

# 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. She fears him. She stops at the Blitmore, wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. She has a wedding ring. At the hotel a young woman vanishes with the 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 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, 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 they are husband and wife. Rocky takes Doris to his New York apartment to confront his wife. He finds the flat empty. Doris sees the real wife's photograph and recognizes her as the girl who stole her \$300. Doris finally tells Rocky she has lost her memory.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

She looked up at him smiling. "Perhaps they know me?"  
"No—they didn't act like that. More as if they were pointing out a celebrity."  
"Where are they?"  
"They wait a minute, here's our cab, young lady," he scolded. "Hop in and don't jump away like that again. I'm a nervous fellow."  
"But those women—"  
"Hop in." He lifted her gently off her feet and set her in the cab. A minute later he was beside her, having told the driver to go to a certain speakery.  
"But Rocky—if those people were pointing me out it must have been for some reason."  
Rocky settled himself beside her and drew out a cigarette. "Well candidly, Baby, I didn't like their looks. If they were friends of yours, you're better off without them, and while I don't want to be melodramatic—"  
In the gaiety of the evening she had forgotten her old conviction that something terrible lay in her past from which memory had mercifully shut her out.  
Rocky laid his hand over hers. "Forgive me," he said, "I was foolish not to go up to those people, but I had a hunch—just a feeling—not to do it."  
The cab had stopped at a red light. A small boy was darting between the lined-up cars holding out papers.  
"Oh, Rocky, we forgot about the tabloids. Look in."  
"O. K.," said Rocky, feeling in his pockets. "I've been away so long I don't know what the latest scandals are myself." Theurchin jumped on the running board and sold his papers. Doris' eyes dropped to the headlines:  
**KILLER BRIDE'S GUN FOUND**  
Diane Merrell's Father Identifies Gun Discovered on Ferry Boat.  
The papers slid to the floor. For a moment she remembered. She knew everything, then she collapsed. She crumbled into a heap on the taxicab floor, moaning and clutching Rocky's knees.  
When she came to her senses she was lying across the bed in Rocky's apartment while he leaned over her with anxious, fear-stricken eyes.  
"You fainted."  
"Yes—it was. It was something—" she could not go on. She could not remember what it was. She could not remember what it was.  
She closed her eyes, sighed. "How did I get here?"  
He flushed. "I carried you. You were unconscious."  
"You were kind." She was too exhausted to say more. Nor could she bring herself to mention the papers. Just as she had forgotten the words over the radio, she had again forgotten the headlines in the paper. Her mind seemed to refuse to go back toward them. She knew that something too horrible for contemplation had been revealed to her. She didn't have the strength to think about it.  
Then she saw that he was very excited. He walked around the room picking up things, throwing them down. He seemed beside himself with some new strange emotion.  
"What's wrong?"  
He sat down in a chair, biting his lips. He hardly noticed her question. She repeated: "What's the matter?"  
He rose and came to the bedside. Seating himself beside her he took her hand. But there was something odd and unconscious in the gesture. "Tell me everything again. Every single thing you remember."  
She fixed her dark eyes on his, and something in his earnest seriousness made her begin again. She rehearsed the whole story: the man in the cab, her hatred, her insane desire to get away from him.  
"The man in the cab! The man in the cab!" Rocky was pacing the floor again. "What did he look like? I'm sure he's a dark horse."  
Wonderingly Doris described him. "Are you positive you can't remember a thing about your real husband?" His eyes looked careworn and anxious. Her face reflected his troubled state.  
"No. Not a thing."  
He shook his head. "It's very terrible."  
"Tell me!"  
"I don't know what to do. I know I ought to—" he paused, resumed his restless pacing.

