TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—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." When he leaves her for a moment at a drug store she drives on, for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, still wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. From the evidence of her clothing and wedding ring, inscribed "H. L. V. to D. M., May 15, 1932," she concludes she is married to a wealthy man. At the Biltmore 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 purse, and $900.

CHAPTER II.—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, still 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.

CHAPTER III.—Doris, discovering a trademark in her clothing, visits a New York store, and is astounded when a saleswoman insists she hide from observation. She goes back to the Du Val's, more mystified than ever. Rocky returns, to discover the deception.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

Doris laughed hysterically. The fish was brought in and handed round. "Ah," said Rocky, "I don't know when I've eaten such fish."

"The last time you were home, perhaps?" suggested Oscar.

"Ah Doris, protect him," said Mrs. Du Val. "His father will spoil the beautiful homecoming with all this sarcasm about how long it has been since we have seen Rocky."

"He deserves it," said Doris sincerely.

"Of course he deserves it. He runs away and marries a beautiful wife and does not even let his father know," said Oscar morosely. "Then he telephones and says, 'Oh, by the way, I have a wife. Take care of her while I go to Europe. She is a wild one—that wife, so do not let her get away—she might go down to the village and get drunk if you don't watch her very carefully.' Bah! Such talk! I tell you there is something wrong with that boy Rocky to say such things about a beautiful young girl like Doris."

Mrs. Du Val's voice mourned: "Doris is a beautiful young girl."

She looked a sly and sweet tenderness at Doris. "So you have found a house—a nice little house in Larchmont. You did not tell me, Doris."

"No. I did not tell you."

Rocky spoke. "It's on the Sound. It is too expensive for us, of course. It's just one of my dreams, isn't it, Doris?"

"Hm," said Doris.

"It is such a pity," said Mrs. Du Val.

"What is such a pity?"

"That Doris should set her heart on this nice little house, and she shouldn't have it."

Doris' eyes were large with embarrassment. "No, that isn't it at all."

Mrs. Du Val's colorful voice sounded a diapason of sad tones. "Of course, Oscar. Now she is afraid that you are going to give her that nice little house. The little house they have picked out together, isn't it true?"

"Hand in hand," said Rocky. "Doris was especially crazy about the cupids on the bathroom ceiling, weren't you, Doris?"

"Of course. I wasn't."

"Oh—he tries to tease. But all the same he wants that little house, Oscar, you must give them that house for a wedding present."

Rocky tried to divert the conversation from himself and his supposed wife. He talked about his trip, and business conditions in France. He told anecdotes and stories feverishly.

Doris' cheeks were hot. Her eyes felt strained and anxious. Where could all this folly end? Why had she promised to go on? Her hand shook as she reached for the salt. Surely the Du Vals must see through this. Could they be blind?

"Oh—oh Doris. You have spilled salt. That is bad luck," wailed Mrs. Du Val. "Throw some over your left shoulder. That will ward off the bad luck."

Doris shrugged.

Oscar Du Val said, "Her bad luck is over, since her husband has returned. Isn't that so, Doris?"

Doris was hating Rocky so violently at that moment that she found it difficult to answer. Why couldn't he have introduced his wife to his family himself instead of letting them meet in the Biltmore in that silly way? And now he was thinking that she was trying to force her way in where she didn't belong. She had a strong impulse to tell the whole thing, blurt it out right now.

But if she did, what would the Du Vals think of her? Perhaps they wouldn't even believe that she had lost her memory. They were nice to her now, but if they found out— She closed her lips. That would have to have time to think about what to do.

They rose from the table at last, and Mrs. Du Val slipped her hand under Doris' arm.

"You must go upstairs right away, Doris. This is your first night down and you must not overdo it."

Doris felt thankful for the opportunity to slip away. She kissed Mrs. Du Val, thinking, "This is the last time perhaps that I shall ever do this. Tomorrow you will find out the truth, and hate me."

"Good night, my child," said Mrs. Du Val fondly. "Shall I come up with you?"

"Oh no. You must stay with Rocky."

"Ah. I know you want Rocky. We won't keep him long."

Though half way up the stairs Doris turned in horror. "What did you say?"

Mrs. Du Val smiled. "Rocky will soon come to bed."

"But not—but not in my room?"

A shadow crossed Mrs. Du Val's face. "Ah? You have still the small quarrel—you and Rocky! These things blow over. I will send the dear boy up to you very soon."

"But I can't—"

Mrs. Du Val raised a protesting finger. "You are being a very naughty little girl. And tomorrow you will be sick again. Come, I will take you upstairs to bed."

Doris was pale and determined. If Mrs. Du Val came upstairs there would be more kindly nursing than she could stand. She would have to settle this with Rocky himself. If he thought he was going to sleep in her room he was mistaken.

"All right. I'll go to bed."

She fled up the stairs.

The door was shut. She put her hands against her hot face. What a tattoo her heart was making. And her hands were trembling. She would not undress and get in bed. She would sit and wait for Rocky to come upstairs.

She took 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. She 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."

"Do—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. If you think you're going to spend the night here, you're mistaken."

"Oh yes?"

"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 mule, 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!"

"I don't use perfume."

"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. "Goodnight?"

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

An absurd flush of gratitude swept 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prepared to Save Lives

One of the most valuable services given to the American public by the Red Cross is through its Life Saving and First Aid courses. Virtually all of the life guards at beaches and pools in the nation are Red Cross life savers. Nearly every industry in America supports the First Aid work of the Red Cross because it annually saves lives of thousands of injured persons. These courses are taught by Red Cross experts in both lines. Last year 66,354 certificates were issued to persons completing the First Aid course and 78,795 certificates for completing Life Saving instruction.

Tornado Is Most Frequent Disaster; Causes Heavy Loss of Lives

What type of disaster occurs most frequently in the United States?

This question is answered from the relief annals of the American Red Cross, which show over a period of years that the tornado, or cyclone as it is called in some sections, is the most frequent and claims a heavy toll of life. It swoops almost without warning, and in the terrific whirlpool of its fierce winds it destroys all in its path.

The Red Cross gave relief in 44 tornadoes in eighteen states last year. The tornadoes killed 326 persons, injured 2,755 and the Red Cross gave aid to 21,738 who were homeless, injured or otherwise victims of the storms.

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Local Brevities

Miss Anna Hartung who has spent several weeks with relatives in Chicago returned to Barrington Sunday and will spent the winter with her sister, Miss Carrie Gilly, 216 Washington street.

Mrs. M. B. Bowman returned to her home, 542 Grove avenue, Thursday after having been a patient at the Sherman hospital, Elgin, for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saveley and family moved from Barrington to Elgin Friday.

Earl Schwemm, 515 S. Hough street, is in New York City on business this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Meister, 405 E. Main street, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mugge of Crystal Lake attended the funeral of Mike Fassler, 70 years old, of West Chicago Thursday. Mr. Fassler was a cousin of Mrs. Meister.

Mrs. Emma Fisher left for her home at Carpentersville Sunday after spending three weeks with her sister Miss Carrie Gilly, 216 Washington street.

Miss Esther McKercher of the high school faculty has been absent for several days this week because of illness.

They Like It, Too

"It looks," said Uncle Eben, "like one of de tests of a hero is de number of times he kin stand bein' photographed."

Birth

Local friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Newhouse of Wallingford, Conn. have received announcements of the birth of a daughter, Joan Elizabeth, at the Newhouse home, Nov. 27. Mrs. Newhouse, formerly Miss Darlene Barker was a member of the Barrington high school faculty for several years.

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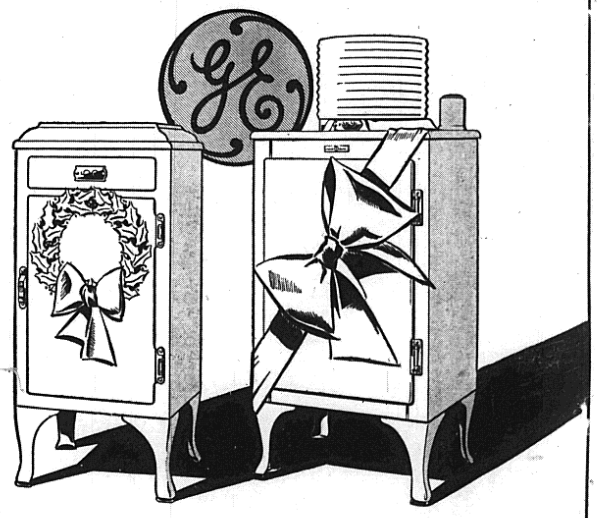

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Come in and see our complete line of Monitor Top and G-E Flat Top refrigerators. *All-Steel Cabinet*—porcelain inside and out. *Stainless-Steel Quick Freezing Chamber*—cannot chip or rust. *Sliding Shelves, Adjustable in Height. Foot Pedal Door Opener. Automatic Interior Light. Semi-Automatic Temperature Control* for fast or slow freezing—equipped with *Defroster.*

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To Start Village Hall Remodeling With CWA Labor

$3000 Will Be Spent at Local Business Places for Materials

Some minor changes in plans for remodeling the Barrington village hall were announced at the board meeting last Monday night. The village hall will be built at the rear of the library room and will be slightly changed at the street landing and the space occupied by the present entrance to the library room will be used as office for the police department, according to revised plans. The village trucks will face from the first floor directly towards the street. There will be two entrances in accordance with state statutes.

Approximately $3000 will be spent for material on the remodeling job to be paid for by the village; and the labor will be paid for by the civil works administration. The material will be purchased at local lumber yards. Trustee Carroll argued that the material purchase be divided between both lumberyards.

If not enough local CWA men can be found for the remodeling work, the extras will be drawn from nearby communities.

Nativity Play Will Be Given at Junior High Christmas Party

Presentation of the play, "Come Let Us Adore Him," will be the feature of the junior high school Christmas party to be held at the school auditorium, Tuesday, Dec. 19. The cast has been busy perfecting parts and the committees on costume, lights, and properties has been working diligently to have everything in order for the night of the play. Parents of the children have been sent special invitations to attend. Refreshments will be served following the play, and later the teachers and parents will meet in a little get-together. The cast of the Nativity play is as follows:

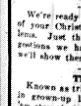
Prologue—Shirley Bischele.
You—Shirley Lyons.
The Mother—Elizabeth Wolthausen.
Eve—Arthur Castle.
Simeon—Clyde Church.
Joshua—Leonard Capulli.
Gaspar—Earl Grabenhort.
Melchior—Ernest Hire.
Balthazar—James Lawrence.
An Innkeeper—Kenneth Frye.
A Boy—James Beadley.
Martha—Norma Heerman.
John—Lloyd Canby.
First Soldier—Frank Schermerhorn.
Second Soldier—Gerald Wilkins.
Joseph—Harold Neely.
Mary—Mary Ellen Robbins.
First Angel—Wilma Calkins.
Second Angel—Betty Schroeder.

A chorus consisting of Ellen Sears, Margaret Ann Sheesley, Norrine Bass, Betty Carey, Sylvia Ost, Paul Publmas, Richard Watson, Billy Beaver, Arnold Kohnert, and Burton Wendt will sing two numbers.

P.-T. A. to Meet

Rev. O. Jordan of the Community church of Park Ridge will address members of the P.-T. A. Monday evening on the subject: "What Shall We Tell our Children About Temperance?" It is reported that his talk will deal with the educational phase of the problem, ignoring the political effects of liquor control.

The meeting will be held at the high school assembly hall at 8 p. m. Monday.



MILLER FUN&F

Vol. 5 Barrington, Illinois, Thurs

Don't all the stores look nice at this season of the year with all their Christmas decorations? Barrington is hard to beat at Christmas time, or any other time, for that matter.

"Just look at that girl dressed like a man—I think it's disgraceful!" "That, Sir, is my daughter." "I beg your pardon, I didn't know you were her father." "I'm not, I'm her mother."

Another of the nice things about Christmas is the Christmas programs put on by the Sunday school children of the various churches. What a thrill that used to be!

We're ready to prescribe for any of your Christmas shopping problems. Just think of the gift suggestions we have! Come in and we'll show them to you.

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