this and said nothing about his ultimate intentions, Johnson was besieged with questions as to what he would do. Talking to the press in Chicago, it seemed that the administrator was weakening a little in this matter. He said Ford did not have to sign the code, and if he went further than his provisions, that would be all right with the government. The NRA could intervene, he said, only if a group of Ford's employees complained to it of unfair treatment. Johnson did reiterate his opinion that Ford would be brought to time by the force of public opinion.

Dispatches from Detroit said a wage revision was in progress at the Ford plant. No formal announcement of this was made, but officials said it was a gradual process and that about one-fourth of the 40,000 workers had received increases from \$4 to \$4.80 a day. The code specifies a 43-cent-an-hour minimum wage for the Detroit area. It also specifies a 35-hour week, while Ford employees who are on full time work five eight-hour days a week.

REVERTING to the union labor problem, it is interesting to note that Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, has issued to all its members an appeal to stand firmly in defense of the open shop and in opposition to an interpretation of the labor clauses in the national recovery act which, he says, would be writing into a law a mandate for a closed shop.

President Harriman asserted that employers throughout the United States had shown a splendid spirit of co-operation in preparing and adopting codes of fair competition. In return, he declared, industry should be given adequate assurance that the recovery program is not to be turned into a vehicle for forcing the closed shop upon the country.

VERMONT, which was one of the few states that the prohibitionists really thought might vote against repeal of the Eighteenth amendment, disappointed them by going for repeal by a vote of more than 2 to 1. This despite the fact that election day was fair and the hopes of the dries were based largely on good weather that would bring out a large rural vote to offset that of the wet cities and towns. Even though prohibition should be repealed this year Vermont would continue without hard liquor under its present state law. Beer and wine of 3.2 alcoholic content were authorized by the legislature this year, but a state enforcement act prevents anything stronger. Formal ratification of the repeal amendment was completed by the state conventions of Arizona and Nevada, the vote in each case being unanimous.



Carlos de Cespedes



Henry Ford

TWO deaths marred the otherwise successful international air races held at Glenview, a Chicago suburb. Roy Liggett of Omaha was killed when his plane fell from an altitude of 200 feet at the start of a race, one of the wings breaking off. Miss Florence Klingensmith of Minneapolis, an entry in one of the last final races, was dashed to instant death when fabric on the right wing of her fast plane tore loose and she lost control. Jimmy Wedell of Texas, a self-made aviator, was the star of the meet, for he set a new speed record for land planes. He flashed along a three kilometer course four times at an average of 305.33 miles an hour. The previous record, established by Maj. James H. Doolittle, was 294.35 miles an hour.

MANY famous pilots assembled in Chicago to do honor to the pioneers of the air mail and especially to pay a tribute to the memory of Max Miller, who just fifteen years before landed on the lake front with the first regularly scheduled air mail from New York to Chicago. Many military airplanes took part in the ceremonies, and there was an impressive program at the Century of Progress. Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker was chairman of the day, and beside him were such noted air men as Jimmie Mattern and Bennett Griffin, around the world flyers; Tito Falcone, Italy's stunt ace; Ernest Udet, German war ace; Jimmie Doolittle, Jimmie Hazlip, and Col. Roscoe Turner. Distinguished guests included fifteen of the Early Birds, a group of eighty veterans of aviation.

FIFTEEN-hundred delegates to a convention of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks in Chicago adopted a resolution urging congress to put postal employees on a thirty hour week, and a bill to bring this about probably will be introduced in the house next session by Congressman James M. Mead of Buffalo, N. Y., who addressed the convention.

WHAT to do with the Jews is a question that a German Nazi commissioner has been studying, and his report declares Germany must begin international negotiations to help find and set aside a new country, larger than Palestine, where Jews from all parts of the world shall be settled. The report says in part:

"It is of interest to the whole world that the Jewish problem should be settled once and for all, since Jews will remain centers of unrest, constantly creating secret societies which tend toward Bolshevism. To scatter the Jews in all directions will not help. It is best to afford them the possibility of forming a nation, settled in one country. Then they will no longer wander restlessly through the world."

The expert who made the report calculates that 1,800,000 persons should leave Germany to achieve his ideal. This number includes 600,000 Jews, 600,000 Jews who adopted the Christian faith, and an approximate 600,000 descendants of mixed marriages.

Nazi German Christians dominated the Prussian church synod in Berlin and pushed through 20 motions, including one barring non-Aryans or persons marrying non-Aryans from the pulpit and from church offices. Cases in which special services in behalf of the church can be proved were exempted from the non-Aryan rule.

NOT long ago the League of Nations organized a gendarmerie in the Saar for the purpose of gradually replacing the French troops that have been policing the region that is to determine its nationality by plebiscite in 1935.



Joseph Paul-Boncour

Dispatches from Paris say the league officials are losing confidence in the new police as a result of a campaign against it by the left press, the assertion being made that it is fast falling under the influence of the German Nazis.

Therefore the gendarmerie may be dissolved, although to do this and again charge French troops with maintenance of order would probably increase the Nazi strength in the Saar. Speaking at the dedication of a monument to Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister Joseph Paul-Boncour attacked the recent Nazi demonstrations at the Niederwald monument near the French frontier and declared in so many words that France was not intimidated. He said the situation would be grave "if our patience was born of a knowledge of our weakness. But that is not so, for France knows she is strong enough to resist violence."

The foreign minister reaffirmed France's intention not to swerve from a policy of safeguarding Austria's independence and of building a central European economic union. Chancellor Hitler told 100,000 of his storm troops at the Nuremberg Nazi party convention that Germany was not looking for war.

BECAUSE an engineer did not see or did not heed a flagman's red lantern, 14 persons were killed and 25 injured in a rail disaster at Binghamton, N. Y. The Atlantic express, a Chicago-New York passenger train on the Erie road, stopped by an automatic block signal, was struck in the rear by a milk train and a wooden car was completely telescoped by a steel coach. Most of the dead were residents of Susquehanna, Pa.