

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

A pretty young woman finds herself 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. 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. He assumes she is some form of gold digger. They agree, for the sake of his parents, to pretend, for the time being, they are husband and wife.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

She took up his picture and studied it. Rocky was even handsomer than his picture. His looks were not at fault. It was the everlasting mockery in his eyes that she could not bear.

She paced up and down now, beating her fist into the palm of her hand. "But can I blame him?" she muttered. "Look what he must think I am."

Someone knocked on the door. Doris sat down on the edge of her chair. "Come in."

Mrs. Du Val entered and raised her pudgy hands in protest.

"What. You are not in bed? Ah Doris, Doris. I came to say good-night."

"I was just getting ready for bed."

She dived into the bathroom. Mrs. Du Val would not be satisfied until she was under the covers. Well, she could get undressed and get in bed, and when the fussy little woman was gone she could get up and put on her clothes again.

She came out and began taking off her clothes as quickly as possible. In a few minutes she was in bed. Mrs. Du Val was kissing her good-night.

"I leave one little light for Rocky," she said tenderly. She closed the door.

Doris bounced out of bed.

She switched on several lights, feverishly put on her stockings, feverishly considered the room wildly. It looked too intimate. She began to make up the bed, tucking the covers in neatly at the sides.

She gave a long sigh, straightened. She would put on a little cotton sport dress, low heeled shoes. At least Rocky would see she wasn't trying to look seductive. She crossed to the closet to get them, and heard Rocky at the door.

She stepped into the closet.

He came in quietly. She listened. Her heart was once more playing its familiar rat-tat-tat. At last he spoke. "Aren't you being the least bit old-fashioned?"

She made no answer.

"For God's sake come out of that closet. I won't bite you. You seem to have caught your clothes in the door." She was struggling to put on a long lacy negligee, but it resisted her. That was it, then. It was caught in the door.

She opened it cautiously. The lace gave a small protesting murmur. "You've ripped it, baby."

She came out, trying to look dignified. "Please don't call me baby."

"What shall I call you, then?" The fact that she couldn't answer his question irritated her. To have no name had been a tragedy. Now it was merely an annoyance. Being a false wife was so much worse.

She fixed her eyes on him gravely. She was surprised to see a slow flush come into his tanned cheeks. He dropped his eyes. In spite of herself Doris was mollified. She smiled a little.

"That's a nasty little smile," said Rocky. "Have you been practicing it?"

All her fury came back.

"You're awful."

"D—n it all. Do you have to be the prima donna every minute?"

"I? I? A prima donna?"

"I don't know what else you call it to keep up this part of injured innocence. You'd think from your attitude that I was trying to palm myself off as your husband to your family."

Doris sat herself down violently.

"You—you! You twist everything! Didn't I say I was willing to tell your parents? Weren't you the one who wanted to keep this up? Another thing. I won't have you in my room. If you don't get out immediately I'll open the door and scream."

She watched him light a cigarette.

"Will you have one?"

"No."

"No, thanks," is the conventional term, I believe."

"This situation isn't entirely conventional. If you think you're going to spend the night here, you're mistaken."

"Oh ye-as?"

"I meant it when I said I'd scream."

"You haven't screamed yet, Honey."

"And don't call me—"

"Honey? All right, but what do you want to be called? Sugarfoot?"

"Look here, I can't sit here and chat with you all evening."

"Fraid you'll have to put up with me for a little while."

"I won't."

She rose and began pacing back and forth excitedly. The lacy train of her negligee swished after her like an angry little snake.

"Look here, I can see all your charms quite well when you're sitting quietly. You don't have to display them like that."

"I'd like to smash something over your head!"

Rocky got out of his chair and faced her. He put his hands on her shoulders. "You're a cutie all right, aren't you?"

"Stop it."

The yellow and lavender draperies of her gown were being crushed in his fingers. "I'm only a susceptible male, after all, you know."

An electric current swept her, leaving her helpless and more angry than ever. "Let go of me!"

"Nice perfume you use!"

"What is that lovely smell?"

"I don't know. Get away from me. Talcum powder, I imagine. Oh! This is too awful!" What a fool she was being!

She was confused, avoiding his eye.

He dropped his hands. "Oh well, I thought you might kiss your husband goodnight."

She looked at him hopefully. "Good-night?"

"Yes, I think the family have gone to bed by now, and I can sneak into another room."

An absurd flush of gratitude swept



She Snatched Her Lavender Kimono Lying Over the Foot of the Bed. She Got Into It, Hardly Taking Her Eyes From Rocky's Face.

her. He was being nice. And he had meant to be all along. She had only made an idiot out of herself with all her silly imaginings.

