

# A PATH TO PARADISE

By Coningsby DAWSON

**SYNOPSIS:** Clive drives madly through the night, summoned by a telegram from Santa Dawn, whom he loves and who begs him to join her. Santa just has returned from Europe, where she was taken by her mother, who feared Clive was making an "impression" on her daughter. Santa had unlearned Clive from mid-ocean that she must see him, but he ran away from New York the day she landed. Now he has forgotten everything but this second message, and his dash through the night.

## Chapter I

### CLIVE THINKS BACK

Clive re-wrote his past in terms of glamor as he tore through village after village. Eric Dawn, Santa's father, had been engaged to Clive's mother. She had changed her mind by the ruthless expedient of elopement. The bold Lochinvar, Clive's father, had died within a year of the marriage. Five years later Clive's mother had died, appointing Eric Dawn as her son's guardian.

If a compliment had been intended, it hadn't been relished. Eric Dawn had patched his heart by taking to wife Judy Summers, who had brought with her a private fortune derived from Summers' Wall Papers. Had Judy been calculating in the bestowing of herself, she could have made a better match.

to become a dog-fido himself. Judy Dawn had discovered that since Clive was at Princeton, he also might prove serviceable.

She had also discovered that he was handsome as the bold Lochinvar, his carelessly deceased father—which dismissed any doubts she may have harbored with regard to his paternity. She had appointed him Santa's unpaid male-governor. That a cosmopolitan girl-child, over-sophisticated and brotherless, required an escort goes without saying.

Clive's memories warmed now that they were approaching the present. His earliest recollections were of a stately little foreigner dressed in a black velvet frock with white lace cuffs and collar. Boys used to say that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. No one had suspected that this pattern of all the elegancies was nothing more nor less than high explosive. Clive had discovered the secret when he had kissed her and she had murmured, "O, lovely!" From that night his madness had dated.

He considered her poses, the deception that gained most applause and established her reputation for dignity being her pose for the soul's awakening. She reserved this for dances and public func-

# GLEANERS ATTEND BAPTIST REVIVAL

The Gleaners' class of the Baptist church reserved a section of seats last night in the third of a series of revival meetings at the First Baptist church. The class received special recognition several times through-

out the service and favored the congregation with a special song.

Several organizations within and without the church have asked for nights of special recognition and the week promises to be an interesting one.

Dr. W. H. Eaton, evangelist, and Devere L. Penhollow, soloist and song leader, are proving to be fine team mates for such a campaign. Dr. Eaton is rapidly proving his ability and power as an evangelist. Mr. Penhollow, known to southern Oregon for his work as song leader in the tent meetings on North Central last fall, is fast reclaiming his old

friends and making new ones with his wonderful voice and striking personality.

Special choirs of young people will assist Mr. Penhollow in the singing this week. The orchestra will also be on hand each evening.

The services will start at 7:15 each evening this week except Saturday and everyone in southern Oregon is cordially invited to attend. Dr. Eaton's message for this evening will be "Fifty-Fifty" or "What God Does."

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 20.—(AP)—Ervin Holme, 20, of Vancouver, Wn.,

was ordered held on charges of involuntary manslaughter and reckless driving, without privilege of bail, following the death here last night of James Springer, 20, who was struck by Holme's automobile as he was crossing a street.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—(AP)—All that former Mayor William Hale Thompson needs for his automobile is one motor, four tires, a top, a radio, one windshield, a horn and some seats. The machine, stolen October 6, was recovered by the police last night, but all of the parts listed above were missing.

**WRIGLEY'S**  
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM  
MINT FLAVOR  
You'll like it!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy, The "Cash Boy!"

TOMMY AND SKETER HAVE ARRIVED BACK AT THREE-POINT AFTER ATTENDING THE AIR RACES IN MARIH. TOMMY IS SCHEDULED TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY ON A SPECIAL FLIGHT INTO MEXICO.

YOUR ONLY PASSENGER WILL BE A PAYMASTER FOR THE ATLAS MINING COMPANY. HE WILL CARRY ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CURRENCY, OF COURSE HE WILL BE WELL ARMED.

THERE'S SOME DANGER OF A HOLD-UP, EH?

WELL, NO—THAT'S REALLY WHY THE COMPANY CHARTERED A PLANE. THE PREVIOUS PAY ROLLS WERE LOST TO STROUND BANDITS SOUTH OF SALTILLO.

DO I TAKE THE LOW-WING JOB?

OKAY, CHIEF. IT'LL BE SLOW GOING, BUT I CAN LAND IT ON A MEXICAN PESO IF I HAVE TO. BRING ON THE CASH PAYING CUSTOMER!



By EDWIN ALGER

# BOUND TO WIN—An Uncensored Program!

THEY'RE DOWN THERE! I JUST GOT THEM ON THE EARPHONES— I'LL SWITCH THEM ON HERE— YOU AND JONATHAN CAN GET DOWN HERE, TAKE IT EASY, AND HEAR EVERYTHING— YOU'LL HEAR MY VOICE WHEN IT COMES UP FROM THE TREASURE HOLE!

GIMME THAT SHOVEL, SHORTY! I DON'T WANT TO GO BLANKY BLANKY GLOW ABOUT IT!

WHERE'S THAT BOTTLE, "EGG-FACE"? I WANT A TOAST TO RATTY SIMS, THE GUY WHO SOLD US THE MAP!

LAY OFF THAT STUFF! HEY, SOMEONE'S BEEN DIGGIN' HERE!

FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, BEN AND JONATHAN LISTENED TO THE VOICES OF THE TREASURE SEEKERS. FIRST THEY SPOKE IN TERMS OF HOPE, THEN AS THEY BEGAN DIGGING, RAGE AND DISAPPOINTMENT DOMINATED!

IF I FIND THE GUY WHO GOT HERE AHEAD OF US, I'LL BE AHEAD OF MURDER!

HUSH, HERE COMES BILL!

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH! NOW I'LL DO MY STUFF! IF YOU AND JONATHAN WANT TO YOU CAN GRAB THAT TELESCOPE AND THOSE BINOCULARS, AND WATCH THE FUN FROM THE TOP OF THE ROCK— THAT IS, AFTER YOU HEAR WHAT I SAY— THEN I'LL JOIN YOU UP THERE!



By C. M. PAYNE

# S'MATTER POP—Afraid Of Ghosts

POP, DON'T TURN OFF THE LIGHT! IF I HEAR SUMTHIN I'LL BE SCARED IT'S A GHOST!

BUT GHOSTS NEVER MAKE A SOUND!

NOT A SOUND!

OH, THEN IF I DON'T HEAR A SOUND, I'LL BE SCARED IT'S ONE WALKIN' AROUND IN HERE, POP!

S'MATTER?



By SOL HESS

# THE NEBBS—The Other Fellow

SENATOR ROSCOE NOODLE DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO COME BACK AT NEBB FOR THE CHARGES HE MADE OVER THE RADIO YESTERDAY

I HAVE THE SAME DISDAIN FOR THIS MAN NEBB THAT AN EAGLE HAS FOR A SPARROW AND I SHOULD PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIS ATTACK BUT CONSTANT PECKING IRRITATES...

I DEMAND HERE AND NOW THAT THIS RURAL HOTEL KEEPER BACK UP HIS CHARGES AGAINST ME AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO ANSWER THIS CHARGE UNTIL HE GOES TO BOSS HEIT FOR HIS NEXT SPEECH... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HE COULDN'T SPEAK THE ALPHABET WITHOUT A COPY !!

...I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS SO-CALLED SKY CAMPAIGN AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S A HOME-MADE JOB TO CREATE SYMPATHY— NO ONE COULD HAVE WRITTEN SO CLOSELY THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM BUT HIMSELF!...

WHAT NOW, SENATOR?— ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ON JUGGLING? HOT COALS!



By BUD FISHER

# MUTT AND JEFF—That's Canceling An Old Debt

WAIT TILL JEFF SEES MY NEW OVERCOAT— HE'LL THROW A JEALOUS FIT, SOME BLANKET. I LOOK LIKE A MOVIE ACTOR IN IT.

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, MUTT'S GOT A NEW OVERCOAT. OH— THE BIG BUM!

WHATCHA THINK OF MY NEW BLANKET, MUTT?

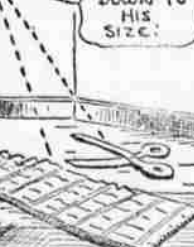
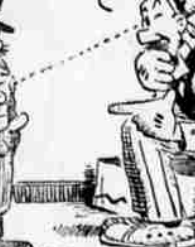
WHY, IT'S JUST LIKE MINE. WHAT A STRANGE COINCIDENCE. WAIT— I'LL SHOW YOU MY NEW ONE.

WHAT TH— HE'S GOT MY COAT!

HE CUT IT DOWN TO HIS SIZE!

THIS COAT CANCELS THAT THIRTY BUCKS YOU'VE OWED ME, FOR SEVEN YEARS! TEE HEE.

HEY!



By George McManus

# BRINGING UP FATHER

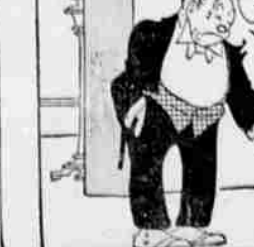
BY GOLLY! IF I HAD KNOWN THAT I'D HAVE TO GO TO THESE KIND OF THINGS TO GET VOTES— I'D NEVER HAVE RUN FOR MAYOR.

BRAVO! SPLENDID! DIVINE—

SAY— YOU KNOW THAT GUY THAT IS SOUNDIN' ON THE PIANO? DO YOU THINK HE KIN PLAY WITH ONE HAND?

REALLY? I DON'T KNOW WHY?

BECAUSE— MAYBE IT WOULD ONLY SOUND HALF AS BAD—



Judy Dawn thought Clive, at Princeton, might be useful.

Old Mr. Summers had been equally generous, for he had taken his son-in-law into his business. Santa had been born to the happy couple. To all appearances they were sitting on top of the world, when five-year-old Clive's intrusion had kindled the fuse of jealousy.

Judy Dawn had regarded the dead vamp's choice of guardian as sentimental blackmail. The administering of Clive's estate—and there was precious little to administer—would keep her rival's memory perpetually active. She had argued passionately against acceptance of the responsibility, finishing with the accusation that if her husband did accept, he would broadcast that she herself was no more than an after-thought.

Dawn's attitude was understandable. He hadn't sought the duty imposed; but he couldn't punish the orphan by refusal.

To emphasize her pique, Judy had carried off herself and her infant daughter to Europe. Dawn had hoped that the tiff would blow over. If she hadn't been financially independent of him, he could have dragged her to her senses by cutting off supplies. But the very house in which he lived had been her father's wedding-present. His position was rendered doubly delicate by the fact that his father-in-law was his employer.

Before Santa was six she could babble in French, Italian and Spanish. When her father had met her, they had had no common language. She could pick up American later, her mother had said.

When Clive had been seventeen and on the point of entering Princeton, as arbitrarily as she had down the domestic coop, Judy had reclaimed his shelter. Her motives were as usual magnanimous. Santa was thirteen. If she were eventually to marry and settle in America, it was high time she became an acclimatized American.

Again Eric Dawn had performed the dog-fido trick and acquiesced. It was his beloved guardian's lack of dignity in playing dog-fido that had so determined Clive, even though he forewent Santa, never

things which older people attended. It consisted in a stary-eyed stare of expectancy, the hands still, the lips slightly parted.

Had the average girl attempted it she would have been recommended to have her adenoids removed. But Santa could make even an unperformed surgical operation attractive. This soul's awakening was her masterpiece. It lured courtship without committing her.

"Kiss me again. Don't peck. Harder. As if you meant it." Clive smiled at the memory.

Meant what? "What is fun to you is death to me," said the frog to the boys who stoned him.

At first, because she had been sixteen, whereas he had been twenty, Clive had reproached himself with having roused her. Little by little the suspicion had dawned that she was too expert to be entirely a novice. With how many predecessors had she indulged those tropic moments?

"They weren't all cripples in Europe," she had mocked him.

"But the first time you allowed a boy to kiss you how old were you?"

"Twelve. It happened on shipboard in the Bay of Naples. Night. Stars twinkling. Guitars strumming. Versus strumming. He wore a silky moustache that tickled. I mean my boy-friend did—not Ye-sus."

"Then your boy-friend was grown up. And you were only twelve you say?"

"Have it your own way, darling. Blame it on Ye-susine."

She was now eighteen; the petals of her mischievous beauty were not yet fully opened. Her second season—course of study she would have called it—would soon be commencing. Her telegram must mean that the last of her wild oats had been sown.

He imagined that he was hurrying to her rescue. Had he been older he would have known that to attempt to reform a member of the perfect sex is the surest way to lose her.

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A cruel blow is dealt Clive, tomorrow, by one whom he loves

# JOINT MEET FOR UP VALLEY CLUBS

PHOENIX, Oct. 20.—(Sp)—Plans have been changed for the meeting of the Coleman Creek club which was called by the president to meet on Friday of this week and, instead of holding the meeting as planned, the club will hold a joint meeting with the Henry Extension club of Phoenix, and will join in the all-day meeting with covered dish dinner at noon, which will be held in the Grange hall, and during which time the renovation and remodeling of clothes will be discussed by Mrs. Mabel Mack, home demonstration agent. All ladies who have articles they wish to make over are asked to bring them to this meeting.

# PITTSBURG BABES ENTER CAMPAIGN

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 20.—(AP)—As Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt neared Pittsburgh today, carrying his campaign here for the presidency, tripartite were born to Mr. and Mrs. James Henry.

The parents will name the two boys and a girl "Franklin," "Roosevelt" and "Delia," a modification of "Delano."

The Henrys have four other children, the oldest 9.

Henry has been unemployed for more than two years. He was a supporter of Rev. James R. Cox, jobless party presidential candidate who yesterday withdrew in favor of Roosevelt.