WILD BEAUTY

by MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM

SYNOPSIS: Fanny, the wife of David Frost, has been at swords' points with her austere, domineering mother-in-law from the start. At first David and Fanny live in their own home and David even quits his job at his uncle's bank in order that they may be free from family domination. Then through Fanny's carelessness Sheila, their little daughter, is taken seriously ill, wrecking David's plans to take a job in the West. There is nothing he can do then but return to his bank job and take Fanny back to live with his mother. Both David and Fanny are unhappy. Fanny then spends a month in Washington with Juliette, a distant cousin of David's who married an Italian prince. She is a huge success in Washington society. Many men try to make love to her and one young millionaire first forces his attentions on her, then offers her all he has if she will marry him.

Chapter 18

A COLD WELCOME

JULIETTE invited Fanny to prolong her visit indefinitely but Fanny declined.

"It's been one of the high spots in my life, Juliette angel, but I have to go back while it's all still a game—or rather an utterly delicious comedy in which I've had a star part. If I stayed too long I might forget that it wasn't real and that I didn't belong."

Fanny honestly did not wish to stay on. She had play-acted long enough; it was time for the curtain to be rung down. Moreover, even at first she had been a little restless without Sheila, and as the weeks passed the restlessness turned into an active hunger for the feel of that soft eager little body.

Her conscience troubled her that she had not missed David more, was able to have such a good time without him, but even so she went home to him happily, as anxious to tell him all about it as a child who had been to the circus for the first time.

It was a little disconcerting to find that no one at home was interested in hearing of her visit. David took a half hour from his work to meet her, kissed her, asked her if she had had a good time, and without waiting for her reply announced that his uncle at last had promoted him to cashier.

"Darling, how glorious! You clever person. I'm so proud of you."

"Cleverness didn't come into it—it was a clear test of endurance. Believe me, I sweat blood for it. I never saw Uncle Judd so unreasonable." He plunged into a recital of his uncle's obstinacies and inconsistencies, and his own humiliations and dogged determination to stick it out. (The inference was plain that Fanny had frivoled and luxuriated while David fought with his back to the wall.)

"You should have written me to come home," said Fanny weakly.

"You were having such a good time, I hadn't the heart."

Mrs. Frost greeted Fanny with a vivid kiss on the cheek and made no inquiries about her visit. Plainly, Fanny had not been forgiven her open defiance in going to Washington. However, the intensity of Sheila's joy more than compensated for her mother-in-law's coldness. All that afternoon Sheila kept close by Fanny's side, watching her anxiously. Once when Fanny, thinking she heard David's step on the porch, started toward the front door she felt a tug at her skirt and looked down into a small upturned face, piteous with fear.

"Why, darling, what is the matter?" cried Fanny, snatching her up in her arms. "Precious darling. Tell Mother." Sheila, cowering against Fanny's shoulder, her little body racked with silent sobs, had no words to voice her small terrors and mistrusts. Leona, the cook, was her interpreter.

"Sheila got hold of the idea, somehow, Mis' Fanny, that you had went away to stay. She didn't want to do nothing at first but sit on the stairs watching the front door."

"Oh," cried Fanny in a stricken voice, "oh, my baby, my poor neglected baby." Murmuring endearments and self-reproaches she carried Sheila upstairs and was still there, rocking Sheila back and forth, when David got home from the bank.

David was justly incensed not to find his wife waiting to greet him. So injured did he feel himself that he washed in the lavatory under the stairs, and when Fanny finally came down in belated answer to the dinner gong his kiss was as cold as his mother's.

Fanny had been especially anxious that David should learn of her social triumphs. He was always so fearful lest she fail to do or say the right thing. Would he not value her more highly, trust her more entirely, if he knew that, put to the test in a cosmopolitan society, she had had a triumphant success, been the most popular visitor in years? Everyone had said so.

Leila Daniels gave a small family dinner, ostensibly to hear about Fanny's visit. But before the soup was finished Fanny realized that Leila was trying to find out about Juliette's relations with men.

"I think Juliette is one of the finest characters I know—a perfect saint," exaggerated Fanny hotly. "Can you imagine any of us doing what she did—giving her beautiful palace for a hospital, doing the most menial sort of work, driving an ambulance for months at a time, sometimes under fire?"

"Europe was full of American women who did the same, even before their own country went into war," said Mrs. Frost, with that note of finality in her voice that Fanny found so trying—it seemed to announce conclusively that the last word had been said on the subject.

"Juliette always had men around her, hadn't she?" Leila persisted.

"Yes, of course," Fanny answered impatiently, "but so do all the other women in Washington with big houses who entertain lavishly. She was better behaved than I."

"Perhaps you were not so well behaved?" suggested Uncle Judd jocularly.

"Perhaps not," smiled Fanny.

David changed the subject, but when they were alone that night he asked her abruptly if men had made love to her at Washington.

"One or two tried to," said Fanny lightly. "But they didn't mean anything. It was just their way of making conversation."

"Did any man kiss you?"

"Not exactly—except one."

"Who?"

Fanny had meant to tell David about Frederick, at the right time and mood, but now he dragged the story out of her, question by question.

"Really, David, I didn't do anything I was the least ashamed of," she concluded indignantly. "There's no reason for your assuming the airs of an inquisitor who has already prejudged his victim."

"I haven't prejudged you. But men aren't given to making love to married women, practically proposing—not that he ever meant to marry you—without some encouragement."

"That's unfair," cried Fanny. "Frederick is a spoiled self-indulgent young hedonist who has scarcely had a desire unfulfilled in his life. If you could have seen the way the women ran after him in Washington! He only fancied me in the first place because I avoided him. I can't understand. It isn't like you, to assume that I encouraged him."

David walked to the window, stood there a long minute with his back to her before he said in a strangled voice, "I'm sorry." He turned to her a face so shamed and contrite that Fanny rushed to forgive and comfort him.

Fanny realized of course that he had been jealous, but he dropped the subject so abruptly, appeared so indifferent thereafter when she mentioned Washington, that she never guessed how jealous, nor that the month in Washington had been for him one long heartache.

David could not be happy without Fanny; she could be happy, ecstatically happy, without him. She had come home to him without his asking; but had she wanted to come home?

Her brief, hurried letters had assured David that she missed him, but she had not missed him. His mother had protested vehemently against this Washington visit, and she was right; he never defied his mother but what he paid for it.

Men had always been eager to snatch at Fanny, like hungry dogs at a bone, but never until she went to Washington had she been conscious of other men. In Washington there were predatory rich men, men with leisure and wit and charm. And Fanny was too enwrapped in her own hurts and disappointments to be perceptive of David's.

She had meant to lay at his feet as a tribute Juliette's remark that she had kicked away a crown as if it had been a horse collar. And instead there was that sneering taunt—"Not that he ever meant to marry you."

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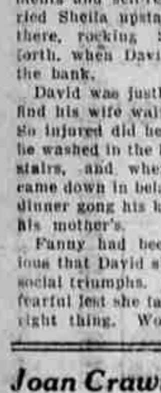
Not content with domineering over Fanny, Mrs. Frost tries to interfere in Sheila's upbringing in Monday's chapter.

Joan Crawford Star of Craterian Film

Is the Goddess of Justice really blind? Do her scales balance equitably? The whole basis of jurisprudence is that the strong as well as the weak stand on an equal footing in the courts of law. But do they?



Joan Cradford

Never has there been a picture that so graphically depicts the position of the two classes in this day when the power of money and the prestige of influence so sways the scales . . . . as "Paid," which opens at the Fox Craterian theatre tomorrow.

One of the strongest supporting casts ever assembled for a picture will be seen in "Paid." In addition to Joan Crawford, the star, the players include Robert Armstrong, Marie Prevost, John Miljan, Polly Moran, Gwen Lee, Guy Douglas, William Bakewell and Hale Hamilton.

As a fashion delineator, Joan Crawford will not be denied. In "Paid" her costumes are just as aluring as any she ever presented in other pictures.

A California beekeeper estimates that each pound of honey represents more than 35,000 trips of a bee from flower to hive.

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Clever Comedy Coming to Holly

The lure of the uniform, plus the wildly hilarious antics of those doughty doughboys, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, seem to have completely captivated a carload of beauties. This scene is one of the comedy high spots of "Half Shot at Sunrise," which opens at the Holly theater tomorrow.

The bounding nit-wits of "The Cuckoos" are at it again.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, equipped with an even funnier story, outfitted with a set of brand new gags and tearing around at a wilder pace than ever before, will be seen in their latest feature comedy howl, "Half Shot at Sunrise," starting tomorrow at the Holly theater.

This favorite fun team of the talkies is said to surpass all previous achievements in "Half Shot." Wheeler and Woolsey are seen as doughboys A. W. O. L. in Paris, where they experience the most hilarious of events. Their comic antics are hailed as even more amusing than in their previous successes, "Rio Rita," "Dixiana" and "The Cuckoos."

The new wartime comedy brings an unusually fine cast in support of the stars. Dorothy Lee, diminutive comedienne, again cuts capers with Wheeler and Woolsey. Hugh Trevor and Roberta Robinson carry the romantic theme. Leni Stengel and Edna May Oliver are seen in comedy roles.

Tonight the beautiful Messiah will be presented at the Holly theater under the auspices of the Greater Medford club. Sixty of Medford's best voices will sing this immortal oratorio. On the screen will be shown moving pictures, "A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

The advance seat sale indicates that a capacity house will repay the efforts of the Greater Medford club to give Medford this unusual musical treat, so fitting for the Christmas season. Some good seats are still available and they can be secured at the Holly theater box office. Those who attend are advised to come early as the curtain will go up promptly at 8 o'clock.

"Fast and Loose" at Rialto Tuesday

A dazzling new leading lady, one who has already captured a million hearts on Broadway, is seen in the intriguing comedy drama of pampered youth, "Fast and Loose," which will open a two-day run at the Fox Rialto theatre tomorrow. She is Miriam Hopkins, young, blond, lovely.

Miss Hopkins, who went directly from a hit part in Broadway's sensational production of "Lysistrata," to the cameras for "Fast and Loose," joined a cast of experienced stage actors at the Paramount New York studio in making this Avery Hopwood play. Charles Starrett, one of New York's best looking and most talented leading men; Frank Morgan, who starred in "Topaze" on the stage last season, have other feature parts in the production.

Carole Lombard, the little blond charmer of Charles Rogers' "Safety in Numbers," is the only member of the featured cast who hasn't served time behind the footlights.

"Fast and Loose," made directly from the play, "The Best People," is a story of the emotion-stirring doings of the modern younger generation. Two children of a wealthy family fall in love with a chorus girl and a chauffeur, and find that the in-laws they have picked object to them strenuously because of their wealth and wastrel habits.

Fred Newmeyer, maker of "Queen High," has made a swiftly enjoyable motion picture out of the absorbing play which, last season, entertained Broadway for months.

MRS. HUGHES HONORED AT FEAST ON BIRTHDAY

FERN VALLEY, Ore., Dec. 16.—(Special)—An elaborate birthday dinner was given Mrs. Martha F. Hughes in honor of her 85th birthday December 14, by Mrs. Thayer, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hughes in Sams Valley.

The huge birthday cake with alternate layers of pink and white, with frosting, was adorned with 85 pink candles. Pictures were taken of the table, Mrs. Hughes, and the guests in various groups.

Those present were: Sons and daughters-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Hughes, L. R. Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hughes; grandchildren, Merle, Gilbert, Margaret Hughes and Mildred Marshall; great grand children, Patricia and Joyce Marshall; other guests, Ed Marshall, Donald Wheeler, Albert Finke, Bud Marsh, the honor guest, Mrs. Hughes, and hostess, Mrs. Thayer.