"What ought you to do?"  
He turned on her grimly. "Well, something I'm not going to do."  
She could stand no more. "Rocky, have you found out who I am?"  
"Supposing I have found out?"  
She was silent. "It must be something pretty awful," she said after a pause.  
"I don't know what to do."  
She pulled a cushion from behind her shoulders wearily. "You'd better tell me."  
Still he walked up and down. "You've got to trust me."  
He had reached that far in his reasoning; that he could not tell her what he knew, and that she would have to do what he thought was best for her. She sighed. It had been such a long hard day, taxing mentally and physically. She could not rouse herself to greater effort. She dozed, slept a little and woke to find him standing with all her luggage in the middle of the floor, a paint brush in his hand.  
She watched him take a knife and begin to whittle her bag, on which were the initials D. V.  
She spoke sharply. "What are you doing?"  
He kept on working at it. "Better go back to sleep, Baby. You're going to need all the rest you can get."  
"Rocky, what are you doing?"  
"Wantonly wrecking your property."  
"I see that. But why?"  
"I'm going to paint everything black. Now look here, Baby, there are a lot of things you don't understand. And this is one of them. Turn over, close your pretty eyes and go back to sleep."  
Doris swung her feet over the side of the bed. "You're crazy if you think I'm going to let you spoil my bags like that."  
"You spoke just too late, lady."  
He began to apply black enamel over the outside. "Baby!"  
"What?"  
"If you're rested you'd better go in the next room and look over the clothes that Doris left here. Pack up in my brown suit case. You'll find it lying on the bed."  
"This is the queerest thing that's happened to me yet. I must be dreaming." She put her finger out and touched the wet black paint. "What are you doing this for?"  
"Just a precaution. I ought to destroy it, but I'm not ingenious enough to think of a way at the moment. I want to get started in about an hour. Get well out of New York before dawn. I forgot to mention that I'm taking you on a motor trip to Canada. So pack up what you need from Doris' things. You're not to be allowed anything of your own."  
She looked at him speechlessly.  
He put down his brush. "You are going to let me take care of you?"  
She said nothing. "Aren't you?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, then—"  
"Can't I know anything?"  
He stood close to her looking down. "Only that I'm doing it all for your welfare."  
The silence between them was sweet. They did not look at each other, but it was as if he had offered her something precious and she had accepted when she said, "All right."  
"Good girl. Now listen: pack up everything you need with what you can find of Doris' things. Take nothing of your own."  
"Rocky?"  
"What, nuisance?"  
"I can't help feeling you're being rather sweet."  
He opened her bags and began smearing paint over the dainty brushes and mirrors insidely. "Control your feelings then, darling, and get to work."  
"But Rocky, why must you—if you're going to leave it here anyway?"  
"Doris might come back. There'd be h—l to pay if anyone found this luggage. Look here, how long do you intend to stand there and argue with me? You go pack. I've sent for a basket of food and the minute it comes—we beat it."  
She was bewildered. Either she must trust him completely or—and he was being so nice, doing it all for her. She turned finally and went to look over Doris' things.  
She sat on the bed for a minute, her elbows on knees, fists jabbed into her cheeks. What could this mean? There must have been something more in the papers. Rocky didn't want her to know. It was sweet of him. He thought she was too ill. She got up suddenly and began to pack, wondering in a mist of romantic thoughts if she'd ever be able to stop thinking about him, now that she had begun to see what he was really like.  
There was a rap on the door. It was a boy with the lunch basket.  
Rocky came in, ready to start.  
"Rocky!" she started, but there was earnestness and gravity in his face. He held something in his hand.  
"Can you be ready in a few minutes?" he asked, his lips white.  
She rose rather shakily. "I guess so." She would have to go with him.  
"But why?" she insisted. "You said you'd take care of me and I—"  
"H—l, Doris," he said, exasperated, "can't you trust me? You've got to trust me. This is all for your good. I'm no slacker any more than you are. Let's give each other a break."  
"Did you save those newspapers?" she asked suddenly.  
He shook his head.  
"But I'm well enough to read them now," she said urgently. "I know you've been afraid they'd shock me—but I'm all over that silly faintness now. Won't you get another for me?"

He shook his head again. "Not now. We ought to be going."  
Doris looked at him ruefully. "Why won't you let me see a paper?"  
"Doris, snap out of it. You are going. I've made all arrangements. It's the only way out. You'll see what I mean, later. Come on, get your things!" He stood up with a bright forced smile.  
Doris too rose. She looked up at him, a steady glow in her eyes.  
"Rocky, you haven't given me any reason why I should go. You won't even answer my question about a paper. Is there something that I ought not to see?"  
He didn't answer.  
"Because if you think there's something there that will shock me, that's just what I need. If I can be shocked hard enough, I'll remember everything. Don't you understand?" She saw that he didn't, and put her hot palms lightly to her temples. "Please Rocky, get me a paper."  
He looked down at her with a conviction that was beyond stubbornness. "It's no use for you to keep repeating that request," he said. "It's utterly impossible." He took out his watch. "You have five minutes in which to dress for the street. And oh yes, I nearly forgot," he held out a pair of dark horn-rimmed spectacles. "I found these for you."  
Doris stared at them. "What for?" she asked.  
"For you to wear—if you like," he said.  
"But I don't like." Doris was definite.  
Rocky smiled pleasantly. "Take them anyway. We might be doing some fast driving—they'll protect you from the wind."  
Doris tossed them onto a chair. She was perfectly sure that Rocky would pick them up again, and force her to take them, even wear them, if he chose. He was getting his way about a lot of things.

