

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coingsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: The wreckage of Santa's first disastrous marriage to Dicky Dick had scarcely been cleared away in the Chicago divorce court before Santa and her neighborhood sweetheart Clive Doncaster are married and take the train for New York. Just as the image of the fitted Clive had hung over her marriage with the rotter Dicky, so Dicky's image is in Santa's and Clive's minds now. Santa has marriage experience—Clive has none.

Chapter 18

THE MONEY QUESTION

Next morning the world seemed radiant. The only change was the warmer confidence with which they faced each other across the breakfast-table. Their tenderness made them bold; they didn't care who guessed that they were newly wedded.

"Just you and I—isn't it fun?" Santa smiled.

"I'll say it's fun. But has it occurred to you, Mrs. Doncaster, that we'll be in New York within the next few hours? I can't take you to my bachelor quarters. We'll have to perch in a hotel till we've found an apartment. Before we move in, we'll have to purchase furniture."

"That's easy." She corrected her loveliness in a pocket-mirror. "We'll order my furniture to be forwarded from Chicago."

"And sit on chairs on which he sat?"

"But beloved dumb-bell, why waste money? I sat on them, too. They were wedding-presents."

"We promised never to mention his name." Clive lowered his voice. "You and I received no wedding presents. I couldn't live with you in his setting. It wouldn't be—well, it wouldn't be decent. It would mean eating of the same plate, using the same knives and forks."

"Don't you think you're a bit squeamish?" she coaxed him. "To replace the things I've left in storage would cost—I haven't an idea how much. At any rate a small fortune."

"I'm not proposing to replace them." Now was the time to take the bull by the horns. "We'll accumulate as we go along. We'll start simply. Which brings me to finances."

"You are a joke," she twitted him. "My income," he ploughed on, "doesn't run to antiques and Crown Derby."

"Who cares?" She stuck out the tip of her pink tongue. "I didn't marry you to be a gold-digger. With what Grandfather Summers settled on me and Daddy's allowance for pin-money, I have the best part of twenty thousand. Since yesterday it's ours."

Clive's face fell.

"We should have had this talk earlier. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. For a year's work I only earn a quarter of what you receive for nothing."

"Only five thousand!" Across the table she stroked his hand sympathetically. "How old Cleasby grinds you!"

"He doesn't. There aren't many fellows of my age—"

"You're clever." She glowed on him. "We'll be all right with me helping. Why spoil a perfectly good marriage morning?"

"Because, you adorable absurdity, I happen to be honorable. I married you to support you."

"As though you needed to tell me. But let's postpone banking till our honeymoon's ended."

He stared at her.

"Sorry, Santa."

"What's the next misery?"

"The only honeymoon I can afford is this trip to Chicago."

"O, I see!" Quite evidently till that moment she hadn't. "The more reason for enjoying every moment of it."

He was shaken by intensity.

"You're as generous as you're sweet. So if you say, 'Let's be practical—'"

She ruffled his hair.

"Let's."

That afternoon when they landed in New York she was the one who displayed the better judgment.

"You can see me as far as the hotel. While I'm unpacking, you're going to report back at the office."

He objected that the day was nearly over—that he would find nothing to do at the office.

"You took French leave," she insisted. "You mustn't postpone a second in making your peace with your bread and butter."

The moment he had signed "Mr. and Mrs. Doncaster" on the register she hustled him off.

In the room to which she was shown, having changed into a negligee, she threw herself on the bed,

smiling up at the ceiling. So far so good. As an expert on marriages she was sure this one was fated to prove a huge success. If it didn't, the fault would be hers. A husband revealed exactly what he was going to be within the first twenty-four hours.

Clive would require managing, though in a totally different fashion from the way she'd managed Dicky. She'd have to mind her p's and q's; his awkwardness was that he was over-corpulent. His attitude toward possessions inherited from her first marriage was ridiculous, as was his idea that their scale of living must be kept within the limits of his income.

Very dear of him to be so anxious to pay for everything! Unfortunately she'd been accustomed to more luxuries than he could afford. And then she longed to do things for him. The first glimpse of her dressmaker's bill would cure his independence.

Her thoughts turned to the more urgent topic of her parents. Should she telephone them? Shame prevented. Not her shame—theirs. She'd re-married for love—to please nobody but herself. She couldn't expect them to credit her with lofty motives.

Divorced a week ago and married again! To them her second marriage after so short a lapse of time, would seem indecent. It would seem indecently experimental to most people—as though she were the kind of girl who couldn't get along without a man; to whom any man was acceptable.

Meanwhile Clive, speeding down town in a taxi, was facing his own problem. What to say to Mr. Cleasby? He'd brooded on that a word. The only satisfactory apology would be an explanation of the compelling circumstances.

After the customary formalities he was ushered into his employer's den. Mr. Cleasby pushed back his chair and eyed him over the top of his spectacles.

"I've behaved badly," Clive forestalled reproaches. "The reasons were exceptional. I've been away getting married."

"Marriage isn't exceptional." The old man spoke grimly.

Clive repeated for Mr. Cleasby the story of his continuing love for Santa, his discouragement when she married Dicky, the tragedy of that failure.

"Then she's a widow?"

Clive shook his head.

"On my return from Europe I discovered that she was considering a divorce. That was why, against your wishes, I was so strong for remaining in America."

"Two weeks ago I learned that she was on the point of going back to him. She was in a panic. He'd shown signs of wanting her at a crisis when she was persuaded that no one ever again would want her. He would only have dragged her down. To prevent that I proved to her that I wanted her."

"This mania for rescuing forlorn maidens," he smiled crookedly, "we've all had it. It reads very romantically. Unfortunately knight-errants are out-of-date. This is the day of enlightened selfishness. I presume you looked ahead to what will be said?"

"I'm not sure that I care."

"You will—if not for your own sake, for hers. She's young. I gather."

"The loveliest girl in the world." Mr. Cleasby looked away at the barricaded skyline, toothed and cruel as public opinion.

"They all are," he chuckled. "If they're not now, they were." He turned. "To protect her will require all your patience."

"I'm prepared for that," Clive rose. "By the way, sir, is there any chance of my being sent to Europe? Things would be easier in an environment where no one knew that this wasn't my wife's first marriage."

"I'm afraid not." Mr. Cleasby accompanied him to the door. At parting he grasped his hand.

"Too bad things should have happened this way. I'm sorry."

What was there to be sorry about? The spring evening was gliding the grey length of lower Broadway. Clive flushed with resentment. To be sorry for him was a reflection on Santa. He had hoped to hear himself congratulated.

But the old were always envious of the young. Mr. Cleasby was a bachelor. He mistrusted risks that he had never taken.

Plunging into a florist's on the point of closing, he departed with a box the size of a young coffin.

Clive and Santa meet a friend, Monday, and get a shock.

OCTOBER WARMTH SET NEW RECORD IN MEDFORD AREA

Monthly meteorological notes for Medford vicinity for October, as compiled by W. J. Hutcheson, meteorologist, show the month opened with exceptionally high maximum temperatures for the first five days. A record October high temperature for Medford was recorded on the 4th when the maximum thermometer registered 98 degrees. The previous highest temperature for October was 93 degrees, occurring in 1917.

The warm period of the first of the month terminated in a thunderstorm of moderate intensity during the evening of the 5th. The heaviest portion of this storm was confined to the mountains to the southwest and west of Medford. The valley received only a light fall of rain, .02 inches.

During the storm, the first precipitation in the vicinity since August 14. The period of 59 days without beneficial rains, however, came to an abrupt end on the 13th when a welcome rainstorm broke over the valley and continued intermittently through the 18th with appreciable daily precipitation amounts.

Much cooler weather followed after the storm and continued to the close of the month. Minimum temperatures were mostly near the freezing point and on a few occasions were a few degrees below 32. Light and heavy frosts were frequent at night during the last 10 days of the month. Killing frosts with damaging results to flowers and perishable produce occurred on the 24th and 30th. The lowest temperature for the month was 27 degrees on the 24th.

Accumulated precipitation during October amounted to .79 inches, which was of considerable benefit to the valley after an extended period of dry weather preceding, however, the amount was only slightly over half of the monthly normal rainfall, 1.34 inches. Seasonal precipitation is also somewhat below normal, being deficient 1.16 inches.

Forest fire smoke prevailed in the Medford area until the 13th when the rains cleared the atmosphere and stopped many fires. The smoke at times, limited visibility so as to be hazardous to air transportation. Numerous fires from which the smoke drifted were reported to have been started by lightning during the storm of the 5th.

South winds prevailed during October. Wind movement totaled 3420 miles making an average speed of 4.6 miles per hour. The highest velocity for the month was recorded as 28 miles per hour from the south on the 5th.

9.....	73	37	56	.00	Clear
10.....	79	37	58	.00	P. Cdy.
11.....	81	38	60	.00	P. Cdy.
12.....	79	37	58	.00	Clear
13.....	77	48	62	.03	P. Cdy.
14.....	74	57	66	.16	P. Cdy.
15.....	62	51	56	.18	Cloudy
16.....	58	44	51	.21	Cloudy
17.....	57	42	50	.27	P. Cdy.
18.....	59	38	48	.00	P. Cdy.
19.....	64	37	50	.00	P. Cdy.
20.....	70	33	52	.00	Clear
21.....	70	33	52	.00	P. Cdy.
22.....	54	41	48	.10	Cloudy
23.....	56	44	45	.00	P. Cdy.
24.....	62	37	55	.00	Clear
25.....	66	37	50	.00	Clear
26.....	69	31	59	.00	Clear
27.....	68	32	50	.00	Clear
28.....	62	34	48	.00	P. Cdy.
29.....	58	35	46	.00	P. Cdy.
30.....	59	27	43	.00	P. Cdy.
31.....	58	31	44	.00	Cloudy
Mean.....	70.9	39.6	55.2	.70	

DR. D. A. CHAMBERS Here until Nov. 8

On account of the many patients who wish to consult him, Dr. Chambers will keep his office open until Nov. 8. Reduced prices will continue.

FREE—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHANGLE STUDIO.

East Side Pharmacy, cor. East Main and Riverside, exclusive distributor for popular CURRIER'S TABLETS. Complete stock.

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

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KENLY BEFRIENDS TRANSIENT YOUTH WHO STOLE AUTO

Otmus Ronenberg, 16, a transient youth, whose parents live at 23rd avenue, North, Minneapolis, was sentenced to the state industrial school at Salem, in juvenile court Saturday morning, for the theft of an automobile belonging to F. Corning Kenly, orchardist. The youth, through the intervention of Kenly, was granted a parole, and the latter will also endeavor to insure his return to his people.

Edward Balk, 18, a companion of Ronenberg in his travels, also a native of Minneapolis, will appear before Circuit Judge H. D. Norton next Wednesday to enter a plea of guilty.

The two youths took the Kenly auto three weeks ago and drove it to Dumas, Cal., where they were apprehended.

Kenly told the court that he believed the lad if given another chance would "make good." The orchardist said: "It will do no good to turn him loose on the highway again," and has taken steps toward sending him back to his people.

Ronenberg told the authorities that with Balk he started from Minneapolis last fall and hitch-hiked

HEAVY SNOW IN BT. FALLS ZONE

J. D. Holst, Rogue River national forest ranger stationed at Butte Falls, was in Medford Saturday and reported seven inches of snow in the Owen-Oregon camp No. 2, where the snow was a half inch deep.

He reported 10 inches of snow at the summit of Cat hill, and varying depths at Lodge Pole and Innaha ranger stations, toward the Prospect area.

Due to a blizzard Friday, the road crew was moved from the Umqua divide to the Woodruff meadows, the national forest office reported; 12 inches of snow was reported at Lake of the Woods.

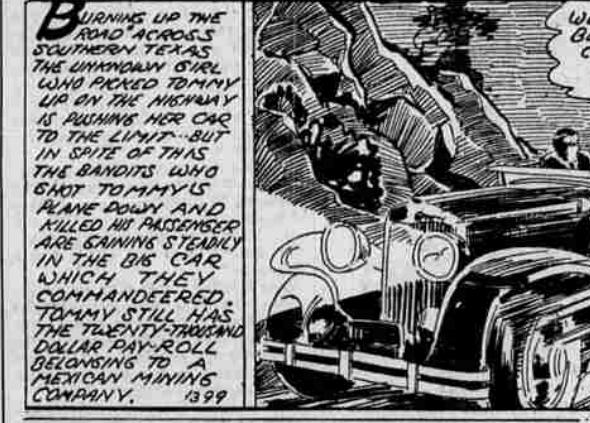
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT GUM KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

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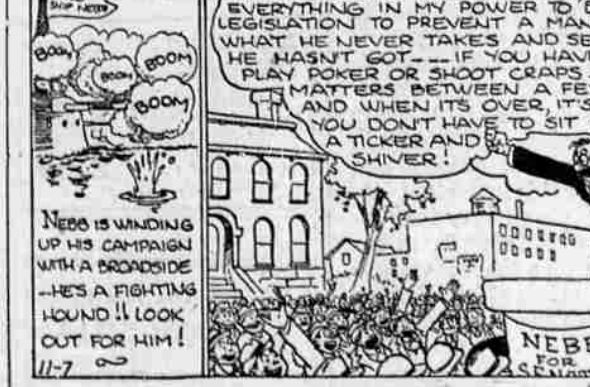
BOUND TO WIN—In The Nick Of Time!



S'MATTER POP—If I Were You



THE NEBBS—The Champion



BRINGING UP FATHER



TELEPHONE TAX LARGEST OF DAY

Taxpayers of Jackson county appeared in fairly large numbers Saturday to pay their taxes. Friday the total payments amounted to \$28,620.82 chiefly from small payments. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company remitted a check for \$7007, the largest for the day. The payments to date have been slightly better than in the spring payments, and the previous years of the present unsettled economic conditions. Included in the tax payments were a number of back years. Saturday was the final day for the payment of the last half taxes. Hereafter they will be subject to interest and delinquent penalties.

KLAMATH IN FAVOR OF CLOSING ROGUE

P. C. Bigham, well-known local sportsman, has returned to the city from Klamath Falls, bringing optimistic news regarding the Rogue river closing bill. While in Klamath county he circulated 7000 folders and called upon hundreds of voters. He secured the endorsement of the Klamath Falls chamber of commerce for the bill and enlisted the efforts of that body in supporting the measure. "Sentiment in Klamath county," he stated Saturday, "in favor of this bill convinces me an extremely large vote will be cast in favor of the measure there. We carried Klamath county at the last election and we will carry again. I believe, by an even greater majority."

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORBES

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus