

TANGLED WIVES

By PEGGY SHANE

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SYNOPSIS

A girl finds herself in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who 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. She has a wedding ring. 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 \$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. Visiting a store she is astounded when a saleswoman insists she hide from observation. Rocky returns. He demands to know who she is and why his wife sent her to his home. She cannot tell him. They agree, for the sake of his parents, to pretend, for the time being, they are husband and wife.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—10—

Rocky pulled a chair up to the table and sat down. "Draw up, dream girl," he said gleefully. "Rather, darling, let me arrange your pillows for you."

There seemed nothing else she could do about it, so Doris scrambled into bed. Rocky poked pillows behind her. "Jolly, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Oh—having our own little love nest like this and being so fond of one another!"

Doris' spoon poked tremblingly into her grapefruit. She felt a little reckless about where the juice splattered. "It may seem jolly to you," she looked at him unsmilingly.

Rocky opened his eyes in pretended surprise. "You mean to say it isn't to you—with your love of adventure? Fickle woman, and on our wedding day you were so crazy about me!"

Doris was scarlet. For a moment she thought that Rocky meant they had had a wedding day. It was too confusing. If only he would stop teasing. It was baffling enough not to know what had happened to her.

"After breakfast we'll drive into the village," said Rocky. "I want to call up Doris without Mother finding it out."

"Go alone."

"You don't crave my company."

"Frankly I don't."

He looked at her. She saw that his captious mood was gone. He was hurt inexplicably, and angry.

"Well, I'm not so d-d keen about you either. It's to save Mother's feelings that I'm going to take you." His face looked grieved, childishly so. "She thinks that we can't bear to be out of one another's sight!"

Doris didn't know what to say. His making fun of love infuriated her. She looked at him in stunned helplessness.

Who was she? What was she doing here? Where was the real Doris? Why wasn't she here instead?

Mrs. Du Val rapped at the door and came in. "Ah my children—like quiet little love-birds you sit!" She glanced at Doris' plate. "But you do not eat!" She shook a finger. "You are too excited. Rocky has talked to you too much."

Doris smiled. "Yes—he hasn't given me time to dress, even!" She gave Rocky a sly glance.

He came out of his gloom with a humorous leer. "But you're so beautiful—dressed or undressed. Why should I?"

Doris drove to the village with him. She sat quietly except for an occasional answer to his sarcastic references to her "sustained innocence"—her "touching consideration" for his parents! When she could stand it no longer she cried:

"Oh, keep still. You haven't the faintest idea of what you're talking about."

"Maybe not." Rocky stopped the car and got out. "But I'll know soon. You wait here while I telephone."

He came out a few minutes later, looking glum. "A fine bunch of women I pick for myself," he growled. "I come home to a strange bride, and my real wife is nowhere to be found."

"Couldn't you get her?"

"Couldn't I get her?" shouted Rocky. "And you let me go through all this nonsense of telephoning her! How much longer do you intend making a jackass out of me?" He eyed her accusingly. "You knew all the time she wasn't there."

She felt as if her last nerve was about to snap. "Stop speaking to me in that tone," she cried. "And if you happen to have been born a jackass, is that my fault? Stop the car. I prefer to walk."

violently on the starter. "Where do you suppose that woman is at this hour? Not home from last night's party, I expect."

"You—you're unspeakable." She drew herself to the farther side of the car. She was seething. Rocky seemed engaged in a bitter brooding. They said nothing more until he opened the door of the car for her to alight.

Doris retreated from his extended hand. "I can get out of this car quite well without assistance."

He seized her arm and pulled her out roughly. "Stop acting like a fool."

They stood eye to eye, Doris on the step above him, outraged, panting with fury. At that moment nothing but physical violence could have satisfied Doris. This man had her so completely at his mercy. She was so helpless. She had no place to go—no one to turn to. And he insulted her, humiliated her. She could not think of words to express her fury. Everything else had gone from her mind.

He too was filled with hate. His mouth was drawn into ugly lines. His eyes looked at her mercilessly.

"You—" he began.

