

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: When Santa Dawn tells Dicky her father that she has decided to follow him, her sweetheart of long standing, to Europe and marry him, Dicky "comforts" her, she marries Dicky, but on the way to Helsing Dicky drinks too much, and calls her "Low-Low." The truth about Dicky's past suddenly comes upon Santa—too late. Many things have made the situation what it is, chiefly her mother's jealousy of Olive, which prompted her to keep Santa in an artificial European atmosphere until she became an accomplished heartbreaker. For Olive had been the son of Eric Dawn's first love, who killed him before his marriage to Santa's mother.

Chapter 9 THE WRONG CHOICE

NINE o'clock on a November morning—a chill Chicago sky. Marriage wasn't all that it was cracked up to be. Feeling little and pulseless Santa stood gazing down from her apartment at the pigmy stream of automobiles racing far below along Lake Shore Drive. At nineteen, surely, she had the right to be happy. All those people down there, were they happy?

Behind her Ann, the cheerful, dumpy maid she employed, announced:

"Breakfast's ready, Madam." Santa flinched. It hurt to be addressed as madam. Her idea of heaven was to find herself again a fluffy debutante. Dicky's friends wore moustaches and were as ancient as her father; their wives had reached the trying-to-be-young stage. To have no one else with whom to associate when you yourself were really young, was pathetic.

A discreet cough brought her back to the present.

"I heard you the first time, Ann." Turning from the window, she faced into the tastefully furnished room. If making a home hold a husband's affections, she'd done her best. And she'd cost him nothing.

An estate which netted her fifteen thousand a year had been Grandfather Summers' wedding-present. Dicky ought to be grateful. This was the one morning of all mornings to have shown his gratitude.

She pulled herself together. Why not make another try? She would promise, if he'd promise. That his mood might be receptive she must appear conciliatory. Transferring the breakfast to a tray, she carried it to his bedside.

"Morning, Dicky!" He rolled over and yawned.

"What time is it? Goodness, you're up bright and early!"

"Isn't early, Dicky. All the future U. S. Presidents have been in their offices for half an hour."

"Never yearned to be President. Wouldn't accept it if they offered it me." He raised himself on his elbow.

"Don't distress yourself; they won't."

"How about a kiss?" he invited her.

She smiled.

"So you have remembered?" He ruffled his blond hair.

"Remembered what?" Her smile faded.

"You haven't."

She poured his coffee, sugared and milked it.

"I could throw it at you," She spoke crossly.

What to do with him? After his least pardonable follies he always greeted her with this blase air of innocence. He had no memory for yesterdays—made her feel that her grievances were imaginary.

"What's up? You're disappointed."

"Not at all." She shrugged away.

"It only happens that today is the first anniversary of our wedding."

"That so?" He helped himself from a dish to disguise his confusion. "What's this—bacon?"

"Our first year together is ended," she persisted. "Has it satisfied you?"

"Let's leave post-mortems to coroners," he grinned.

"I'm not satisfied," her voice pursued him.

"Most!" he pondered. "That you're a drill-sergeant—seem convinced you were born to run me."

"But Dicky," she protested in patient denial, "I don't want to run you. If I drag you from your bed and try to spur your ambition, it's because I share your fortunes. I'd give anything to have a husband on whom I could depend."

"You've said it." He pointed an accusing finger. "You don't trust me."

"O, Dicky, must I tell you that again? You're irresponsible as a mischievous boy. What happened last night was an example. You take me to a dance and then vanish. A couple I hardly know feel sorry for me and bring me home. You return by yourself hours later. How you'd spent your time was obvious."

"Last night was an exception," he avoided her eyes.

"They're all exceptions," she accused him. "You're becoming a boozehound. The habit's growing. Nice people steer clear of you."

He sat up with as much dignity as a man in pyjamas can muster.

"So that's your opinion of me on our first anniversary?"

"Which you didn't remember," she challenged.

"Rubbish!" he coaxed. "We don't get along too badly."

She perched herself on the foot of the bed.

"An older woman might have handled you, Dicky. There're 14 years between us. We belong to different generations."

Any reference to his age irritated him.

"Handled! There you go. Can't you get it into your head that a man detests to be managed? And the difference in our ages was your reason for accepting me. You were sick of boys; a man of the world could make allowances."

She nodded.

"But I didn't realize that men of the world make allowances in order to be excused. I've been excusing you since the third night of our honeymoon."

"The trouble between us," he blustered, "is that you have money at a moment when I haven't."

"I knew that was coming." Her face darkened. "You paid for the honeymoon; since then I've paid for everything."

"My bad luck," he countered.

"Was I to blame that my real estate venture went bust? I certainly did you royally so long as I had money."

"And yourself as well. Your money lasted as long as our honeymoon."

"Everything depends on the interpretation," he sneered.

"It does." She continued relentlessly. "You've never played the game by me. If you had, I'd stake you with my last dollar. But from the first day you misrepresented yourself. You didn't lie outright, but you implied by your extravagance that you were prosperous."

"So I shall be when the old man dies."

"But you're not and you weren't when we became engaged. You must have known that your real estate development was on the rocks. A short life and a merry one was your prospect; so you grabbed me as a lifesaver."

His face quivered.

"There was only one reason—that I loved you."

"You've a quaint idea of love," she retorted. "Your love wasn't like mine. Mine was new; yours was shop-soiled. At home I was treated as innocent. You've thought it clever to treat me as a blackguard."

"Lord, Santa, you're bitter! You were the one who didn't want me to be questioned. In your heart you doubted me and yet you were afraid of losing me."

She stared at him forlornly.

"I'd better get dressed," he ended the discussion.

She sat still as a statue when he'd gone. Ten years from now, unless she did something drastic, he'd be just as unconvinced by her arguments. Somehow she must save him. If she were to leave him, she might frighten him. Suddenly, in an appalling flash of insight, she realized that her physical longing was to get away from him. Acting on the impulse, with no thought of consequences, she tiptoed to their bedroom and tried to pack.

As she finished strapping her suitcase, she looked up to find Ann, chunky and cheerful, smiling in on her.

"Tell Mr. Dak I'll be away for a few days." She spoke breathlessly. "And if you ask my opinion which you haven't," Ann grinned broadly, "I think you're doing the right thing, Madam."

(Copyright 1931-1932, Coningsby Dawson) It's a curious return to the family roof-tree that Santa makes, tomorrow.

REVIVAL OF BARN DANCE IN KANSAS BOON TO FARMER

CLAY CENTER, Kas., Oct. 27.—(AP)

—Memory of a time when the pioneer's recreation was as meager as his income suggested to Wm. Tempero, dirt farmer, a plan of attack which has routed his depression.

His musings centered about the old barn dance, one of the few and simple pleasures of the prairie folk. He recalled they rode miles to shuffle rough boots over rougher boards in the rhythm of scraping fiddles.

"This," said the farmer, "seems to be the age of revivals—old values, old songs, old customs, old overcasts—why not the barn dance?"

Accordingly, Mr. Tempero made a slight rearrangement of his livestock. Dobbin and Blossom were moved from the barn as a step toward moving the wolf from the door.

A dance floor was built. Canvas was hung from the walls. Gas stoves were installed.

So that no scarcity of funds might wreck his project, Mr. Tempero placed two bins in his barnyard. Into these the rural youth was privileged to leave a sack of wheat, or two sacks of corn, and proceed to the dance floor with his lady.

Now an orchestra from town bleats forth modern dance tunes except on Thursday nights when those who do not care two straws for the modern rags shuffle through the old square dances and revel in the waltz.

Dupont Explosion. PAULSBORO, N. J., Oct. 27.—(AP)—An explosion occurred in the crystallizer plant of the E. I. Dupont de Nemours Powder company at Gibbstown, near here, late this afternoon. The cause was not determined immediately.

Umpqua Jetty Bids. PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 27.—(AP)—Bids will be opened here late tomorrow for construction of a new jetty on the south side of the entrance to the mouth of the Umpqua river, the project to provide for an expenditure of about \$450,000.

China Sale Approved. SPOKANE, Oct. 27.—(AP)—North Pacific Grain Growers, Inc., today announced willingness to endorse Chinese nationalist government obligations for the proposed 15,000,000 bushel credit sale of wheat to China.

SALEM, Oct. 26.—(AP)—A J. Doney of Portland was elected president of the Oregon State Association of Fire Fighters here yesterday in its second annual convention. Business sessions were devoted to discussion of fire protection and prevention education.

SALEM, Oct. 26.—(AP)—The Oregon supreme court will start its October term of court at Pendleton next Monday. It was announced here today. Eastern Oregon appeals will be heard beginning October 31.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

VETERAN 'AP' MAN TAKES EDITORSHIP

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., Oct. 27.—

(AP)—Paul Cowles, recently retired from the Associated Press service, has assumed editorial management of the Santa Barbara Morning Press.

At the time of his retirement after 42 years of service, Cowles was executive assistant to the general manager of the Associated Press at New York. For many years he was superintendent of the western division of the Associated Press at San Francisco and at various times has served as superintendent of the southern and central divisions.

During his extended career Cowles has reported many outstanding news events for the Associated Press, notable among them the revolution in Hawaii when Queen Liliuokalani was deposed, the Japanese-Russian war; the San Francisco earthquake and fire; the disaster at Chicago when an excursion steamer capsized and nearly one thousand persons were drowned, and the Dayton, Ohio, flood.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—If Yale's old grads are feeling pessimistic about their football team, they should listen to Coach Mal Stevens. "There has been great improvement during the past week," he said yesterday.

"If the boys carry on Saturday as they have since their defeat by Army, Yale will be no easy mark for Dartmouth."

SOVIET INDUSTRY SHOWS DECLINE

MOSCOW, Oct. 27.—(AP)

With the end of the first five-year plan only a little more than two months off, official figures published today showed that Russia's industry as a whole accomplished less than half the increase planned for 1932, but still is running considerably ahead of last year.

