

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningly DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Clive was the curiosity of a friend of Santa's about his and Santa's affairs as an argument that they announce their marriage, even though it was contracted immediately after Santa's divorce from Dicky. Meanwhile, Santa, unknown to Clive, hires an apartment so expensive she must help pay for it, and ordered the furniture she and Dicky used sent on.

Chapter 21

THE SECRET OUT

CLIVE told Santa what had happened.

"This can't go on," he rumbled his hair wildly. "If she fancies things there may be dozens of others who do the same."

"But darling," Santa mocked him, "let them fancy. To me this is all screamingly funny."

Her lack of sensitiveness staggered him.

"I feel like killing anyone who doesn't regard you reverently, Santa."

She crossed the room and buttoned him.

"Who wants to be regarded reverently? With you I don't care a cent what anybody thinks about me. We know we're respectable. And if we weren't, since we're happy, would it matter?—I'm afraid it would to you."

"Why earn a reputation which we don't deserve?" he asked patiently. "We gain nothing by letting friends who happen to be together believe we're playing hooky."

"Liar giggles halted him."

"You are a cur, Clive. What do you want me to do? Have handbills printed, announcing the dates of my divorce and remarriage? Of course, if you're regretting."

He slipped his hand over her mouth.

"Don't say it!"

Her mood of mischief faded to penitence.

"But give me time." She clutched him. "To hide here with you is so restful."

He reached for the telephone.

"We ought at least to tell your parents."

She snatched the receiver from him.

"No"—and fell to weeping.

The sight of her tears was more than he could bear. Cursing his weakness, he acknowledged himself defeated.

His honor was involved. She must make haste or a barrier would arise between them. To divulge her plans to him would spoil everything. The date she set for telling her parents was when the apartment was ready for occupancy. To break the news when they had a home, impressed her as more solemn.

At last on a Saturday morning over breakfast she ended his suspense.

"I've found a wonderful apartment."

"That's good, if you think I can afford it."

"Well, here's what I propose: this afternoon, instead of attending a matinee, let's take a look at it."

"I'd love to," he consented eagerly. "We've seen all the best plays and, to tell the truth, I'm tired of theaters."

"It's to rent furnished," she volunteered the none too truthful information. "We can move in this evening if you approve. How about meeting me uptown at the Angouleme for lunch? From there it's only a step and we can inspect it."

The moment he had departed she set to work packing, called the office, surrendered the room and paid the bill. Long before lunch-time, his clothes were hanging in strange cupboards and his shirts were lying orderly in drawers which once had belonged to his predecessor.

From the new apartment, before setting out to keep her rendezvous with Clive, Santa held a mysterious telephone conversation.

"That you, Mummy? It's no news to me that I didn't write. Hal my reasons, I'm in New York. Is Father free this afternoon? I want both of you to come to tea. Have a surprise. Will you stop talking long enough to take down the address? That's right—Central Park West."

At the Angouleme she arrived flushed and brilliant-eyed minutes ahead of time. She tried to pick out the girls in the room who were married, divorced or maiden. She couldn't. That was comforting. Clive never said it, but he always seemed to see a gigantic two branded on her forehead.

A pair of young women seated next to her were talking confidentially in smoke-cracked voices. Cigarettes dripped from their mouths, their knees were crossed, their skirts killed.

"But dearie, you aren't a egg. A egg learns nothing from experience; it just grows stale."

Santa took courage from the philosophy. Because she wasn't an egg, she'd gone behind Clive's back in the matter of the apartment. She'd learned from experience that to hold a man you must make a background. Hadn't she lost one husband? Nevertheless, she scarcely knew how to face him. She felt guilty.

Her head bowed as in prayer, she was furtively lipsticking, when her ear was pinched.

"Hello, sight for sore eyes!"

Would he say things like that when he learned how she'd managed and out-manoeuvred him? She'd followed Machiavelli's principle—done evil that good might come of it. Could she trust him to credit her with the good?

"Still keen on it?" he grinned at her across the table.

"On what?" She wriggled. "O, the apartment! If you are. But no descriptions. I refuse to prejudice you in his favor."

Through lunch he tried to wheedle information.

"How many rooms? What's the rent? In what part of town?"

She rapped his fingers.

"Be patient!"

Having strolled up Fifth Avenue and entered the Park, he confided: "I'm sick of hotels."

"It's been driving me mad," she exaggerated. "Married people who really care for each other ought to own a home. Be it ever so humbly—But th' mussy."

Birds twittered. Lawns in their spring attire shone vivid and untrampled. Beds of hyacinths scented the breeze with their wistful fragrance. Even artificial lakes contrived to look natural.

"The home I've chosen, if you agree," she belittled her enterprise "isn't fashionable. It's on the West Side. You must have guessed that from our direction."

"Which makes it reasonable. He glanced down at her slight figure. "One has to live within one's income. In a single room, if it were ours, I could be riotous."

A hall. A man in livery. He was hustled into an elevator and shot up to the tenth floor. Producing a key, she opened a door with an air of proprietorship.

He passed as an intruder from room to room. Seven of them. By his standards the furnishings were lavish. In the drawing-room he walked over to the window, he was dazzled by a burst of beauty—the Park like a forest, biowy lawns, tucked spaces, glistening stretches of distant water.

He glanced curiously round the bedroom. Wrenching the handle of a cupboard he recognized his own suits. Before he had recovered, the doorbell was clamoring. The agent with the lease, no doubt.

He was reluctant to make Santa look foolish, but this face must be stopped.

The staccato exclamations. He retraced his steps to the hall. A serum was in progress—Santa being collared by a man and woman. The woman pointed an accusing finger at Clive.

"What are you doing?"

Santa disentangled herself and became umpire.

"He won't hurt you, Mummy. It's his wife."

"Without our consent!" Mrs. Dawn appealed desperately to her husband. "Did you hear that, Eric? Our child's remarried and the ink's hardly dry on her divorce."

Santa's father was removing his coat. He proceeded with his task untroubled.

Mrs. Dawn strove again to rouse him.

"Your child tells you she's remarried. Have you nothing to say?"

"Yes." Taking his time, he held out his hand to Clive. "You've won at last. You're a persistent fellow. My wife was responsible for the first mess."

"That's not true, Eric."

"You've done your best to manage us all," he squelched her. Then to Clive. "You've taken a load off my mind. I've lain awake of nights. I'm grateful. So this is your new home?"

"We've rented it furnished," Clive resigned himself to the inevitable. The reconciliation seemed complete. Omissions of heart had been explained. But at parting, with her unerring instinct for saying the right thing at the wrong moment, Mrs. Dawn perpetrated another break.

"I must say, darling, the furniture we gave you and Dicky fits in very nicely—and your other wedding presents look nice."

(Copyright 1931-1932, Coningly Dawson)

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CACTUS JACK AND WIFE IN QUANDRY ON PROPER TITLE

UVALDE, Texas, Nov. 10.—(AP)—"How do they address the vice-president?" asked Mrs. John N. Garner, for 30 years secretary to her husband during his tenure in congress.

"I don't know, Etta," replied the vice-president-elect.

"Why not just say the V.-P.?"

"I know this," continued Garner: "being vice-president kinder ruined Charlie Curtis. It used to be just Coker with him, then he became vice-president. He decided he should not be just 'Charlie.' Call me Mr. Vice-President," he finally commanded.

John Garner, the first native Texan ever to ascend to the vice-presidency, scanned carefully a large pile of congratulatory messages.

Among those who sent messages were Col. E. M. House, a Texan, who said: "This is a great day for Texas and I share in full measure the love and admiration our state has for so noble a son."

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the president-elect, sent word as soon as he could collect himself he would get

EAGLE POINT GRANGE WILL VOTE ON BUYING BUILDING FOR MEETINGS

(By Gertrude Haak.)

Annual election of officers of the Eagle Point Grange will be held November 15. All members are urged to attend and help elect efficient, conscientious officers, who will untiringly work for the best interests of the organization. In selecting officers, or in transacting the business of the Grange, loyalty toward the organization should be put ahead of loyalty to friends, or even to personal interest. Only by such loyalty will the organization be able to render the service to members to which they are entitled.

At the next meeting the question of buying the Daley hall as a permanent home for the Grange will be voted on. There are several propositions open to the Grange in regard to a future hall. It will pay any member to study well the different plans before deciding permanently. They are as follows:

To buy the Daley hall (which we have been renting for several years) for \$800, reserving the balance of our building fund for future use; to buy the Daley hall for \$800 and use the balance of our building fund to add a dining hall, stage and ante-rooms; to buy the Kincaid dance hall and adjoining confectionery and living rooms for \$1200; to use our building fund to rebuild an unfinished hall on our old location, where we still have considerable investment; or to continue renting for the present and add to our building fund as we can until our fund is sufficient to build a comfortable hall on our old site.

These are all feasible plans and we urge all members to give careful thought to the matter and attend the next meeting and vote for what you consider the best interests of the organization, for whatever you do will doubtless decide for all future time the question of a hall. This is a matter where loyalty to the organization should be placed before friendships and personal gain. Come to the Grange on Tuesday, November 15.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS TO RIDE IN PARADE

Plans have been made by the American Legion Auxiliary to provide transportation in the Armistice day parade for all Gold Star mothers who wish to participate. All wishing to take advantage of this service are asked to call Mrs. Ray Wright, 641-H.

Mrs. Wright will be at the city park, opposite the library, to receive and conduct the Gold Star mothers to their cars.

DR. CHAMBERS, OPTOMETRIST, will remain in his office for another week, due to the demand for his services. Reduced prices still prevail.

KANSAS RETURNS G. O. P. OFFICIALS

TOPEKA, Kans., Nov. 10.—(AP)—The voters of Kansas who turned their electoral vote to Governor Roosevelt, re-elected a Democratic United States senator and elected three Democratic representatives in congress, apparently have returned the Republicans to power in state offices, although Governor Harry H. Woodring refused to concede that he had been defeated by Alfred M. Landon, Republican.

Two thousand five hundred four precincts out of 2,976 gave Landon 261,038; Woodring 258,432.

Dr. Joseph R. Brinkley, goat-gland specialist, independent, polled 228,770 in the same precincts.

RUSSIA DISSATISFIED WITH U. S. ELECTION

MOSCOW, Nov. 10.—(AP)—Today's newspapers, commenting on the American election, agreed that the Democratic victory will make little difference in American policy, "because both major parties represent capitalist rule."

Sorted Delicious apples, 40c; Nellis, 25c. Bring your boxes. Medford Warehouse. Phone 816.

KENTUCKY SOLIDLY DEMOCRATIC NOW

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 10.—(AP)—Returns from more than half of the state's 184 precincts today showed the Democratic upheaval effected the following results in Kentucky:

Gave the bluegrass state its first solid Democratic delegation to congress since the war between the states.

Rolled up a record of approximately one million voter cast.

Left unshaken only the Republican

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Close Quarters!

BETTER NOT TURN THE LIGHTS ON YET. I THINK I HAVE BANDITS TRACKED. LOOKS LIKE THEY MAY HAVE DISCOVERED OUR CAR TRACKS WHEN WE TURNED INTO THIS DIRT ROAD.

I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT!

WAIT HERE WHILE I SCOUT AROUND!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

MAYBE WE'D BETTER LEAVE THE CAR AND HIDE—THAT OTHER AUTO IS GETTING AWFULLY CLOSE!

DRIVE OVER HERE—THERE'S A ROAD LEADING THROUGH AN ORCHARD—IT PROBABLY CIRCLES AROUND BEHIND THE BARN.

IF WE CAN GET INTO THE HOUSE THEY'LL NEVER FIND US—IT HAS A REGULAR MYSTIC MAZE OF ROOMS.

WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THEY START GETTING OUT OF THE CAR! IF THEY SPOT US THEY'LL CUT LOOSE WITH THAT MACHINE GUN.

By EDWIN ALGER

BOUND TO WIN—Jim's Story

IM SORRY I COULDN'T TELL JONATHAN ANY MORE ABOUT LOTTA BLACK BEN, BUT I JUST KNOW HER NAME AND THAT SHE'S GOING TO RUN THAT FILLING STATION.

I'M AFRAID YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HIM THAT MUCH—YOU SEE, OUR TRIP SOUTH WAS A SUCCESSFUL AND JONATHAN'S NOW WEALTHY.

GEE, BEN, I'M GLAD!

