

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Clive visits in the deserted house of Santa Elena's parents for Santa. He visits to propose to her, but Santa has broken her date with him. Santa is beautiful, gay, irresistible to the young men of her own and other sets. When she finally returns Clive cannot penetrate her apparent pose, and dashes out of the house when she insists she must "sample" many suitors to know whether she wants him. But Mrs. Dawson hurriedly snatches her daughter away to Europe, feeling that Clive is making an impression after all.

Chapter 2

CLIVE'S NIGHT RIDE

FROM the hotel behind him Clive could hear the thump of dance music. From the veranda where he sat alone in the blue August dusk, he could see dim shapes of girls escaping with their escorts. In the rose-garden below the terrace, engines began to sputter. With groping headlights automobiles shot out, gathered speed and vanished.

He could guess their errands. In imagination he followed them. A girl and a man who had not known each other till within the past few hours, met accidentally on the bathing-beach or golf-course, had taken a momentary shine to

Santa. Then had come the cabled news that she was returning and an invitation, amounting to a command, that he should spend the first week-end at her parents' country-house.

He wired her his challenge in mid-ocean.

"Delighted you've finished sampling."

Injured silence had followed. Were he to sue for reinstatement, he would become her dog-Fido. In a desperate mood of hesitancy the day she had landed he had driven to Cape Cod, there to spend his two weeks' vacation.

How long could he stand the suspense? That was the question. Memories tender, absurd, entrancing were undermining his resolution. The first time he had kissed her. She had been sixteen and he twenty. The difference in age had made him ashamed of his cradle-snatching.

The temptation had occurred as he was escorting her from a Christmas party. Suddenly he had christened the car and scarcely knowing what he was doing, had caught her to him. "I had expected her to shrink from him. Instead, pressing closer, she had murmured, "O, lovely!"

That was Santa. She persuaded every man that he was her one and only.



Clive was emerging from his corner when a bell-hop accosted him.

Each other. Tomorrow they would be paired differently.

What did they gain by experimenting? When the real thing arrived, it would find them with blunted appetites. On the other hand there was the bird in the hand theory. One might sleep through life saving up for a great event that never happened.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of himself. Could Santa see him now, how she would laugh!

"Clive, darling, you are a dumb-bell."

Because he was saving himself for her, he was acting like a monk. She wouldn't thank him for his loyalty; she would treat it as an infirmity.

"Time enough for that when you're married," she would tell him. Her name meant magic; she was aptly called. Her face was instinct with longing, yet longing that was impersonal. Her dark bobbed head was boyish; her hazel eyes melting. She had a trick of meekness, very appealing, in the way she employed her capable hands. She created the impression of needing protection.

It was out of the question that any girl should live up to her appearance. She didn't attempt to; she was outrageously modern. Welcoming all and sundry with gay impartiality, she led them as a flock beside the still waters of her gentleness in the pathetic belief that she could restore their souls. Clive's soul was an example of her restoring.

Since her mother had whisked her off to Europe, his days had been a protracted torment. On shipboard, in a train, through a chance meeting at some hotel she might pick up a more eligible Apollo. Every detail of her conduct and attire would be planned to advertise that she was accessible. Each time the picking-up process had been accomplished her mother, having shed an aroma of respectability, would discreetly vanish.

The correctness of Clive's prophecy had been reflected in her correspondence, which had consisted in the main of picture-postcards signed hurriedly, "With all my heart—

He was emerging from his corner when a bell-hop accosted him.

"A telegram. Been paging you everywhere."

Clive's heart beat in his throat. He slit the envelope: "Must see you, Important, Santa."

Springing to action, he rushed into the hotel. At the desk he learned that by the earliest train he couldn't reach New York much before the next evening. His short-term means of travel was to drive, as he had come, by automobile.

From being old and done (old and done at 21) he had joined the ranks of the young and gallant. He cast about for parallels to the grandeur of his passion.

His choice fastened on Gaston de Foix, the greatest general in Renaissance Europe, dead and buried at twenty-three, his fame accomplished, who at the siege of some Italian town (was it Brescia?) when walls were slippery with blood and men were faltering, had bound his right arm to his side with his lady's scarf and led the assault carrying his sword in his left hand to prove—O, splendid example!—how invincible youth is when it has been enslaved by a woman.

Santa's genius for extracting proposals was forgotten, together with the many times when she had almost engaged herself to other chumps.

For the past week he had been analyzing with elderly clearness the phenomenon of infatuation: how a man could be such an ass as to get that way, to stay that way and, infinitely more complicated, why it was that when his dreams had been realized, he frequently and disastrously recovered.

Under the spell of speed and moonlight such enquiries looked like but one interpretation.

And so he drove through the night, tearing the silence of deserted country roads into shreds, desecrating with his motor's high whine little New England villages.

He was speeding to answer Santa's call!

There are danger signals in Santa's past. Will Clive heed them, tomorrow?

RAIL SHIPMENT OF LIQUOR SEIZED

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 19.—(AP)—The second huge shipment of liquor seized in little less than 24 hours resulted in the seizure today of 4000 gallons of alcohol and the arrest of three men at the little community of Thomas near here.

