



"Her Dangerous Path"

By PAUL FORREST

Adapted from the Patheserial by Hal Roach.

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CHAPTER 10

"Corinne Makes Her Choice"

In the midst of the breaking up of her home, Corinne Grant received her last caller. It was Mrs. Winfield Van Schuyler, who made Corinne an offer to accompany her to California in the capacity of governess to her daughter, Ethel. As usual, Corinne placed the matter before her father, but for the first time her faithful servant failed her. His magic bamboo stick was broken—it was the end.

Whether for better or for worse, Corinne was practically forced to accept Mrs. Van Schuyler's proposal. Accordingly, after days of packing and more days of wearisome travel, Corinne found herself in the California home of the Van Schuylers. This was located near the Rancho del Norte, owned by Clinton Hodge, a lifelong friend of Corinne's family. He had once wired a proposal of marriage to Corinne, but, after consulting Wong, she had refused because he apparently had no love for her and only sought in a wife a household drudge.

Corinne had hardly brushed off the dust from her journey when she had her first disagreement with Mrs. Van Schuyler over the handling of Ethel, who was a spoiled and unmanageable child. Van Schuyler, only too familiar with the temper of his wife and daughter, glanced sympathetically at Corinne and offered her the use of his horse.

She accepted gladly and her volatile spirits quickly responded to the beauty of the surrounding country. In such a wonderful place, she thought, anything might happen—but she was unprepared for what did happen, for turning at a shout she saw dashing toward her on a beautiful horse, Clint Hodge.

His delight at seeing her was unmistakable. "Corinne, may I hope that your presence here means that you have decided to become my wife?"

"Please, Mr. Hodge, do not urge me to answer just yet," Corinne begged. "I have not fully decided."

They rode awhile together and then Hodge left her, warning her not to ride any further on this part of the rim, as it was dangerous.

Steve Norton had served a term in San Quentin for stealing Hodge's cattle. He had long awaited his opportunity to "get" Hodge in revenge. He and his wife eked out their existence in a cavern in the side of a cliff of rock. This elevated "residence" gave Norton a chance to see the sheriff before the sheriff saw him.

He saw Hodge's meeting with Corinne and got an idea. He dashed up alongside of Corinne and grabbed her horse's bridle. "I hear about you," he leered at her. "Y'out here to marry Hodge. He'll get to you even."

Corinne had no choice but to mount the rope ladder to the cave and wonder what Norton's plan of action was. What Norton had not planned on, however, was the jealousy of his wife, Jane. She was so furious that he found it necessary to tie her up, and while he was attending to this inside the cave, Hodge, who had heard Corinne's cries for help, had gone around to the rear and come to the top of the cliff. He let down a rope and dragged Corinne up the steep slope to safety.

Hodge took Corinne on his horse back to his shack, which Corinne recognized as the slovenly hovel of her childhood. While she was promising Hodge to tell him all about it some day, their attention was attracted to a cloud of dust coming down the road, in the center of which was a battered and rattling fivver, chased by a broncho-busting cowboy who seemed to be enjoying the joke he had played on his elderly passenger in obeying her request that he take a short cut which led up and down steep boulder-strewn hills and over sandy plains.

The passenger was Clint's kind, but rustic old mother, who had come on a surprise visit. Introduced to Corinne, she hastily jumped at conclusions and embar-

assed Corinne by exclaiming, "Why Clinton Abner Claypool Hodge! Why didn't you tell me you were going to get married?" And then, upon investigating the shack, "This is no fit place to bring a wife—you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Corinne's cheeks burned. Corinne fled—Hodge's burning horse, Pancho, promising to return him. Arriving at the Van Schuylers again, Corinne felt she had enjoyed enough excitement for one day, but it was to be otherwise. Mrs. Van Schuyler overheard her husband saying to Corinne, "You don't have to worry about working, Miss—Corinne—I like you."

"I might have expected it!" raged the infuriated wife. "You adventure! Get out of my house!"

Wearily Corinne mounted Hodge's horse and gave him the reins. What did it matter now what happened to her? But when she thought of what it mattered a great deal, for she fell into Norton's power again.

"This time y' won't get away," he promised and sent her by his pal to the new camp to be taken care of by Jane.

When Jane saw Corinne again, she hid a gun in the folds of her apron. "So you're tryin' to steal my man?" she asked.

"No, no," vehemently protested Corinne. "I want to get away. Won't you help me?"

Jane looked into the girl's troubled eyes and what she saw there prompted her to thrust the gun into the girl's hands. "Take this," she said, "and shoot anybody that tries to stop you."

In the meantime, Hodge was alone in his shack, thinking of Corinne and hoping she would soon return with his horse. When he heard the door open he thought it was she. He pretended not to hear, wondering what she would do. Then something popped him in the ribs and a harsh voice growled, "You an' me is gonna take a walk, an' one of us ain't comin' back."

Norton relieved Hodge of his gun. But Hodge saw his opportunity and raised his arm like a flash. Norton's gun went spinning through the air, his jaw received a smashing blow from Hodge's fist, then another. Norton struck back. It was a terrific fight and Hodge's face was torn and bleeding. Norton was too heavy for him—it seemed as though he could not make another effort at self-defense, then—the crack of a pistol, and Norton crumpled to the floor.

In the doorway, through his swollen eyes, Hodge recognized Corinne, a smoking revolver in her hand and his servant, Pedro, standing by her side. Corinne swung unsteadily—the horror of the thing she had done—perhaps she had killed a man—unnerved.

Hodge sprang into action and was by her side in a moment, his arms drawing her close to him. "Oh, Clint," she moaned, "did I kill him?"

"It's all right, dear. He'll be able to ride with the sheriff to jail." And then, because actions were sometimes more telling than words, he kissed her, and his kiss gave the girl courage.

"You changed my mind again. I'll marry you if you still want me," she offered timidly.

"And you'd be willing to live here?"

"I would be willing to live anywhere—with you," she replied, and then gasped, crushed in his bearlike embrace.

"You darling!" he said, at last, "but you won't have to live here. This is only the boys' bunk-house."

He drew her to the window and pointed out a small but cosy, vine-covered cottage.

"That's your home, Corinne, and I'm going to make it a happy one. I was so afraid, dear, that, after the luxuries of your father's home you would frown on my little place, so I put you to this test."

"My dear," protested Corinne, "it isn't your house I love, but you, and as long as I have the haven of your arms I shall be happy."

The End.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER NO. 73

THE WAY "THE YOUNGSTERS" CAME HOME

A quick, sibilant breath from Lillian was her only comment upon my assurance that we were going home as soon as Deed Dean announced her departure.

I did not dare raise my eyes from my sewing until she should speak, for I had seen that in her face which told of intense nervous strain, and I knew it would be unthinkable humiliation for her to break down even before me. That Robert Savarin had not been able to suppress his jealousy and caveman attitude toward her work during the drive had just taken its toll. I knew, also, what the revelation of her resolute poised personality toward his strictures must have been. One thing more I knew, that if her wail upon herself did not fail, the story of their drive would be securely locked behind the iron door which shield Lillian's emotions from the world, and my silence, my pretended absorption in my work were the only ways in which I could help her.

"That is good news," she said at last, slowly. "For, as I told you, I do not think Miss Dean will be here very many hours longer. I shall begin to pack, too, right away, but—Ed like to ask you—something."

She hesitated oddly, and this time, with an intuitive certainty that it would help, I raised my eyes and looked at her steadily and tenderly.

"You know you may ask me—anything in my power," I said earnestly.

Lillian's Request.

"How well I know that!" she exclaimed. "But this request is—queer. Until I go, I want to spend a great deal of time in your bungalow, and—have no one—no one except you, and, of course, Dicky—know where I am. Let them think I've gone for a walk, or—anything they please."

"That can be very easily arranged," I replied as calmly as if I had not realized that she was deliberately planning to keep out of Robert Savarin's way as much as possible during the few hours that remained of her stay at his sister's home.

I was wildly curious to know whether there had been a definite breach between them, or whether Lillian simply wished to avoid the strain of another possible scene with the highly strung and finely sensitive man who adored her yet could not refrain from making her miserable with his theories. But I rigidly schooled my face and voice to indifference, and was glad indeed of the dinner bell—always rung in minutes before bedtime in order to give guests scattered around the premises, at the brook or in the woodland adjoining, time to come home.



(Copyright by Harris & Ewing) COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., Assistant Secretary of the Navy

The son and namesake of the late President Roosevelt has made a substantial record for himself at the nation's capital during the three years that he has served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. During the disarmament conference, called by President Harding, young Roosevelt was one of the leading figures in the conference which led to the reduction of naval armament by the great nations of the world. He served as Acting Secretary of the Navy when Secretary Denby was in Japan to promote friendly relations between that country and the United States.

"We'd better get ready to admit our quick sponge bath," I laughed. "I can hear Dicky with Marion and Junior down at the brook, and you know as well as I the state the youngsters will be in."

"I have a complete change of clothing for Marion already laid out," she answered, smiling faintly. "And here they come. But," another involuntarily smile touched her lips, "you are wrong in one particular. They've had their bath."

"I suppose that means they've fallen in again," I said respectfully, turning to watch the bedraggled procession which was coming up the path. Junior drenched from head to foot, was in Dicky's arms, wrapped in his coat, while Marion dandered at his side with her clothing also soaked. Dicky's shoes, socks and trousers below the knees were dripping, and both Lillian and I knew by heart the story which the three culprits proceeded to tell us.

Madge Has a Presentiment.

"Me felled in the bid yater, mamma," Junior declared proudly, as soon as he saw me.

"Truly, Auntie Madge, we couldn't help it this time!" Marion declared earnestly with an emphasis on the demonstrative. "We were fishing, and we hadn't

caught a thing, and Junior saw a nice fish, and he went right in after it, and, of course, I had to go, too, to get him."

"The water being almost two feet deep at that point, and no big strong man beside you to wade to his death or his knees to rescue his ch-ild," Dicky teased.

Marion pouted adorably, but I saw real chagrin in her face, so came to her rescue.

"Of course you had to go in after him, Marion," I said, with no hint of a smile. "It was your Uncle Dicky's business to keep him from getting wet instead of rescuing him."

"I knew I'd get it in the neck somewhere," Dicky apostrophized the air, while Marion giggled gleefully. "That's all the thanks I get for spoiling a perfectly good

"Spare us the enumeration of your sartorial losses," I said mischievously, "and let's get these wet things off Junior. You're already soaked, so you take them off, and then I won't have to soak this gown. And I'll rub him down and dress him while you change."

Lillian ran her hand through Marion's curls.

"Your hair isn't wet," she said practically, "so you don't need me. Hurry and change, dear, and I'll help Auntie Madge with Junior."

I tried to make my "thank you" hearty, but in reality I wished her anywhere else, for I had a swift, dismayed presentiment that because of this unexpected accident, Dicky would need some article of clothing which I had put into my parcel-post package, and I did not want even Lillian to be a witness of his reaction to the discovery.

(To be Continued.)

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TO BEGIN FIGHT TO PROVE SANE.

Harry K. Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, and since 1917 confined in Kirkbride's asylum, Philadelphia, thus evading extradition to New York city on charges made against him of beating a boy. Legal proceedings will be started shortly in the Common Pleas Court, Philadelphia, to have Thaw adjudged legally competent and freed, to restore him to his personal fortune, now grown to nearly a million dollars. His counsel have every hope to clear Thaw quickly of the criminal charge. The specific charges against Thaw are kidnapping and second degree assault, and penalty on conviction would mean a long term in Sing Sing.

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