

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Santa at last comes to know how Olive has felt, surrounded by evidence of her generosity. She understands his desire to support her. For the first time since their hurried marriage after Santa's divorce from Dicky, they are completely happy. Then, at St. Jean, he is a constructer of their belated and deliciously dicky honeymoon. Santa sees Dicky, Cloude's partner.

Chapter 25

A GREAT SURPRISE

SANTA was like a frightened child. Her fear communicated itself in the dark room, the moonlit sea rippling as it seemed against the verandah, and Clive sat up in bed, whispering.

She'd spotted her former husband on the beach that morning. She'd followed him to Maxim's where, according to recipe, he was indulging in too many cocktails. That afternoon she'd slipped out to spy on him again. He hadn't huddled. In the baccarat room that evening he'd been gambling away his father's fortune like a madman.

"But does he know we're here? Has he interfered with you?" Clive asked.

A weary shake of the puzzled head.

"Don't see why I should be proud. At the same time don't see why I should be sorry."

More prayerful pleading between Santa and her ex-husband. Clive excused himself and went off to chat with the club secretary. When he returned, he was greeted with the glad news that Dicky had promised reformation. He had pledged himself to abandon Lou-Lou, to return immediately to America, to forswear the devil and all his works. He was going to make good so that Santa might be proud of him.

Till he sailed, he sought their company. Their honeymoon became a threesome. He embarrassed Clive by his gratitude.

"If I don't keep near your influence, I shall fly back to temptation."

Clive was by no manner of means certain that he wasn't being humbugged. He didn't breathe freely



"Lou-Lou's with Dicky—all dolled up."

"Then we should worry! We'll remove to Biarritz tomorrow." In the morning when he reminded her of their plans for flight, she astounded him.

"It wouldn't be right." "How not right?" "To leave Dicky in his weakness."

"What would you gain by reasoning with him?" "I could save him. Lou-Lou's with him. She's all dolled up like a princess. She's the girl, if you've forgotten, for whom he stole my coat. A bad influence, I'm anxious."

The argument bade fair to go on endlessly, till she pricked his pride. "You can only have one motive for forbidding me to talk to him—that you don't trust me."

The meeting took place that afternoon. She had written Dicky a formal note, inviting him to tea at the St. Barbe Golf Club.

As Clive and she approached the last groon, they espied him—thank heavens, he was minus Lou-Lou—seated blond, sober and be-dandled beneath one of those maharoom umbrellas which give shade to tables in hot climates.

"Hello, Dicky! Think you know my husband?" The two men grinned their hostility.

Santa did the talking. When lead drinks had been served, she wasted no time in explaining her mission. Clive had noted the coquettishness with which she had dressed, aiming to make the most of her appearance. She followed the same tactics in her conversation, exposing to her ex-husband a more gentle side of her nature than he had ever guessed existed.

"I wouldn't know her for the same wife."

She was all sweetness and consideration. From a thousand angles she worked on him. He'd blamed malignant circumstances for his failure. He was rich now—had the chance for which he'd professed that he was always searching. She begged him to brace up and seize his opportunity.

"I'm not married to you any longer," she capped her persuasion.

till he'd seen the prodigal on board the train, bound for the purer atmosphere of self-conquest and Chicago.

In the little time that remained he and Santa strove to recover their interrupted ardor. They had partly succeeded, when their peace was disrupted by the cabled news that Mr. Glasby's firm had crashed.

Clive's imagination at once visualized what lay before him. He would arrive in New York to learn that he was out of employment. His case would be precisely the same as Dak's: he would be financially dependent on Santa. Inability to support her had been the prime cause of Dak's matrimonial shipwreck.

"But darling, there are heaps of jobs for clever men—and you're clever." Santa made light of his forebodings while they packed.

The Madrid to Paris express halted just long enough for them to climb aboard. They had scarcely reached their compartment when the wheels were again turning. Lowering the window, they leaned out shoulder to shoulder, drinking in the flower-scented twilight.

Paradise was fading. There was something heart-breaking about its complete indifference to their departure. They plunged through a cutting; when they emerged St. Jean de Luz, where they had tasted ecstasy, was lost to sight. In the twinkling of an eye its harbor dotted with yachts, its narrow echoing streets had become a tranquility remembered. For a little while the sea, silver-ribbed by the moon and wine-colored with sunset, followed them. Glow-worm lights in upland farms alone indicated where the Pyrenees brooded.

"That's that," Clive drew her back. "The air grows chilly." She plucked at his sleeve.

"What donkeys we were not to have thought of it!" "Of what?"

"We never need have left if you wouldn't be too proud to live on my money."

He slipped his arm about her. "Concocting a fairy-story?" (Copyright 1931-1932, Coningsby Dawson)

What will Clive find, tomorrow, when he and Santa return to New York?

FOUNDING FIRST OREGON SCHOOL COMMEMORATED

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 15.—(AP)—The first school in Oregon territory, the beginning of Oregon's present standard educational system, was opened in Oregon territory just 100 years ago this month, and the occasion was commemorated when Oregon pioneers gathered here Sunday to honor its founder, John Ball.