## CHAPTER VII

As they got into the street Doris noticed that Rocky's manner was very strange. He pushed her into the doorway, and looked cautiously up and down the dark street.  
"Come on," he whispered.  
"What is this?" said Doris pettishly.  
"Hurry up."  
Rocky had adjusted the top on his roadster. Doris climbed into what was now a glass-enclosed coupe.  
"Aren't we going to be rather hot?"  
"Can't have the top down. Not until we get away from New York anyway."  
The engine was purring. Once more Doris fancied that Rocky looked about fearfully. "You're acting like the girl in Tange's. What is all the excitement?"  
"What did you say about a girl in Tange's?"  
Doris told the story of the odd, frightened girl who pushed her into a closet.  
"She recognized you."  
"Do you think she did?"  
"Oh yes. Yes, of course. And she was a good sport. I'd like to meet that girl and give her a party. She probably saved your life!"  
"Rocky, this is ridiculous. You can't be mysterious like this. Do you mean to tell me you know what made that girl act that way?"  
"Certainly I do."  
"Then don't be so aggravating. Tell me."  
They had skirted Central park and were going up Lenox avenue. Rocky pausing at a red light smiled down on her.  
"Warm enough?"  
"Oh, yes."  
"Light me a cigarette, will you?" She gave him the lighted cigarette.  
"Quite the little domestic wife, aren't you?"  
Somehow the sting had gone out of all his jibes. She could no longer feel any antagonism toward him. His mockery seemed to contain a secret tenderness.  
Dawn broke as they left New York. Doris sniffed the iridescent mists that rose from the fields.  
"Oh Rocky, look, clams!"  
A truck was driving up to a garish roadside resort. Men were unloading clams fresh from the sea.  
"Can't stop."  
"Oh, Rocky, please, they look so delicious."  
Rocky slowed the car. "If you'll promise to stay in the car and let me bring you some—" he began.  
"Why are you such a tyrant? I think you're just showing off."  
"Want some clams?"  
"Of course I do."  
"Under those conditions."  
"Oh I suppose so."  
"Atta girl!"  
He got out of the car and slammed the door decisively. "Look here, you better put on those dark glasses."  
He strode over to the stand. Doris put on the glasses. She knew they made her look hideous. But the morning air, the feel of the fresh new world all about her, and above all the sense of companionship with Rocky made her light-hearted. Whatever there was to worry about was unknown to her.  
Rocky came back with a large clam loaded down with horse-radish. "It's still alive."  
"Oh, dear, I wish you hadn't said that."  
"Nonsense. They like being eaten." He went back for another one.  
Doris smiled. The hot sauces burned her throat pleasantly. She felt as if she could eat a dozen clams.  
A car was coming toward her—a pale blue closed Victoria, garishly trimmed. It seemed crowded. As it neared her, she heard a snatch of song. Doubtless a party of all-night revelers (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Bridal Veils That Are Different

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SEEKING the latest news in regard to smart fall and winter bridal array, are you? It's hats! Instead of the usual cap effects, brides who are ultra-minded will crown their prettily coiffed heads with the most cunningly devised little hats fancy can picture.  
Not that the time-honored little cap of lace or tulle has completely dropped out of the scheme of things. Oh dear, no! But the hat fantasies which are "now showing" are much newer, which you will agree, is something to think about when assembling an up-to-the-moment trousseau.  
The trio of charming hat fashions here pictured are just such as will be shown you or should be shown you, when you go touring the leading specialty shops and departments in quest of "last word" bridal headpieces and veil ensembles.  
First, let's take note of the little brimmed hat tilted so jauntily on the head of the bride posed seated. There is a certain air of elegance about this costume which is apparent at a glance. The drape about the crown of the exquisite chapeau which this modern bride wears is elaborately and artfully worked with silver and pearl beads. The veil which is attached to a snug-fitting back bandeau is arranged in a short cape effect, thus achieving a silhouette of striking originality. The flower muff in its snowy whiteness adds a fluttering touch. Similar muffs of gay colored posies will be carried by the bridesmaids. You'll love the white satin gown which this bride is wearing, especially the sleeves which have long flowing panels attached which are picturesquely medi-

val in spirit and very attractive.  
In these highly voguish hat fashions for the bride the eyebrow line plays an important role. Which leads us to tell you about the piquant little visor veils through which the bride's sparkling eyes shine forth so effectively. Study its fascination in the picture to the right as it flares so sprightly from beneath the folds of the close-fitting toque of tulle which tilts so fetchingly over the right eye of the tall statuette bride who is wearing it. This visored snug hat with its long sweeping veil of fine tulle is a graceful and beautiful interpretation of lines which are of classic simplicity.  
Startlingly new and too fascinating for words is the lat-and-veil creation which distinguishes the lovely bride posed in the foreground of this group. The tiny hat which tops her shapely head is one of the new pill-box models, for you must know that the "pill-box hat" is taking the world of fashion by storm this season. It is exactly what its name implies—the shape of a pill box and it is no-end chic in its swanky new lines. The one pictured is created of tulle encircled with a wreath of orange blossoms and buds. The handsomely lace-bordered veil cascades over the shoulders and down the back from whence it trains in sweeping lines. Be sure that you see this fascinating pill-box model on display at your favorite millinery shop before you make your final selection.  
As to new materials for bridal gowns the list features heavy white bengaline and cloque crepe.  
© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

## BLUSES IMPORTANT IN FALL FASHIONS

Blouses play a leading role in fall fashions. The stylists are promoting the idea of warm winter suits, and with them blouses of jersey, cashmere, velveteen and heavy silks.  
Satin is outstanding in the blouse department this fall. Tailored satin blouses made like polo shirts, with long sleeves and link cuffs, are the newest thing in sight. With a black suit you may wear a white one or in vivid red or green, and with brown or the new cel gray you may have a blouse that matches exactly, or one that makes a vivid contrast—Chinese red or pumpkin yellow.  
Necktie silk is one of the newest fabrics for blouses. In dark red or green or brown or navy till silk with a tiny white figure. Blouses of the silk are usually tailored, many with the new tied collars, which are simply narrow neckbands that tie into a small bow tie, like big brother's. Velveteen blouses in dark, rich colors with high necklines are effective with woolen skirts and suits. They're also nice in plaids.

## Shoes, Purses and Belts Made of Delicate Woods

The pink-cheeked Holland maid isn't the only one these days who wears wooden shoes. The stylists have clad madame in a fashion to make a dryad jealous. Delicate woods are used to make her slippers, her hats, her belts and her buttons.  
Bags of bird's-eye maple are lined with brown-and-yellow checkered gingham, and clasped sometimes with wooden blocks, sometimes with carved wooden spirals. The material is washable, waterproof, and as light as a feather. Wooden bracelets are so highly polished that they look as though they came from the back of a tortoise instead of the heart of a tree. Flexwood hats are draped to fit the head; vanity cases with inlaid centers are appearing.  
Elegant Negligees  
The new negligees are as elegant as evening gowns, with heavy crepes and dull satins cut in long slender lines prominently featured.

## FUR-BORDERED COAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The short, three-quarter length coat bordered with fur is a most important fall type. Not only are the coats which belong to suits stressing this new length but separate coats heavily fur-trimmed carry the same styling. The coat suit pictured is brown wool with handsome blue fox.  
Elegant Negligees  
The new negligees are as elegant as evening gowns, with heavy crepes and dull satins cut in long slender lines prominently featured.

## STYLES

An interpreter and an expert in fashions are needed to understand the latest style dispatches from Paris, says the New York Times. How to reconcile "beauty in motion" with "statuesque mobility?" Both attributes are incorporated in one design and required of one wearer. But how can swift Camilla scour the plain and still be statuesque—and also mobile? We have heard of and sometimes seen statue-like repose, and dancing grace has been captured immovable in marble. Perhaps the lady will stand still while her "oval draperies" and "slight Greek evening influence" wave in an artificial breeze.

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