

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." Escaping from him, she stops at the Biltmore, wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. She has a wedding ring. At the hotel a young woman vanishes with the girl's \$900. An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val, 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. 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 \$900. Doris finally tells Rocky she has lost her memory. In a newspaper they see a headline, "Killer Bride's Gun Found; Diane Merrell's Father Identifies It." Doris faints. When she recovers, her memory has not returned. Rocky informs her he is going to take her to Canada by motor. They set out.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

This time when Doris opened her eyes, she discovered that two men were watching her. One was the same old man. He had brought a friend in this time, a person of equally respected years.

As Doris looked up, he was putting on his gold-rimmed glasses to augment the mechanical stare which he was directing at her. Having finally adjusted them so that they would stay on, he transferred his fumbling fingers to a folded newspaper which he had been holding under his arm. This he opened up part way so that the other man could see.

"You see?" he said.

The other man nodded. He glanced furtively now at Doris and said something which she couldn't hear to the man with the newspaper.

Doris gasped. There was a terrific leer on the old man's face.

"Rocky!" she called.

Rocky had followed the mechanic into the garage office, but now he came running. She noticed with relief that he was wearing his coat again and a smile.

"Okay once more." He opened the front door of the car. "Now we can start—" Then he noticed the two men. He got into the driver's seat quickly without a word to Doris. He started his engine just as the hand of one of the men fell on his arm. "Hey, look out," he yelled, swinging free his arm, "if you don't want to get run over." The car started backing out, but the two old men clutched at him excitedly.

"Wait a minute young feller," cried the one with the newspaper, "we want to speak to you!"

But Rocky's car with a blustering commotion had backed out to the road. It sallied a minute, reversed, took another gasping leap forward and was up the road in a long diminishing streak.

Rocky drove like a mechanical demon. His head was pitched slightly forward, his arms and shoulders motionless as he held to the wheel—his senses alert to only one thought, speed. Doris felt frightened.

"You seem to know these roads?"

"Yeah. Friend of father's lives near here. I used to visit him every summer. Rockwell St. Gardens."

Their way lay through dark wooded hills. "Are we going to ride all night?"

"Depends."

"Depends on what?" she wanted to ask, but she felt too drowsy. There was hardly any use anyway, as he was sure not to answer. He was going so swiftly now. They were racing up the long mountain, taking curves recklessly.

And something was following. Rocky was right.

She couldn't worry any more. Her head sank down. She was leaning unconsciously against him. She slept.

The car stopped with a jerk. A white light flashed over her face. Men were shouting. She sat up.

A man was standing beside the car. In the gush of light that streamed from his lamp she saw his uniform. He was a policeman. In the reflected light, the shadowy outline of his fat face looked stern.

Another man was shouting. Doris turned her head and saw that a roadster full of men was drawn up directly behind them in the pine-fringed road. She could see another policeman getting out of the car. He held a revolver.

Rocky's hand quivered on the wheel. "Don't say anything," he whispered to Doris.

White lights stabbed the road, threw queer shadows into relief. Again the strong white glare of a flash-light struck her between the eyes.

"Looks like her, Murphy, all right!" "I want to speak to the young lady," said the policeman at Rocky's elbow. Rocky's voice was without a quail. "Speak to me instead."

The light flicked up and over Rocky's face. "What's your name?" "Rockwell Du Val."

"See your license?"

Rocky produced it. This had all happened before, but this time Doris knew that the looking at the license was a pretense. The man on her right on the motorcycle was so close. And why did he have his gun in his hand? "Who's the young lady?"

Rocky did not falter as he lied: "My wife."

Two more men were coming from the car behind. There was a fearful, quiet tread, a breathless expectancy in their walk. Knowing nothing yet, Doris felt terrified. She tried to control her panic. Rocky was being so bold, and yet she knew that he, too, was frightened.

"Has the lady any identification?"

"Yes, Plenty."

"Let's see some of it."

Doris could feel Rocky's nervous inward tremor while she listened to his assumed belligerence: "What's this all about?"

