A PATH TO PARADISE

by Cowingsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Clive suspects that his employer's firm is nearing the rocks, yet the man sends Clive to England to make a survey and tells him to take a belated honeymoon afterward. Clive and Santa were married a few days after Santa was divorced from Dicky; since marriage Clive has tried, not too successfully, to live up to a wife with an independent income who spends money right and left.

Chapter 24

ALONE AT LAST

THE hour was shortly after ten. The boat sailed at midnight.

Clive felt like a prisoner who had served his sentence. He hadn't realized how bitterly his personality had been curtailed till their hand-baggage had been carried down to the waiting taxi.

"Good-bye, little nest, where we've been so happy." Santa kissed slim fingers to bare floors and sheeted furniture.

Clive's heart whispered, "And may you burn while we're gone."

In the taxi his spirits rose.

"What's the matter with you?" Santa rested her hand on his knee. "You're bouncing."

He barged into her, all but bumping her nose.

"Our honeymoon's commencing."

She pushed him aside.

"Goose! You're crazy."

Nevertheless, his excitement infected her. Having made sure that their trunks were aboard, they went on deck.

As they stood by the gang-plank she jogged him.

"Remember the last time?"

"When you didn't follow me? What a chase you've led me!"

"Hope I've been worth while."

"So-so," he shrugged his shoulders.

"As an example of impassioned love-making that's not so hot," she grinned impertinently.

"If I stayed at boiling point, I'd evaporate," he retorted.

The band had ceased playing. Tugs fussed about the liner, nosing her into the dark tank of river. The screw started churning.

"How about bed?" he suggested.

"I've only you to protect me," she whispered irrelevantly.

She'd uttered his thought. Having been married three months, at last they were alone.

Lights of New York faded like baleful stars. The little white cabin instantly became home to him. The reason was not far to seek. He had paid for it. He'd stipulated that she was to be his guest. Even her letter of credit he had provided.

"Jinks! It's comfy."

"Remains to be seen," she responded, "whether I can lift my head from the pillow tomorrow. On my last voyage, which was to Havana——"

"I've heard about it." He cut her short.

It was a blue, summer crossing. Next morning the ocean was still as a mill-pond. Having breakfasted in their berths and dressed lazily, they strolled and were enticed to join in a game of shuffle-board. By evening they were known as the bridal couple.

Then London. In a setting to which they were both strange, his errand gave them their only importance. He was up early. All day he was absent. He returned to the hotel to find her eager.

Business concluded, conversation turned on which of all the wonder spots they should select to spend their holiday. Because quite a number of their fellow-passengers had been bound for St. Jean de Luz they chose it too. Spain across the border; the Golfe de Gascogne at their front-door. Basques; bull-fights; cork-forests; the Pyrenees rising fantastic.

The day before they left England, they paid a hurried visit to Stratford-on-Avon. When they arrived, it seemed too silly to waste the sunshine prying. Instead they hired a canoe.

In the green remoteness of tinkling waters and lush meadows, the concrete of cities seemed a hideousness imagined. From pillows among which she nestled, Santa gazed fondly at Clive. The merry stillness was moulding them into a common oneness.

This time six months ago she had been living separated in Chicago, her future a blank. As though a bandage had been torn from her eyes, she was seeing all she owed him.

Without warning, she asked:

"Were you happy in the apartment?"

"Then you knew I wasn't?"

"I didn't; I do now. Why weren't you?"

"You acted as though you'd bought me at a pet-shop."

"Was it as bad as that?"

"'Fraid it was."

She raised herself on her elbow.

"You were as much my husband then as you are now. Why didn't you employ cave-man tactics?"

"Because you weren't as much my wife then as you are now."

She frowned laughingly.

"Darling, you don't look a sap, and yet you allowed me to make a fool of you."

"And you're asking the reason? Had I rebelled, I'd have lost you."

"Lost me!" She was honestly amazed. "But, Clive, till we left New York that was my terror—that I'd lose you. It was why I shouldered all the responsibilities. You weren't used to marriage; I was. It seemed to me that if I spared you worries—— But I'm anxious to hear your side. Tell me."

He could afford to jest at a danger that was past.

"If you'd asked me in New York I should have replied desperately, 'God pity the simp who marries a wife with money.'"

She gazed at him incredulously. Made a rude face. Jerked her hat over her nose and slipped back on the cushions. Until she spoke gurglingly, he was uncertain whether she was disguising tears with comedy.

"You funny boy! God pity the simp who doesn't."

That evening they packed. Next morning they were on their way to France.

The ice of their reticence was broken. They explored each other's emotions, determined that nothing must remain hidden. Santa upbraided herself with ludicrous vehemence.

"What I deserve is the ducking-stool."

In the face of such abject retraction, he discouraged further introspection.

"Much more of this remorse," he feigned fierceness, "and I'll lay you across my knee and spank you."

"I'd kick like hell," she laughed.

On their only night in Paris she appointed herself a penance. Nothing would do but he must conduct her to the café in which he had read the description of her wedding to Dak.

"What a shabby little beast I was!"

As a corrective, he hailed a passing fiacre and ordered the man to drive to the Folies Bergère.

"Quit it." He crushed her to him. "There's no one dearer in the world. I'm fed up with your repentance."

Twisting in his embrace, she giggled: "So am I."

That started a new chapter. When they arrived in the Basque country the following evening, they seemed to have become lovers without a past. The sun-saturated contentment claimed them. Everything seemed a stage-setting for their passion. For an entire week they forgot time and laughed.

One day on the beach, after bathing, Clive missed her. When she rejoined him at lunch, she was wearing a face as long as a fiddle. That afternoon she excused herself on the plea that she had a headache. At five o'clock he tiptoed into her darkened room to find it empty. Shortly before dinner she entered and begged him to take her to the Casino.

"But you're not up to it."

She professed that her headache had quite, quite vanished.

At the Casino they dined out of doors on a terrace, rose-pink in the light of sunset. The sea was mackerel-green—the horizon a jasper wall. A Spanish orchestra made wild music, to which a brilliant crowd of spendthrifts, fortune-hunters and respectable sight-seers danced tumultuously.

They dawdled over coffee long after night had gathered. Clive did his best to entertain her. She paid him no more than a polite attention. Suddenly, with a hurried, "Excuse me," she escaped him.

Having settled the bill, he hunted everywhere for her. His anxiety had reached fever-pitch, when he bumped into her coming out of the baccarat room.

"O, it's you!" Her face was chalky. "I've seen enough. Beat be going."

In their room at the hotel, overlooking the moonlit Golfe de Gascogne, they undressed in silence as though they had quarrelled. As he extinguished the lights, she dug her face in the pillow and burst into uncontrollable sobbing.

"But Santa, what have I done?"

She threw her arms about him, seeking protection.

"It's not you. It's Dicky."

"Curse the fellow. I'll settle his hash. Has he taken to writing you?"

"He's here. Today I saw him."

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Dicky does, Monday, exactly what neither Clive nor Santa expected.

DRYS IN WARNING FIGHT ON LIQUOR WILL BE RENEWED

Election Of Roosevelt No Victory For Rum Is View —Wets Say Hoover Will Sign Beer Bill If Passed.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14. — (AP) — Organizations on both sides of the prohibition argument came forward today with new statements apropos the election result.

The Methodist board of temperance restated its view that the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt "is no sense a wet victory." This was coupled with an assertion that the churches would renew the fight against liquor, and that congressmen voting wet would be held responsible and their careers would be "adjourned by the consequences" of their votes.

The day also brought the first contention that President Hoover would sign a bill legalizing beer. A statement by the federal dispensary-tax reduction league, an organization seeking prohibition change, said:

"We are informed by three officials very close to President Hoover that he will sign the beer bill if it comes before him."

The statement has had no confirmation as yet in any other quarter.

Rufus S. Lusk, national legislative officer of the crusaders, a repeal organization, issues a statement saying:

"One cent a glass tax on beer will start an immediate golden flow of revenue into the United States treasury at the rate of over $600,000 a day or well over $200,000,000 a year. Tax it two cents a glass, and the revenue will be almost half a billion annually."

24 British Colliery Workers Die In Blast

WIGAN, Lancashire, England, Nov. 14. — (AP) — Twenty-four men were killed and a number of others were injured early today by an unexplained explosion in the Edgegren colliery at Ashton-in-Makerfield.

It was the second serious accident in the Wigan coal fields in a month.

Tengwald's Name Used By Forger

Two checks, each for $12.75, on which the name of Carl Y. Tengwald was forged, were turned over to city police last night. One, dated November 8, was passed at the Pay 'n' Takit grocery, and the other, bearing the date of November 11, was taken by the Piggy Wiggly store.

Sorted Delicious apples, 40c; Nellis, 25c. Bring your boxes. Medford Warehouse. Phone 316.

CITRUS INDUSTRY EXPECTING QUICK TRADE RECOVERY

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 14. — (Spl.) —California's citrus industry was able to market 79,066 carloads of oranges, lemons and grapefruit for a return of $79,000,000 during the year ended October 31, according to the annual report of Paul S. Armstrong, general manager of the California Fruit Growers Exchange, the cooperative marketing organization which has led this great industry for almost forty years.

The exchange alone marketed 58,201 carloads and returned to its 13,203 members $59,856,469, f.o.b. shipping point. Based on exchange returns, the f.o.b. value of the California and Arizona citrus crop was $79,220,750, with a delivered carload value of $121,634,504, of which $42,413,752 went for freight and refrigeration.

Orange shipments from the two states were 62,222 cars, lemons 14,529 cars and grapefruit 2,315 cars. Approximately 143,000 carloads of citrus fruit from all sources were sold in the American market during the year—a volume exceeded only in 1929 and 1931, when comparable figures were 158,000 and 170,000 in carloads.

California Fruit Growers Exchange shipments of 58,201 carloads this year were greater than in any past year with the same two exceptions.

Another big orange crop is now on the trees in California and prospects are for a continuance of the present plentiful supply and moderate prices.

Urging in his report that all expenses within the industry be reduced, Mr. Armstrong made a plea for freight reductions. He pointed out that the railroads will suffer equally with the citrus industry unless their charges are kept in line with present commodity price levels.

The report showed increased use of water transportation to New York due to lower freight rates, with additional savings as a result of a reduction in steamship freight rates to European markets.

"As was the case with practically all other products, both agricultural and industrial, prices were the lowest in a decade," the report states. "Many orange growers did not make expenses, but the fact that there existed a consumer demand strong enough to absorb this volume of fruit promises rapid recovery for the industry when business and buying power improves.

"It is in times like these that the effect of our advertising program, which has been carried on continuously since 1907, becomes apparent," said Mr. Armstrong. "Every purchase this year involved the well considered choice of the purchaser and the volume of sales shows that citrus fruits have become a necessity in many homes."

BANKS TAX DEBT AT ACUTE STAGE

Charges published Saturday that the filing of a personal tax execution against L. A. Banks, orchardist and publisher of the Daily News, last Thursday evening, were taken as "political reprisals," were branded Saturday by Sheriff Ralph Jennings as "baseless and unjust, not founded on fact, and the usual line of 'hooey' to arouse sympathy."

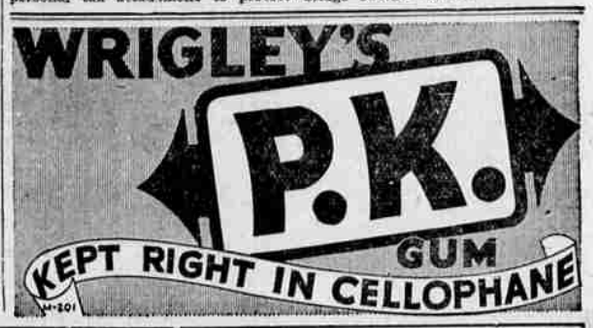
Sheriff Jennings said that the personal tax execution was filed, "when I learned that the mahogany furniture has been moved from Mr. Banks' office and that the water had been shut off. I then served the personal tax attachment to protect the county's interests, keep the record straight, and stop any cry that I had failed in my official duty and, thus become liable to grand jury investigation. Mr. Banks is not being 'persecuted'."

The records of the county clerk's office show that two months ago the county court issued an order that all unpaid personal taxes be collected or action taken. Advised of the action of the county, Banks requested and received from the county court a further extension of time. The matter then rested until the removal of the furniture was reported to the authorities.

Sheriff Jennings said the Banks' personal tax "was in the neighborhood of $1200 and was for the last half of 1929, 1930 and 1931."

Private instruction in Piano Jazz, using an interesting method. Reasonable rates. Box 8725, Tribune.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Easier Said Than Done!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRES

BOUND TO WIN—A Resignation

By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—Why Should Ambrose Worry!

By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—Peace Be With You

By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

COPS KNOCK OVER BIG 'MOON' PLANT

Federal Prohibition Agent Cyrus A. Herr and state police Friday afternoon arrested Ralph Criteser, 21, at Leland, Ore., and seized a 50-gallon still, 100 gallons of mash, seven gallons of alleged whiskey, three empty gallon jugs and two mash testers. A loaded .22 pistol was taken from the young man when he was arrested, according to the officers.

Criteser was taken before U. S. Commissioner R. W. Madison at Grants Pass Saturday, where he was arraigned, given a preliminary hearing, and bail was set at $2000.

Criteser's plant was located at Leland, about 30 miles up the mountains from Grants Pass, Officer Herr said. The still and other articles seized were brought to the Medford headquarters.

The case of James B. Williams of Oakdale, Cal., arrested by the state police about the first of November, near Grants Pass, was turned over to federal authorities for prosecution on the charge of transporting 50 gallons of alcohol. Williams was taken before Commissioner Madison in Grants Pass Saturday, and his bond was also placed at $2000.

Salesman Killed.

SPOKANE, Nov. 14. — (AP) — E. E. Bowman, Spokane salesman, was fatally injured Friday night, when his automobile crashed into a truck operated by D. E. Hudson of Heppner, Ore. The truck was heavily laden with machinery.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—(AP)—The war department has approved the allotment of $55,000 for repairs to the petties on Yaquina bay and Harbor, Oregon.

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