

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsly DAWSON

"I'll turn out the lights first." When he rejoined her, she was climbing into bed. To prove that she wasn't the person with whom he was angry, he arranged her pillows. Then let fly.

"He grows borsome—comes to see you, not us. Struts like a rooster. You must have noticed how he expects me to walk out when he arrives. I might be the office-boy snoping on a directors' meeting. His attitude's a joke; but a joke repeated too often is annoying. Wasn't our arrangement that you were to get rid of him gradually?"

She cuddled her chin against her shoulder.

"It was. But Dicky sticks like gum. He's so dependent—digs his toes into you. He's like a child in a dark room—frightened."

"Frightened nothing!" Clive snorted. "Work's the only thing he's afraid of."

"But he is working."

"At what?"

"Theatrical producing." Clive roared with laughter.

"He's playing you for a sucker. The only work he'll ever do is picking up chorus girls."

"If that were true," she stiffened, "after all the pity I've lavished on him—! But it's only surmise."

The good work continued. Clive's first married Christmas was spoiled by the prosperous poet's inclusion. Santa excused his presence on the ground that it was the season of peace and goodwill.

Clive thought up fresh arguments, but to utter them seemed futile. He grew secretly anxious. He compared his lot to that of the gullible husbands in the Decameron. He was well aware that the impartial verdict would be that he was being hoodwinked. The only man he could trust to be lenient in his judgment was another dog—Fido—so he consulted his father-in-law.

Mr. Dawn chuckled.

"Like mother, like daughter. All women are cheats. Pleasant cheats. Self-deceived cheats. Cheats, nevertheless. Which being the case, if you don't want to become single let her live through her frenzy."

Clive bit his lips and watched more closely. At the right moment he would come down like a ton of bricks.

Santa's frenzy was progressive. To evangelize Dicky whom she had doubly wronged by marrying and divorcing, became for her a sacred mission. The vivisection of his soul stimulated her to exaltation. Clive, clad in pyjamas and aching for sleep, played audience to her raptures. Nightly the serial story of Dicky's propensities toward righteousness was inflicted on him.

She had been talking an hour. His mind had wandered, when she startled him into alertness.

"You were right about chorus-girls. I've gouged a confession: he makes Lou-Lou an allowance."

Clive sat up in the darkness, grinning broadly.

"That's the best news I've heard in a long while."

She imitated his example by popping up.

"How's it good news?"

"It's good news to me," he insisted. "I could take a drink on it."

"But you don't realize." Her voice became awe-struck. "Dicky wouldn't make any woman an allowance for nothing."

"That's precisely what I do realize." In his joy he embraced his wife. "Here's luck to her digging!" She pushed him aside.

"Either you don't understand or you're disgusting."

From then on, Santa began to attribute to Lou-Lou fresh crimes. She made her the scape-goat for Dicky. In the proportion that she was black, he was white. The theft of the polo-coat was remembered and the fact that she might have been quoted as co-respondent. Her father was a plumber. Her hair was tinted. No one would have dreamed of her as an actress unless Dicky had backed her with money.

Clive in an inspired moment visualized Lou-Lou as an ally. If he could persuade her to pull on his end of the rope he might yet win this tug-of-war against Santa and her first husband.

If it was gorgeous for Santa to hold séances with Dicky, it would be equally gorgeous for himself to conspire with Lou-Lou. Even though Dicky were no more to Lou-Lou than a meal ticket, these nightly revival-meetings threatened her dominion. A chastened Dicky, arrayed in white robes, would certainly give her the go-by.

(Copyright 1931-1932, Coningsly Dawson)

Clive makes up his mind suddenly tomorrow, to embark on a hazardous under-taking.

Chapter 41 DICKY BACK AGAIN

"BEING weak, Dicky probably misses you tremendously," said Clive to Santa. "I'm not dog-in-the-manger. If he's on your conscience and there's anything we can do for him, you won't arouse my jealousy. You're through with him. In a sense you were through with him before you started. And then, he came to my help when he himself was shipwrecked."

"What's your idea, Clive—that we ought to get rid of him more gradually?"

"Something like that."

So that was how it happened, when Dicky called a few nights later, that he was admitted. Clive had brought home work from the office—genuinely brought home work this time.

Following the precedent he had previously established, he withdrew to the library. A wife had the privilege of entertaining her friends, especially when she contributed to the housekeeping. He flattered himself that he was handling the situation modernly.

Finding no obstacles placed in his way, Dicky dropped in more and more frequently. He entered as if he were bestowing a favor and seated himself in the best chair, blond and immovable. To a humorist his vanity would have been amusing. He glanced round at familiar pictures on the walls and surveyed the furnishings with an air of possession. Then he waited with restrained impatience for Clive to vanish, as though he and not Clive was master.

Clive consoled himself by thinking, "All I have to do is to kick him out."

The moment he had left his wife with her ex-husband, they would lapse into French.

"Such good practice," Santa explained.

She kept no secrets. Was clear as daylight. Gave Clive a synopsis in bed of what had occurred each evening.

"You don't need to," he advised her.

"But it helps me to correct my impressions. Dicky's so glib—always was. He'd swear he hadn't been near jam when it was smeared all over his face."

"What does he lie about?"

"You and me. The noble influence we are. How he's given up drink and women to be worthy of us."

"He'll drive me to drink. Good night, old girl. I have to be up in the morning."

Often she talked Clive to sleep.

"Are you listening?"

Her slim arm protecting him, she would lie awake, pondering how complicating it was to have been married twice. What it amounted to was that you were responsible for two husbands.

To have two husbands buzzing about you was exciting. It kept you expectant and emotional, the way you were as a snapper. It made you feel that you were still competed for. The danger was that you might offend your present husband in trying to save your former.

And Dicky required saving. Though he sighed over his wasted years, she was convinced that he still dabbled in the muddy pool of Broadway.

Clive, having flung wide the windows of his wife's repressions, wished he hadn't. Dicky's lapses, reformations, evasions, hogged two-thirds of their conversation. Santa had turned their love-nest into a rescue home. Why did a woman when she had divorced a man, feel impelled to become a mother to him?

At the close of a sample day of rest, during which Clive had sought sanctuary in his study little library, he protested. Having listened for the intruder's departure, he stepped into the hall to confront his wife.

"This is becoming too much."

"I agree, darling." She raised her face to be kissed. "We've bitten off more than we can chew."

"More than I can swallow."

She slipped her arm through his coaxingly.

"I'm all worn out. Let's talk while we undress."

AIR 'AMBULANCE' BRINGS ELDERLY PATIENT TO CITY

Emergency trips by airplane to transport noted physicians and surgeons to the bedside of patients have become more or less commonplace in this day of modern transportation, but air trips over rugged and dangerous terrain, to rush patients to hospitals in distant cities, are rare. News of such a trip in which a well-known Medford pilot figured prominently has just come to light.

Recently the aged mother of Ivan Billings of this city was taken seriously ill at Mule creek, which is located 15 miles up the river from Illhee, near the mouth of the Rogue river. To transport the invalid to a Medford hospital as speedily as possible was a difficult problem, which was solved by calling in the services of Marshall Seagrave, commercial pilot of this city. Mr. Seagrave immediately left in his speedy Tri-Motor biplane for Illhee, the only spot for miles around where a small clearing was available for landing and taking off. Arriving at Illhee, in spite of adverse weather conditions, Seagrave found that his aged passenger was not there to return with him, it having been found necessary

MRS. BOYL WINS REFRIGERATOR IN COFFEE CONTEST

Winning in a contest in which more than 9,000 letters were submitted, Mrs. Grace Boyl, wife of Robert H. Boyl of this city, is the owner of a new Norge electric refrigerator on display today at Gates and Lybrand Groceries No. 1, with a copy of the letter, which brought her the prize from the Golden West Coffee company.

The Golden West radio contest letters are broadcast from Portland, Seattle and Spokane. Each week the company awards the writer of the best letter, telling why he or she trades with favorite grocer, a Norge electric refrigerator. More than 9,000 letters are turned into the contest each week.

Mrs. Boyl, in her winning letter, told why she trades at Gates and Lybrand Groceries. The letter read: "I buy my foods from Gates and Lybrand because they understand my needs, yet consider my purse. I get the fine foods I have always used at prices surprisingly low. Thus they help me meet the present necessity of saving without sacrificing quality. Golden West coffee is a favorite with them, also with me."

The Golden West coffee contest, Amateur Radio club met Friday evening at the Pruitt Melody shop, and elected officers for the coming year. Harold DeVoe of Medford being elected president. Other officers named were Victor Milne, vice president; and George Packham, secretary-treasurer.

Twenty-four club members were in attendance, six being from Ashland. The next meeting will be conducted at the Melody Shop December 16.

REGULATIONS FOR POST CARDS TOLD

In answer to many inquiries regarding the postal laws governing Christmas cards, the Mail Tribune has obtained the following information:

All postal cards within a certain size range, and not placed in envelopes, can be mailed for one cent. The size range is from 3 1/2 inches by 4 inches to 3 9/16 inches by 5 9/16 inches. All cards of these dimensions or dimensions in between the two named, will go through the mails at one cent each.

Cards contained in envelopes, which are not sealed, can be mailed for 1 1/2 cents if they do not carry written messages on them. The sender is allowed to sign his name, but not to write a message on the card if wishing to mail it for 1 1/2 cents. Cards in sealed envelopes will be taxed the regular mailing rate of three cents each.

When needing duplicating sales books, flat-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.

CANNON BLAMES LIQUOR ON ROME

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—(AP)—Terminating the recent election "a mass movement of unrest" and not a gauge of prohibition sentiment, a statement by the board of temperance and social service of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, yesterday said repeal of the 18th amendment "will undoubtedly be hailed with delight by the Roman Catholic hierarchy."

The statement was signed by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., said: "The steadily increasing open opposition to the eighteenth amendment by the Roman Catholic hierarchy from the Pope to priests cannot be openly and seriously reckoned with in any appraisal of actual conditions, for the attitude of the hierarchy influences nearly 100 per cent of the Roman Catholic population with over 7,000,000 voters."

WILDCAT STAGE OPERATOR JAILED

Harry Meyers, 27, of San Francisco, is being held in the county jail, unable to pay a \$100 fine imposed upon him Friday in Judge L. A. Roberts' court at Ashland, charged with operating a wildcat stage. Meyers was arrested by state police, with six passengers in the large car he was driving.

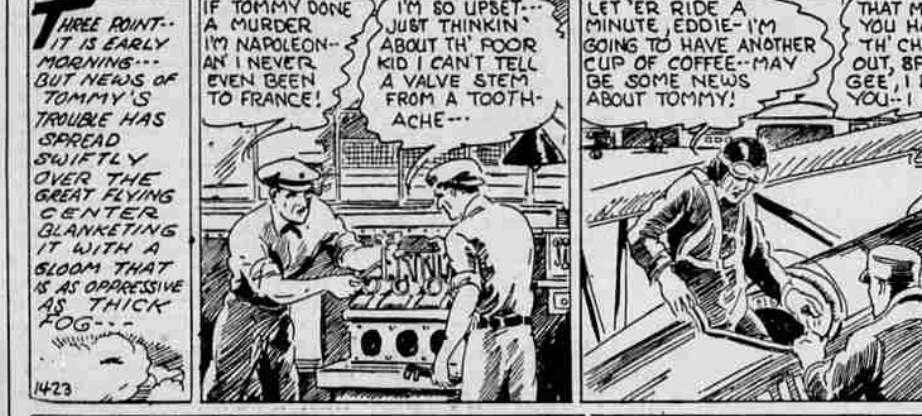
He told officers that he was taking the travelers from San Francisco to Seattle and had collected about \$50 transportation fees from the group. The judge also ordered Meyers to purchase proper licenses for the vehicle.

Five of the passengers purchased tickets on to Seattle by other means, while one man stayed in Medford Friday night and continued north, hitch-hiking, yesterday.

State Police Get New Ford Coupes

Three new Ford V-8 coupes have been received by the Southern Oregon department of the state police for patrol on the highways and byways of Jackson county. The new equipment will replace old autos that have served their usefulness. The state board of control recently purchased 18 new Fords for the state police department for use throughout the state.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—As Tommy Goes—So Goes Three-Point!



BOUND TO WIN—Talking It Over



S'MATTER POP—Genuine Sympathy



THE NEBBS—The Schemer



BRINGING UP FATHER



NEW CAMERA FOR FOUR KILLED IN FILMS OF CRATER

Educational division of Crater National park, has received a new 16 millimeter moving picture camera and projector to be used in preparing films for showing at the Crater Lake community house programs, and also at various service organizations in southern Oregon and northern California.

Both projectors are equipped with Kodak color lenses and filters, making it possible to take and project natural color pictures. The new machines supplant the movie equipment formerly owned by the park.

The educational department also has a metal lantern slide filing cabinet which is used for lectures pertaining to the lake.

FOUR KILLED IN AIRPLANE CRASH

DETROIT, Dec. 5.—(AP)—An airplane crashed into Lake Erie today, killing two young sisters and two men.

The occupants, relatives to airport authorities and relatives of the two women were:

Patrick Tushy, 26, Detroit pilot and airplane salesman.

Nell Brown, brother of Raymond Brown, owner of the plane and member of a well-to-do Detroit and Clearwater, Fla., family.

Margie and Catherine Lies, also known as Koppitzky, formerly of Piquette, Pa.

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