The pioneers, with their descendants and past and present leaders in pioneer colleges, met to review and praise the achievement that has resulted in establishing a system that has educated countless thousands of students in Oregon during the century following.

John Ball, a graduate of Dartmouth college, opened the school in a crude classroom at Fort Vancouver, on about November 17, 1832, and had but 12 students, only one of whom spoke English. But in a brief period during 1832 and part of 1833, Ball taught his pupils to speak English and copy an arithmetic textbook, the book being the sole occupant of the school's library facilities.

Dr. John B. Horner, historian of Oregon State college, was the principal speaker at the assemblage Sunday.

CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE PLANNED IN PHOENIX MEETING

Bi-monthly meeting of the Jackson County Public Health association in Phoenix yesterday marked the initial effort at outlining plans for the annual Christmas seal sale upon which the association depends entirely for funds for carrying on one of the most important activities designed for public welfare.

It is especially important at this time when so many are unable to provide proper food, clothing and housing facilities, that every effort be made to combat the possibility of tuberculosis, the frequent accompaniment of worry and undernourishment.

Mrs. R. E. Green of Medford, county chairman for the seal sale, told the large group assembled for yesterday's meeting about her plans for conducting what is hoped to be an outstanding intensive sales campaign covering the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas.

Miss Mildred Carlton, president of the county association, presided at the meeting and gave a report of her recent eastern trip with special reference to contracts with many public health workers in eastern states.

FOOD, DISHES TAKEN AT J. T. DAVIS HOME

J. T. Davis, 1112 East Main street, reported to the city police this afternoon that his residence was entered Saturday night, and a supply of food and dishes taken.

Included in the missing articles were a smoked ham, 10 pounds of fresh meat, four bottles of milk, dishes, including a meat platter, and some kettles.

The thief, who was seen by the police, was a man of about 30 years of age, wearing a dark suit and a hat. He was seen running away from the house at about 10 o'clock Saturday night.

PIONEER AVIATOR VICTIM OF CANCER

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Billy Brock, pioneer pilot, air-mail flier, and conqueror of the Atlantic, is dead.

The man who survived the dangers of pre-war aviation, taught American soldiers to fly during the World War, piloted air-mail planes, and then capped his career with a flight over the Atlantic, died last night of cancer.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

FOREIGN NATIONS OWE UNCLE SAM VAST WAR DEBTS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Foreign nations have paid the United States \$2,627,580,897 and still owe this country \$11,598,501,461, plus \$184,000,000 in interest postponed under the moratorium.

Of the payments, \$953,343,602 was received before the debts were funded and \$1,674,237,294 since that agreement was negotiated.

The total now due includes \$62,000,000 in principal postponed under the moratorium.

Ruth Elder Tires Of Third Husband

RENO, Nev., Nov. 15.—(AP)—Ruth Elder, noted woman flier, filed suit here today for a divorce from her third husband, Walter Camp, motion picture producer and son of the late famous football coach.

She charged cruelty and asked for a private trial.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Placing The Guilt On Tommy!



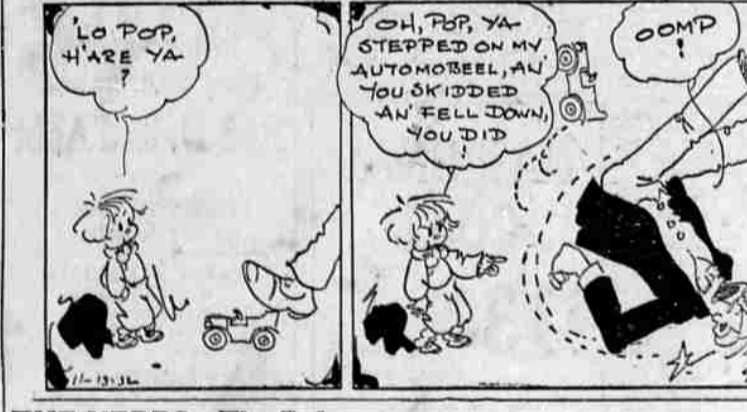
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Placing The Guilt On Tommy!

BOUND TO WIN—The Morning After



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S'MATTER POP—The Result Of An Auto Accident



S'MATTER POP—The Result Of An Auto Accident

THE NEBBS—The Relapse



THE NEBBS—The Relapse

CAR DEMOLISHED AT INTERSECTION

The Buick sedan, being driven by Mrs. R. E. Green, was completely demolished Monday afternoon at the corner of Central and Jackson streets when the car collided with a truck belonging to the Medford Construction company. Mrs. Green suffered minor injuries to her knee.

Private instruction in Piano Jazz, using an interesting method. Reasonable rates. Box 9723, Tribune.

YOUNG REPUBLICANS URGED TAKE REINS

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has issued a call to what he called the young, liberal elements in the Republican party, to take over the reins of that party.

M. E. (Murray) Daugherty, formerly of the Cottage Barber Shop, announces he will be pleased to meet his former as well as new customers at his new location, 31 N. Fir St., Hotel Holland Bldg.

BRINGING UP FATHER



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By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus