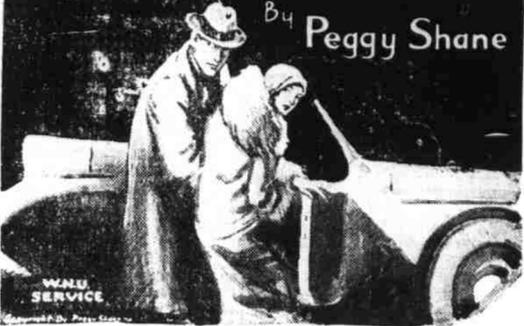


TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane



SYNOPSIS

A pretty young girl finds herself in a taxi in New York with a man whom she never remembers seeing before. She gets away from him and goes to a hotel where she meets a young woman who finds that the "nameless" girl has \$500 in a purse. The strange woman escapes with her purse and leaves the girl who can't remember her name or anything about her almost penniless.

An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val, comes to the hotel and meets the "nameless" girl and takes her home with her as if she were expecting to meet her. It is learned that the "nameless" girl is supposed to be the bride of Mrs. Du Val's son, Rocky, who is traveling abroad. The girl goes to the Du Val home and makes every effort to remember her real name and something of her past. All is blank as she utters her surprise when she can't remember having owned.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

She opened the suitcase next. It contained two jersey dresses, a linen suit, a leather jacket in bright blue, two cotton sport dresses, and an evening gown with a little coat to go with it. "Like the wardrobe of a girl who expects to be gone on a very short trip," she decided, "or else has sent on her trunk."

The last box contained merely hats and shoes to go with the dresses. Doris Du Val didn't believe in carrying papers around, evidently.

The search had yielded the information that yellow and lavender were her favorite colors and that she had undoubtedly been rich. Nothing more.

Wa, Rocky really her husband? She peered again with strained eyes into the pictured face. If he could only speak! If he could only tell her who she was, where they had met. Gently, gradually, she felt sure she would come back a connection with her past if she could only see him.

It seemed to her as she looked into those serious boyish eyes as if she must remember. Surely the time he had given her the ring. Some of that might come back. She sat turning the ring over and over and pondering. But it was useless.

Mrs. Du Val tapped on the door softly. An hour had passed in these thoughts.

"Come in," said Doris.

"Oh, oh! C'est tres mauvais! Verre bad! You must rest. At such a time young girls must rest, and not themselves out."

Doris was getting rather weary of being told that "at such a time she must take care of herself. The such a time seemed to be always. But she smiled. "I was just going to get dressed for dinner."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Du Val. "We live very simply. Do not dress at such a—"

"I'll just wash my face then," said Doris hastily. She disappeared into the bathroom half expecting to be told that "at such a time" girls shouldn't wash. Then she smiled ruefully, ashamed of her impatience.

The drawing room was attractive with flowers and books. Alone there for a moment Doris looked about for a newspaper. Unable to find one, she turned on the radio.

Instantly an orchestra blared. An onslaught of jazz poured into the room, flooded the whole quiet country. Almost immediately there was another and louder roar from the hall outside. Oscar Du Val, his white hair disarranged, his black— "calling angrily, rushed in.

"Turn it off! Turn it off!" he shouted.

Amazed and frightened, Doris ran to obey. As the sound was cut off, Du Val looked at her blushing furiously. "I'm sorry," he said. "I am very sorry. I did not think it was you. The servants have orders never to touch the radio."

"I didn't know," said Doris. "I'm sorry."

Mrs. Du Val had darted into the room.

"Roaring like a mad bull at our little girl," she scolded.

Du Val looked heartbroken. "Oh, I am so sorry."

"Making noise like one hundred elephants and frightening our little girl at such a time!"

But Oscar Du Val now looked more frightened than Doris.

Mrs. Du Val turned to Doris. "You see what it is to live with an artist. You can thank your stars that I brought up my son to be a business man. Oscar cannot work with the radio going. He does not like to have the outside world come to him."

"Yes, to be told I must wash my teeth every day. Me, I have never been to the dentist in my life."

"He will not have anything come into the house. No radio! No newspapers! Such a pain! We never play the radio except on Sunday afternoons when we love to listen to the Philharmonic concerts."

"Yes," said Oscar eagerly. He look-

a response in her. Could it possibly be true that in six weeks she would be the normal, happy, remembering wife of Rocky? It must be so.

She went to bed early. The sounds of bullfrogs and crickets lulled her quickly to sleep. Her last thought was that she would wake up in the morning knowing all about her past.

But the next day everything was the same. She felt secure and full of happiness. She was in her right place, and Rocky's picture was on her dressing table.

She thought of her new family, Mrs. Du Val—"Mother" was a dear, and she seemed really to like Doris. She reviewed her eventful yesterday with tranquility. All that fright about the man in the cab had been so useless, so silly. Anyway, it was all before she knew that she had this quiet refuge, before she had even seen Rocky's picture. She took it up now



She Studied It Thoughtfully.

and studied it thoughtfully, for the twentieth time.

"The husband! Where had she met him? How long had she known him? Not long, apparently," she had gathered this from her welcome.

And not Mrs. Du Val had had her before. Mrs. Du Val had recognized her in the Baltimore—or had she? Doris shut her eyes again, and tried to imagine the scene. Mrs. Du Val's greeting had been something about how beautiful she was. Could it be possible that Mrs. Du Val as well as her husband had never seen Rocky's wife before?

It was too confusing. Today her memory would return. It must! It would! It had to!

But it just didn't. The more she willed to know, the more the curtain of the past seemed to shut down on her, blinder than the unknown future on which she could at least make a few tentative plans of her own. As spring passed it seemed strange to be married to a photograph, married to someone who was a topic of conversation at every breakfast, luncheon and dinner, and yet whom she had never seen.

The days were always the same. Doris could understand why Rocky didn't come home much if he were at all the type that liked gaily. For at nine o'clock promptly every night the family went to bed. And at six o'clock the next morning it was time to get up. From six-thirty until noon Mr. Du Val worked in his studio.

After lunch he worked as an accountant while his wife occupied herself with the house, superintending the gardeners, the dairies, the farm. Aside from her work in running the home place, Mrs. Du Val spent much of her time in acting as a guard to her husband against the outside world. Hardly a day passed that did not bring a group of tourists eager to see the sculptor at his work. His wife kept them away from him. If she hadn't it would have soon become impossible for him to work to they would have swamped him over his head.

He lived in his work, and he was utterly dependent on his wife, who made it possible for him to work so steadily and efficiently.

"It is dull for you here, Doris?" he would say sometimes at lunch.

"No, no. I love the quiet of the country. And besides, I'm really a bit bored."

"Yes," said Mrs. Du Val. "We would like to have you see the house and Rocky's museum."

"Oh, yes, I'd like to see a great deal. All my stamps and apparatus were here, and I'd like to see the collection of bird eggs you will have, but I don't like the water."

There was a batch of new order bottles. Doris was washing them. This occupied much of her attention. There were two of the bottles in the big house to be filled with water. This had become Doris' task. "There was as Doris had said, as far as the water was concerned."

Every minute she felt a queer twinge about Rocky. She had moments in a time of doubting that anyone could be so perfect as the son. Mrs. Du Val talked of constantly. But when she looked into his pictured face, she believed that all somewhere in the blank past he had told her that he loved her. They had married each other. She almost believed she remembered it.

(To be Continued.)

Internal Revenue Shows Big Increase

Washington, July 30.—Revenue other than income taxes is pouring into the United States Treasury at a faster rate than at any time since the war-time taxes were repealed, official figures showed this week.

Miscellaneous internal revenue which includes beer, tobacco and various manufacturers' excise taxes, reached approximately \$110,000,000 this month, the highest collection from this class of taxes since August, 1932, when the capital stock tax of that year, boosted miscellaneous internal revenue to \$113,661,644. Last month miscellaneous internal revenue collections amounted to \$106,483,764.

Total revenue of the government, including income taxes, Panama Canal tolls and customs receipts, this month were nearly double those of the corresponding period of last year, and went far, in cutting down the present excess of expenditures over receipts.

In the first 25 days of July, the government collected \$144,567,850 in all classes of revenue, against \$76,913,404 in July, 1932. At the same time expenditures were \$100,000,000 in the recovery program, from \$35,581,467 a year ago to \$212,729,074.

This left a deficit in "ordinary" operations for this period of \$32,000,000 against a deficit of \$260,000,000 in the first 25 days of July, 1932. Not included in these figures is \$60,000,000 spent in relief activities this year as compared with \$125,000,000 spent by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation a year ago.

The new proposed beer taxes, now pending close to \$1,000,000 monthly, improve the year's comparison.

Practical Joke Ends In Death for Woman

Oxford, Mass., July 27.—Mary Jackson, 47, of Wake Forest, here, for the annual family day celebration at the North Carolina Orphanage for the Negroes, was fatally injured Wednesday night when she jumped from a truck in which she was riding with a party of friends.

Coroner W. D. Bryan, who conducted an investigation following the woman's death, said he learned someone on the truck in a spirit of hilarity, yanked "fire" and the woman and her two daughters jumped from the truck when it was in motion.

Her head struck the concrete and she died in Susie Chestnut Hospital a few hours later from a fractured skull. Her two daughters were not seriously hurt.

Drinks 12 Quarts Of Beer To Prove It Non-Intoxicating

Michael Sciro' of Patterson, N. J., drank twelve quarts of 32 beer 148 eight-ounce steins—to prove it is not intoxicating.

The beer was consumed in a contest in which five others, one a woman, dropped out after the first fifteen minutes. Sciro went on for sixteen minutes more and gulped down a total of 384 ounces.

Dr. R. E. Smith of Ridgewood, then examined Sciro and found him "neither liquored nor intoxicated." When the others dropped out, Dr. Smith examined them and discovered they were "liquored but not intoxicated."

Dr. Smith explained by the term "liquored" he meant by the term "saturated with the fluid that the body could not contain or accept any more of it."

The champ, Sciro, is a silk dyer. He is 25 years old; weighs about 175 pounds and is five feet eight inches tall.

His reward was a silver loving cup, which he filled as soon as it was presented to him and drained the contents, just to prove he could take it.

Store Chats from C. E. RAY'S SONS

FRANCES Ray and Mrs. J. M. Long, this week, are visiting the market in St. Louis and plan visiting Chicago for a study of styles at the World Fair.

MISS Campbell, says "sunbath" is a new way to wear and bloomers at \$30 and \$40. A few choice bathing suits available at one-third reduction.

BOSIERY loveliness made available through Humming Bird and Archer lines, nationally preferred brands. The eyes of the world are on you. Have a care.

MRS. Campbell calls attention to the collar and cuff sets at \$5 available in peach, blue and green. Also, petite frocks of sheer batiste and percale for the lot at \$60.

COMBINING the best in quality, style and price.

STORE improvements continue every department being benefited. This week especially notable changes will be made. It won't be a bigger store but a better one.

N. R. A. hit a casualty. In putting up the insignia, Chas. E. Ray, Jr., fell spraining his ankle. He wishes it would only ache 8 hours a day.

N. R. A. calls on you to do your part. Cooperate with those who conform. Help those who do their part.

SHOES, shoes, shoes. An improved line Department offers you attractively priced, the best in fall shoes. In sports. Tampa grey suede kid and new combinations in brown and black. A complete line in ladies' dress and sport oxfords.

GET fitted for your fall suit on August 16 or 17. From Storrs Schaeffer, the well known fitter, Mr. Morris Smith will be here—August 16 and 17.

MENS furnishings in the best combination of quality, style and price. Nationally advertised brands of clothes from Hart Schaeffer and Marx, and Storrs Schaeffer. Arrow shirts. Lamb Knit sweaters. All the accessories. See Mr. Felmet.

FLYING the blue eagle flag of the N. R. A. we propose cooperating with the President to the fullest extent. We invite your cooperation. The call to service must be heeded individually. We must not have slackers.

GROCERY Department reminds you of the especially good values in canning supplies. These are being featured in our display window. Mr. Ballantine heads this department.

TRADE in the middle of the day. The rush being less, we can better serve. This applies especially to our Grocery and Market departments.

MEAT Market personnel comprises Messrs. Hosafook (head), Fleiman (with the smile), Ray and McCracken.

NEW Store hours should be remembered. Weekdays, 8:00 until 9:00. Saturdays, 8:00 until 9:00 o'clock.

C. E. RAY'S SONS Dept. Store

Henry Ford Dearborn, Mich.

UNTIL WE LEARNED BETTER

Until we learned better, we used to mix wood and steel in our car bodies and wheels.

It was the best way to make bodies—then. But the state of the art has advanced.

Of course, it is more expensive to make an all-steel body than to make a wooden frame and nail steel panels on to it. The better way involves an initial expenditure of several millions of dollars for new dies, which renders a change very costly. Cars, especially large expensive cars which are produced in small volume, cannot afford this, because the dies cost as much for one car as for a million. That alone explains why all-steel bodies are not used in all cars.

But our basic policy from the beginning is to make a good car better, regardless of cost.

For example, when we discarded wood-steel body construction, it was not because we lacked wood. We still have some thousands of acres of the best hard wood in America. Economy would urge us to use up the wood first, and then adopt the better all-steel body. But we decided that quality was more important than expense.

We weighed the reasons, for and against, before we made the change.

We could see only one reason for retaining a mixed wood-and-steel body—nailing the metal on, instead of welding an all-steel body into a strong one-piece whole. That reason was, it would be cheaper—for us.

Our reasons for adopting an all-steel body were these: A wood-steel body is not much stronger structurally than its wooden frame. In all American climates, wood construction weakens with age. Every used car lot gives evidence of this. Rain seeps in between joints and the wood decays. A car may have a metal surface, and yet not be of steel construction. Under extreme shock or stress the steel body remains intact—dented perhaps, but not crushed.

Steel does not need wood for strength or protection. Wood is fine for furniture, but not for the high speed vehicles of 1933.

In the Ford body there are no joints to squeak, no seams to crack or leak.

The all-steel body is more expensive—to us, but not to you.

By all odds, then, steel bodies seem preferable.

Wheels also have become all-steel. No one argues that an electrically welded one-piece steel wheel, such as the Ford wheel, needs to be "strengthened" by adding wood to it.

The one-piece all-steel body is the strongest, safest, quietest, most durable body made. That is our only reason for making them.

August 7th, 1933

Henry Ford

C. E. RAY'S SONS Dept. Store