

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby



SYNOPSIS: Clive, driving wildly through the night to Santa, rescues his situation. He loses Santa, daughter of his guardian, Eric Dawn, whom his mother killed in favor of the handsome man who became his father. Parley through jealousy of Clive, Santa's mother has kept Santa in Europe, where she has become an irresponsible expert at leading men on to make fools of themselves. Now she has telegraphed Clive, an aviator at Cape Cod, to go to her at once. As late she is ready to settle down to marriage with him, Clive feels sure.

She led the way to a little wood where an arbor stood beside the swimming-pool. The omen was propitious.

"Get rid of him," Clive whispered. "Rid of whom?"

"The foreigner."

"He's an awful dear and as much American as you are."

Having seated herself in the arbor, she smiled angelically.

"Nice old thing."

She shot him a melting glance. This time he described his symptoms more eloquently, rising to poetic heights. This sacred day, the arbor sacred, the swimming-pool sacred, the wood a shrine. And to meet thus after all their wanderings. (She being eighteen; he four years her senior!) The solemnity of the moment.

"And I can't live without you."

"But, darling," she protested, stroking his hand. "Except for our last parting you've always been most comfortable."

Their fingers intertwined. Her hands twitched and fluttered. Unsurprised and smiling, she came to him without a struggle. He stooped, drinking in her eyes. The white lids fell like shutters. Her lips pouted.

"Noses do get in the way." Her bubbling laugh recalled him. "Feel better now, don't you?"

Chapter 4 ENTER DICKY DAK

SPICK and span after a bath at his club and a telephone call to Santa, Clive set out on the last lap of his long drive from Cape Cod to the Dawn country place in New Jersey.

The Dawn butler had told him Santa was out, and he had suspected a white lie. This time, however, he thought he divined her motive. Preliminary speech would spell the high ecstasy of their impending drama. Like all lovers, Clive was hastening to an ambush.

After an hour's drive through lovely summer country defaced by advertisements and hot-dog stands, he came to a village that was truly rural. At its far end in a green oasis of shaven lawns grew up a cool white house, immaculate as a

mount at anchor, partly screened from public gaze by flowering shrubs and rose-covered pergolas. Turning in at the neat drive, he came to a halt with a flourish beneath the smiling windows. Springing out, he tooted his horn accidentally.

Before he could knock a uniformed maid had opened. She appeared to take his arrival casually. During her service with the Dawns she had seen so many of those gay young Giant-Killers. The ogre's treasure was still intact—and the spry young Jacks, where were they?

Miss Santa was on the courts playing tennis. With a grateful grin he signified that he would go to her.

At this point his romantic imaginings received a box on the ears; her voice floated to him through the brooding stillness, addressing someone as "Dickie, darling." The box on the ears was quickly followed by a blow between the eyes: the vision of her insolently cool young figure as she kept a perspiring opponent on the run by her beautifully placed shots.

"But, Dicky, darling, you ought to have got that one; I made it especially easy for you."

Pushing open the door in the wire behind her, Clive entered. This Dicky person was a new one—a striking contrast to the college boys who had constituted her previous captures. He was aristocratic—self-assured. He bore a faint resemblance to Albert, King of the Belgians—blond, well set up, blue-eyed, fresh-complexioned, 30-odd. He was obviously a good sport, for he was making a jest of his own clumsiness.

"You must come riding with me. I'm a wizard on horseback."

"So much to learn about each other," she chafed him.

Clive concealed his chagrin by scouting Santa's balls. Meanwhile she lapsed into French, which the man across the net spoke with equal fluency. As far as Clive was concerned, most of what they said was lost.

Suddenly, with premeditated abruptness she flung down her racket.

"Gather up the balls, Dicky, and carry them to the house. Clive and I will be with you in a second."



"Clive, dear, I'm engaged," said Santa. He felt exultant.

"I saw at once what was the matter with you," she continued. "You've not kissed a girl for ages. Now let's be sensible. Why do you think I sent for you?"

"Because you've been hungry for me the way I've been hungry for you."

She shook her head, not exactly in denial.

"I always miss you, Clive. But that wasn't why. It was because I've done something. I was afraid you might hear it second-hand. Clive, dear, I'm engaged."