The cheery voice of Oscar Du Val boomed at them. "Ah, my children, home again! Good. I thought you might be late for lunch."

Rocky reached out his hand toward her, smiling hypocritically. It was the last straw. She raised her fists in the air and struck out desperately. In her madness she hit the umbrella stand. It knocked over, hitting Rocky violently.

Taken by surprise, he uttered a loud "Ouch."

"I hope it hurts!"

Rocky whispered, venomously. "This is the limit. This ends everything." He rubbed his wounds tenderly.

"And not too soon for me, either!" said Doris.

They went in to lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Du Val noticed nothing amiss.

The meal seemed long and unendurable. Rocky was silent and brooding. Doris felt depressed. Where did she belong? Where should she go?

She considered taking Mrs. Du Val into her confidence. Rocky's mother had been so kind—had seemed such a



"I Don't Think I Care at All About Having You Kiss Me," She said Confusedly.

refuge. Yet had that not been partly because she was Rocky's wife, because she was supposed to have the Du Val seed flourishing within her?

Doris felt more unhappy than ever. She had known, at least, all along that she was not going to have a baby. Mrs. Du Val would be very angry when she found out how Doris had taken advantage of her sympathy and love.

What should she do?

But the kindly Du Vals were perceiving at last that something had gone wrong with the newlyweds. Doris did not eat. Rocky glowered.

Oscar Du Val pushed back his chair. "Rocky you go off somewhere with Doris for a few days where you can be alone together."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Du Val eagerly. "It is not good for young people to be always with us old ones—"

"We love it," Doris spoke impulsively.

Rocky glared at her.

"As a matter of fact, Doris and I are leaving for New York this afternoon. If you don't mind," he said.

Doris' heart leaped with fear. So she was to leave this place—leave Mrs. Du Val, her only friend in the world. And where should she go in New York?

She rose. "I'll go and pack," she said. "What time does the train leave?"

"I'll drive you in my car," said Rocky.

Doris walked swiftly out of the room so that they would not see her tears. Rocky's bitter taunt returned to her—he seemed to think she was some kind of an evil woman. His eyes were so unfriendly and cruel. If he knew the truth he would turn her over to the police. Perhaps he would anyway. The least he would do would be to put her away in an asylum.

She packed quickly. What the future held in store for her she could not guess. This adventure had turned out to be farcical. "To anyone else it would be farcical although it doesn't seem so funny to me," she thought.

Doris accused herself unmercifully. She ought to have known that Mrs. Du Val was not acquainted with her. One does not run into friends so easily when one is lost in New York.

How, now, would she find her friends, her parents, her—(her mind shied away)—her husband? Then she thought again with terror of the man in the cab. If she did find her friends, it meant finding that man again.

Of course he was her husband.

She looked at herself earnestly in the mirror. She was dressed in the tweed that she had worn on the day of her meeting with Mrs. Du Val. The face, young and anxious, looked back at her. She was absolutely alone in the world. And now she was going out in it—without friends, without money.

Rocky knocked peremptorily on the door.

"Are you ready?" he asked curtly.

"Certainly," she said promptly.

She gathered up her gloves. She took one look around the pretty faultless room. Her haven. "Good-by," she thought silently. "Good-by."

Bending her head so that Rocky might not see her face she left the room.

She took her leave in a daze. Mrs. Du Val full of admonitions, smiles and tears—Oscar Du Val neglecting his precious work to bid her farewell—the kisses, the smiling servants—Rocky at the wheel grim, saying little—then the grinding gears—and the last look over the shoulder—

Then she was riding over the road beside Rocky.

He spoke once on the long journey: "I'll take you as far as New York," he said unhesitatingly. "But then I'm afraid we'll have to part company."

Frightened, horrified, forlorn, Doris still felt that she would rather die than let him know how completely helpless she was.

"You can drop me at the Biltmore," she said.

"O. K."

Doris' throat was dry, her cheeks hot from the sun. She hoped that she would not cry. It would be awful if she broke down in front of Rocky.

The drive was never going to end. Doris decided that she could sleep in the park that night. She could pawn her baggage and look for a job.