"We'll come to that."

A small wiry man in plain clothes interpolated briskly: "We've got you. No use trying to pull anything. Better get out of the car, mister."

"Am I under arrest?"

"You'll find out what you're under."

"You bet I'll find out what I'm under. And I'll find out before I get out of this car, too."

The fat-faced cop elbowed the small wiry man aside. "Just wait. Let's find out about this. Nobody's under arrest yet."

"That's better," said Rocky.

A dozen flashlights played over Doris' face. Now she heard a murmur among the men.

"Looks like her all right."

"Sure it's her."

"Have you any other identification besides your license?"

"Yes."

"Can you prove that this lady is your wife?"

Again the lights bombarded her. She covered her face with her hands. What did they mean?

"Don't do that!" said Rocky to Doris out of the corner of his mouth. "Look them straight in the eye!" She obeyed, quivering.

Rocky addressed the officer standing beside him: "I'm a friend of Rockwell St. Gardens. He'll identify us in a minute."

There was a slight sensation. The wiry man came and stood beside them.

"You say you know Rockwell St. Gardens?"

"Yes, I know him very well."

"Does he know your wife?"

"Yes."

"Your name is Rockwell Du Val?"

"Yes, I'm named after St. Gardens."

The policeman conferred. The man on the motorcycle still balanced close to Doris, the engine of his motorcycle shuddering gently as he guarded the car.

The officer returned. "I'm sorry to ask you, but you'll have to come to the station with us. We received a tip over the telephone that Diane Merrell was in this car!"

"That's utterly ridiculous." Doris felt Rocky's strong grip on her arm. The bluster in his tone was a thinly concealed artifice.

Nevertheless she could feel a change in the atmosphere. The policemen were uncertain. Rocky knew it too. She could feel a new strength in his voice as he said again, "Look here. Are we under arrest?"

"Nothin' like that. We just got to take you up to the station if you don't mind, mister."

Rocky cut in crisply. "But I do mind. I've been driving all day and my wife is tired."

"Yeah, but, mister, in a case like this we gotta be mighty careful. And we got this tip—"

"If you want to arrest us, that's your lookout," said Rocky.

The fat-faced cop pushed his face into the car, looking over the wheel at Doris. "We'll go up to St. Gardens' place with you. How's that? If St. Gardens can identify you—"

He opened the door of the roadster as he spoke.

"I'll drive," he said to Rocky. "You can come along in the car behind."

Doris protested involuntarily. "No. No. Don't leave me, Rocky."

"If we're not under arrest I think I'll drive," said Rocky gravely.

The cop grunted. He walked around the car and got in beside Doris. "O. K. Let's go."

The man on the motorcycle sent his machine leaping ahead of them.

The cool air came rushing gratefully to Doris' pale cheeks as the car got under way. Her shoulder was tucked under Rocky's like a small chicken nestling under its mother's wing. What was the name of the girl the police wanted? Anne Somebody. Was that her real name? Had her real self been found at last. And was she a criminal?

Doris put these thoughts away. Supposing they accused her of the worst of crimes. How could she deny them? What, oh what could she have been in that other lost life of hers?

They turned at last between stone gate posts.

"This is the place all right," said the cop.

They rode for three-quarters of a mile before the lights of the house appeared.

At last Rocky drew up before the door of the great house. He shut off the engine, opened the door and jumped out.

"Come on, Doris."

The motorcycle cop drew up beside them. "Not so fast."

Doris knew then that the policemen were still suspicious. Rocky had run ahead up the steps of the house, and was ringing the bell. Doris with a policeman on either side of her followed more slowly.

Her heart was beating wildly. The door opened slowly. A blond impassive face looked out.

"Hello, Swenson. Is Mr. St. Gardens in?"

The butler swung the door open. "Yes, Mr. Du Val. Come in."

Rocky motioned to Doris. She went into a square hallway. The policeman came too.