The country's entire industrial production for the first eight months of this year, including heavy and light industries in timber and food industries, reached a combined average of 14.9 per cent above the same period of 1931, as compared with a scheduled increase of 36 per cent for the whole year of 1932.

Heavy industry had a gain of only 1.8 per cent, light industry increased 22 per cent and timber production 91 per cent.

Total production amounted to 18,931,500,000 rubles (nominally \$94,657,500).

Science Monitor Tells of Humane Aid Here

An item of interest to Medford people appeared in the October 20 issue of the Christian Science Monitor in a report of the 35th annual meeting of the American Humane association, which was held this year in San Francisco.

The splendid work of the Jackson County Humane society is mentioned

OFFERS CHILDREN FOR COUNTY FOOD

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 27.—(AP)

—Informed that the county cannot grant relief to persons who refuse to relinquish their property as security, Tony Savone, Madison, offered his four children.

"You wanted my property; here it is," he said, as he brought four girls, the oldest six and the youngest two-year-old twins, to the headquarters of the relief department.

Thereupon he departed. Mrs. Ruth Welton, relief worker, later returned the children to their home, but Savone said he would take them back as soon as his scant food supply is depleted.

Talent Fruitgrowers Meet Friday Evening

The Talent District Fruitgrowers club will meet at the Irrigation office at Talent on Friday evening, October 28th. J. W. McCoy of the First National bank, Ashland, will speak on "How the Government is Financing the Farmer." A social hour with light refreshments will follow. All growers are urged to attend.

IOWA CITY — The Iowa football team, which is on its way east to play George Washington Friday, has a good precedent for victory. The last time the Hawkeyes invaded the east they defeated Yale, 6 to 0.

fresh as a new day

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

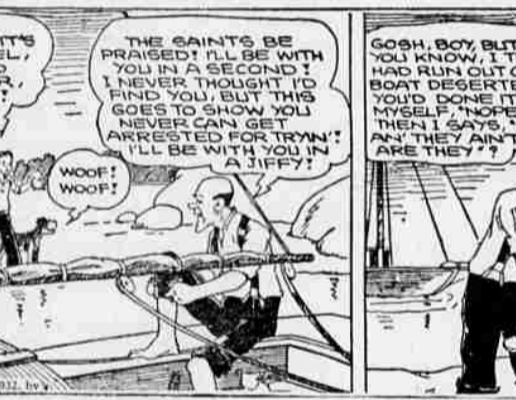
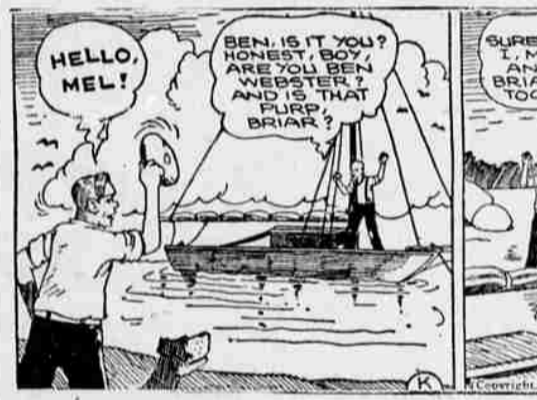
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

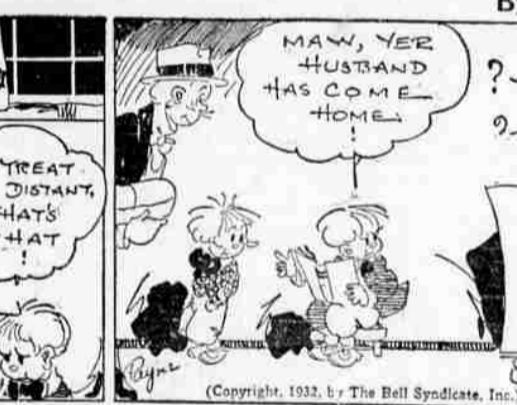
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Aerial Murder



BOUND TO WIN—Meeting Mel Ryder



S'MATTER POP—Giving Pop The Cold Shoulder



THE NEBBES—The Mongrel



BRINGING UP FATHER



COMMUNISTS ROUT CHINESE MISSIONS

FOOCHOW, China, Oct. 27.—(AP)—American and British missionaries in the northwestern region of Fukien province are hastily withdrawing toward this city as a result of the advance of communist outlaws from Kiangsi province, whence they were driven by the national government troops.

It was understood that the two American groups principally involved are missionaries of the Congregational church with headquarters in Boston and the Northern Methodist missionaries with headquarters in New York. These two maintain numerous missionary stations in northwestern Fukien.

LOAN ASS'N CHIEF LAUDS LOCAL SIGN

Mark A. Goidy, secretary of the Interstate Fidelity Building and Loan association, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, was a business visitor in Medford this week, calling on Chas. Wing of the local agency.

Mr. Goidy, in voting his appreciation of the Rogue River valley and surrounding country, also spoke of this as a "prosperous region," saying that the Medford branch is outstanding in the association.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. Select Utah Coal \$13.50 per ton off car—car due Oct. 28. Med. Fuel Co. Tel. 631.

By George McManus