"They sat so silent that they could almost hear the tinkle of the sunshine."

"You're disappointed in me?"

"Don't be absurd." There was rough tenderness in his voice. "I'm thinking what's best to be done. Is this engagement official? What I mean is have your parents consented?"

"Mummy has. In a way she made it. Daddy's been told, if that's what you call consenting."

"Who is the poor sucker?"

She shrugged her delicate shoulders.

"Sucker's not complimentary. He's my late partner at tennis."

"Good grief, Santa! What kind of a mother have you?"

"What's the matter with Mummy?" she asked on the defensive.

"Nearly everything," he blurted. "Put yourself in her place and suppose you had a daughter. Wouldn't you rather see her single forever than the wife of a man nearly old enough to be her father?"

"Don't exaggerate, Clive. He's only fourteen years older than I am."

"Only! Then he's only six years younger than your mother. She must be crazy."

"You've got it wrong, Clive. I'm following my instinct—doing what I consider wise."

"Consider again," he snapped. "Let me ask one question. Do you love him?"

"No girl's so dumb as to marry for love nowadays."

"Then for what?"

"Companionship."

He withdrew his arm.

(Copyright 1932, Coningsby Dawson)

An ally in his trouble is granted Clive, tomorrow.

single border state. Franklin Roosevelt could be elected president even if he didn't get a single electoral vote west of the Mississippi river.

Parley said that he had been accused of overstatement, that his previous claims had been derided in Republican circles, and that he had been "put down as a ballyhoo artist."

"But I repeat again what I believe and what gigantic polls have shown," he said, "that a tide for Roosevelt is running full and will reach its peak on November 8."

Dutch Shelter Legionnaires. AMSTERDAM, Oct. 21.—Two vessels from the Mediterranean have brought four deserters from the French foreign legion to this port, picking them up from small boats off the African coast. Two of the fugitives were English, one was German and the other Estonian.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse, City Sanitary Service.

BOURBON LEADER HOPE INTOXICATED

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BELLVIEW GRANGERS TO HEAR CANDIDATES AT HALL ALL NEXT WEEK

BELLVIEW, Oct. 21.—(Sp.)—Bellview Grange met October 18 at the Community club house, with a large attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wezant were guests from Talent Grange.

Names of five candidates were read, and the obligation given in the first two degrees.

The Grange decided to sponsor the Crown flour cooking school early in November, at the Community club house. Announcement was made of political meetings to be held at Bellview the coming week: M. O. Wilkins, October 24; C. E. Gates, October 25, and A. W. Pipes on October 26. The meetings begin at 7:30 o'clock, with the public invited.

Bellview Grange is going to put on the program for the Talent Grange the evening of October 20. Splendid reports were given by

the marketing committee, also the relief committee.

There will be a special program for the first meeting in November. Committee on home economics for next meeting is: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Billings, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haah, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eiam and Mr. Darby.

During the social hour refreshments and dancing were enjoyed.

Long Mountain

LONG MOUNTAIN, Oct. 21.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Nick Young were

dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sidley of Lake Creek October 16.

Maizie Shelley and June Stowell spent the night at Mr. and Mrs. Nick Young's October 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ottenbacher of Applegate spent October 15 with Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Klingling.

Farmers and stock raisers here all welcomed the rain. All are anxiously waiting to start their fall plowing.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Wine and Glen Lansing spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Walters of Talent, and attended Phoenix Grange.

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

WRIGLEY'S

KEEPS YOUR TASTE FRESH

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Well Guarded Pay Roll!



TOMMY THIS IS LUIS ROMERO, OF THE ATLAS COMPANY. HE'S YOUR PASSENGER.

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT PERMISSION TO TAKE ALL THAT ARTILLERY ACROSS THE BORDER, MR. ROMERO.

I AM A MEXICAN OFFICIAL ASSIGNED TO GUARD PAY ROLL FOR ATLAS COMPANY. I GUARD IT WELL, SENOR.

SO IT WOULD SEEM! I HOPE YOU DON'T NEED THE GUN!

WOULDN'T HE WOULDNT LIKE TO BORROW MY UNCLE PETE'S ELEPHANT GUN! IT'S UP IN TH' APARTMENT.

HE'S OKAY, BUT I THINK HE'S MAKING A GRAND-STAND PLAY, SO THE ATLAS PEOPLE WILL THINK HE'S A HIGH POWERED GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE A NICE QUIET RIDE, PRETTY SCENERY AND A JOYOUS WELCOME FROM THE BUSTED MINERS.

WELL, DON'T GO TO SLEEP WAITIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO HAPPEN. TH' STORMS ARE SUDDEN DOWN THAT WAY.

OKAY, TOMMY!

HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—No Waiting To Say Good-Bye!



IT'S ALL QUIET NOW!

YE CAME FOR TREASURE, BUT WITH ENVY, HATE AND SELFISHNESS IN YOUR HEARTS—

LISTEN, IT'S BILL!

GOSH, THAT'S SPOOKY!

THEREFORE, LEAVE YE THIS CURSED ISLAND! LEAVE YE AT ONCE OR PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!

LISTEN!

COME ON, JONATHAN! LET'S WATCH THEM!

I'M COMIN'!

IT'S THE GHOST OF RATTY GIMS!

HE'S BURIED ALIVE!

LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

LOOK AT 'EM SCOOT! I RECKON THEY AIN'T GUSGIN' NOW! THEY'RE SAVIN' THEIR BREATH FER RIPPIN'!

I WONDER IF BILL'S GOT SOME MORE TRICKS HE CAN PLAY ON 'EM BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR BOAT?

HE DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE, JONATHAN!

EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—The Bigger The Better



POP, PLEASE GIVE ME A NICKEL

OH, MY! YOU ARE GETTING TOO BIG TO COME BEGGING FOR NICKELS!

YES, IN-DEED! TOO BIG A BOY TO BEG FOR NICKELS

POP, PLEASE GIVE ME A QUARTER

?

AND TELL HER TO GO TO HER FATHER-IN-LAW AND TELL HIM THAT HER FATHER PUTS PRINCIPLE ABOVE OFFICE... AND TELL HIM S!@%?&! AND THERE ARE STILL THINGS TO BE SAID!!

C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—Mind Your Own Business



THESE ARE TRYING DAYS FOR RUDY ~ ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO RUN FOR OFFICE TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF A GUY YOU ARE

RUDY, I GOT A LETTER FROM BETSY AND SHE WRITES THAT YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO STUBBORN—THAT PAPA HEIT KNOWS MORE ABOUT POLITICS THAN YOU AND IF YOU WANT TO BE ELECTED LET HIM MANAGE YOU

WELL, YOU WRITE HER AND TELL HER TO MIND HER OWN BUSINESS IF SHE HAS ANY, AND IF SHE HAS, I'LL PROMISE UNTO HIGH HEAVEN THAT I WON'T INTERFERE WITH IT AND I'D LIKE THE SAME CONSIDERATION FROM HER!!

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SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—Better Than The Daily Dozen!



I HEAR YOU'RE KEEPING A BARREL OF BEER IN YOUR ROOM, JEFF!

ANY RESULTS?

YES, GGGUSM! I KEEPT IT TO GAIN STRENGTH.

MARVELOUS!

WHEN I FIRST GOT THE THING A WSKG I COULDN'T EVEN MOVE IT—

NOW I CAN ROLL IT ALL AROUND THE FLOOR!

BUD FISHER

BRINGING UP FATHER



BY GOLLY—SINCE I'VE BEEN RIPPIN' FER MAYOR—MAGGIE LETS ME HAVE ALL ME PALS COME TO THE HOUSE—SHE KNOWS THEIR VOTES COUNT I'VE INVITED DINNY SLATS TO DINNER TO-NIGHT.

HELLO, LADY.

MAGGIE—THIS IS DINNY SLATS—ONE OF ME VOTE-GITTERS.

CHARMED—I'M SURE—SO GLAD YOU WILL STAY FOR DINNER.

?

?

I'VE ALSO INVITED MR. JOHNSON, THE CHIEF OF POLICE, TO DINNER—THAT'S HIM AT THE DOOR NOW.

WHERE IS MR. SLATS?

OH—WHY HE JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER HE HAD ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT.

HUM—I'D LIKED TO HAVE MET HIM.

GEORGE McMANUS

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