

WILD BEAUTY

by MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM

SYNOPSIS: David Frost's old-fashioned, austere mother has actually killed his wife, Fanny, ever since their marriage. Living in the same home with her mother-in-law only intensifies Fanny's unhappiness. Unable to get the sympathy she needs from her busy husband, Fanny develops a strong friendship with Bob Daniels, who happily married to David's cousin, Leona. He is deeply in love with Fanny. Bob plans to run away from his wife on Halloween night. He meets Fanny at a costume party. A recent quarrel with David has made her more unhappy than ever, and Bob persuades her to run away with him, promising her the sun and a divorce in California and he will return later and bring away her little daughter, Sheila.

Chapter 25 THE BLOW FALLS

DAVID had the fancy to go to the party as the ghost of Charles the First, in black hose and velvet doublet, and curled black wig, a jagged scarlet line breaking the livid paleness of his face and throat.

"David Frost—you are too awful! Don't you dare come near me," cried a small yellow-haired pixie.

"Just as you say," answered David, snatched the pixie from her partner and whirled her into the midst of the dancing throng.

Fanny had been counting all the way out on that first dance with David. They danced beautifully together and it had been long weeks since they had had the opportunity, held close in David's arms, swaying in perfect unison, perhaps he would whisper an endearment that would make a rift in her dreadful depression, heal the ache in her heart. But he was dancing with some one else. The yellow-haired pixie—Charlotte Sturdevant—was young and gay and light-hearted; she kept making faces at David, pretending to want to get away from him. And David was laughing.

Emily Bennett always did everything beautifully and her Halloween party was no exception. Because of its distance from town the old place boasted no such modern conveniences as gas and electricity. Tonight Emily had lighted the upstairs and down with a myriad of wax candles. Great log fires blazed in every room; yellow and white chrysanthemums were on every mantelpiece; the orchestra had been specially imported from Philadelphia; the punch was brewed from an old family recipe; there was unlimited champagne at supper.

Fanny was never long alone at a party. A ghost and a skeleton competed for her favors, and Fanny linked arms and danced with them both. Afterward it was told and retold and told again that Fanny Frost had never been in better form than she was that night. She danced as if she were a very fountain of rhythm, laughed constantly, was witty and gay, flirted outrageously, took the baton from the orchestra leader and conducted a number, did an exhibition tango with Al Storer.

When David looked for Fanny later, as he did half a dozen times, she was dancing or was engaged three or four dances ahead. She had supper on the stairs in the midst of a laughing chattering group; there was no room for David.

Not long afterward some one suggested a stroll in the park. Four set out—David, Helen Alderson, Ralph Brander and Sue Peabody. David was too engrossed with Helen to notice that Fanny was standing in the hall looking after him. (Perhaps he had forgotten that that morning he had planned with Fanny to slip away and show her the park by moonlight.) Ralph wore a skeleton suit and his thin shoes were soon wet by the dew. He and Sue turned back.

Helen and David went on. Tempted by the beauty of the night, the succession of lovely vistas that lured them ahead at every turning they walked for miles and miles. When they got back it was after 3 and the party was breaking up. No one had seen Fanny recently—her wrap was missing. Emily Bennett was almost certain Fanny had left with the Sidney Philbrick.

A fire's shamed, a little sulky, David drove home alone.

Back at the house he found no sign of Fanny. He telephoned the Philbricks; Fanny was not there; the last they had seen of her she was dancing. Emily Bennett had no telephone. David made the long drive back to Bennett Park far faster than the law allowed; the house was in utter darkness. David turned his car and went home again. Fanny must have taken a moonlight stroll herself; half a dozen people might have taken her

home; undoubtedly they had passed on the way.

When he got within sight of his mother's home he saw that the downstairs was ablaze with lights, and for the first time a premonition of disaster seized him. Scarcely waiting to turn off his engine he dashed up the front steps. The front door knob turned in his hand—Leona, the cook, had been watching for him, but she gave him no greeting.

In the library was his mother, his Cousin Emmeline Brownbeck, Leila, Edward Philbrick, Cousin Louisa and her husband. Leila was huddled in a chair crying, the others grouped about her. Cousin Emmeline had her hand on her shoulder. His mother stood a little aloof by the mantelpiece, a sly glint of gloom in her long dark dressing gown. David had heard raised voices a moment before, but as he came in the door there was a stark strident silence. They all looked at him—even Leila stopped crying to stare at him.

"What is it? Where's Fanny? What has happened to Fanny?" They glanced uncomfortably at one another. Edward Philbrick cleared his throat.

"They're gone," Leila burst out; "they've gone off together. Bob telephoned. He said..."

"But Fanny—where is Fanny?" David's mother came forward and took his arm. With all her soul she shrank from delivering this death blow to her son—the death blow to his love and pride and all his fine hopes of happiness. But they were Brownbecks. Better she than another.

"Don't you understand, my son?" she asked solemnly. "Fanny has gone away with Robert Daniels. He telephoned from Crawfordville. Fanny is dead to you. You must put her out of your life."

David stared at her blankly, unbelieving.

"That's preposterous," he said in a loud voice. He tried to say something else, but though his mouth worked no words came. He swirled, started toward the front door, no idea in his head but to start out blindly and find Fanny. His Cousin Edward, misunderstanding, caught his arm.

"I've been to Sidney's," he said. "Sheila is all right. Fanny and Bob did not bother themselves with encumbrances."

The spell was broken; they all habbled at once. Leila, strangely enough, began quarreling with her Aunt Emmeline.

"You said it would be all right," she sobbed accusingly. "You wouldn't let me go to France to meet Bob. It's your fault, it's all your fault." She swayed back and forth, repeating, hysterically, "It's all your fault; you said it would be all right."

"Better get her some brandy—David, too. He's the color of wax," Edward Philbrick commanded. David turned and went upstairs to his bedroom, his and Fanny's bedroom, lighted all the lights, locked the doors, sat staring stupidly down at the carpet. He heard voices, knocks, a rat-tat-tat on the panels; someone tried first one door, then the other. Presently he made out Leona's voice saying authoritatively, "Davey, open the door this minute. Your mama's going to have it broke down if you don't!"

He got up then and unlocked the door.

"Tell them I'm all right," he said peevishly. Then in a sudden burst of anger, "Tell them for God's sake to leave me alone!" Then he switched off the lights and lay down on the couch.

Perhaps an hour later he heard the front door open and close, heard three cars starting one after the other, heard his mother come heavily upstairs, listen at his door and go to her room. He lay there motionless, two hours, three; he heard the milk delivered, dogs barking, the cheery discordant whistle of the paper boy.

Suddenly the front door-bell rang urgently—rang and rang. His mother's footsteps went heavily down the stairs. There was an interval of quiet. Then Leona again was rattling his door.

"Davey, Davey," she urged in a sibilant whisper. "Come downstairs quick. Miss Fanny's back—and your mama won't let her in."

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Will David forgive Fanny, or has she returned too late? Read tomorrow's chapter.

YULE SPIRIT AND SANTA CLAUS AT ROTARY MEETING

Medford Rotarians held their annual Christmas party at the Hotel Medford Tuesday noon with a splendid program of Yuletide music, an inspiring Christmas address by Rev. Claude Porter and the appearance of Santa Claus in person, combining to make the meeting a real success.

Rev. Porter's message was typical of the season and brought out the real spirit of Christmas, its seriousness and high ideals which are so often overlooked by the material world of today.

People of the modern age look to the material rather than the spiritual side of life according to the speaker, who deplored this tendency on the part of the average citizen. The public of today is too busy to see the poverty and distress of the unfortunate to whom Christmas is often a period of sadness and depression.

To illustrate his contention, the speaker told of a child's letter to Santa Claus written by an 11-year-old boy in this valley who had never known a real Christmas, as well as other similar instances. If the average citizen would follow the physician and minister for a few days, many needy cases would be brought to light, according to the speaker.

In closing, Rev. Porter told a beautiful Christmas parable which brought out most forcefully the ideal of service, which is the foundation of Rotary principle.

Christmas carols by a group of well known local singers were much enjoyed by those present. Included in the choir were Mrs. John Wilkinson, Bertie and Merle Mische, Mrs. Biekerstaff and Hazel Mische.

The appearance of Santa Claus with a pack of toys and candy closed the program, each Rotarian having provided a toy for one of his fellow members. Candy was furnished through the courtesy of Whitelaw's candy factory of Medford.

Upon unanimous motion it was decided to give all of the toys to the Girls' League for distribution to the poor children of Jackson county.

A large number of visiting Rotarians from Ashland were present, including Lou Hansen, Charles Weaver, M. O. Wilkins, Paul A. Marx, Harry Stearns, Jas. Harker, L. D. Lapp and Guy Good as well as a number of other guests.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—(AP)—A decrease of one per cent in the number of fall pigs counted in the December survey of the department of agriculture combined with results of the June survey showed a total decrease of four per cent in the 1930 pig crop.

Intentions on next year's crop, as outlined in the report issued today, will probably result in a somewhat smaller crop than this year. It was pointed out, however, that the decrease might not take place unless there is a very marked change in the corn and hog situation in the next two months.

LANSING, Mich., Dec. 24.—(AP)—Summary punishment with whips was administered today to six youths with the approval of the circuit judge before whom they were charged with a series of thefts.

The whippings were administered by or under the personal supervision of the parents of the youths, who ranged in age from 17 to 19. Five of the boys had confessed, and had implicated the sixth. After the corporal punishment, Judge Henry H. Smith, who was to have pronounced sentence, suspended action until June.

Oregon Weather
Rains in the west and local snows in the east portion tonight and Thursday, somewhat warmer in the west portion tonight. Fresh to southerly winds on the coast.

BIG CROP DROPS FOUR PER CENT

LASH GIVEN BOYS ON COURT'S ORDER

MAURICE CHEVALIER AT ISIS TOMORROW

Little Stories of Little Stars

ELISSA LANDI

Source of Many Ills

"Whoopee" at Holly Thursday



A scene from "Whoopee" starring Eddie Cantor

The greatest names of stage and screen combine in the widely-heralded production of "Whoopee," the Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld musical riot which comes to the Holly theatre tomorrow for a three-day run. Its sponsors are respectively the greatest pioneer of the motion picture in America and the musical comedy king of the American stage. Its star, Eddie Cantor, is known wherever there are theatres as a comic artist of genius. In its stage form, produced by Mr. Ziegfeld in New York, with Cantor in the lead, it ran over a year and a half.

Included in the cast are Eleanor Hunt, the red-haired beauty whom Samuel Goldwyn considers one of his greatest finds, Dorothy Knapp, famed "most beautiful girl in the world," Paul Gregory, \$25,000 tenor, Ethel Shutta, and such famous Ziegfeld glorified girls as Jeanne Morgan, Muriel Finley and Virginia Bruce. Thornton Freeland, brilliant young director, who is known as one of the fastest rising people of Hollywood, directed this picture.

Stage production of "Whoopee" made New York gasp by its lavishly beautiful, in the first medium of the talking screen, "Whoopee" has outdone even its stage incarnation. Such internationally famous beauty spots as Zion National Park furnished the back-grounds for the outdoor scenes. All the technical brilliance of the Goldwyn and Ziegfeld staffs combined were used to make each detail breath-taking in its loveliness. Scores of beautiful girls selected from among five thousand applicants by Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Ziegfeld personally, the expenditure of nearly two million dollars and months of careful preparation make "Whoopee" mark a new era in pictures spectacle. Color is used lavishly throughout to enrich these unparalleled effects.

"Lightnin" Opens at Fox Craterian



Louise Dresser and Will Rogers in the Fox Movietone Comedy Drama, "Lightnin'."

Comedy vies with drama in "Lightnin'," Will Rogers' latest Fox Movietone picture, which was given its local premiere at a preview at the Fox Craterian theatre last night, and Rogers gives a performance that outranks anything he has previously done.

As the habitually idle whimsical old tippler and dreamer, "Lightnin'" Bill Jones, Rogers has a role that actually exceeds his remarkable characterizations in "They Had to See Paris" and "So This is London."

Rogers does not rip wide open the well-worn divorce veil, but rather, poles good fun at it. Last night's audience laughed at him and laughed with him.

A fast tempo is maintained throughout the picture and interest never lags. It is, perhaps, the best entertainment the screen has yet produced. Its direction is masterful, for which much credit is due Henry King, the man who also produced outstanding screen successes.

Maurice Chevalier at Isis Tomorrow

Little Stories of Little Stars

ELISSA LANDI

Source of Many Ills

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR JACKSONVILLE GRANGE ON FRIDAY

Jacksonville Grange will hold regular meeting the night after Christmas, Dec. 26, at 8 o'clock. An appropriate Christmas program will be given, including reports of the different officials. All officers are asked to cooperate in the giving of these reports and have a 100 percent attendance for the last meeting of the year.

The officers-elect will also benefit themselves in being present and hearing the reports.

There will be a tree and Christmas treats so the children are especially invited. Games and a good social time are being arranged as well as the program.

All officers-elect for the ensuing year are asked to remember the public installation next Monday evening at 8 o'clock in Medford armory. This will be the only installation ceremony given this year so it is imperative that all the officers be installed at this time.

The choir for the ceremony will be furnished by the Jacksonville Grange, a number of voices already being secured.

The H. C. C. met at Mrs. Hartley's Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Homer Mechem being joint hostess. About fourteen ladies were present. A good report was read by the secretary, Mrs. Severance, of the work done this year by the club. The club has done splendid work this year, much credit being due to the Home Economics committee and especially the chairman and president of the club, Mrs. Ernest Langley. Other officers of the club are Mrs. Chester Wendt, vice-president and Mrs. Severance, secretary.

In appreciation of the work done for the club and her true spirit of cooperation in Grange work a gift was presented to Mrs. Langley, who in return gave Christmas greetings to each member.

A surprise feature of the afternoon was a birthday cake made by Mrs. Hartley in honor of the club's first year. Other refreshments of

JACKSONVILLE CHURCH GIVES YULE PROGRAM

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Dec. 24 (Sp.)—A Christmas program was given at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning under the direction of Mrs. Vivian Beach, superintendent of the Sunday school. The program was given as follows: Prelude, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," by the choir, also hymn, "Joy to the World"; scripture reading by Reverend Jones.

Special anthem song by the choir: "A Good Plan," exercise by little Bobby Miller and Robert Beach; "Merry Christmas Day," by Lawrence Fick; "Christ Our Shepherd," exercise by 11 girls; "Let the Little Ones Come," reading by Jessie Gaddy; a violin selection by Mattie Norris, Freddie Metzger and Shirley Conrath; "What Can I Give?" reading by Lois Sander; lullaby given by five little girls of the primary class.

"Glimpses of Nativity," by seven girls of Rodda Keen's class; solo, sung by Mrs. John H. Knight; "Little Christmas Tree," by six boys; musical reading of Christmas and Home, by Lulu Schuberger; "Silent Night," violin trio; "A Busy Little Girl," by Emilee Sander; "A Christmas Wish," by Joyce Niedermeyer; piano selection by Joe Beach; "Hail to the King," by the choir of the Junior high; "The True Christmas Spirit," by several boys of Mr. Martin's class; piano selection by Deloris Smet and the benediction.

Candy and nuts were given to the children of the Sunday school.

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