She saw this to her annoyance in his quiet smile as he left.

CHAPTER V

Doris had a heavy sense of guilt. Now that she had found that she did not belong there, where should she go? She thought confusedly of Rocky—Rocky as he was, Rocky as she had imagined him—of Mrs. Du Val and her kindness of the past few weeks, of Mrs. Du Val when she learned the truth. At last she slept.

When she woke, the sun was shining. The birds were singing. The paper flowers on the walls were gay and friendly. Rocky's picture was still arranged so that she could see it from her bed. "He's too wonderful," she thought. "Handsomer than the picture, and more desirable—but he despises me."

Doris meditated. The situation between Rocky and his wife seemed very odd. Why was it that he did not want to expose his false position to his family at once? Why was he not more worried about the whereabouts of the real Doris?

She opened her eyes. Rocky stood at the foot of the bed. How long had he been there? She went hot all over.

"Well?"

"My sweet, beautiful wife"

She pulled the comforter up to her chin. She tried to glare boldly back at him but the color flew to her cheeks.

"I don't think that's very funny."

"Funny? Gosh, it's no joke. I've just been with Mother and listened for one solid hour to the epic entitled: Lucky Rocky's Beautiful Wife. My sweet, beautiful wife." He sighed, smiled with patient disillusionment.

"The old pose of wounded virtue, eh? I suppose you're not accustomed to having gentlemen callers in your boudoir?"

"No, I'm not."

"But a husband is different!"

Doris was a bit startled by his confident manner. She watched him

stoop to flick a bit of ashes that had dropped to the coverlet. Her foot under the quilts drew sharply away.

Rocky, still bending, looked up at this movement. "So timid." He shook his head. "Doris pulled a subtle one on me this time. For a minute I thought you actually were afraid of me."

Doris eyed him disgustfully as he sauntered across the room. "Afraid of you? Certainly not—but if you were to get out, I might get up," she said.

"Why, we're going to have a cozy little breakfast here together." He picked up a pretty slipper and began slapping it in his palms.

"I wouldn't want to be separated from my wife at breakfast. Besides Mother's having it sent up for us. It seems that you're in too delicate a condition—"

Doris scowled but she felt her cheeks growing red. "I'm feeling quite well." "Yes, Mother's been telling me that at such a time—" he discarded the slipper—"what a fluent liar you turned out to be."

Doris felt hot all over. "I didn't make up that story. You did."

"No, Doris did. Fooled me. At least I think so now."

"You mean the real Doris told you she was going to have a baby?"

He nodded.

"And she's somewhere now having it? And you don't even care enough about her to look it up. You ought to be with her this minute instead of sitting here talking to me."

He smiled lazily. "But I'm so crazy about you."

Doris bit her lip angrily.

He rose. "Here's breakfast. I'll help you, Estelle." He took the table from the maid and placed it at Doris' bed.

"I'd like to get up and get my bath before breakfast," said Doris.

He answered with mock tenderness, one eye on Estelle. "Shall I help you,

Fur-Adorned Cloth Coats for Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS TO the fantastic touches of fur which glorify the new cloth coats—not a dull moment in prospect for the autumn and winter season through.

Because of their departure from the commonplace, the incoming fur-adorned coats are proving nothing less than a sensation. Do not be surprised at any of the doings of these new fur embellishments, for they are just about as tricky as human ingenuity can devise.

Not even if the structure of a coat develops a single fur pocket, with no other to balance it at the opposite side, are you supposed to register a questioning glance. Likewise, if little fur bows gambol up and down a front fastening, or if they stray off to sleeves and shoulders, accept their idiosyncrasies with good grace, for the antics which they perform are all in the cause of smart fashioning.

So also are the narrow strips of fur run criss-cross or spirally up and down the entire length of a coat sleeve—just wait until you see some of the tricks the new fur trimmings are playing!

Perhaps the most startling role of all in which fur is starring is that of the new collars, which are that refreshingly out of the ordinary, they bespeak season 1933-34 at a glance. By way of proving that it's every whit true, cast your eye toward the seated figure in the picture. Unusual to the Nth degree is the fur device which collars this stitched rough wool coat whose color is a rich autumn beige. A many-way affair is this chic collar. That is, you can adjust it to suit your whim and your comfort—like you see it here, or button it across in a more protecting manner, or unbuttoning it entirely, it may be made to lay flat like as if it were a wide scarf or stole

—lots of fun to play with. The fur is beaver, which is in high standing this season.

The materials of the other two coats in the picture are intriguing. They emphasize the importance designers attach to fabrics this season. The story of the new cloakings is one of the many chapters. Paris is especially doing spectacular things with high-color tweeds. Most often the silhouette is exquisitely defined in tall, slenderizing form-fitting lines. The narrow tubular contour gives way to breadth at the shoulders where ingenious contrivances break into square architectural effects. For the most part they are trimmed in short-hair furs such as beaver, Persian lamb, mink, weasel, and often gay-spotted pelts, these fur touches concentrating about the neck and shoulders in cunning ways.

Lots of brown is coloring the autumn fashion picture. In the instance of the striped model, centered above in this trio of smart new coat fashions, the material is brown on a beige ground. The beaver collar and cuffs reflect a harmonizing brown.

The young-looking checked travel or sports coat, if you prefer so to call it, to the right in the illustration, is also brown and beige. The belt is brown, so is the beaver fur which trims it. The Peter Pan collar ties with a bow of the checked material, which is a very youthful way of doing.

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STRIPED JERSEY IN DIFFERENT EFFECTS

It's incredible the different effects you can get with striped jersey. Take it in yellow and white, for instance, for a sports dress with the stripes running up and down. There is a two-inch panel down the front, clear from the neck to the hem of the skirt, with the stripes running crossways. A V-cut yoke gives the blouse a geometric look and a black satin belt and triangular scarf knotted at the throat are all the trimming necessary.

With this particular dress there is a coat of black and white striped jersey, the stripes through the body of the coat (loose and three-quarters) run crossways while for the just-below-the-elbow sleeves they run up and down. Standing out from the shoulders and tapering to nothing under the arms are awning effects in the cross-way run of the stripe.

Powder Compacts Are Now Made to Match Costumes

The latest wrinkle in this matching-up business in the smart feminine costume is to match the powder compact with the frock.

For linen suits there are compacts that look as though a linen weave had been impressed onto their covers. They come, as one might expect, in black, white, blue and in a natural shade of linen.

And to go with pique, that smart fabric of the moment in frocks and accessories, there are compacts the outsides of which resemble the weave of that cotton material.

If the new frock is blue and white checked gingham, why, there's a blue and white checked compact.

The New Belts

Leather holds its own in the new belt mode. A black crepe frock has a belt of white leather cut to resemble a feather, a green wool dress is finished with a deeper green leather belt studded with silver nail heads, and a brown wool sports suit is worn with a waistcoat belt of pigskin.

SAILOR COLLAR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Sailor collars are on the fashion map once more. The call for square shoulder lines is responsible for the revival of these youthful sailor effects. If the dress or blouse you are considering has any sort of a sailor collar version, by it, for you can depend upon it being the latest. The satin blouse pictured interprets the sailor collar vogue in softly arranged pleats. The wide-at-the-shoulder sleeves is further proof that this sailor frock is an up-to-the-moment model. This pretty miss-tops her sailor costume with a velvet beret. It is becoming quite a habit with designers to associate satin with velvet.

Fall Styles in Footwear

Fall styles in footwear, as displayed by metropolitan fashion houses, add several new notes for milady's shoes.

Spats are one; simulated spats, that is—not the old-fashioned galter. In some of the new spat shoes the bottom part is of black or brown kid with the upper part, which gives the spat effect in a contrasting color—gray or taupe for instance.

Immense Cattle Herds of Children of Israel

King Pharaoh's dream of seven fat and seven lean kine coming up out of the water (Genesis 41) is illustrated before the eyes of travelers on the Nile at this very time. In the land of Goshen and all along the river where it has left its rocky gorge in Upper Egypt and runs through a pastoral country with low banks, the cattle of the country wade into the sluggish stream to avoid the fly pests and the excessive heat, remaining there with their heads only showing, until approaching night.

Joseph, and afterwards the other children of Israel, when they came down into Egypt, were well acquainted with cattle and the care of them. Although not so commonly used at that date in Canaan as in the land of the Pharaohs, the Patriarchs all had cattle, and we remember that when Jacob sent a present to propitiate his brother Esau, he included in it forty kine and ten bulls, and we were told previously to this that the land could not contain and nourish the cattle of both Lot and Abraham. Job owned five hundred yoke of oxen and must therefore have had many hundreds of cows.

The plowing in those days was done with oxen, and what a pair of oxen could plow in a day was called a yoke, or in our language an acre. Today, in the East, milch cattle are as likely to be employed under the yoke as bulls or oxen.

Hold Your Head High
A high opinion of oneself saves one a great deal of misery.

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