On a landing above a short, square-set figure appeared. He had on a dressing gown, and held a book in his hand. He stared at the group for a minute in amazed silence.

"Rocky! Is it Rocky, for heaven's sake?"

"It's Rocky. I've brought my wife," Rocky was bounding up the stairs to the landing. Doris saw him take the short square man by the shoulder and say something. Then St. Gardens turned and came down the stairs with outstretched hands.

"Doris! It's so nice to see you again. I was wondering when you would turn up. You must be tired from your journey. Been traveling all day?"

Doris was confused. She took St. Gardens' hands gladly, smiled at him without speaking, but it was the vague act of a bewildered and exhausted child.

She sat down in the nearest chair. The room was going round and round. She hardly heard the policeman. She knew that everything was being arranged. Everything was all right. Rocky had fixed things.

The policeman went away. The door was closed.

"Beatrice isn't in. Someone's giving her a dinner and dance at the country club. I didn't stay. I just got in," said St. Gardens. "Lucky I did, too. Wasn't that a rummy thing—those dumb cops picking you up like that?"

"Terrible," said Rocky. "They were so suspicious I thought it would save a lot of trouble if you pretended you had already met Doris. May I introduce her now?"

Doris bowed herself. St. Gardens was holding out both his hands.

"This is a great pleasure, my dear. Rocky has always been like my own son to me."

Doris put her hands hastily across her own eyes. She knew she was acting badly, but it was all so puzzling to her tired mind.

"She's exhausted," said Rocky apologetically.

St. Gardens apparently didn't know her. He had pretended to recognize her in order to save her from the police. He thought she was the real Doris. She was to fool him as she had fooled the Du Vals. She rose trembling, a hand pressed against her cheek.

"No, no!"

"What's the matter?"

They could not follow her thoughts. She was being stupid. She could not pretend to be the real Doris any more.

She was really that girl—that criminal the policemen were seeking. She looked at Rocky with widened eyes.

"I can't stand it, I'm—"

St. Gardens took her elbow. His voice, rich and caressing, spoke to her softly: "You are very tired. You have been through a dreadful ordeal. I can see that. And now you want to go to your room."

"Let me take her upstairs," said Rocky. "You are right. She needs to go to bed. She's knocked out."

"It's enough to knock anybody out—being mistaken for a murderer," said St. Gardens sympathetically.

Doris looked at him.

A murderer.

That's what she had done. She had committed a murder. The room was still rocking, but she no longer felt tired. St. Gardens' words had galvanized her. New life, like second wind coming to a tired swimmer, flooded her. She looked at Rocky in agony. What did St. Gardens mean?

Rocky read the question in her eyes, but he deliberately ignored it.

"Come, you must go to bed."

Doris wanted to speak but her mouth felt dry. Meantime Rocky, as if anticipating her purpose, had begun to talk hectically about their trip. And he was pushing her up the stairway.

A maid came. Rocky went out to get her bags, leaving her standing at the top of the stairs beside St. Gardens. She looked at him with twisted brows.

"What did you say a minute or two ago about a murder?"

St. Gardens smiled. "Oh nothing. I was just referring to the stupid business of the local law enforcers in mistaking you for what's her name—the girl who shot her husband at a wedding."

Doris clutched the stair railing. She was looking into a bottomless gulf. "What's her name—the girl who shot her husband at a wedding?"

She was what's-her-name—a girl who shot her husband at a wedding.

Rocky ran up the stairs, bag in his hand.

"What's the matter?" he said sharply.

Doris said shakily, "He said, what's-her-name—a girl who shot her husband at a wedding—am I—"

Rocky took her firmly by the arm. "You come to bed." To St. Gardens he said: "She's hysterical."

"And no wonder."

St. Gardens left them, but she did not notice. She knew that Rocky was pushing her into the bedroom, and sending the maid away. He was closing the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What's Doing in the Fabric Realm

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IN EVOLVING wardrobes which must prove 100 per cent efficient in meeting the demands of the present autumn and coming winter sports and social season, designers are playing up fabrics with more than usual zest.

More and more are we brought to realize that there is a fabric for every occasion, and for every occasion there is a fabric. Present couturier displays are a real schooling in this respect, since they so unmistakably classify materials as to their intent.

An especially intriguing display is being made this season of handsome woollens and sturdy novelty weaves which tell you at a glance that they are essentially for sports and practical town and country wear. In this class a spectacular showing of plaids indicates that they will animate many a grandstand assemblage during the coming weeks. A costume which tines in admirably to a colorful autumn picture is shown in the group illustrated. It includes a skirt with matching belt and tie of brown and beige woolen plaid. The jacket of brown ribbed velvet tops a blouse of beige silk.

This idea of combining several weaves as instanced in this ensemble of plaid woolen, ribbed velvet and rough crepe silk is significant in that it is a gesture among designers which offers fascinating possibilities not only as to working several materials together, but the promise for alluring color schemes is limitless.

Perhaps you have heard that the smartest thing on the boards this season for practical daytime wear is a shirtwaist dress. These are being made up effectively of the new checked woollens. The model pictured is tailored of a dark green and beige check. Its perfectly tailored knapsack pockets and its zipper fastening carry unmistakable style prestige.

As to more formal dress, the trend to elegance is reflected in the sumptuousness of the regal velvets, the sleek

satins, crisp taffetas, glittering metal cloths, the beautifully colorful laces and a host of other seductive weaves such as the world as ere witnessed. Then there are the new bengalines and ottoman silks. Their revival is one of the outstanding events of the season. A party frock of white bengaline becomes a necessary luxury in the wardrobe of the woman who attends society doings.

It is understood that every replete wardrobe is to include at least one velvet dress. If only one, then let it be black with trimmings of white starched lace. The importance of velvet cannot be overstated. It is used for everything from hats and gloves to shoes and for autumn suits as well as afternoon and evening gowns and wraps. Plaid velvet is the latest sensation—perfectly stunning for the new tunic blouses! Plaid velvet suits are also chic.

Velvet evening ensembles are very smart. We are showing a most lovely velvet evening ensemble in the picture to the left. It is sapphire blue. With the jacket removed it is extremely décolleté. Fullest sleeves and ruff collar give the jacket distinction, also the fact that it has a slight train.

Competition for first honors between velvet and satin is keen. For immediate wear, suits and frocks of sleek satin are quite the thing. As an evening fabric, satin ranks high. The molded skirt with low fullness of the satin gown shown to the right, interprets the "very latest" in regard to this season's sponsored silhouette.

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Titled Personages on Western Canada Farms

Counts, lords, dukes, even princes, are to be found among the farmers of western Canada, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The largest number of titled farmers live in southern Alberta, where the prince of Wales owns a ranch. The heir to the British throne is not an active farmer, but there are many titled personages working just as hard as the farmer without a title.

Since the World War the number of titled farmers has increased in the Canadian West, many of the nobility of eastern Europe settling there after being forced from their former estates. Some of them are known by their titles, but many have dropped their rank to become plain milster.

A large number of the titled farmers come from England, where they still retain their seats in the house of lords. Occasionally the death of an English peer creates a new peer that is enjoying life on a Canadian farm. In these cases some have returned to the farm after a short visit to England to settle an estate and take a seat in the house of lords. Others have remained in England, leaving their land to a resident manager.

In southern Alberta, within a short distance of the E. P. ranch of the prince of Wales, there are farms of British, French, Italian, German, Danish and Hungarian noblemen. They live as their neighbors do—plain farmers.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Duties Well Defined
We all know what our duties are; no one is needed to tell us that.

Why Doctors Favor a Liquid Laxative

A doctor will tell you that the careful choice of laxatives is a common cause of chronic constipation.

Any hospital offers evidence of the harm done by harsh laxatives that drain the system, weaken the bowel muscles, and even affect the liver and kidneys.

