

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby

DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: To rescue Santa, whom he has loved since she was 14, from utter despondency, Clive surrenders her immediately after her divorce in Chicago from Dicky. Back in New York Clive's position is shaken by the knowledge that his employer feels a little sorry for him, and by the curiosity of a friend of Santa's, whom they met at the door of her hotel, about his and Santa's plans to get settled in an apartment of her own choosing.

Chapter 20 A MARRIAGE CONTRAST

She was awakened by the sound of bath-water. Peeping above the sheets, she was dazzled by a flood of spring sunshine. Lapping the window-sill stretched an abyss of blue. She hadn't felt so light-hearted since nursery days when, as now, she had had someone to take care of her.

Clive tiptoed from the bathroom towards the door, his every movement eloquent of his anxiety not to disturb her. She slipped back on the pillows, feigning to doze for the luxury of watching his consideration for her.

When he was fully dressed, he telephoned in a lowered voice to have his breakfast sent up. She contrived a yawn.

"You may have mine sent up, too."

"Awake? I hope I didn't—"

"What was the idea?" she chaffed him. "Were you planning to sneak off without kissing me good-morning?"

"Everything I've heard or read about girls is sheer rubbish," said Clive.

"What have you heard and read?"

Breakfast arrived. He drew the table to the bedside and waited on her, keeping track of the time by occasional glances at his wrist-watch.

Till he'd married he'd always heard, he confessed, that even the best of Santa's sex were double-crossers. Almost every novel taught that love was madness and marriage a trap. Lies of that sort!

"And what have you found, darling?" Santa cuddled her cheek against her velvety white shoulder.

"If you could see yourself!" she spoke earnestly. "You're the most perfect thing. Santa, I have to tell you. You may think I'm piling up a lot of words. But here's what you are to me: you're the road to heaven."

He laughed self-consciously under her tender scrutiny.

"I feel so humble, Santa—so dull and ordinary. When I'm away from you, I want to run back because it doesn't seem true that you could have given yourself to me. Why did you, Santa?"

"Idiotic of me, wasn't it?"

"Well, here's what I'm trying to say, darling. I don't know what will make you happy. Whatever it is, I'll get it for you. All my life I'll serve you. But at first, till I get forward, you must have patience."

Alone in the still room, she accused herself of play-acting. Being married was normal to her; to him it was all so amazing. How could a girl be married for the first time twice? That was the only miracle that would satisfy him. She watched, as an amused spectator, her attempts to play the timid bride.

If he were snobbish instead of ignoring her experience, he ought to use it as a chart to the dangers to avoid. To have to appear to agree that they were the exception to married couples cast a shadow of insincerity over all their relations.

She rattled herself slowly. It was a relief not to be watched. On one side of his nature Clive was a small child, intrusively curious. She'd forgotten that any man could be so innocent. She dreaded the day when she would disappoint him.

"Cheer up, little road to heaven," she addressed herself in the mirror. "The first man thought too lightly of you; the second thinks too highly. One dragged you down; the other drags you up. Gosh, you're hard to please!" Then applying a final touch of lipstick, "You certainly look ravishing!"

She spent the rest of the day climbing stairs and mounting in elevators. Toward late afternoon, in Central Park West, she found the nest for which she was searching.

"I don't think I need consult my husband," she told the agent. "I'll close the deal now and pay you a deposit."

The man examined her check. "It's good," she smiled disarmingly.

"And how about references, Madam?"

"I'm doing this as a surprise for

my husband. If you looked up my references now—"

"You're newly married, Madam?"

"She beamed on him. "On our honeymoon. How did you guess?" Then, gathering courage, "My husband works in New York. Our wedding presents and everything are still in Chicago. I send you my mind, will you, if I find them and get the furniture settled in before—well, before I introduce you to my husband?"

Santa had tasted forbidden fruit; she returned to face Clive aglow with this hidden knowledge. She was loving him in her own way—which was a wiser way than his, she was sure. If she couldn't sprout wings and wear the snow-white mullin of an angel, she could at least put a roof over his head. She owed him so much.

At the hotel-desk when she inquired for the key to her room, she was informed that her husband had already taken it.

Clive opened her trap.

"Darling, you look glorious. What on earth have you been doing? I've been waiting for you an hour."

As he unfastened the fur from about her neck and relieved her of her jacket, she assumed her most artless and entranced expression.

"Been walking through the spring. Been telling myself I'm alive. Been telling myself the most wonderful fairy-tale—that you're my husband."

She hummed to herself as he went on his knees before her. She wanted to prevent herself from crying. Her heart was swelling. What had she done to deserve such devotion—this knightly figure ministering to her? She was a hard-boiled little bit of stuff whom God had created beautiful. Tomorrow she would wire to Chicago for the furniture. What fun she'd have arranging a home for him!

She read everything that was passing in his mind. She wouldn't have found him absurd if she could have brought to their union an equal freshness.

"Sit here," she commanded. When he had occupied her chair, she plumped herself in his lap with the coyness of a fapper. "You think I'm cold. I'm not. I'm astounded. You're so different from other husbands."

The old subject, Dicky, popping up like a jack-in-the-box!

"You're afraid of something," he accused her.

She pressed his cheek.

"Of ridicule. I couldn't bear that anyone should laugh at us. You have the oddest power over me."

"How odd?"

"Away from you I'm business-like. The moment I'm with you, I long to be foolish."

"But you're ashamed of being foolish even when we're alone."

She hid her face in the hollow of his neck.

"Ashamed that the past ever happened."

The evening following, on his return from the office, Clive paused at the hotel news-stand to buy a paper. A bell-boy touched his arm, informing him that a lady was waiting to see him. He found her discreetly parked behind a collection of palms. Her face seemed familiar, but in her street-clothes he failed to recognize her. She addressed him indignantly.

"It's a scandal what you're doing to Santa."

He was taken aback.

"And pray, what am I doing?" Clive's tone became icy.

"But haven't you any manhood? When her husband finds out—"

"I get you." Clive laughed to conceal his annoyance. "But I think you owe me an explanation."

"You're right. Two nights ago I'd been dining and dancing in the restaurant downstairs."

Clive cut her short.

"Now I remember you. You're the girl who held the revolving door against us when we were passing out. You mean well—that's why I trouble to talk to you. Santa divorced Dak; Dak didn't divorce her. So I wasn't the correspondent. I have every right to be with her."

"By Golly!" In her relief the girl clutched his arm. "Are you telling me you're married?"

"Scarcely anybody knows it. Even her parents don't. If you're anxious to make mischief—"

"Don't be an idiot. If there's nothing phony, why not publish your secret?"

Suddenly Clive glimpsed an ally. "Come upstairs and say that to Santa."

The girl twisted on her heel. "I've had enough of playing the good Samaritan."

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Santa is on pins and needles for fear Clive, tomorrow, will balk at her great plan.

FIVE KILLED AS KENTUCKY STARTS COUNTING BALLOT

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 9. — (AP) — Five men, shot in election fights, lay dead today as Kentucky started counting its ballots. Seven others were wounded in election day violence.

At Pikeville, Homer Fields died of bullet wounds received in an election dispute at Island Creek yesterday. Roosevelt Elawick was held. At Mid. Ky., in Floyd county, Wilburn Shepherd was slain, and Alec and Benton Whitaker and Tony Harila were wounded in a pistol fight which witnesses said followed an election argument.

At the River Hill Holiness church in Laurel county, Wilbur Dees was shot and killed during another election quarrel. Deputy Sheriff Peter Thompson surrendered and was jailed at London.

Chas. Redmond was fatally wounded at Tyronne, in Lawrence county. Sheriff O. Y. Walker arrested Tommy Shroyok and said he shot Redmond after he had left a polling place.

Four men were wounded in a general gun fight at a polling place at Four Mile, in Bell county. They were Paul Miller, an election officer; Andrew Miller, Huey Price and Matt

STEIWER IS ONLY COAST REPUBLICAN SOLON RE-ELECTED

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 9. — (AP) — Of all the Pacific coast Republican senators seeking re-election in Tuesday's election, Frederick Steiwer of Oregon alone was withstanding the Democratic avalanche of ballots.

His re-election was assured by a commanding lead over Walter B. Gleason, Democratic candidate. Returns from 1039 precincts of 1783 in the state gave Steiwer 64,429 and Gleason 45,182, a Steiwer lead of 19,247.

"I am tremendously happy over the victory," Senator Steiwer told the Associated Press. "I construe the favorable vote as indicating the people's approval of my activities on behalf of the state and the nation."

Steiwer's victory means that Oregon probably will be the only Pacific coast state represented in congress during the Roosevelt administration by two Republican senators, himself and Senator Charles L. McNary.

One of his strongest campaign points was developed around his part in obtaining a tariff on lumber imports which he and the Republican party insisted had proven of im-

USE OF AIR MAIL HEAVY ON COAST

Continued heavy use of the air-mail service along the Pacific coast was shown in October when 29,714 pounds of such cargo, in addition to passengers and express, was carried by United Air Lines planes operating between Seattle and San Diego, according to a report issued today by officials of the air transport company.

The coastwise planes continued their high performance, completing 177,508 miles of the 182,528 miles scheduled for them in the month. An average of 121.9 miles an hour was chalked up by the 11-passenger, multi-motored planes operating on the daylight service of the route.

It requires more initiative and skill to remodel a garment than to make one of new material, but there is a

REMAKING DRESS REQUIRES SKILL

It requires more initiative and skill to remodel a garment than to make one of new material, but there is a

great satisfaction in having made a useful garment at little or no cost. Home Extension unit members throughout the county have enrolled in the clothing remodeling project and are remodeling garments for their own wardrobe and also for relief work.

Series of demonstrations are being given in each community by Mabel C. Mack, home demonstration agent, on cleaning, dyeing and construction problems of remodeling.

Mrs. Mack met with the Applegate unit Monday, and is scheduled for Prospect extension unit, Wednesday, November 9, and at Trail unit, Thursday, November 10. The Trail extension unit will meet at the home of Mrs. Sam Hutchinson. Anyone interested in the project is invited to enroll for these meetings.

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M'PHERSON HIT TWICE BY VOTERS

ALBANY, Ore., Nov. 9. — (AP) — A double defeat in yesterday's election was boded Hector MacPherson of Albany. Not only was the university moving bill, of which he was co-author and one of its staunchest supporters, badly smothered by the Oregon electorate, but the voters of Linn county gave him a setback in his campaign for re-election to the state legislature on the Republican ticket.

Twenty precincts out of 54 showed MacPherson running fourth for election. J. K. Weatherford, Jr., Democrat, was leading with 1723 votes, almost 1000 more than MacPherson had polled.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9. — (AP) — Victory is a "sweet thing," says James A. Farley.

The man who spread the tidings "Roosevelt for President," to the far corners of the country and managed the Roosevelt campaign as national chairman, also says:

"We are not unmindful of the great obligation that goes with a great victory."

In a speech last night, he expressed "sincere and heartfelt" thanks to all who aided in the victory. He was satisfied, he said, that Gov. Roosevelt "will go down in history as a great president."

"He is a great American, with great ability," Farley declared, "he will be successful because I am firmly of the belief that he will be able to attract to his support thousands of Americans who will be willing to aid him in every way they possibly can to bring this country back to the position it held several years ago."

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Fighting Morgans!"



BOUND TO WIN—Titus Canby



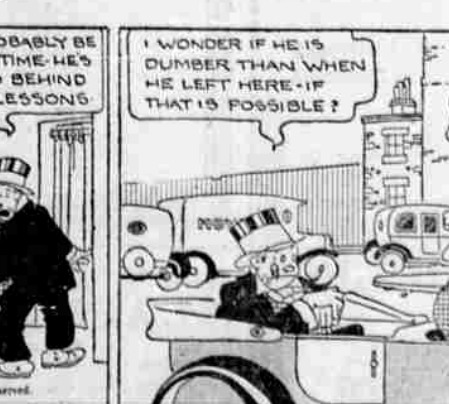
S'MATTER POP—Pop's Looking For a Substitute For The Word Can't



THE NEBBS—The Victor



BRINGING UP FATHER



DIRECTORS OF RURAL RECREATION WILL GET DRAMATIC INSTRUCTION

A dramatic school for leaders and directors of rural recreation and dramatics will be given at the Central Point Grange hall, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, November 9 and 10, and Friday afternoon, November 11. Mrs. Mabel C. Mack, home demonstration agent, announced today. The dramatics school will include work on play selection, casting, directing, acting, stage setting and makeup, and will be given by D. Palmer Young, professor of public speaking and dramatics, Oregon State college. Mr. Young has had charge of the

theater workshop at the college for several years and has held a number of institutes for rural groups throughout the state.

The Jackson County Recreation club, which is an extension activity, carried on through the home demonstration agent's office, is sponsoring a one-act play contest for rural organizations this winter, and the dramatic school is being held to train directors and prospective directors of plays and others vitally interested in dramatics.

All recreation leaders of the county, rural teachers and members of the Recreation club are invited to attend, and any organization or community interested in dramatic work is invited to send a leader.

There is no enrollment fee. Those enrolling are expected to attend the three meetings.

The Ladies' Aid of the English Lutheran church will serve a 35-cent chicken dinner Armistice day in the church parlors. The public is cordially invited.

By George McManus



By SOL HESS



By C. M. PAYNE

By EDWIN ALGER

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER

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