I KNEW YOU'D BE, JIM, BUT THE REASON I ASKED YOU ABOUT LOTTA WITH ME IS BECAUSE I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE—HAVE THERE BEEN MANY THINGS LIKE THAT BARN FIRE?

THAT'S ONLY ONE OF MANY, BEN, AND THE TERRIBLE THING IS I DON'T KNOW A SINGLE THING ABOUT HOW ANY OF THEM HAPPENED—THEY ALL STARTED, THOUGH, WITHIN A WEEK AFTER TITUS CANBY MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD, BUT AS I TOLD YOU I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM.

THE DAY AFTER DAD LEFT FOR ALASKA I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NEARBY TO CALL ON MR. CANBY—I FOUND A BIG THICK BARBED WIRE FENCE ALL AROUND THE PLACE AND A SIGN ON THE GATE TELLING EVERYONE TO KEEP OUT—THE VERY NEXT DAY THE WIRE LEFT!

By C. M. PAYNE

SMATTER POP—That \$100 Look

SMATTER, AMBROSE, IT SEEMS YOU'RE WALKING KIND OF RITZY TODAY.

YESSIR, ON ACCOUNT A MAN TRIED TO BORROW A HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM MY POP.

MY POP SAYS IF HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT A HUNDRED DOLLARS WE ALL SHOULD TRY TO LOOK THAT PART!

SMATTER, AMBROSE, HOW COME YARE STUCK UP LIKE THAT?

By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS—Bad News

WELL, FOLKS, NOW WE HAVE SENATOR NEBB!

IT SOUNDS A BIT HUMOROUS BUT WE HOPE YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

THERE'S OUR PICTURE SPREAD ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE—SENATOR NEBB! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A SENATOR?

NOW I'LL HAVE TO DRAPE MY CHASSIS IN SOME NEW RAIMENT—IF I'M A SENATOR I'LL HAVE TO LOOK IT.

WHEN THE GONG SOUNDS IT WILL BE EXACTLY EIGHT—THIRTY STANDARD TIME—THIRTY NEWS FLASHES—FROM THE LATE RETURNS OSCAR GOOD HAS NOSED OUT RUDOLPH NEBB BY A NARROW MARGIN.

IT CAN'T BE UNLESS THERE WAS SOME AFTER-ELECTION VOTING—I WAS ELECTED—I, THEY SAID SO YESTERDAY—EVERY NEWS-PAPER CARRIED THE STORY.

NEVER MIND, SUPPOSING THEY DID BEAT YOU—YOU MADE A GREAT FIGHT—NOW DON'T FOLD UP LIKE AN OLD UMBRELLA—THERE ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AND ARE NOT SENATORS AND THEY'RE NOT TAKING IT HARD AS YOU ARE.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

ALL RIGHT—MAGGIE—HAVE A GOOD TIME AT THE BRIDGE PARTY! AN' TRY NOT TO CHEAT—I'LL SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET HOME.

I'LL JUST GO HOME AN' HAVE A GOOD SNOOZE WHILE MAGGIE IS OUT.

HE'S A HALF BACK FROM AWAY BACK.

WOW! I FORGOT ABOUT ME SON BEING HOME FROM COLLEGE!

By George McManus

EX-NEWSPAPER MAN TO PREACH

An evangelistic campaign planned to continue until next spring has been opened in the chapel of the Square Gospel Light House, East Fifth and Riverside. Harold Robertson, son, assistant pastor, who spent many years as a newspaper reporter and editor in New York and Chicago, is the preacher. During the campaign Mr. Robertson will cite some of his most interesting experiences.

Later an evangelist from Angelus Temple, Los Angeles, is expected to help, and arrangements also are being made to bring another evangelist for a two weeks' session.

Services will be held every night at 8 o'clock, except Saturdays. Plans are being made for augmented music.

SOCIALIST GAINS OVER LAST VOTE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—(AP)—The campaign of Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for the presidency, appears to have brought him several times as many votes as he had in 1928.

More than 400,000 ballots were recorded for him in the far from complete returns, the largest vote having been cast in New York state. New York city returned the major portion of the latter count, 130,486.

In some states there was no tabulation of the Socialist vote.

FREE—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHANGLE STUDIO.

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. The Perfect Gum. Kept Right in Cellophane.

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. The Perfect Gum. Kept Right in Cellophane.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST