

# TANGLED WIVES

By PEGGY SHANE

Copyright by Peggy Shane.  
WNU Service

## CHAPTER IX—Continued

Doris took her hand shakily. "You're awfully sweet," she said. Beatrice sat down. "Then let's talk quickly, because I can see you're tired to death. Rocky has told me everything. You know Rocky is just like my brother. We spent all of our vacations together as children, so I hope you won't mind his having told me. I don't think anyone else should know—" "Your father—" began Doris. "No. I don't think so. I'm sure he'd approve, but if anything comes up, it's better if he doesn't know. I have a small sitting room with a porch of my own downstairs. You shall spend your time there. I have everything planned. You need see no one except Mary, a maid who's been with us a long time, and is practically blind besides. And Rocky shall go and see your people." "But your wedding—" said Doris. "Yes; I'm afraid I shall be rather busy. I won't be able to see as much of you as I'd like. But it's not until Saturday. That's four days, and that's oceans of time for Rocky to get to New Jersey and back. He'll take the train. The bishop is arriving Saturday morning—so he'll be in time for the wedding rehearsal which is to be at eleven on the day of the wedding. And Friday night my bridesmaid is coming from Mount Kisco, and several friends of father's are coming—the Du Vals, of course, will be here." "Oh I don't think we ought to stay," said Doris. "But we'll get away long before the wedding." "Oh no! You must stay for the wedding." Rocky shook his head gravely. "I will have to get Doris away before then. She'll be recognized." "That's true, isn't it? But surely you'll have everything cleared up by then." Doris said: "If I do stay, couldn't I write letters for you—or do something useful?" "That's an idea. I'll have about a million letters to write. You are an angel." She rose. "Now you must sleep. This is Wednesday night. Rocky will get a train in the morning and be with your family—if it is your family, which I doubt—by tomorrow night. He ought to be able to get back here by Friday, and you can leave then, if you feel you must." She took Rocky firmly by the arm. "We must go now. And let the poor child sleep." "I don't know why you're all so considerate of me," said Doris, who was trembling on the verge of tears. "It's Rocky who needs rest, really. I've dozed in the car a lot, and he's been at the wheel since three o'clock this morning." "Yesterday morning," said Rocky. He stood for a minute looking down at Doris when Beatrice had left the room. "Good night. I probably won't see you again until I get back." His curt tone startled Doris. He was biting his lips nervously. His jaw twisted unpleasantly. "What's the matter?" said Doris in astonishment. Rocky held out his hand. "Good-night," he said in a businesslike tone. Doris bent her head. "Good-night." As the door closed behind him tears sprang to her eyes. He had been so—not exactly unfriendly—but so matter of fact. She hardly knew what she had expected him to do. But certainly she had not looked for this abrupt impersonal good-bye. She crept between the sheets forlornly. The sun was streaming in her room when she woke. Beatrice was standing beside her with a loaded tray. "It's ten o'clock," smiled Beatrice, "and I thought you might be hungry." Doris sat up, opening and closing her eyes. They still smarted from the strain of her long drive. "Oh. You're nice to bring up this—but aren't you terribly busy?" "Busy calming the maids. You'd think each individual one was being married herself!" "Has Rocky gone?" "Yes, quite early—I have to run now. But I brought you this." She gave Doris the morning paper. Doris read it as she drank her coffee. At first she didn't notice the story though it was on the front page. Then the name "Diane Merrell" caught her eyes. She set down her cup with a gasp. It was a double column heading on the front page of a New York morning paper. Some young reporter had done his best to make a humorous incident out of the stopping of Mrs. Rockwell Du Val on the road to Rockwell St. Garden's house. The story was sympathetic to Doris and Rocky. Lacking a picture of young Mrs. Rocky Du Val, they had printed one of Oscar Du Val with the caption. "Son's wife taken in false arrest." Doris read it through twice. It would have been a good story—a good

joke on the police—if only she had been Mrs. Rocky Du Val. She finished her breakfast slowly. At the end of the story was a paragraph which said that Mrs. Du Val was the fourth wrong Diane Merrell to have been discovered. "Why couldn't one of those girls have been Diane Merrell instead of me?" she thought as she got out of bed. She would ask Beatrice to get her some old newspapers. She would like to read about Diane Merrell. She was bathed and dressed when Beatrice came back. "I'm afraid I've been a long time, but there's such a lot to do." There was a busy little frown on her broad brow. "I wonder, Beatrice, if you could dig up some old newspapers for me to read—" "Of course." They went downstairs together to Beatrice's pretty little room, done in flowered chintz. "This has been my own special place since I was sixteen," said Beatrice. "I'm sure there are some newspapers in the basement. I'll send them up." A few minutes later, an elderly maid came in and put down a huge pile of old newspapers on the table. Doris rose unsteadily. She felt a little faint as she put out her hands to touch them. Here lay her own story—or did it? Would she have the courage to read it? The first paper was recent, and yielded nothing. As she continued her search with a beating heart, she came upon great glaring headlines: "Shoots Groom After Wedding, Society Girl Kills New Husband and Disappears. Note Found."

She read feverishly. She had been married at an afternoon wedding on May 19 to a man named Howard Valery. Immediately after the wedding reception, which had been at her father's home, she had gone out by a side door where her own motor was parked, loaded with her luggage. The groom had been with her. As they were about to step into the car she had shot him, and driven away. As she read, a stronger and stronger feeling of antipathy for this girl Diane Merrell developed. Was it possible that she had ever been a girl capable of all this? She was a heartless, cold-blooded criminal. For the note proved that the crime had been premeditated. She studied the note again. It had been found in the pocket of the poor boy whose body was discovered sprawled against a flowering lilac bush. It read:

HOWARD: This marriage can't go on—it cannot. You must be crazy. I don't want to kill you. Do something about it for heaven's sake.

D. Could any girl have written such a note and forgotten it? Surely, surely if she were Diane Merrell, she would remember something now. But not a faint glimmer of recollection enlightened her.

Could it be that she had two sides to her nature, and that that other, darker side was hidden from her now, sleeping quietly? Some day it might wake again, and she would find herself a killer. She would be capable of shooting somebody she loved—capable of shooting Rocky.

She was sick and frightened. She lay at full length on the gently swaying couch. Then she propped her head on her hands and took up another paper.

Diane Merrell had driven herself to New York. Her car had been found parked on Forty-sixth street the day after the murder.

She saw a large picture of herself. Yes, it looked very like her. There was no doubt about that.

She went back to her reading. There was a description of the wedding. It brought back nothing at all.

Doris tried not to think any more about Diane Merrell. Surely Rocky would discover something that would help her. He must be nearing Morristown by now.

She went to bed early. The next afternoon would bring Rocky back. That would have to settle her fate. Now she felt numb and exhausted. In spite of everything she slept.

## CHAPTER X

Rocky did not come the next afternoon. Instead came a telegram saying that he was catching a train that night and would arrive Saturday morning.

That would be the day of the wedding. Doris had developed a streak of hopefulness. Rocky would have unraveled some clue, and would bring back the miraculous news that she was not Diane Merrell. Or he would have discovered that Howard Valery had not been killed, or that he had committed suicide. No, that would not do. The experts said that that was impossible. She remembered reading that. Besides, Diane had left a note. But how stupid she had been to put down on paper such an intention and then to carry it out, leaving the note for the police to find. Of course she hadn't meant it for the police.

Friday passed in a stew of speculation. She woke at dawn next morning with a heavy heart.

After breakfast she waited on the little porch beside the sitting room for Rocky. Her feeling of uncertainty deepened. After all, if she was Diane Merrell what could Rocky do for her? Whatever happened, a long life of loneliness stretched before her; that, or death.

"Mrs. Du Val sees no one." It was Mary's voice.

The butler answered, "I have told her that." "The doctor's orders are that Mrs. Du Val cannot see anyone." "I told her. But she won't listen." Doris started to her feet. Who could be wanting to see her? Was it Rocky? No, it was a woman. As she hesitated, she heard Beatrice come in to the sitting room.

A new voice said loudly: "But I'm going to see her." Where had she heard that voice before—a strong husky girl's voice? "Believe me," the voice went on, "you'd better not try to stop me if you know what's good for you."

Doris peeked in. The girl was someone she had seen before—a brown-eyed girl in a tailored suit of green linen. Doris had seen her before—but where?

"Plenty of good reasons—" "Whom did you wish to see?" Beatrice was speaking in a crisp impersonal tone.

"I want to see the girl calling herself Mrs. Rockwell Du Val." The girl eyed Beatrice, unimpressed by the lack of cordiality in her manner. "Plenty of good reasons why she don't want to see me I know—" "Then why do you try—" "Plenty more why she'd better."

Doris recognized her. She was the girl she had seen at the clam stand—the friend of the real Doris. Rocky had called her Molly.

The big brown eyes looked full of determination. She was looking Beatrice full in the face belligerently.

"There's no use trying to high-hat me. Are you Mrs. Du Val?" "No," said Beatrice quietly.

"I thought you weren't. I have an idea who she is. And I intend to go through every room in this house to find her if I have to."

The quiet youthful voice of Beatrice was in marked contrast to Molly's insistent tones. "Won't you sit down and tell me what it is you want to see Mrs. Du Val about?"

"That's my business," said Molly sullenly. "Supposing you tell it to me." "Like h—l I will."

"Then I'm afraid you can't see her." Molly's tone held a jeer. "Oh yeah? Well, supposing I tell you I'm a friend of the real Mrs. Du Val?" Beatrice said nothing.

"That gets you, doesn't it? Now perhaps you'll understand why I want to take a squint at the girl who is palming herself off as Doris Du Val." "I'm afraid I don't," said Beatrice quietly. "How did you find out about this?"

"Doris saw it in the papers. Mrs. Du Val arrested. And that made her wonder, as the saying goes. She sent me a wire."

"You are here then as Mrs. Du Val's agent? Am I to understand that?" Molly sat down and crossed her legs. "Yeah. That's about it."

"Where is Mrs. Du Val?" "That's my business, too." Rocky said that Doris had left him. Do you know where she is?"

"Supposing I do?" "Does Doris want to get Rocky to come back to her?"

Molly disdainfully inserted her tongue between opened lips and blew vigorously. "H—l, no," she remarked when she had finished the exercise.

"I'm sorry. I don't quite understand."

Molly, searching in the untidy depths of her very large hand-bag, brought out a paper package of cigarettes. "Gee, I've smoked my last one." She crumpled the bright green wrapper in her fist. "Have you got one?"

Beatrice rose and handed her a silver box filled with the small white cylinders.

Molly seemed cheered as she lit her cigarette, and much more favorably impressed with Beatrice. "Tell you how it is—this is just between you and I, of course—but Doris wants me to dicker with the girl financially—see?"

Astonishment showed in Beatrice's breathless "Dicker? Financially? Do you mean that Mrs. Du Val wants to get a divorce from Rocky?"

"That's it. I knew you'd get it. I knew you'd get it."

"But—I should think that would be a private matter for her to discuss with Rocky."

Molly blew a smoke ring very carefully. This done, she looked at Beatrice pityingly. "You look like a girl who would think a thing like that."

"I am awfully sorry. I'm afraid you'll think I'm a bit stupid. But what financial transactions are you talking about?"

"In a couple of words, baby: alimony." "Alimony?"

Beatrice could not stand any more. She stepped out from behind the curtains. "I'd like to say a word or two." Beatrice rose. Her face was horrified. Molly's big brown eyes half closed in a veiled, critical stare.

"I thought you'd turn out to be the girl I wrote Doris about meeting you down among the clams. And was she pleased? She's been trying to get something like that on Rocky for months! The Du Vals have got plenty, and she'll take a big cash settlement, and that will be the end. You know—she's willing to be big—"

Doris was seething. She clenched her hands together and spoke with difficulty. "I have nothing to do with all this."

"Oh now, what's the use of taking that attitude? Some girls wouldn't be generous like Doris. With what she's got on you now—she could get all money for the rest of her life—see? But she won't—say listen, Girlie, you're in the movies, aren't you?" "Of course I'm not."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Novel Buttons and New Fastenings

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IF YOU can snatch out of fashion's medley of novelties, buckles, buttons, clips, clasps or gadgets of any sort which are breathtaking in their oddness, by all means do so, for the hue and cry now resounding throughout the style world is for fastenings of striking originality.

One way of giving swank to your outfit is to use perfectly enormous buttons. They may be of metal or composition, of glass, or better still, of wood, for wooden dress ornamentation is the rage. As to size, Paris is not only doing things on a big scale when it comes to buttons but much of the latest costume jewelry trends toward generous proportions. Some of the new beads are tremendous in size. Especially those chic new velvet or satin beads which are smartest when they are an exact color-match to your dress.

And have you seen the new lipstick buttons? They look amusingly like the real thing. When it comes to unique dress fastenings they are about the neatest trick yet discovered. They measure two inches long, are of shiny nickel with bright colored gullish tips at each end. There's a big buckle to match if you're asking. A half dozen of these buttons on a gay woven jacket is warranted to make any autumn street costume look stunning.

The lovely new mirror buttons answer the call for touches that dazzle and scintillate. To match the mirror buttons on your dress you should have initials on your bag of the same looking-glass medium cut in large block type.

In the glittering class, and the glittering, sparkling note is certainly going strong in fashion's realm this season, rhinestone buttons are shining forth in all their glory these days—and nights. The rhinestone buttons on the handsome dinner gown centered in the illustration are stars. Which goes to show the charming originality being displayed in buttoncraft these times. The belt has rhinestone slides. This gown is fashioned of heavy black crepe for the skirt. The jacket blouse is of sheer black mousseline, thus stressing the two-piece idea which is being sponsored for evening dresses. White silk pique is employed for the collar and bow.

Laced fastenings are ever so smart. They are accomplished in varied ways. In the picture the model to the left carries a style-condensing message in that the jacket of this bronze-brown woolen suit is laced down the front with self-fabric cord which is drawn through decorative bronzed metal hooks or slots or whatever they might be called. The brown caracul collar and epaulets are matched with tabs of fur which finish the cord streamers.

The good-looking suit to the right is of a knitted novelty fabric. Large metal eyelets act as a closing with lacings and tie of the same material. Among other impelling style touches in the way of out-of-the-ordinary fastenings are such clever devices as safety-pin effects. They are more ornamental and jewelry-like than the prosaic utilitarian kind. In fact they make a most effective showing used in rows just like buttons.

PARISIANISM NEW FASHION RELIGION

### Mannish Chapeau Really Devastatingly Feminine

At first glance seemingly mannish, the hats of the 1933 winter mode prove on closer inspection, on the contrary devastatingly feminine.

Nothing makes a pretty face more utterly girlish than a becoming jaunty hat of mannish cut, perched at the just-right angle on shining hair.

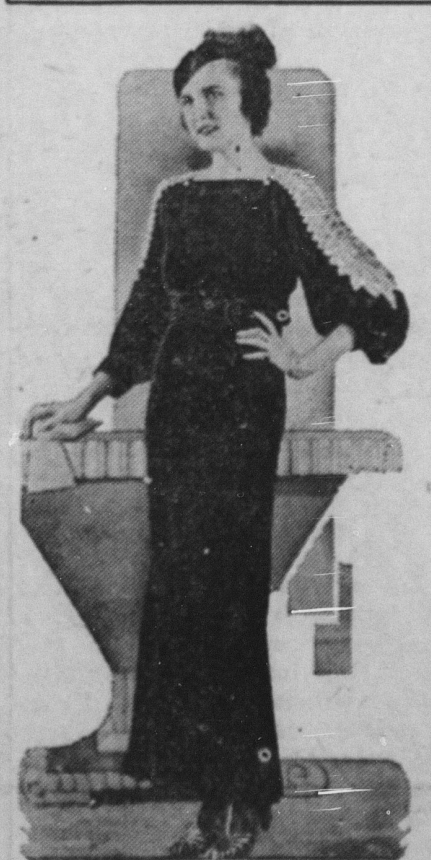
A simple, sophisticated knot, an expected bow of ribbon, give the lie to the sterner suggestion. Even the heretofore severe sports beret becomes subtly more elegant when fastened—as it is this season—of choicest fur skins.

### New Material Possesses Unlimited Possibilities

This is the heyday of artificial silks. French creative genius—the thing we can't seem to get away from, no matter how smart we are about copying things—has just given birth to another novelty, which is bound to make itself felt in this season's fashions. Artificial silk threads have been so mixed with real silk ones that a new material has come forth as the result, with a certain sheen over it that nothing heretofore has produced. It has unlimited possibilities.

### BEADED EPAULETS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



If you want your dress to have that new look be sure its sleeves are topped with some sort of fancy epaulets. If it's a street dress or coat the sleeves will be capped with tailored and stitched or braided effects. For dinner frocks of velvet, satin or other formal weaves the theme is elaborated upon via sparkling embroidered motifs such as here pictured. This velvet dress flavors of fashions of the nineties in that it has a tight bodice which tends to create a definite waistline and hip curves. The full sleeves are fashionably worked with elongated shoulder pieces of crystal passementerie. Rhinestone buttons finish the neckline. The little velvet pill-box turban sports a quaint ostrich tip.

Laced Frocks Lacings are a new trick in fastenings for winter frocks. One brick wool frock is laced from the waist to the high neckline with brick-colored wool lacings run through gilded loops.

BE SURE, THEN GO AHEAD Nearly every success is due to starting right and sticking to it.

## To make Children EAT

Don't force children to eat! The girl or boy who has no appetite has stasis—which means the child is sluggish. But cathartics have caused more constipation than they ever cured! The "California treatment" is best—just pure syrup of figs. Try this for a few days, then see how eagerly your youngster will eat.

Stimulate the colon and that child with a finicky appetite will devour everything set before him. Here's the simple treatment that does more for babies or older children than all the diets, fad foods, or tonics.

Nature has provided the "medicine" you'll need to stir your child's colon muscles into proper action. California syrup of figs. Pure, delicious, harmless. It acts on the lower colon—where the trouble is. It has no ill effects on the intestines.

Begin tonight, with this marvelous "California treatment." Any druggist has California syrup of figs, all bottled, with directions. Use enough the first time to cleanse the clogged colon of every bit of poison and hard waste. Then just a little twice a week until the child's appetite, color, weight and spirits tell you the stasis is gone. Whenever a cold or other upset clogs the system again, use this natural vegetable laxative instead of drastic drugs.

WARNING! There are dealers who practice substitution. Be sure to protect your child by looking for the name CALIFORNIA on the bottle. MEMBER N. R. A.

## Doctors Give Creosote For Dangerous Coughs

For many years our best doctors have prescribed creosote in some form for coughs, colds and bronchitis, knowing how dangerous it is to let them hang on.

Creomulsion with creosote and six other highly important medicinal elements, quickly and effectively stops all coughs and colds that otherwise might lead to serious trouble.

Creomulsion is powerful in the treatment of all colds and coughs, yet it is absolutely harmless and is pleasant and easy to take.

Your own druggist guarantees Creomulsion by refunding your money if you are not relieved after taking Creomulsion as directed. Beware the cough or cold that hangs on. Always keep Creomulsion on hand for instant use. (adv.)

## Cuticura Ointment Soothes and Heals

skin irritations quickly and easily. Let it be your first thought in treating itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples and other disfiguring blotches. No household should be without it.

Price 25c and 50c Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 135, Malden, Mass.

## CONSTIPATED After Her First Baby

Finds Relief Safe, All-Vegetable Way She had given up hope of anything but partial relief until she learned of famous all-vegetable NIT Tablets (Nature's Remedy). But now after years of chronic constipation and biliousness—what a change! New pep—new color and vitality—freedom from bowel sluggishness and intestinal poisons. This all-vegetable laxative gently stimulates the entire bowel, gives complete, thorough elimination. Get a 25c box. All druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT TUMS Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS bring big money. High as \$100 for one stamp. What have you? I buy singles and collections. T. FRESKOTT 70 Mallock St. Paterson, N. J.

## New HOTEL EDISON 474 ST. JUST WEST OF 57th NEW YORK

1000 ROOMS EACH WITH BATH AND SHOWER Circulating Ice Water... Radio... Large Closets... Full Length Mirrors OTHER UNUSUAL FEATURES SUN-RAY HEALTH LAMPS Roof Solarium... Air-Cooled Restaurant ROOMS \$250 SUITES \$600 from IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE