

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: "Ed wants like a shot if you could see me," Santa tells Clive, who is her deputy. But Santa has brought up "in the world" by another who encourages her to give up the job of attracting men and her belief that marriage for love is old-fashioned. Santa is engaged to a man 11 years her senior—for "companionship," she says. In addition Santa's mother harbors a feeling of jealousy because long ago her husband loved Clive's mother, who killed him and then, when dying, left Clive to his care. Clive, dependent, goes back to his work in New York.

Chapter 6

MR. CLEASBY SPEAKS
CUTTING short his vacation, Clive returned to the firm of Cross and Cleasby, financial experts, by whom he was employed. He had a knack of impressing older men. The respect he paid their achievement combined with his frank good looks had a lot to do with it. Mr. Cleasby, the senior partner and a confirmed bachelor, had taken a fancy to him. As a consequence his promotion had been rapid. His present job was to analyze reports with a view to prospects for investment.

On entering his bleakly orderly office his first sensation was one of relief from emotion. On the other side of the partition he could hear the beat of typewriters, op-

need someone on the spot—a contact man. If he's young, he won't seem too important. At the same time he must have judgment—a rick head on young shoulders." Clive was stunned. A wise head on young shoulders! It was a joke. A chit of a girl, fresh from the nursery, had outwitted him—and here was this leader of men assuring him that he had judgment.

"I don't speak languages," he hesitated.
Mr. Cleasby chuckled.
"Foreigners will speak your language when they think they can sell you something. I foresee only one obstacle; you may have formed a sentimental attachment."
"Nothing of that sort," Clive countered. "I'm ready to sail tomorrow."
They discussed details and mapped his route. Vienna, being central, would make his best initial headquarters. Meanwhile, he must obtain a passport, etc., and secure bookings.

As Clive was leaving, the twinkling eyes followed him.
"No sentimental attachments! If you haven't, I'll wager the girls have."
Clive maintained this firm attitude till the morning of the day he was to sail; then he weakened. He



Mr. Cleasby!

"Back early! It's like your keenness," Mr. Cleasby greeted him.
rated by bleakly orderly girl-secretaries—the nuns of commerce. Not a hint of sex. This was sanity.
Seating himself at his desk, he plunged into a mass of figures. Figures were facts. They couldn't pretend one thing, while they meant another. If they tried, you soon exposed them. With girls it was different. A patch of laughing sky passed in on him.
Clive probed deeper in his anxiety to defend Santa. She had seen through him. In his greed to possess her, he hadn't given a thought to how he could provide for her. His description of love in a cottage was true; a poky apartment, messy meals, herself listless and shabby.
That being the case, a girl who exercised shrewdness was to be admired. The more she experimented and flirted, the more suitors she acquired. By the number of her suitors her desirability was estimated. Marriage for her was a bargain in which the only element worth considering was personal advantage. To brand her as mercenary was childish. Who wouldn't be mercenary if the bestowing of herself was the solitary opportunity she would ever have to earn a profit?

A tap at the door disturbed his reverie. A messenger announced that Mr. Cleasby requested his presence.
What next? Dismissal? Misfortune rarely comes singly.
"Back ahead of time! It's like your keenness," Mr. Cleasby greeted him. "Take a chair. I've been wanting to consult you. Was on the point of wiring you to return in fact. But before we start business what sort of a time have you had?"
Had Clive spoken the truth he would have said, "Hellish." What was the old boy's game? He stated briefly that the golf-course close to which he'd been staying was fine, and waited to be told that his work had been unsatisfactory.
A pause. Mr. Cleasby reached for a pen and began to draw dotted lines on the blotting pad.
"Things are looking up in Europe," he spoke thoughtfully. "New industries are starting, old ones are reviving. We hear about them too late to get in on the ground-floor.

occurred while Mix was making the picture, "Oh, Promise Me," on location.

FILM COWBOY IS AGAIN INJURED

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., Oct. 24.—(AP)—Tom Mix has a few more souvenirs of movie stunt riding.
To a shoulder already wired together he has added two broken ribs, a collection of bruises and wrenched leg. The shoulder was injured in a fall from a horse and likewise the ribs.
Attempting to leap from his famous horse, Tony, down a five-foot embankment in a running flack with williams, the motion picture kind, the horse stumbled and fell on Mix near Lone Pine, Calif.
Physicians said Mix would be back in the saddle by the middle of the week to complete his stirring cowboy exploits for the screen. The accident

NAB FRUIT TOILER FOR SLAYING PAL

WENATCHEE, Wash., Oct. 24.—(AP)—Jim Williams, 50, who shot and killed a fruit worker at Entiat October 19, was captured last night in the hills near Leavenworth after an intensive manhunt.
Williams shot and killed William Bailey, 45, a fellow fruit worker, of Entiat, said in a warehouse during a dispute over work.
A small posse walked in on him after one of its members, held up by Williams, had escaped from him.
His capture ended a five-day flight from the law, which involved pursuit by airplane and posse.

FAKE DEATH NOTE BY PASTOR'S WIFE

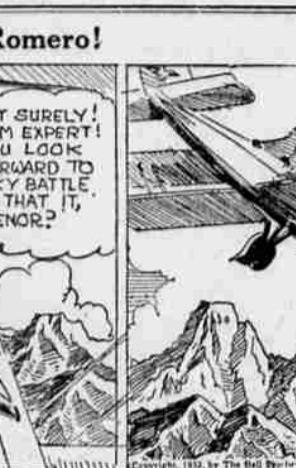
MUSKOGEE, Okla., Oct. 24.—(AP)—Testimony that the "suicide note" of the first wife of the Rev. S. A. Berrie was "not in the handwriting of Fannie L. Berrie" was given by J. C. Shearman, Wichita, Kas., chirographic expert, as the pastor's murder trial neared completion today.

FRENCH YOUTH IS ORATORY WINNER

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—(AP)—Lylyle D. Goldsmith of Los Angeles placed second tonight in the seventh international oratorical contest. The contest, in which Miss Goldsmith was the United States entry, was won by Georges Poi Domine of France.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—No Doubt About It, Romero!

TOMMY IS BECOMING SUSPICIOUS OF THE STRANGE PLANE TAILING HIM SOUTHWARD AS HE NEARS THE MEXICAN BORDER! REMEMBER HIS PASSENGER IS CARRYING TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH—THE ATLAS MINING COMPANY!



BOUND TO WIN—The "Ellen Pearson"!

HOLD ON A SECOND NOW! THE WIND'S JUST TURNED HER ABOUT A BIT—YES, SIR, I CAN SEE HER NAME ON THE STERN! IT'S THE "ELLEN PEARSON"!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

S'MATTER POP—Proving His Innocence



"I LOST A CENT!"
"OH-H, I HAVE NOT!"
"I'LL BET YOU HAVE IT!"

THE NEBBS—The Maverick



"WELL, YOU CAN PUT ME BACK IN STOCK, YOUR SENATORIAL CANDIDATE WANTS TO PLAY A LOSE HAND."
"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? NOW DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN'T HANDLE THAT MARSHMALLOW."
"HE SAYS MAYBE HE CAN'T WIN WITHOUT US BUT IT'S A PIPE HE CAN'T WIN WITH US SO WE'RE GOING TO ANNOUNCE PUBLICLY THAT HE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SO-EVER WITH DIS ORGANIZATION!"
"I TOLD YOU WHEN ONE OF THOSE WET MOCCASINS GETS DRIED OUT THEY GET STIFF AND HARD—WHEN YOU'RE PICKIN' FLOWERS FOR A POLITICAL BOUQUET STAY AWAY FROM THE DAFFODILS!"
"WELL, IF WE'RE GOING TO LICK HIM BY BEING WITH HIM HE'LL HAVE TO PUSH ME OUT OF THE WAY TO TURN OVER IN BED. THE ONLY THING THAT'S WORSE THAN AN INGRATE IS THE ONE WHO TOLERATES HIM!"

MUTT AND JEFF—Another Couple For The Marath



"JEFF, LISTEN TO THIS: 'BIG MARATHON DANCE STARTS TONIGHT AT THE TOWN HALL. WINKING COUPLE WILL GET \$1000—IT'S OUR BIG CHANCE.'"
"YES, BUT WHERE WILL WE COP A COUPLE OF DAMES FOR PARTNERS?"
"DON'T BE SILLY, WE'LL GO IN AS A TEAM. YOU'RE A WONDERFUL FEMALE IMPROVISATOR, AND WE'LL WIN THAT THOUSAND AND KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY."
"WHILE YOU'RE SHAVING I'LL GET YOU A DRESS AND HAT AND WHATEVER ELSE A GIRL WOULD WEAR."
"DON'T FORGET THE WIG."
"YOU LOOK GREAT. WE'LL ENTER THE MARATHON DANCE AS THE 'MUTT AND MAISIE' TEAM."
"KID, I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU FOR THIS IDEA."

BRINGING UP FATHER



"WELL, WE'RE GETTIN' MORE VOTES EVERY MINUTE, JIGGS."
"YES—AN WELL, NEED 'EM—I WANT YOU TO CALL ON MR. DAVEY OEND. THE BANKER—SEE IF WE KIN GIT HIS VOTE."
"AW! THERE'S THE OLD BIRD—I'LL NOT DISTURB HIM NOW."
"OOP—PAA—TES—DOOP—A—DOOP—"
"DON'T WORRY—HELL VOTE FER YOU—I JUST SEEN HIM CUTTIN' OUT PAPER DOLLS—HE'S A CINCH VOTE FER FE YOU."
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?"

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By BUD FISHER

By George McManus