

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsly

DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Although 11 months before Santa had filed his return, Clive had her irresistible when he needs her unconditionally at her parents' home. Santa's marriage with Dicky Dak goes badly; the situation is the echo of an earlier one in which Clive's mother sided Santa's father. Mrs. Dawson had departed for Europe in a furious fit, and before returning managed to send Santa to go into an accomplished artist. Dinner over Santa needs his parents to be in order to talk with Clive undisturbed.

Chapter 12

TRUTH WILL OUT

"YOU broke up the party, Santa," said Clive. "Congratulations. What's the row?"

"Dicky. They've heard something. What I can't guess."

"Are you home for long?"

"I've not decided."

"Trouble with your husband?"

"That's my business."

"Pardon?" He flicked his ash.

He waited for her retort. Silence compelled him to continue.

"After all, Santa, my question wasn't impertinent. You've been creating the false impression that I've wronged you."

To his alarm a big tear rolled down her cheek. She brushed it away perfunctorily.

"I'm ashamed. I've treated you rottenly."

"Of course you have."

Weariness overcame her. She placed her hands before her eyes.

"I've got to confess. My marriage is a flop."

What he had heard and what he had conjectured pieced themselves together.

"Is there anything I can do?" he whispered huskily.

She shook her head.

"I can't bear that you should think harshly of me."

"What have you to tell me?"

"About Dicky. Why I took him, I couldn't bear to hurt him. Instead of being jealous at the way we parted, he was sorry. I'll never forget the way he dried my tears. You wouldn't have done that. It seemed such treachery to deceive him. I asked his advice."

"Good heavens! About what?"

"Breaking my engagement and following you to Europe."

"You precious innocent! Let's get this straight. You asked his advice as to whether you ought to chuck him?"

"Sounds crazy, doesn't it?"

"And so said that it was your duty to stick to him?"

"He didn't. He pointed to all his own disadvantages. Argued for you."

"The smooth guy," Clive laughed.

"After that," she urged, "I couldn't write you. Could I?"

"But why tell me?" He was cruelly aware of her proximity.

"I want you to forgive me."

Clive tried to ignore her. He glanced at the clock and rose.

"You're married to a smart man."

"Sit down." She seized his hand.

"Dicky isn't smart. He's always at me to lend him money. When I refuse, he tells me I don't trust him."

"Don't forget that you're confiding to a man who loves you."

"Do you?" Then dodging the answer, "Dicky's so dear, for all his badness. He upped before I married him. Every time we quarrel he drinks harder. What I'm afraid of."

Suddenly a thought made Clive see red.

"If I were to hear that he'd laid a finger on you," he threatened.

In the hall they stood staring at each other. When would they meet again, if ever?

"You poor kid!" He took her in his arms. "You're safe now, little Santa."

That brought her to her senses.

"Darling, I owed you this; but I'm not good for you."

She pushed him toward the door, locked it behind him, turned on the hall lights and tiptoed up to bed.

The moment she was alone her mood changed. She was a fine one to accuse Dicky, who took a drink too many when she'd made him angry; whereas she, the puritan, hung herself into the arms of an old lover. Through a night of tossing she recalled the bright spots in the past year. Dicky was a lamb; she was the sinner.

Next morning at breakfast she announced to her mother and father, "I'm going back to Chicago."

"Not today, darling."

"What's the matter with today, Mummy?" After Mr. Dawson had left she answered: "I don't know, darling. You're your own mistress. But I can guess."

"Daddy's Santa forestalled her. 'Daddy's been discussing me. His way off--got the wrong idea.' 'Then everything's all right!' 'Why shouldn't it be?'"

"Only that becoming a wife is always a business. Such readjustments."

"Curtailments," Santa helped her. "Exactly."

That afternoon, without further palaver, Santa boarded the Chicago Limited. It was a clear, cold morning when she arrived. Losing no time she drove straight to her apartment. As she was paying her fare, someone jostled her, scrambling into the taxi which she had barely vacated.

"Geef it bitter! 'xcuse me dearie." Santa gained a glimpse of a slight girl, comely pretty, eyes immensely blue, a wealth of flaxen hair. The detail she remembered was that the jostler wore a polo coat of the same model as one that she herself possessed.

Having closed her door and listened, she tiptoed to the kitchen. Not a sign of Ann. The apartment had an odd atmosphere of neglect--unventilated, undusted. The dining-room was strewn with unwashed plates--her choice--which had cost from two to three hundred dollars a dozen. It looked as if Dicky had thrown a party to hoodlums and then decamped.

There remained only one room to explore. The bed had been slept in; the clothes were tossed aside. Here, as everywhere, were mounds of cigarette stumps.

She was despairing, when a sound attracted her. She peered into the bathroom.

"Hello, Dicky!"

"Dash it all, Santa! I'd have cut my lip off if this razor hadn't been a safety."

She hovered on the threshold, reluctant, lovely.

"You're glad to see me, Dicky?"

"If you want the truth, I thought you'd gone for good."

"Would it have been for good, Dicky?"

"For the love of Mike give a fellow a chance! Can't you see what I'm doing?"

His reflection gazed at her from the mirror. He stood framed in the entrance to the bathroom scrubbing his face with a towel.

"What have you been doing without me, Dicky?"

"Camping. What did you expect? I couldn't keep a maid when I was alone. Let her go to avoid a scandal."

"I never thought of that," she said humbly.

"Well, think of it next time and oblige me." He disappeared.

So there was going to be a next time! She drew a sigh of relief. She could not naturally now that she was sure she would share this room.

Approaching the dressing-table, he applied some tonic to his hair. Not till he was knotting his cravat did he again acknowledge her.

She glanced up palely, like a child who had been slapped.

"May I, Dicky?"

"Cut out that Dicky stuff."

She rose to face him.

"I'm sorry."

"A man doesn't like to be made a fool."

"O, please want me, Dicky--the way you did when I was new."

At the sight of her tears, he melted.

"There! There, little girl! We won't mention it. It's over."

"But I must," she pleaded, "to start things straight."

"What's that?" He stiffened.

"You've not been off with a man?" She shook her head, weeping buckets.

"It's about Clive."

"Clive, by golly! The last you told me he was in Europe."

"I thought he was; but my first night home he was dining with my parents."

"That won't wash, Santa. To see Clive was why you left me."

"But listen, Dicky," she implored. "I'm truthful. You don't need to use these third degree methods."

Stuffed at times by sobbing, she blundered out her confession.

"And so I was unhappy for him. I'd been a wretch to him. And he was unhappy for me, too, I guess. Mummy and Daddy had made it fairly obvious that they suspected I hadn't bolted home for nothing. They shouldn't have left us alone--though that was chiefly my fault. It happened at parting. I've got to be honest; I felt I owed it to him."

"So that was all?" He smiled. "A kiss more or less in a lifetime doesn't matter."

"You don't mind?"

"Of course I mind," he spurred his antagonism; "but no bones are broken."

"You're sweet--such a dear, forgiving husband."

"How about breakfast?" He frowned himself.

Santa, spurred on by unexpected revelations, made a serious decision, Monday.

EAGLE PT. RALLY BY REPUBLICANS LURES BIG CROWD

The meeting held in Eagle Point Friday evening by the Jackson county central committee was attended by an enthusiastic crowd of over 150. Republican Precinct Committee Chairman Royal Brown presided as chairman and introduced Attorney Frank Van Dyke, representing the junior Republican league, as the first speaker. Mr. Van Dyke in a very convincing manner showed in his remarks that by reason of the Republican stand on protective tariff, everyone in Jackson county should vote for Herbert Hoover, because of needed protection on lumber, dairying, agriculture, cement and other industries.

The second speaker, W. G. Trill, made a strong plea for President Hoover, stating that "we should judge a man by the friends surrounding him," calling attention to Roosevelt's campaign manager, Farley, an ex-prize fighter; also Gene Tunney, who is making speeches in favor of Roosevelt. Senator Norris, LaFollette, Hiram Johnson, and such men without a party.

Candidates nominated upon the Republican ticket were then introduced and short talks were made by Wm. Briggs, candidate for prosecu-

FATHER HELD FOR SHOOTING MASHER

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 31--(AP)--Recommendation that Murray E. Smith, 37, of Portland, be held to the grand jury in an inquiry into the death of Elbert Guy Harrington, 19, of Portland, was made by a coroner's jury here today.

Harrington died of a gunshot wound October 20 after following both his daughter, Eleanor, 21, home from a street bus, police said.

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HOTELMEN URGED TO BACK HOOVER RUM PLATFORM

Declaring that political leaders of both parties in congress are agreed that the Republican prohibition platform is the only one that has any chance of success, Frank A. Dudley, Niagara Falls, N. Y., president of the United Hotels company today addressed a letter to W. M. Clemenson, manager of the Jackson hotel, urging him to work for candidates who would support the Republican platform. Similar appeals are being sent to 10,000 hotel men in the United States.

Quoting from Senators Ashurst, of Arizona, Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Glass of Virginia--all three Democrats--Mr. Dudley showed by their own words that they agree that the outright repeal plan of the Democratic platform, with no provision for protecting those states that may desire to remain dry, can not obtain the necessary vote to pass either house of the present congress, which meets again in December, nor could it hope to obtain ratification by three-fourths of all the states.

"I presume," Mr. Dudley wrote, "the hotel industry is almost unanimous in its desire to do away with the Volstead act and for modification or

JUNIOR HIGH HONOR ROLL IS ANNOUNCED

First six weeks honor roll at Medford Junior high shows the following standings:

Dallaire, John, group 1, 2 A's; ungraded, 2 A's.

Dickinson, John, group 2, 2 A's; ungraded, 1 A, 1 B.

Evans, Leah Etta, group 1, 3 B's; ungraded, 1 A.

Lowy, Philip, group 2, 1 A, 1 B; ungraded, 2 B's.

Vilm, Betty, group 1, 2 B's; ungraded, 2 B's.

Hostmark, Ben, group 2, 2 A's, 1 B; ungraded, 2 A's, 2 B's.

Lindley, Ted, group 1, 1 B, group 2, 2 B's, ungraded, 1 B.

Olum, Eleanor, group 2, 1 A, 1 B; ungraded, 2 A's.

Purdin, Betty, group 2, 2 B's; ungraded, 1 A, 1 B.

Solinsky, Jane, group 2, 1 A, 5 B's.

Makagari, Kay, group 1, 1 A, 2 B's; group 2, 1 A, 2 B's; ungraded 1 A, 1 B.

WOMAN CLUB LEADER SAYS NEXT CAMPAIGN WILL BE ALL RADIO

A special guest speaker at the county convention of Jackson County clubs of the first district of the Oregon Federation of Women's clubs, Saturday in the auditorium of the court house was Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, associate editor of the Good Housekeeping magazine. She is known to club women all over the nation for her assistance in club literature programs and her activities on books in Good Housekeeping.

Mrs. Blair confined her remarks to reminiscences of a trip made with Mr. Blair thirty-years ago from Eu-

reka, California, giving a humorous account of the long tedious trip by "horse and buggy" and boat trips.

As federated clubs are strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian no political comments were made, but the speaker said that this would be the last national political campaign in which speakers are sent out over the nation by the various parties, since the entrance of the presidential candidates into the speaking campaigns and the presence of the radio in every home, bringing the messages directly to the listeners without effort on their part, would eliminate the practice of many old customs.

Mrs. Blair was for many years an active club woman in Missouri, later taking up work for women's suffrage, editorial and political party work.

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WRIGLEY'S

KEEPS YOUR TASTE FRESH

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY--Odds Too Great For Tommy

FORCED TO LAND A FEW MILES NORTH OF THE MEXICAN BORDER WHEN AERIAL BANDITS KILLED HIS PASSENGER AND SHATTERED THE PROPELLER OF HIS PLANE WITH MACHINE-GUN FIRE, TOMMY IS BATTLING TO SAVE THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PAY-ROLL WHICH THE GUARD WAS CARRYING FOR THE ATLAS MINING COMPANY. HE HAS ABANDONED HIS PLANE, SEEKING REFUGE AMONG SOME DESERT PLANTS AS THE BANDITS ARE CONTINUING THEIR ATTACK ON THE GROUND.

LOWER YOUR SIGHTS. YOU AIN'T SHOOTIN' AT GROUND SQUIRRELS IN A TREE!

WELL, I FIGURE HE MIGHT'VE CLUMBED A JOSHUA TREE!

BOUND TO WIN--The Bad News

I HATE TO LEAVE SUDDENLY LIKE THIS, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. MELBY DIDN'T BRING ME THIS MESSAGE FROM JIM STANTON. THE BOY WHO IS STAYING ON MY FARM--HE'S HERE. I'LL READ THE MESSAGE--

JIM SAYS 'HOPE THIS REACHES YOU PROMPTLY--I'M ALL ALONE ON FARM AND NEED YOU BADLY--I'VE GOT TO GO AT ONCE'--THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, BUT IT SURE HAS ME WORRIED!

TERRIFYIN' I CALLS IT! KNOW WHY? WHEN BEN AN' ME LET THE FARM, JIM'S PAPA WAS THERE, JIM WAS THERE AN' A HIRED MAN WAS ON THE JOB--NOW JIM TELLS US HE'S ALL ALONE! WHAT THE HECK'S HAPPENED?

OF COURSE YOU HAVE TO GO, BEN--YOU'VE MADE THE ONLY DECISION YOU COULD MAKE--TOMORROW MORNING I'LL RUN YOU TO JUCICARO IN MY SPEED BOAT--YOU CAN REACH HAVANA BY NIGHT AND CAN START FOR HOME AT ONCE!

S'MATTER POP--Of Course, If He's The Boy Eating The Pie

POP, I WISH I COULD SEE A MAN-EATIN'-TIGER!

I WISH I COULD SEE A MAN-EATIN'-TIGER, POP!

POP! LISSEN TO ME!

LUVVA MIKE!

WOULDN'T YOU PREFER TO SEE A BOY-EATING-PIE?

HE HE HE HE HE!

THE NEBBS--Nothing Doing

THIS GUY NEBB IS CERTAINLY A CAMPAIGNER--WHEN HIS MESSAGE GOES HOME IT STAYS LIKE A LAZY HUSBAND OUT OF WORK

YES, AND THEY SAY--WHO IS THIS MAN NEBB? WHAT HAS HE EVER DONE FOR HIS COUNTRY?--HE HAS NEVER HELD PUBLIC OFFICE--I'VE PAID MY TAXES AND LIVED RIGHT--THAT'S ALL MOST OF YOU'VE DONE--I'VE PAID INTO MY COUNTRY--I HAVEN'T TAKEN MONEY FROM IT FOR SITTING IN A CHAIR IN THE CAPITOL BUILDING.

I AM A COMMONER LIKE YOURSELVES--I UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEMS AND IF YOU CAN BRING YOURSELVES TO THINK THAT ONE OF YOUR KIND CAN REPRESENT YOU HONESTLY AND IN YOUR INTERESTS, REMEMBER ON ELECTION DAY, VOTE FOR NEBB AND REMEMBER, A VOTE FOR ME IS A VOTE FOR YOU

LADIES, YOU WHO FROM THE RAW MATERIALS BUILD BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS, HAVE ORIGINALITY OF IDEAS--WHY NOT HAVE IT IN YOUR POLITICS? WHY NOT VOTE FOR ME, WHO LIVES LIKE YOURSELVES AND UNDERSTANDS YOUR PROBLEMS? I HAVE OFTEN SAID DURING MY CAMPAIGN THAT IF I GET THE WOMEN'S VOTE, I GET A VOTE UNTARNISHED BY POLITICAL INFLUENCE AND IF YOU DON'T VOTE FOR ME, IT'S JUST A CASE OF MISGUIDED JUDGMENT.

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SCHOOL LEADER GROUPS CHOSEN

New members for the leadership training group, selected from the fifth and sixth grades of the Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Jackson schools, have been announced by Miss Carin Degermark, supervisor of physical education.

These students meet once a week with Miss Degermark and assist with the leadership on the playground.

Selected for this six weeks from the Roosevelt school are Josephine Mead, Josephine Bullis, Edith Brooks, and Audrey Fletcher. From the Lincoln, Mary Woodridge, Violet Mills, Freda Hopkins and Ruth Walden. From the Jackson, Evelyn Harwood.

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Dorothea Olson, Lela Henderson and Betty Youcum; and from Washington, Joyce Freed, Betty Fowler, Kathleen Edwards and Ruth Bannah.

For last six weeks, leaders from the Jackson school were rated the highest, and Bula Ruth of the Lincoln school was selected as the best individual leader.

Last six weeks' leaders were Iva Schrader, Grace Robinson, Bula Ruth and Hsaky Kamatawa. Lincoln: Ruth McKinney, Jean McKay, Jean Leonard and Gloria Williams. Roosevelt: Ruth Herron, Oda Jean Pruitt, Charlotte Beeson and Barbara Lewis. Jackson: Margaret Ruth Bloom, Curtis Baehelder, Lavon Davis and Betty Jane Green.

Grange Dance at Lake Creek. Candidates invited, Sat. night, November 5.

Fender and body repairing. Price right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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