TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—A pretty young [illegible] finds herself in a taxicab [illegible] with a strange man who [illegible] her endearingly and [illegible] of an awful shock." When [illegible] leaves her for a moment at a [illegible] store she drives on, for she [illegible] Then she stops at the Ritz [illegible] still wondering who she is. [illegible] is gone. From the [illegible] of her clothing and well-[illegible] furnished "H. L. V." on [illegible] May 19, 1932," she concludes [illegible] to be a wealthy man. At [illegible] the nameless girl meets [illegible] woman who speaks of her [illegible] go to Reno for a divorce. [illegible] get the money. The woman [illegible] with the sapphire girl's [illegible] and [illegible].

CHAPTER II.—An elderly woman, [illegible] Du Val, cordially greets [illegible] girl, addressing her as [illegible] wife of Mrs. Du Val's son, [illegible] Rocky is abroad, and Doris, [illegible] is taken to the [illegible] of Mrs. Du Val and her sculptor [illegible] Oscar. Doris falls in [illegible] with Rocky's photograph, but [illegible] remember having married [illegible].

CHAPTER III.—Doris, discovering [illegible] in her clothing, visits [illegible] store, and is astounded [illegible] salesworman insists she hide [illegible] identation. She goes back to [illegible] Du Val, more mystified than [illegible] returns, to discover the [illegible].

CHAPTER IV.—He demands to [illegible] who she is and why his wife [illegible] to his home to masquerade [illegible] of his innocent parents. [illegible] tell him. He assumes [illegible] form of gold digger [illegible] for the sake of his pa[illegible] friend, for the time being, [illegible] husband and wife.

CHAPTER V.—After much quar[illegible] Valeo Doris to his [illegible] apartment to confront [illegible] the strange mi[illegible] Doris di[illegible] the flat empty, and [illegible] a note left for her by [illegible] Rocky. Doris [illegible] to Agatha, her c[illegible] how she knew.

CHAPTER VI.—Doris finally tel[illegible] Agatha her message [illegible] and "Angel" [illegible] upper; they see a [illegible] Doris's Fading Identity. [illegible] Doris, she confesses, [illegible] secret, her reason hav[illegible] the informer her fa[illegible] to take her to Canada by m[illegible] she wear rouge [illegible] on the way, and refusing [illegible] any newspapers.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"What ought you to do?"

He turned on her grimly. "Well [illegible] something I'm not going to do."

She could stand no more. "Rocky, [illegible] you found out who I am?" [illegible] "Supposing I have found out?"

She was silent. "It must be some [illegible] pretty awful," she said after a pause. "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, [illegible] mentally and physically. She could not rouse herself to greater [illegible].

She dozed, slept a little, [illegible] woke to find him standing with her luggage in the middle of the [illegible] a paint brush in his hand. [illegible] watched him take a knife [illegible] begin to whittle her bag, on which were the initials D. V.

[illegible] spoke sharply. "What are you doing?"

He went on working at it. "Wan[illegible] only wrecking your property."

"I see that. But why?"

"I'm going to paint everything [illegible]. Now look here, Baby, there are a lot of things you don't under[illegible].

"And this is one of them. [illegible] over, close your pretty eyes [illegible] back to sleep."

[illegible] swung her feet over the [illegible] of the bed. "You're crazy if [illegible] think I'm going to let you spoil things like that."

[illegible] began to apply black enamel [illegible] the outside. "Baby!"

"[illegible] you're rested you'd better go [illegible] next room and look over the [illegible] that Doris left here. Pack [illegible] my brown suit case. You'll [illegible] lying on the bed."

"[illegible] is the queerest thing that's [illegible] to me yet. I must be [illegible]." She put her finger out [illegible] touched the wet black paint. "[illegible] are you doing this for?"

"[illegible] a precaution. I ought to [illegible] it, but I'm not ingenious [illegible] to think of a way at the [illegible].

"I want to get started in [illegible] hour. Get well out of [illegible] town before dawn. I forgot [illegible] that I'm taking you on [illegible] trip to Canada. So pack [illegible] you need from Doris'[illegible].

"You're not to be allowed [illegible] of your own."

[illegible] at him speechlessly. [illegible] down his brush. "You [illegible] to let me take care of [illegible]." She said nothing. "Aren't [illegible]

"[illegible] then—"

"[illegible] know anything?"

"[illegible] look in her looking [illegible] that I'm doing it all [illegible] welfare."

[illegible] between them was [illegible] they did not look at each [illegible] it was as if he had of[illegible] something precious and [illegible] expected when she said, [illegible]

"[illegible] Now listen, pack up [illegible] you need with what you [illegible] Doris' things. Take [illegible] your own."

"[illegible] Nuisance?"

"[illegible] help feeling you're be[illegible] sweet."

He opened her bags and began smearing paint over the dainty brushes and mirrors inside. "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. 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 carelessness 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—"

"I—I, 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.

"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 sought 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? 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 defiant.

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.

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. 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.

"You Know Everybody Is Staring at You."

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.

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.

A car was coming toward her—a pale blue closed Victoria, garishly trimmed. As it neared her, she heard a snatch of song. Doubtless a party of all-night revelers.

As Doris stared she remembered her promise to Rocky that she would keep her face turned away from any people they met. She bent her head, and turned over and over a black leather purse belonging to the real Doris.

The car was coming nearer. As it approached it slackened. It came almost to a stop. Some one shouted:

"Doris!"

Startled she looked up. A dark-eyed girl in a green evening dress had called.

"Oh—I beg your pardon!" said the girl. "I thought you were some one I knew."

A blond young man stuck his head forward. "It's Rocky's car."

"There's Rocky! Well, I thought you were in Europe, you dope!"

"He's leading a double life!"

The party, in evening clothes, got down. Rocky, approaching Doris with a clam in each hand, looked at them steadily. If he was surprised and chagrined, he did not show it.

"Have a clam," he said.

The girl in the green evening dress staggered up and seized one of the clams. Two unsteady young men supported each other.

"Clams! Just what I wan'ed."

"Good old Rocky's got clams!"

Rocky was climbing in the car beside Doris. He was starting up the engine.

"Hey, wait a minute. Where you going? Say, wait a minute, Rocky."

The girl in the green evening dress jumped on the running board.

"What's your hurry, Rocky? We're all friends here, aren't we?"

She looked at Doris.

"This is Miss Smith, my father's secretary. I'm just driving her down to my father's house."

The girl closed one of her big eyes. She exposed a dimple in her browned cheek. "Pretty name, Smith."

Rocky frowned. "Go on, beat it, will you, Molly? I've really got to go."

"Rocky, the saint! Rocky—this pure young man." Eyes looked plously heavenward. Then the dimples appeared again. "Never mind, Rocky. I like you all the better for it."

She jumped down from the car. Rocky's face was set and grim. Without a backward glance he started up the car and got away.

Doris was red and angry. The car fumed on.

"I'm awfully sorry about that," murmured Rocky.

Doris' good-humor had gone. She was indignant with Rocky, resentful of her false position.

"That girl, I suppose, is a friend of Doris—the real Doris. And she'll tell her you're gadding about the country with a—with a—"

"With a—is good. She'll make it good, anyway."

"I think you'd better let me out here."

"What for?"

"So you can go and find Doris."

"What do I want to find Doris for? I want—"

"You're not acting very well about Doris."

"I know it. I can't act well about women, and I'm acting awfully about you. Better worry about that."

Doris was silent. She knew that Rocky was acting in this extraordinary fashion for her own safety. Whatever peril threatened her, it was necessary that she get to Canada. Why Canada?

She gave it up. If she was going to trust Rocky she would have to trust him, and stop criticizing. Meantime it was fun being with Rocky. Sooner or later this companionship between them would have to end. He would go back to Doris. Doris would have him all her life—

She sat up very straight. She was being sentimental again. If Rocky was going to be so nice, she would fall in love with him all over. And he did have a wife. It was a good thing those people on the road had reminded her.

Once outside of New York, the car made good speed.

Rocky looked at her abruptly. "Put your glasses on again. They're good for little girls. Come on. Don't make me stop the car so that I can put them on you."

Doris complied when she realized that he meant it. Rocky was managing things, apparently, with a high hand. But as she looked at him now, his warm face gleaming with a pride in accomplishing something that she felt sure was in the interests of her safety, it was easy to forgive him anything.

Rocky had provided food enough to last them throughout the trip, without stopping at inns. He had explained that by picnicking this way, they would save a good deal of time.

"I'd like to see a paper," Doris announced suddenly, as if the question had not been broached before. Rocky munched a sandwich dogedly.

"I'm sorry." Rocky ate hungrily.

"Well?" Her voice with its high note arrested him. She drew his blue, seriously objecting eyes to her face.

"Well?" he repeated. "You know the answer to that one, don't you?" His tone was playfully hard. "The last time you happened to read a paper you didn't behave very well." He grinned faintly and took another bite, watching her.

"Oh!" Doris flung out an emancipated arm. "Won't you ever forget that? I could read anything today and not lose my health. Besides I have a feeling there is something in this morning's paper I ought to see. Tell me, please," she leaned over suddenly, "what it's all about."

"Put your glasses on."

"Why?"

"The better to see me with. Shall we go on?"

They soon made up the time lost in lunching. Rocky's plan was to reach Vermont by nightfall.

In the next town their car went cautiously through the business street. As it passed a news stand, Doris pushed her glasses above her eyes for an instant. There was a headline—

The car lurched forward.

"Don't be a fool, Doris," unreasonable words poured from Rocky: "This is no time to strain your eyes trying to read a paper. If you would only do what I ask!"

Doris, with the glasses slipped back into place, looked at Rocky. His lips were tense in a desperate sort of annoyance. She wondered what had upset him. His eyes moved with a light wariness across the road in front of them.

Towards nightfall, they neared the Vermont border-line. A little before dark, Rocky stopped the car and they got out for a picnic supper. Doris asked him where they were going to spend the night.

"In the car," he answered grimly. "This trip doesn't end for nobody or nothin' until we get to Canada."

"You are in a hurry," she answered. "I think you could at least have asked me if I minded not going to a hotel."

"I could have," he replied cheerfully, "but I had my plans all made to drive right through the night."

"And what you say goes!" She gave him an unflinching glance.

"D—n right!" He began to whistle.

It was evident that he was beginning to feel pleased over the day's work.

Not far behing them, another crazy car was speeding. Rocky speeded around a curve, the other car gaining. It passed him noisily, hitting the front of Rocky's car a jarring whack.

Rocky yelled after it, but the remark was lost in the noise of engines. There was a limp rattle in Rocky's car now. Something besides the fender had been injured. Cursing, Rocky got out.

"H—l," he said after a minute. "I'll have to take this thing to a garage." He peered out at the next sign. They were two miles from a town. He looked sharply at Doris. "And when we stop to have it fixed," he said bleakly, "for G—d's sake, don't speak to anybody!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Birds Change Habits

Birds so rapidly change their habits in new surroundings that few species remain loyal to their reputation for honesty which they enjoyed in the land of their origin.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS of the filing with the Illinois Commerce Commission on December 2, 1933, to become effective on January 1, 1934, of new Rate 15 covering gas service for the processing of glass and glass products. Copies of said new rate are on file in the offices of the Commission and the Company.

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS
By JOHN G. LEARNED,
Vice President

Rosa Raisa to Appear at Chicago Premiere of Opera "Turandot" Jan. 10

Grand opera swings into its third week at the Civic opera house with two more prominent exponents of lyric drama to join the galaxy of celebrities already heard.

The Chicago premiere of Giacomo Puccini's posthumous opera, "Turandot," first novelty of the season, is scheduled for Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, the event being doubly significant because it presents Rosa Raisa for the first time in the United States in the role she created when the work was given its premiere at LaScala theatre in Milan, Italy, on April 25, 1926.

Other bills are to be "La Boheme," by the same composer, lone repetition of the week; Gounod's "Faust," Massenet's "Manon" and Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

Dates of performances and casts for the week are as follows:

Monday night, Jan. 8—"La Boheme," with Mmes. Diano and Maxwell; Messrs. Borgioli, Frigerio and Spivik.

Tuesday night, Jan. 9—"Faust" (in French), with Mme. Mason and Messrs. Onofrei, Baromeo and Frigerio.

Wednesday night, Jan. 10—"Turandot" (Chicago premiere), with Mmes. Raisa and Claire; Messrs. Lindi, Laskowsky, Baromeo, Frigerio.

Saturday matinee, January 13—"Manon" (in French), with Mme. Claire; Messrs. Lindi, Morelli, (debut) and Baromeo.—Adv.

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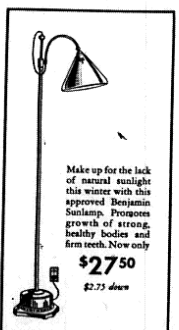

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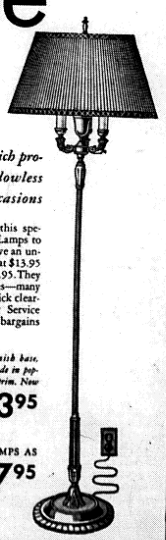
AN EDITORIAL

The following excerpt from a recent editorial in the Villa Park Argus *provides food for thought:*

"Even if we could legislate electric rates down to a new low, it would avail nothing. It would lower the standard of service, bankrupt companies, eliminate a great source of tax revenue, throw people out of work, ruin investors. Electric rates will continue to drop—but they will drop naturally as means are found to increase efficiency in production, and not because of agitation."



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