Mrs. Hughes is known by many throughout the valley, having resided here for 37 years. She came with her husband and family from Texas in December, 1893. Her husband died in 1895. She has five sons, three here—Walter in San Diego, Cal.; Robert in Albuquerque, N. M.; ten grand children and 11 great grand children.

She received several nice gifts and many cards. One card was from a little girl friend whose birthday was the same day.

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Old Jacksonville Citizens Speedily Avenged When Indians Practiced Murder

"Recently received a letter from John B. Griffin, city marshal of Trinidad, Cal.," says Fred Lockley in the Portland Journal. "He was born at Jacksonville, Ore., in 1853 and was one of the family of 11 children of Burrel B. Griffin of Kentucky, who with his family—at that time consisting of a wife and eight children — crossed the plains to Oregon in 1848. In 1853, not long after Burrel B. Griffin had moved from the forks of the Santiam in Linn county to a donation land claim four miles southeast of Jacksonville, he was elected county commissioner of Jackson county.

"The other two commissioners were Martin Angell and John Gibbs. The total vote of Jackson county at that time was 1191. This large vote was acounted for by the fact that Jacksonville was almost at the height of its fame as the metropolis of southwestern Oregon. Millions of dollars were being taken from the gulches in and about Jacksonville and that city as a consequence was booming. At this same election of 1853, C. S. Drew was elected county auditor, William Galley sheriff and Dr. E. H. Cleveland county treasurer.

"Less than two months after the election—or, to be exact, on August 4, 1853 — Richard Edwards, who lived five miles from Jacksonville, was killed by Indians. The next day a public meeting was held at the Robison hotel in Jacksonville and a company of volunteers was formed to punish the Indians. On the day following the killing of Edwards, Burrel B. Griffin and a man named Davis were both attacked by the Indians, Mr. Griffin being shot through the shoulder with an arrow and Mr. Davis in the thigh.

"That same night Thomas J. Wells, a Jacksonville merchant, was shot and killed. The following day Rhodes Nolan was killed as he entered his cabin on Jackson creek. The citizens in scouting around the outskirts of Jacksonville, found an Indian chief and he was at once hung from the limb of an oak tree. During the day three other Indians were captured and hung. The citizens were very much excited and didn't take time to find out if the Indians captured were guilty. They were guilty of being Indians, and that was enough.

"Within a few days six companies of volunteers were raised, commanded by J. K. Lamerick, John F. Miller, R. L. Williams, E. A. Owens and W. W. Fowler. S. Ettinger, I. B. Nichols and James Cluggage started for Salem and reached the home of General Joseph Lane at 1 o'clock in the morning of August 17, and told him that the Indians were on the warpath. General Lane had just been elected to congress and was preparing to leave for Washington, but instead he started for the Rogue River valley, gathering volunteers as he went southward. Meanwhile, Lieutenant B. B. Griffin of company A and Captain J. P. Miller, with 25 men, had some time prior to this time attacked Chief Elijah, who with his people was camped on Sterling creek.

"The next day they met the Indians under Chief John and in the ensuing skirmish Francis Garnett was killed and Lieutenant B. B. Griffin was shot through the leg. Two of Lieutenant Griffin's sons, William and Joseph, had volunteered for service against the Indians and took part in a number of skirmishes, serving until the hostilities were over.

"A brother of John W. Griffin, Burrel W. Griffin, who was born in Missouri in 1840 and who was eight years old when he came across the plains with his parents to the Willamette valley, will be remembered by all old-time residents of Pendleton and other pioneer residents of the Inland Empire. Burrel W. Griffin received most of his education from Orange Jacobs, at one time teacher and lawyer of Jacksonville, but later chief justice of Washington territory.

"In 1862, when he was 22 years old, Burrel W. Griffin decided to try his luck as a prospector; so he went up to eastern Oregon and was a member of the party that discovered rich pay dirt on Granite creek in the John Day river district."

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