The alcohol, valued at \$32,000, which was found in a freight car, as was a seizure of \$35,000 worth of imported whisky, in the Northern Pacific freight yards in the south end of Seattle yesterday. The men were arrested as they drove up to the car.

Both liquor shipments arrived from California. The alcohol was in five-gallon cans, concealed behind a layer of sugar beet pulp. Sheriff Claud Bannich said the whisky car was exchanged somewhere along the route for one which started from Los Angeles loaded with gypsum.

JEFFERSON—Work on new bridge over Santiam river progressing.

PIPE LOSING DEPUTY HAS MORE TROUBLE

Chief Deputy United States Marshall William Graham, who has been in Medford for the southern Oregon term of federal court, has expressed his desire to leave Medford, as a result of experiencing much trouble with his pipe.

Having lost it several times since arriving here, it became necessary at one time to borrow a pipe belonging to Deputy U. S. Marshall Cal Wells. But the climax was reached yesterday when he got a firm grip on his pipe, and placed it in his coat pocket for safe keeping.

In his desire to keep from losing the straying stick, he put the pipe away before removing the burning tobacco. As a result, there is no thing in the Bill Graham coat pocket today. The only joyful thing he can find in the incident, he reported, was that the box of matches in the same pocket were not damaged by the fire.

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WRIGLEY'S P.K. GUM
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Votes a Straight Ticket!



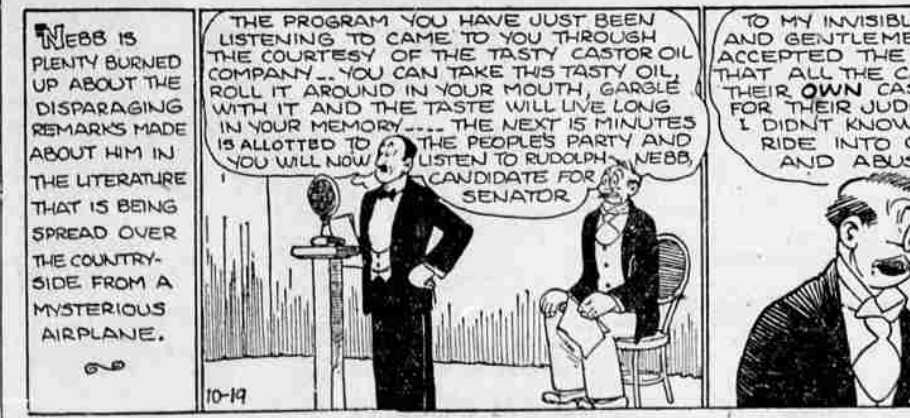
BOUND TO WIN—Hassett Has Confidence



S'MATTE RPOP—Wasted Effort



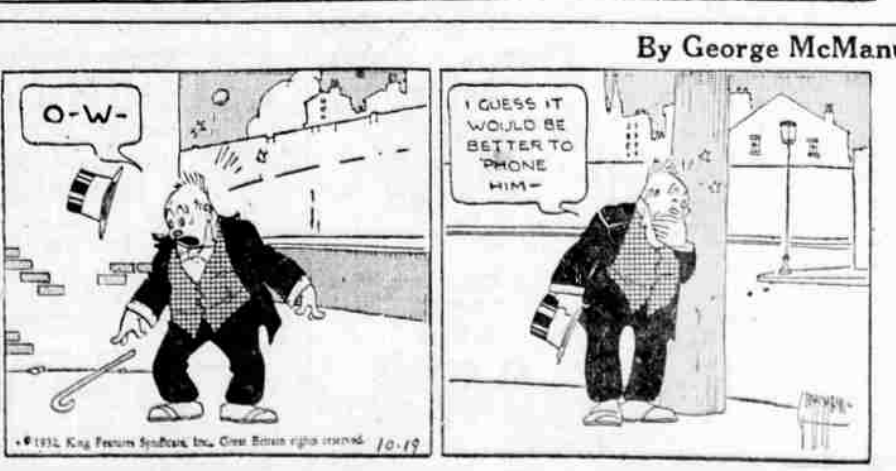
THE NEBBS—I'm Telling You



MUTT AND JEFF—Nothing In His Dome



BRINGING UP FATHER



THOMAS DENIES HE SAID F. D. TO WIN

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 19.—(AP)—Norman Thomas, the socialist, carried his candidacy for the presidency to Memphis today.

"I never said Roosevelt would be elected over Hoover. I said if the election were held, Roosevelt would be elected," he declared in an interview.

He said he did not consider either President Hoover or Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt "the lesser of two evils."

"If I could just vote for one of them on election day, I'd go fishing before I would cast a ballot," he said. He plans an address here tonight.

IDAHO STEER WINS PORTLAND HONORS

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 19.—(AP)—While thousands of spectators gazed with pleasure upon prize winners of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and thrilled at the daring maneuvers of rodeo performers, carload lots of horses, fat cattle, hogs and sheep passed before the scrutinizing eyes of judges here today at the 22nd annual Pacific International Livestock exposition.

The University of Idaho's entry won first prize in the champion steer, Shorthorn division, and the same herd produced the first junior yearling. Montana State college was first in the senior yearling class.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By BUD FISHER

By George McManus