

# A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsly DAWSON

Chapter 25  
HEART TO HEART

**F**ORGIVENESS is up to you, Santa," said Clive. "To kiss and sully isn't forgiveness. Before one can forgive, one needs to understand. If one doesn't uproot the causes of disaster, he walks straight out and tumbles into the same traps."

"There oughtn't to be traps on the road to heaven," she whispered. "Don't get you."

"Your road to heaven you called me."

"Did I? My steep ascent to heaven would be closer to facts, I expect that's how I appear to you."

"No, Clive. Every day you grow fatter."

"Can't we stop exaggerating?" He bit his lip. "There are things we ought to learn about each other."

She became wide-eyed and panky.

"On my honor, I've never kept any secrets."

"Only the ones that I've prevented you from telling. On what grounds did you obtain your divorce from Dak?"

"You could have learned that any time. You would never allow me to mention him. The grounds were cruelty."

"What constitutes cruelty?"

"The phrase is elastic. It can include anything from yawning to feeding vitriol to babies."

"It could include, for instance, the scene we're now enacting?"

She flung herself at him, heedless of whether her embraces were ignored.

"The fool I've been to kill your affection!"

For the first time he ceased to look through her. Her soft arms were about him. The weight of her body dragging on him. Her head was thrown back, her face imploring. She was no longer the masterful young matron who'd sailed ahead, shaping both their lives. She was yielding, adorable, adoring. Blooming to her long, white throat, he met her half way in forgiveness. Not a word spoken.

He laughed, and snatched his dressing-gown from the bed and wrapped it around her.

"And now where shall I seat you?"

"I'll flop." Collapsing cross-legged on the carpet, she grimaced up at him. "It smells of you—I mean the dressing-gown. It smells of forgiveness. I won't beat. Let's have what's coming to me."

"Coming to us both," he corrected. "I wish you'd smoke—do something natural. Here!" He handed her his lighted cigarette.

Snatching his fingers, she drew her lips across them.

"I don't like to tender. He patting her head and dived for the chair he had vacated.

Having regained it, he crouched, shaking a finger at her as though she were a puppy.

"I mean business—so let's cut out the pathos and the comedy. Yesterday you walked out on me and I didn't find it a bit funny. Today your guilty conscience has made you afraid that I'll do the same by you. If you were only trying to throw a scare into me, you were idiotic. I might have taken your distaste for me at face value."

"That's how divorces start, by one party taking the other's actions at face value. Perhaps I haven't been easy to live with. At first I didn't earn enough to contribute my proper share. Then losing my job. As regards your previous marriage, I own I haven't been reasonable."

"You've been a lamb," she purred. "I'm the one who's been unreasonable. But why did you ask me on what grounds I got rid of Dicky?"

"Because—" He interrupted himself. "You're not playing the game, Santa; you're edging nearer. Because I've found him to be an exceedingly pleasant fellow."

"Party manners." She shook her head. "Try being married to him. Toss me another cigarette."

"But the same thing might be said of me, dearest—that any pleasantness I possess is party manners. If I allow my wife to contract the habit of bolting, where do I get off?"

"Get this into your thick head."

Surprisingly she shortened the distance that separated them. "You're not Dicky. Dicky and I flew apart because we were never really married."

"As much married as you and I," he insisted. "More so, if it comes to that. Bridesmaids, music. No back history. You're a matrimonial Houdini—that's where you have me at a disadvantage. I married to stay married; you've had experience in escaping. Any time I stick up for my rights, as I did yesterday, you can put me where you want me by threatening to repeat the disappearing act."

"But I won't—never again. I promise."

She had wriggled her way to his knees till she leaned against them. His aloofness was melting. He was sinking under her spell.

"You think you won't, Santa. But how can I be sure? Your home-training was bad. I'll never become a yes-artist like your father."

She took his hand that was nearest and began to toy with it, folding and unfolding the fingers.

"I wouldn't stay with you an hour if you were."

He chuckled.

"And you're a yes-artist what you're tried to make me."

"Hiring this apartment," she accused herself. "Furnishing it with things that belonged to me and not to us."

"And tagging after your divorced husband," he added to the indictment.

"Is that fair?" She glanced up quickly. "I didn't tag after him."

"It isn't." He bent over her, pressing his cheek against hers. "He stole back into your life by a series of accidents. If I'd been willing to talk about him—"

She seized the excuse.

"Not talking about him made him a guilty secret."

"And guilty secrets lead to deception," Clive helped her.

"Not to deception," she fumbled; "to something that you construed as deception. When you discovered that he was the person who was anxious to employ you, of course it looked—"

He jerked her. She raised herself, staring at him in fascination.

"What do we care how it looked?" His voice was husky. "From tonight everything's going to be not me or you, but us."

Intoxication followed.

"So happy!" she sighed.

Later in bed, watching him undress, she asked, "Why did you let Dicky entertain us?"

He paused in the removal of his studs.

"You won't be angry?"

"Of course not."

"You won't be hurt?"

"Honest."

"Because I thought he and I were in the same boat—a pair of discarded. It made me sympathetic."

She stretched out her arms.

"Come here, imbecile."

Nearly suffocated, he spluttered: "Most married couples are imbeciles, I guess."

Next morning came reaction. He gazed at the sweet flushed face. It was extraordinary—how much younger Santa looked in bed than in her clothes. She became immature—angelic. The artifices she employed to improve her appearance disappeared. Speech spoiled her.

Asleep, when she couldn't interfere with herself, she was at her best. And this ethereal creature, fragile, holy, was the antagonist he had chosen with whom to handy words.

Taunts hurled in the heat of combat recoiled to wound him. Matrimonial Houdini! His steep ascent to heaven! Any reproach addressed by a man to a woman was at least twice as offensive as the same reproach addressed by a woman to a man.

He heard again his rapier-like thrusts: on what grounds had she won her divorce. He saw himself cold and torturing—the just person, the inquisitor, the French comedy caricature of a husband. His detestation of the rôle was overwhelming. The ignominy of contending with a woman! And the reward of his harshness had been gentleness.

Her eyes opened.

"Hello, handsome!"

He bent over her.

"I'm ashamed."

"Forget."

She drew down his head.

Over breakfast they framed a constitution. No more suppressions, no more reprisals. Every grievance to be debated. Their future a perpetual Christmas.

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Still another serpent is found, tomorrow, in Clive's Eden.

## NAME COMMITTEE FOR HEALTH SEAL SALE IN MEDFORD

The personnel of the committee which will handle the sale of Christmas seals in Medford has been announced. It includes Miss Helen Bullia, chairman, Mrs. F. Corning Kealy, Mrs. J. J. Emmens, Mrs. P. G. Thayer, Mrs. Robert Brown, Mrs. Henry Padgham, Mrs. Gordon Voorhies, Mrs. George Roberts, Mrs. C. S. Butterfield, Mrs. Gail Robinson, Mrs. C. C. Lemmon, Mrs. Corbin Edgell, Mrs. E. Janney, Mrs. John C. Mann, Mrs. Edw. L. Knapp, Mrs. R. E. Green, Mrs. Glen Fabrick and Mrs. Howard Hill.

Each member of the committee has a definite assignment of responsibility and is working at such tasks as arranging for the school sale of seals, down town booth sales, placing of posters, contacting various organizations and industries and requesting churches to observe next Sunday as Tuberculosis Sunday.

Attention is also called to the fact that the Christmas seal sale campaign is a part of a great National Tuberculosis association plan and has not for a number of years past been connected with the Red Cross program as a part of the latter. However, the work of the Jackson County Health

## ROGUE RIVER GRANGE SELECTS NEW HEADS

ROGUE RIVER, Nov. 28.—(Sp.)—Live Oak Grange elected officers November 19. After the business meeting, supper was served and a social hour enjoyed.

Officers for 1933 are: Master, Otto Fuhrman; overseer, James Whipple; lecturer, Mrs. Letay Miller; steward, P. L. Badley; assistant steward, Rollin Stelth; chaplain, Mrs. Effie Badley; treasurer, Mrs. Nora Wait; secretary, Mrs. Lora Carter; Ceres, Ma. Agnes Magee; Pomona, Mrs. Anna Dimmock; Flora, Mrs. Fay Magerle; gatekeeper, Perry L. Wait; lady assistant steward, Millie Walker.

Russ-Franco Pact.

PARIS, Nov. 26.—(AP)—The new Franco-Russian pact of conciliation and non-aggression, which has been approved by the French cabinet and is to be signed Tuesday, was hailed by the Paris press today as an important instrument of stability in Europe.

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

## VISITORS PARTICIPATE IN GRANGE PROGRAM SAMS VALLEY GROUP

SAMS VALLEY, Nov. 28.—(Sp.)—Participating in the lecturer's program at Grange Saturday night, were Frank Hansen of Rosy Ann; Henry Conger and C. C. Hoover of Jacksonville; Dr. Elliott of Central Point; Wesley McDonough, Naomi Magruder, Frances Wilson, Bill Straus, Mary Edington, R. E. Nealon, Arthur Straus, Mrs. Nora Straus, Mary Hemaley, Thelma McKnight, Edith Sage, Paul Schulz, Bill Duggan, Betty Wilson, Mrs. Frank and Eva and Helen Burreason. The

debate, "Resolved, that gunny sacks are more beneficial to the farmer than baling wire," was won by the affirmatives. Mrs. O. T. Wilson, Henry Conger and Arthur Straus. The negatives were R. E. Nealon, Frances Wilson and C. C. Hoover. Mr. Hoover attributed his loss to his unlucky name.

The subject of cutting taxes brought out much discussion. Preceding the program, a jitty supper was served by the H. E. C.

Maust New Master Grange At Phoenix Result Of Election

PHOENIX, Nov. 28.—(Sp.)—Phoenix Grange met Tuesday and elected

officers for the coming year, who will be installed later. They will take office the first of the year.

Elected were: Master, O. C. Maust; secretary, Florence Drake; treasurer, Fay Carter; overseer, C. Luak; steward, Lee Denzer; chaplain, Mrs. C. A. Knudson; lecturer, Elva Caster; gatekeeper, Earl Loffer; assistant steward, Vaughn Quackenbush; Ceres, Donna Graffie; Flora, Mrs. C. Luak; Pomona, Mrs. Chub Anderson; lady assistant steward, Lois Stillwell.

Committees will be appointed later.

Degree team for the third and fourth degrees of the Grange, which has been organized and which has practiced for several times, will hold a further practice November 29. All members of the team are urged to be present as not many more practices will be held before they will be called on for the first initiation service.

Several grangers, directed by Mrs. O. C. Maust, are preparing to play "Cabbages" to be presented December 3, with musical numbers to be chosen by the chairman of the executive committee, L. O. Caster. The hour's program will be presented for a nominal charge. All in the community, as well as all members of the county granges, are invited, especially members of the Recreation club. This play is being presented by members of the dramatic committee from the club.

Laurelhurst

LAURELHURST, Nov. 28.—(Sp.)—The many friends of Frank Ditsworth

are glad to see him at home again. He is improving rapidly.

A large crowd attended the Parents-Teachers' meeting held at Coburn's dining room at McLeod, Friday.

High schools at Butte Falls and Prospect were closed for the Thanksgiving period, so high school students of this community enjoyed a vacation.

A group of Prospect high school boys played the Laurelhurst basketball team on the home grounds Friday and were defeated by a score of 14 to 8. Laurelhurst players were: Allen Collingwood, forward, 7; Kenneth Rogers, forward, 3; James Thomas, center, 4; Robert Thomas, guard; Bobby Ourt, guard and Donald Vaughn, guard.

Pupils of the Laurelhurst school who have been neither absent nor tardy during the first three months of school are: Billy Coburn, Lois Glass, Carol Nedry, Joyce Nedry, Bobby Ourt, Robert Peyton, Donald Vaughn.

The Laurelhurst school pupils will play the Prospect grades a game of basketball and have a spelling match at Prospect Friday.

A large crowd attended the turkey shooting match at the Peyton ranch last Sunday.

When needing duplicating sales books, list-packs or fan-fold cash register forms, ledger sheets for bookkeeping machines or any other kind of printing, don't order from out-of-town firms and pay more. Phone 75 and one of our representatives will call.

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## Laurelhurst



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## By C. M. PAYNE



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## By SOL HESS



## By George McManus



## Sams Valley

SAMS VALLEY, Nov. 28.—(Sp.)—First meeting of a clothes renovation project for the ladies here was conducted by Mabel Mac, home demonstration agent, at the schoolhouse November 18. In addition to dyeing one suit, instructions on remodeling and dry cleaning were given. Thirteen ladies present.

Mrs. Mike Koger who has been in the Medford Community hospital for the past four weeks with a badly broken leg, was brought home on Thanksgiving day. She is improving rapidly.

A turkey thief attempted a raid on Mr. Todd's stock recently, but was frightened away before successful.

Misses Frances Wilson and Erma May closed their school at Agate for the Thanksgiving holidays with a 7 o'clock dinner and program. After the program the teachers aided the Agate residents in organizing a community club. Mr. Waldrop was elect-

ed president; D. W. Beebe, vice-president, and Mrs. White, secretary. A rising vote of thanks was given the teachers for the entertainment.

Pupils of the Pankay school, directed by their teacher, Bill Vinton, gave the following program Tuesday evening: Song, audience; harmonica solo, Reuben Arnold; piano solo, Helen Burreason; recitations, Joyce Cota, Lyle Haynes, Goldie and Glen Arnold, Ruth Smith, Paul Galloway and Ray Smith; radio play by nine pupils with Helen Burreason as announcer; Jewish sharp solo, Roy Arnold.

L. McConnell has gone to Diamond lake to work.

An interesting program of plays, songs and reading was given by the Sams Valley school Wednesday night to a crowded house.

Ellis and Glenn Garrett spent Thanksgiving with friends in Medford.

Over one hundred people attended the Thanksgiving community dinner at the schoolhouse Thursday.

Analytical Biblee. Phone 745-2.

## BRINGING UP FATHER



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