Rocky smoked cigarette after cigarette, his eyes squinting, his mouth sardonic and unhappy. The hills gave way to the Bronx River parkway.

Then Rocky turned off Fifth avenue into a side street and brought the car to a standstill. He got out, walked around the car and opened the door. She looked at him blankly.

"Well?"

"Get out!"

"But why—here?"

"I've decided you're coming with me to have a showdown with Doris."

"Is this—is this where you live?"

"As if you didn't know it."

Doris sighed. It was so hot. She opened her bag and drew out her powder case. "Come on," Rocky commanded impatiently.

"Oh—all right." She had small hope that Rocky's wife would be able to unravel the mystery, but the cool iron grill before Rocky's door looked so inviting.

He smiled at her. "I'm sorry for all my rudeness," he said.

"Oh it's all right. I'm about ready to be handed over to the police anyway." She felt weary and reckless.

"There's something about you that drives me wild. I've seldom met a girl who could get my goat as successfully as you can."

"I must be wonderful that way," Doris agreed.

They entered the elevator, and Rocky pushed the button. The tiny elevator was painted dull blue and decorated with three large mirrors.

Looking at herself Doris saw that she was flushed and bright-eyed from the heat. She thought that she had never looked better in her life, nor felt worse.

The elevator stopped. Rocky opened the door.

"Doris, Doris!"

Rocky's voice boomed emptily through the apartment.

Rocky's wife was not there. As they went in they saw that the place had not been occupied for a long time. Dust lay on everything, and there was evidence that an untidy job of packing had been done there, but not recently.

"I—I—" said Rocky. "My devoted wife seems to have left me, bag and baggage. She didn't even leave me a note as far as I can discover." He bent over Doris and seized her suddenly by the shoulders. "And now, my dear young lady, it's up to you to explain. Just exactly what is the game?"

Doris stared back at him. "Take your hands off my shoulders."

"When you answer my question."

But the glare in her eyes had had its effect. She saw that he was pretending to be more angry than he actually was. They seemed to have reached a deadlock. "This is silly," said Doris. "You know perfectly well I know no more about your stupid old wife than you do."

A slight grin announced that Rocky knew himself beaten. His grip on her shoulders became more friendly. "So you think Doris is stupid."

The girl flushed. She did think so, rather she had conceived a dislike for Rocky's wife for some reason not clear to herself. Yet she did not want Rocky to think so. "I think it's stupid to hear so much about her," she said faintly. "I don't know whether she's actually stupid or not."

"You sweet," said Rocky unexpectedly and kissed her.

It seemed forever that his lips stayed on hers, but it was actually only a moment before she was pushing him away. "I don't think I care at all about having you kiss me," she said confusedly. "I don't believe—"

Style-Wise College Girl's Wardrobe

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FOR enlightenment as to what is to be in the way of smart fashions, watch the style-wise college-going girl. She knows. It is almost uncanny the way these young sophisticates manage to wrest advance information from style centers almost before the public at large gets an inkling as to what's going on.

Which is why the going-away-to-school wardrobes of young moderns are so revealing as to future style trends. So, on the theory that what's chic for the college girl is chic for the rest of us, let's take a peep at some of the fashion choices which these school-faring enthusiasts are making for the coming autumn and winter.

Of course, the logical thing to begin with is practical daytime clothes, but we are so excited about the perfectly lovely formal we saw in a college-girl outfit we can't wait to tell about it. The fact that it is made of white bengaline is what intrigued our fancy. Which is the same as saying that the swankiest thing on the boards in the way of new fabric for party frocks is heavy ribbed silk. It is quite like the weave which was so fashionable in the long, long ago, and now it is "in" again.

In studying the trend of styles-collegiate comes now another thrill in that fashion bids fair to go Chinese. The simplicity of this oriental styling lends itself admirably to youthful effects. Take it in the matter of the new, little round tight turbans, with their close-up cuffs and their pert little peaks at the very tip-top of their crowns, they say "Chinese" at a glance. Tilted over placid school-girlish. The newest coats which are cut a la mandarin because of the absolute simplic-

ity of their lines, also tune in perfectly with the picture of youth. These coats fasten authentically Chinese, in that one side is brought way over to the other to close either with buttons or some sort of a tricky metal contrivance. The little inch-high collars on these coats look properly prim.

Kimona sleeves are good style not only for coats, but for dresses as well. For a college-girl choice we would call attention to the stunning rough crepe frock on the girl seated in the picture. It is decidedly new because of its tunic blouse which has wide-at-the-shoulder sleeves, the deep ridged silk crepe which fashions it and because it is in one of the notably voguish vibrant blues. The collar is black satin with Persian lamb border.

Every college lassie should have a tailored plaid wool day-time dress, now that plaids are a "last word" from Paris. The model pictured at the right to the top in this group is typically collegiate. The belt is green suede. However, the plaid story does not finish with gay woollens, for the most scrumptious plaid velvets have arrived. They are being made up into striking blouses—look wonderful with monotone velvet skirts.

Two fashion tips gleaned from the brown crepe dress with its orange-colored scarf (pictured to the left) is the mass shirring which decorates the sleeves, the scarf and the belt, and the fact that the skirt is sheath-fitting according to latest fashion dictates. Glimpse the bracelets, for massive bracelets are necessary luxuries which college maidens simply must have.

Below is one of those swaggy new soft felt hats which look like a man's fedora. Our college girls like them immensely.

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BLACK FOUNDATION OF FALL WARDROBE

Deserting the bright colors of mid-summer, the smart Parisienne has returned to her favorite black for morning, afternoon and evening. In a recent interview a French woman whose name is synonymous with chic on two continents, outlined a typical Paris wardrobe. For daytime, her choice is a lightweight black wool coat, cut with wide shoulders and trim fitted waistline. This she wears over a black sheer wool frock.

Her afternoon dresses include a yellow and black printed crepe, worn with black gloves and a small draped turban of black velvet. This she alternates with a black satin jacket suit, with white satin blouse.

For informal dining she wears a simple black crepe frock, whose long slender lines are accentuated by panels of pale blue at the sides.

New Back-Flare Coat is Going to See Many Uses

The new back-flare coats which Molyneux of Paris is designing at the very moment are going to have a far-reaching effect on future styles. Made in silk or chiffon, they can be used for evening coats as well as for swaggy sports coats, with gloves, hat and shoes to match. There is a yoke at the shoulders, beneath which gathers fall in full away. The length of the coat is slightly shorter than three-quarters and the sleeves are straight and come to the wrist. There is no fastening unless it be a button or bow tie at the throat, the vest of the coat flopping open to show the dress underneath.

Plaid Taffeta Girdles

Plaid taffeta makes girdles on some of the most striking evening frocks this season. A white organdie dance frock with ruffles running from the hem to the knees is trimmed with a wide belt and long sash ends of blue, red and white taffeta ribbon.

SWISHING SKIRTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Enter on the stage of fashion the lady with the swish-swish silken skirt which is floor length, yes, even trails about in sweeping lines. Formal winter fashions are just like that. This, because we have gone back to the Edwardian age so designs tell us, for our style inspiration. The handsome black taffeta dinner gown pictured is typical of the new movement.

Use Zippers on Cardigan to Replace Seven Buttons

Cardigan sweaters, jackets, sports shirts—all those wardrobe items which open all the way down the front—may now be found with zip fastenings. For, as you know, a slide fastener has been perfected which, when opened, may be separated at the bottom. And to operate one is certainly speedier than fastening the seven buttons which are the average number on a fall cardigan.

AGE OF THE EARTH

A century is a very short epoch compared with the aeons with which geologists reckon in their chronology. Concerning our notions of the length of time, the general belief of a hundred years ago was that the history of the earth comprised less than 6,000 years or 60 centuries (Bishop Usher's Bible). Now the lowest estimates of geologists for the time since the beginning of the Cambrian period is 60,000,000 years, or 600,000 centuries, while most geologists reckon with several hundred million years for these eras.

Why Liquid Laxatives are Back in Favor

The public is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that the properly prepared liquid laxative will bring a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

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