Fortunately, the public is fast returning to laxatives in liquid form. The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured. The action can thus be controlled. It forms no habit; you needn't take a "double dose" a day or two later.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the average person's bowels regular as clockwork in a few weeks' time. Why not try it? Some pill or tablet may be more convenient to carry. But there is little "convenience" in any cathartic which is taken so frequently, you must carry it with you, wherever you go!

Its very taste tells you Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is wholesome. A delightful taste, and delightful action. Safe for expectant mothers, and children. All druggists, ready for use, in big bottles. Member N. R. A.



Resinol Helped My Skin in 3 Days

"When I decided to try Resinol Soap and Ointment, my complexion was a sight from pimples and blackheads. I had a horrid, muddy looking skin and when I used powder it looked even worse. After three days use of the Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, I could see an improvement. Now all my friends tell me how well my skin looks." (Signed)—Mrs. M. N. S. St. Louis, Mo.

FOR FREE TRIAL see package of Ointment and Soap with your copy of our new booklet on Skin Treatment, write to Resinol, Department W-1, Baltimore, Md.

BUTTONS IN FRONT HELP TO CHILDREN

Small children arriving at the age to be taught to dress themselves will learn more quickly if their garments button in the front. The foundation garment should consist of a small waist, on to which the panties may be buttoned.

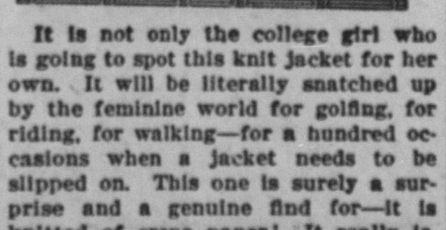
Petticoats may be of the wide-armed-and-open-necked variety, which slip over the head without buttons. Little dresses and suits, which button or tie, or snap down the front, can be found easily.

Little hangers may be purchased and a half-dozen hooks placed low inside the closet. As the child sheds his garments at night, he will take pride in placing them on hangers, "like mother does," and hanging them in the closet.

KNIT JACKET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

It is not only the college girl who is going to sport this knit jacket for her own. It will be literally snatched up by the feminine world for golfing, for riding, for walking—for a hundred occasions when a jacket needs to be slipped on. This one is surely a surprise and a genuine find for—it is knitted of crepe paper! It really is. That knit crepe paper find is becoming an honest-to-goodness fashion instead of a mere passing fancy. The strips of crepe paper and knit beautifully, wear sturdily and you have every shade and tint of the rainbow colors to choose from. Start knitting one of these jackets right away. You'll find yourself wearing it through the fall and under your suit or coat in winter. The jacket shown here is made of crepe paper in a neutral tint with red and blue edges. The directions for making it are simple, and best of all, the entire cost amounts to less than half a round dollar for you. If you've an eye out for chic, and if "do it now" is your motto for getting coming Christmas gifts together, you'll be making more than one.



Unique New Fabrics for Shoes Entered for Fall

A thrilling new material has just been produced by the man who launched the pin-tucked kid which was such a success in the spring. It is kid, stitched and stitched every which way, so that the finished effect is oddly reptilian. It has the advantage of combining practicality with great beauty and chic. Patent leather is a newcomer in the serious walking class and appears in the form of a low-heeled oxford. Alligator is our hardest perennial. It holds its well-deserved place in the sun along with its less utilitarian cousin, lizard.

Bird on Nellie's Hat Makes Comeback in Fall Mode

It now looks as though you could get out your hat again with the bird on it—you know, the one folks sang about in 1910. And furthermore, you'll probably want to add a few side dishes for 1933 in the way of a feather cape, feather muff, feather purse and so on. You may even hide behind your feather fan and roll your big movie eyes from that point of vantage if you like.

Don't neglect your kidneys



Heed Promptly Kidney and Bladder Irregularities

If bothered with bladder irregularities, getting up at night and nagging backache due to disordered kidney or bladder function, don't delay. Use Doan's Pills. Merit only can explain Doan's worldwide use. Get Doan's today. At all druggists.

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A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS