

# TANGLING LIVES

## Peggy Shand

### AN INSTALLMENT

and put his hand on the great thing is to with the right people, for the police, they'll call over the world. Mortimer will be the only man never be the thing to avoid is that might not be in the hands of the girl reporter. They had seen the St. Gardens was a good story they had heard. "It's a wind," said Rocky, holding his piece by the telephone. "Interrupted with some framing. Before anything else happening this lady and I are going to be married."

"What's that?" "It's a wind," said Rocky, holding his piece by the telephone. "Interrupted with some framing. Before anything else happening this lady and I are going to be married."

"Yes, there is a bishop just coming in from the garden. Can't you hear him tread on the stairs?" "No, you got a license?" "I'll get it for you," said Charley. "How's that for friendship? Now let me go, New York on the phone. All I'll say is that Diane Merrill is on her way to give herself up to the police, and will reach New York late this afternoon."

"That won't give us time to get married!" "I'll see every one heard the tip on the porch. A man sprang from the door, a dark shape in the doorway. The figure of the man in the cab had above a white handbag arm. "Doris," he cried. "You're going to marry him—after this?" His eyes gleamed strangely. His left hand held a small revolver. "I know you'd come back here. I knew you were about that man."

"The men reporters stood like statues," the girl sagged against the portiere and along there. Rocky took from the telephone bench. Doris sat into the muzzle of the waverin' pistol. "I've been looking for you for six weeks out there—she called herself Diane Merrill. I saw the two girls, they looked up in New York. I don't see as I'd given up hope—his voice was thick like that of a drunken man—its overtones were heavy with self-pity. "I must have made a big mistake when I shot Edward Valery. I should have shot myself instead—myself and you."

"Doris turned terrified eyes on Rocky for one short moment. She could not see his tenseness even across the room, and she knew he was going to charge in front of her. Rocky would be the second man dead on her account. Strangely enough she felt no fear for her own safety. She wanted George to shoot her. If only he couldn't get Rocky. George Mortimer laughed—the shell of his nose of insanity. "Shoot—then me!"

"Rocky threw himself. He seized the shooting gun and pointed it upward as the gun went off. George Mortimer fell straight back with out being hit. Charley sprang—tried to catch him but could not. His head fell back against the green checked porch chair. It did not move, it kept to flutter his eyelids and grin."

"Rocky spoke out of the side of his mouth. "Here's your next scene. He's the murderer of Howard Valery." Charley had recovered some of his politeness. "So we gathered from his general conversation. What shall we do for him? He's a looney—and dull, you see."

Doris had opened the clothes closet where Beatrice had locked Molly. "That's a good idea." "It'll get all three men to lift him and put him in the closet."

When Beatrice St. Gardens' wedding was over, Rockwell St. Gardens was drinking a quiet glass of wine in the seclusion of the rose arbor with his good friends Oscar and Ade Du Val. Beatrice had ridden safely away with the governor's son. Most of the guests had gone, though the bishop was still here, quietly resting after his day's work.

"It was so beautiful," sighed Mrs. Du Val sentimentally. "Never have I seen a wedding go so smoothly—and well. Really it was like a play." Oscar Du Val lifted his glass and watched the fading light change with the color of his wine. "My only regret was that Doris and Rocky weren't here."

"Ah, my," said her host. "It was too late. I've seemed a very nice girl, but I hardly saw her when she was here. She is in bad health, poor girl, isn't she?" "The Du Val leaned her feet against the table and looked melancholy at St. Gardens. "Yes—she is that. I wish she has not been well. If her cooling voice rejected and mourned alternately. "It is a sick, sick man, but he did not mind seeing a young bride sit at the altar as he passed." St. Gardens lifted an eyebrow. "I did not know. Congratulations." "Mrs. Du Val beamed happily. "Oh, how happy. It is now we drink the health of your grandson that is coming."

As the three lifted their glasses to drink, a strange young man bounded through the gate. His blond hair was wild, and his gray suit needed pressing, but his blue eyes were dancing with excitement. "Mrs. Du Val! This is Mrs. Du Val, isn't it?"

The good lady rose, her eyes widening with alarm. "Something has happened to Rocky! Tell me. I can hear it from his coughing!" "Nothing. He's getting married, and he wants you to come quick!" St. Gardens rose. Oscar Du Val ran his hands excitedly through his white hair. "But no!" "It is not possible."

"He is married to Doris." "Oh that's all right. He divorced Doris today. He's marrying Diane Merrill. Get it!" In his exuberance Charley went so far as to give Mrs. Du Val a well-wishered rive poke. "Diane Merrill. The Diane Merrill!"

Mrs. Du Val gave a low scream. Oscar Du Val caught her in his arms. "Divorced? Doris? She is married. Why did I ever give birth to such a boy?" "We will soon stop this," said Oscar Du Val.

"Yes—yes. Perhaps it is not too late. Oh, that poor little Doris!" St. Gardens followed the Du Val's into the house. Meantime the bishop was being roused from his quiet meditations. Two house people were pounding on his door. Rocky and his friend Mike Charley had got a marriage license which was now in Rocky's pocket, and there was as if they had a wedding to be performed downstairs, they told the very man. His "Mercy me!" his "Oh my goodness," his "This is not quite in order," was as disregarded as if they had never been said. But when he saw the two that he was to marry he had more to say; more to say, a holy man, it was his business, together. "Whom God hath joined together," he knew from their faces that it was all right. He made no more inquiries. He prepared to do his duty.

But before he could begin Rocky's parents came in, followed by St. Gardens. Mrs. Du Val was so distressed to see Doris that she burst into tears. "They told me you were divorced—but now I see it was only a cruel joke."

"No, it wasn't a joke. Rocky and I are getting married. And we want you to—want Mr. Du Val to give me away."

"There was no time for many more explanations then. The Du Val's watched their son being married in a kind of stony amazement. When it was all over, then it was that Rocky and Rocky to start out for Morristown. She had talked to her family on long distance, and promised that Rocky would bring her to their right after the ceremony.

Doris had given herself up to the police, but she had been released, and George Mortimer was being held. So well had she been guarded by the three reporters that not a hint of what had happened disturbed the wedding.

Rocky and Doris got into their car. But half the story had been explained to their parents, but as Rocky said, it would take far too long to go into it all, and as Oscar Du Val never read the newspapers, he would not even know who Diane Merrill was. Charley would explain after they were gone.

"Good-bye, good-bye." The gears slid into place and the car started down the long pine-fringed way toward the cement pavement. "Diane Merrill," said Oscar Du Val to himself slowly. Then, as his son had suggested, he went to the house and began to look at the newspapers.

The first thing that caught his eye was his own name—**DIVORCES SON OF OSCAR DUVAL** and **OFFSPRING OF FAMOUS SCULPTOR WAS BINGY**, Doris Du Val Avers.

## Fox River Grove

**Prosenium Players Feted**  
A party was held at the Beesda hall on Wednesday in honor of the Prosenium players who won third prize in the state dramatic contest. Mrs. J. Hegner and Mrs. H. Steffy sponsored the affair which consisted of music by the newly organized guitar club, and songs by Mrs. T. Smith, Mrs. George Vauxan, Mrs. Carl Oshmund and Mrs. J. Sparico. Refreshments were served and the players were presented with gifts.

**Organize Legion and Auxiliary**  
The newly organized American Legion post has received official recognition and charter and will be known as Fox River Grove post No. 411. It held its first business meeting Friday night at the village hall. There were 39 members present.

Thirty-two women met at the village hall Wednesday night to organize an auxiliary post. The purpose of the organization and plans for future achievements were discussed. This work is now to some members but most of them were transferred from the Raymond Washer post auxiliary of Cary.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. George Hoop; vice president, Mrs. Caroline Halzaman; second vice president, Mrs. Helen Frenl; treasurer, Mrs. Carl Oshmund; secretary, Mrs. Frank Nagel; chaplain, Mrs. Alice Cairns; sergeant, Miss Lillian Dvork; assistant sergeant, Mrs. John Dvork; publicity editor, Mrs. Mae Halber.

Mrs. Standly Kouba, Mrs. Frank Ostratry, Mrs. Henry Steffy and Mrs. Rudolph Dvork were among the 200 members of Illinois garden clubs gathered at the Palmer House, Chicago on Monday who listened to discussions on wildflowers, soils, and birds versus insects. Instructions were given on raising plants, such as blood root, bleeding heart, wild columbine and hepatics. Acid and alkali tests also were shown.

Miss Lillian Immans has been confined to her home with illness for the past week. Sewing is a new feature in the

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Grove school. The class is called after the closing hour on Friday. Mrs. Frank Nagel and Mrs. J. Hegner assist Miss E. Veytal, teacher of the lower grades. Lydia Vajlik has been elected chairman of the drama club of the community high school. Mrs. Patrick Street and Mrs. J. Le-gat entertained at the February meeting of the Oak Glen Mothers club at the Beesda hall.

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