

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: November came, and with it Santa's first adding of stockings—and disillusionment. Dicky has failed as a husband; she leaves him for her parents' home, and Olive who loved her so dearly is still in Europe she supposes. The future that is her past beats Santa; the training from her jealous mother which made her a Europeanized first, the vacation that led her to take Dicky instead of Olive, her debacle with Dicky. Curiously enough it was the fact that Olive's mother had killed Santa's father long ago, that had set in motion all these strange currents. His wife never forgave him his first love. Santa is glad no one knows she has left Dicky.

Chapter 10

"CLIVE'S DUE FOR DINNER"

HAVING obtained money at her bank, she drove straight to the Union station. There was no express to New York till early afternoon. She killed time by inspecting shops in the station. Her mind was in a flutter. She had the feeling that if anyone addressed her she would faint.

Yet the reflection that greeted her in the polished surface of windows was that of a composed young lady neatly tailored and provocative. There was nothing to hint that she was married—let alone that she was a runaway.

As the hour drew nearer for departure, suspense mounted. A fugi-

agerness! The girl's hands betrayed her, clasped till the gloves were strained to bursting. Her mother captured one of them.

"Darling, I can't tell you how Daddy and I have worried over you. You've returned so unexpectedly. Are you sure you're happy?"

"Average, Mummy. As happy as I deserve to be—at least, so my husband tells me. But what's this mystery about Olive?"

"Only that he's acted so strangely—utterly ignored your father, despite the fact that he's his guardian. He slipped off to Europe without notifying anyone save you. During the 14 months that he's been absent, there's been never a line. Yet he telephoned us within 12 hours of landing."

"Perhaps he doesn't know that I'm married. Or, if he does, he hopes to hear that I'm divorced."

Her mother swung round in consternation.

"You're not deceiving me, Santa. Since you've left us we've heard rumors that Dicky's never been quite steady."

"As steady as most husbands, Mummy. I didn't choose him, neither did you, for his steadiness. We chose him because he was sporting."

"I don't think I chose him," her mother faltered.



Santa rehearsed her new part like an actress.

live, she waited for the platform-gate to open and was among the first to scramble aboard the train, nor did she feel safe till the wheels were turning.

At last she belonged to herself. A year ago the luxury of belonging to herself had meant boredom. She buried her nose in a novel, of which she read scarcely a line. She was dramatizing her own story—tossing with the idea of belonging to herself forever.

The exultation of escape lasted until next morning. Now Santa's problem was the extent to which to take her parents into her confidence. She decided to proceed with caution and to rely on the fib of the moment.

From the station she telephoned.

"Hello, Mummy! Santa speaking. No, not in Chicago; I'm in New York to do my Christmas shopping. Stay with you! Of course. You're driving in. Fine! Let's lunch together at the Plaza."

To make her invention seem plausible she went to lunch strung with packages. Across the table, Mrs. Dawn made polite enquiries as regards her son-in-law.

"He'll miss you."

"I expect he will."

"And you'll miss him."

"Why shouldn't I?"

In the car as they were driving back, her mother remarked apropos of nothing, "Clive's due to dinner tonight."

Santa gasped.

"I thought he was in Europe."

"So did we till he telephoned. Had we known that you were to be with us, we'd have postponed him." Grabbing her runaway nerves, Santa feigned nonchalance.

"Don't see why."

"I'm afraid a meeting between you may prove embarrassing."

"Nonsense, Mummy. A girl doesn't have to avoid a man because he was once in love with her."

"You're taking the sensible attitude, Santa; but I'm not so sure of Clive. It's my belief that he has never recovered from you."

Mrs. Dawn glanced at her daughter. Had she detected a suspicious

"But you did, Mummy."

In the long familiar avenue, dimly lighted and wintry with bare trees, the car was halting. Mrs. Dawn seized the final moment, facing her daughter in stark sincerity.

"If I did, please don't say it to your father. He blames me for your marriage. Do help the dinner to pass off pleasantly."

"I'll do my best."

The moment she had crossed the threshold she tumbled into her father's arms.

"My little girl! How's the world been treating you?"

Brilliant-eyed, laughing up at him, she flung back her fur. She could feel his fear for her. He held her lightly, fondling her, telling her in dumb language that he was there to protect her.

"Why, you dear silly," she chaffed him, a sob in her throat, "I do believe you're examining me for bruises."

"You're looking prettier and younger than ever, Santa."

"And now, Daddy," she coaxed, "let me run and dress."

"Has your mother told you about Clive?"

"Isn't it jolly?" she flung back. "A regular family party."

In her room—the one in which she had prinked and preened to catch a husband—she rehearsed her new part like an actress. She was about to meet the man she had flitted. Only she and he would know how cruelly, and she alone knew with what dire consequences to herself.

Of his end of the disaster she was ignorant. She had allowed him to sail out of her life in the belief that she was following him. Within the hour she had confirmed her promise to bestow herself on his rival. Now 14 months later her punishment was to be judged by him.

Her only defence was to make herself repentant. It wouldn't be the first time that a touch of powder and a dab of rouge had won a verdict.

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Santa and Clive play principal parts in a bitterly ironical scene tomorrow.

Jacksonville

JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 28.—(Sp.)—Home Economics club of the Grange met at their hall Thursday afternoon for a regular meeting, after which refreshments were served.

Mrs. E. S. Severance attended a Halloween ball and card party on Thursday evening given by Hilah and Zulema Temples at the fairgrounds, Grants Pass.

Many from Jacksonville are planning to hear Dr. Dan Poling lecture in Medford Tuesday. Dr. Poling is one of the editors of the Christian Herald and is president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union.

Royal Neighbor Lodge will give a dance at the U. S. Hall Wednesday night, November 2. The Oregon Lumberjack orchestra of Medford will furnish the music. Dancing will be enjoyed from 9 to 12.

Jacksonville Grange will serve a banquet dinner at the Grange Hall

Friday evening at a small sum, after which a good program will be given.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter White of Medford visited at the Fred Butcher home Sunday.

Mrs. Kermit Combs and Miss Scott of Medford recently visited at the W. A. Childers home.

Mrs. Henry Miller visited her brother, Jim Roseberry and family at Eagle Point Wednesday.

Miss Nan Matney of Medford spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Margaret Lewis.

Fred Lewis of the Butte Falls district was a business visitor in Jacksonville Friday.

Mrs. H. N. Lofland and daughter, Helen, of Medford, were recent visitors of Margaret Lewis.

Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church held a social meeting at the church parlor October 26, honoring the birthdays of Mrs. Cora Bixby and Mrs. Alice Ulrich, the two oldest members of the society. A covered dish luncheon was enjoyed at noon. Twenty-six ladies were present.

Gold Hill

GOLD HILL, Oct. 28.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Blankenberg and Mrs. George Hammerley spent the week-end at Portland visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Close and daughter, Lois Gene of Portland are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Blankenberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stevens and Shirley Hall of Grants Pass were here Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earl More.

Mrs. Otis Johnson and son "Sonny," of Ashland spent the week-end here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cameron.

Mrs. Dan McCarter and daughter, Florence had tea with Mrs. Shuler, in Medford Oct. 17.

Jack Frost who is working at Dead Indian spent the week-end at his home here.

Mrs. Orla Hewitt of Roseburg spent a few days last week here visiting relatives.

Many friends of Harry Newnam and Mildred Wyatt were surprised to hear of their marriage Friday. All join in wishing them the best in life.

Fred Edmonds and mother are visiting in Klamath Falls with Mrs. Leonard Ramsey, Mrs. Eddings' daughter.

Ernest Rose started taking school census for this district Monday.

Sams Valley

SAMS VALLEY, Oct. 28.—(Sp.)—A Democratic meeting was held at the schoolhouse Thursday night, with J. P. Hall chairman. The meeting opened with several interesting musical numbers by Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and daughter Doris. Mr. Sprouse, Miss Madge Mitchell and Mr. Hall. A pleasing song number was one of Mr. Hall's own compositions. The Democratic candidates who addressed the audience were E. C. Kelly, for legislature, Jim Stewart, for county clerk, and W. E. Phipps, for county judge. Mr. Kelly's talk was a lengthy review of the mistakes of the present presidential administration. Mr. Phipps reviewed his own administrative work in Medford, while Mr. Stewart took only a few minutes to ask his audience's support for the office of justice of peace, an old-time resident and bee-keeper.

Mrs. Ada East was notified Sunday of the serious injury of her brother, Frank Ditsworth of Prospect, who fell from a high haystack.

The school is planning a Halloween party for Saturday night.

Ladies' club will meet Thursday with Miss Mary Edgington. The ladies are advised by the chairman of the sewing project to bring needles, thread and shirt buttons for making up shirt material for the needy.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Wilson and son Jack of Williams were shopping in Medford and visiting here Saturday. They were accompanied home by Bill Wilson, who has been employed here the past ten days.

Numbers by the Boy Scouts of Beagle were accidentally left out of the last Sams Valley Grange report. The boys, under the director of Scoutmaster Lucas, put on several demonstrations.

Albert Straus has been the most successful deer hunter in this district this season, having brought in two large bucks from the Crater creek section.

Members of the Sams Valley Grange

Table Rock

TABLE ROCK, Oct. 28.—(Sp.)—Table Rock Community club will meet tonight when a musical program will be given, followed by a box social.

Sheep buyers from California are in the valley this week and are looking over the Lewis brothers' sheep here, with a view to dealing for the lamb crop.

Usual crop of fall mushrooms has not appeared yet, owing to an insufficient supply of rain.

Max Schulz of Sams Valley was a business visitor here the first of the week.

C. E. Gates, independent candidate for county judge, will address a meeting at the Sams Valley schoolhouse next Wednesday evening, November 2. Besides outlining his program he will give some facts on the much discussed Sams Valley market road.

There will be a short program of music preceding the address.

At a school meeting Monday night, Lloyd Hamilton was elected director to fill the unexpired term of Ralph Raymond, resigned. So much interest

Long Mountain

LONG MOUNTAIN, Oct. 28.—(Sp.)—Nick Young of this district fell from the hayrack in the barn and received several bruises about his face. Chas. Jackson assisted him in doing the chore.

Carl Steider of San Francisco is spending a few days at the Englehardt home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Holman and family spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Root and children of Central Point.

Glenn Lanning is spending a few days with relatives at Talent.

Mrs. Cora Bixby left Friday for Portland to spend a day with Mrs. Cook, former teacher in Jacksonville school. Mrs. Bixby will then leave for Lincoln, Neb., where she plans to spend the winter with relatives there and in Minnesota.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Tight Spot For Tommy!



BOUND TO WIN—The Message



S'MATTER POP—Pop's Singing Lessons Are Dampened



THE NEBBS—How Are You?



BRINGING UP FATHER



JACKSONVILLE



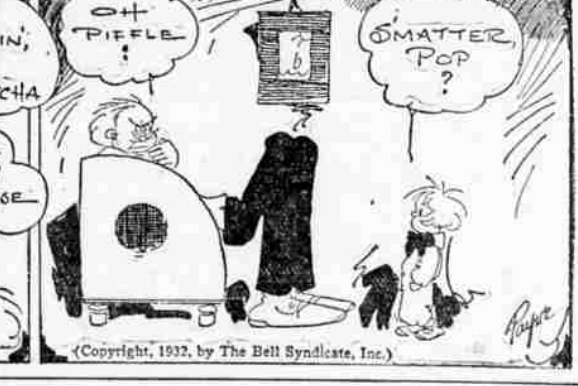
THE NEBBS—How Are You?



BRINGING UP FATHER



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THE NEBBS—How Are You?



BRINGING UP FATHER



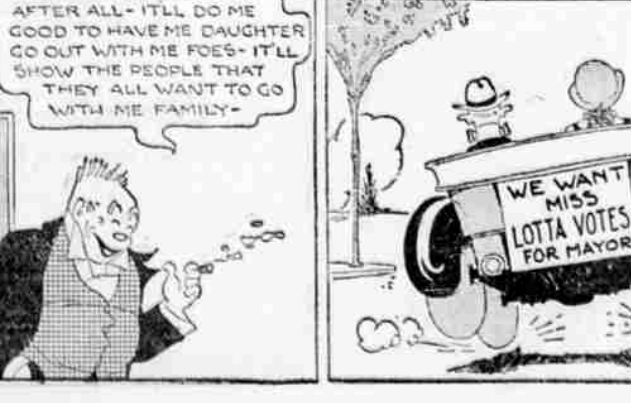
JACKSONVILLE



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