

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby

DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: In the midst of a heated honeymoon at St. Jean de Luz, Santa tells her second husband, Clive, that she has seen Richard St. Ome. She at once asks Clive to go, and demands that he arrange to return to her. He promises, and she and Clive return to their own home. Then they are called home by a message that Clive's employer has failed.

THE HAUNTED MARRIAGE

BUT I did so love our honeymoon," Santa objected as their train left St. Jean de Luz. "Let me be weak and silly, Clive. I'm homesick for something."

He was homesick for it, too—happiness so gilded that it would never fluctuate with the market. As they roared through pine forests, untroubled and restful, he listened to the sleepy murmur of her voice.

Why couldn't they dodge responsibilities; buy a cottage close to the Spanish frontier and bask forever in sunshine?

"If we were to get off at Bordeaux," she suggested mock-seriously, "we could be back in paradise tomorrow."

He smoothed his cheek against her dark head.

"It's the only sacrifice I wouldn't make for you."

In Paris next morning there was barely time to change to the boat-train. They reached Havre through Normandy orchards. Then all became hustle.

They were waking from a dream; mercifully their awakening was gradual. A little respite yet remained; the Atlantic was a No Man's Land dividing illusion from reality. As they walked the decks, Santa's courage revived.

"We have each other; we can face anything."

The night before they landed, having danced till the orchestra had stopped, they were seated on deck, their chairs drawn together. Beneath the rug that covered their knees, Clive groped for her hand.

"Something on your mind?" she challenged.

"Santa, dear, this trip has taught me at least one lesson."

"Which? It's taught me many."

"That when one marries, it's wise to make a clean break with the past."

"Wizard! When time kicks you, you have to."

"I'm referring to what happened at St. Jean—our bumping into Dak."

The frown she had been wearing vanished. Relief expressed itself in laughter.

"Clive, you're killing."

"What I mean is," he mumbled. She snatched his words.

"Do I intend to perform the Bob Sleser Sledge stunt each time we bump into him. I do not. Having laid that ghost, trot out the next?"

He folded the rug and helped her to her feet.

"There isn't a next."

But in the darkness of their cabin, when he thought her sleeping, she addressed him.

"I can hear you tossing. Stop worrying. All your ghosts are the same as Dicky's."

"What's that?" He sat up.

"Imagined. Nothing can hurt you. I'm here to protect you."

He glanced across at the vague outline of her childish figure. She, too, was sitting up.

"Protect me!"

"Never occurred to you, did it?" she giggled. "You fancy yourself so strong. Accept or leave it, that was the chief reason I married you."

Ogres shriveled. It was new to pretend that she sheltered him.

On a Saturday afternoon in late August, soaring above flat shores New York took shape on the horizon. The liner which had been so swift and competent, slowed down to a crawl. To Santa and Clive it seemed they had never traveled; they had stood while the world had been moved by invisible scene-shifters.

No one of their own was on the dock. While trunks were being examined, they were handed a telegram, urging them to spend the week-end with Santa's parents on Cape Cod.

"We've too much to think about," Clive dismissed the invitation.

In the taxi, racing uptown, Santa thrust her friendly arm through his.

"It's a bit horrid to land back into so much uncertainty. But heaps of glorious things lie ahead, I'm sure."

He wasn't. She seemed to him another Nelson, raising the telescope to her wilfully blind eye. Nevertheless, her confidence was reassuring. She had the knack of reducing his mountains to mole-hills.

She continued to talk, making sunny remarks. He responded, but paid scant attention. The control of his life was slipping from him. All kinds of insidious influences were reviving. He must put up a fight before the memory of their recent equality had quite escaped her. While he was deciding how to tackle her, the parched greenness of Central Park grew up. A few minutes later the taxi was halting.

As they gazed across the threshold of their apartment he recalled how his parting wish had been that it and all that it contained might burn during their absence. Hand-in-hand they made a tour of inspection. Save for dust that had gathered, everything was precisely as they had left it. Without warning, Santa swung round and hugged him.

"It's good to be home."

He recognized the familiar intonation; she was expecting him to be grateful. That had been all right once. But since then they had spoken frankly; she knew how he detested the home of her providing.

"We're back—if that's what you mean," he grinned. "The dream's ended."

"But, old down-in-the-dumps," she flashed, "dreams begin again."

"Do we sleep here? What are our plans?" he asked abruptly.

"Guess so." She patted her hair. "Won't take long to make a bed. We'll have heaps of fun camping. Monday I'll engage a maid and we'll settle properly."

So that was the program! It was news to him. He wished he'd discussed with her their future on the voyage. The strong thing to do would be to brush aside her pretensions—to treat her with the cold logic of a lawyer interrogating a witness. Abroad—especially that night in Paris—she'd been genuinely conscious-stricken in recalling the humiliation she'd caused him by compelling him to live in uncivilized surroundings. All he had to do was to kick over the traces.

But he couldn't be brutal. He was in love with her.

Evening faded from gold to rose, from rose to twilight. Suddenly she rejoined him. She'd changed from head to heel, in her evening wrap and low-cut gown she looked irresistible.

"Did it for you, darling."

He seized her small perfumed hands.

"Do you do everything for me, Santa?"

"Everything."

"Is there anything you wouldn't do?"

"Nothing—provided it was for your good." She peeped up at him slyly.

"You wouldn't make me a bought-and-pauper husband, would you?"

"Couldn't."

"Then good-bye to all this." He bowed to the shrouded furniture. "We'll continue our honeymoon."

"O, goodie!" She snuggled against him.

He was in a mood to celebrate—to make a gracious gesture. When she discovered that their destination was the Angouleme, she protested.

"Too expensive."

He couldn't tell her that he was spending money to convince himself that he felt really sure of her. Over French dishes and boot-legged wine that he ordered, reminiscent of St. Jean de Luz, she reproached him.

"You don't need to do all this for me, darling, I'm your wife—not a chorus-girl."

"Did you expect me to take you to Child's?"

"Shouldn't have minded, so long as I was with you."

"But you're not dressed to patronize Child's—no hat, bare shoulders, jewels."

"Never thought of that, Clive. But you do like me to be lovely?"

Beneath the table he caught her fingers.

Later she said:

"I've not forgotten how you hate the apartment. On Monday you'll be seeing Mr. Cleasby. After that we'll know where we stand."

"If I've lost my job," he commenced.

"If you have," she cut him short. "You'll find a better. Anyhow, to hire a room at a hotel when we have a place of our own would be foolish."

"Suppose it would."

"And picture me," she added, "carting clothes back and forth. So let's endure the old apartment."

"Till Monday." He squeezed her fingers.

"Till we know where we're at." She returned the pressure. (Copyright 1932-1933, Coningsby Dawson)

Clive comes to a bitter realization of his position, tomorrow.

SCHOOL METHODS CHANGED GREATLY IN MODERN DAYS

By Mrs. L. A. Salade, Jr., (President of Valley School.) ARTICLE NO. 2.

Nothing is more important than that which concerns the coming generation.

Philip Brooks says, "The future of the race marches forward on the feet of little children."

Life all about us is changing. In 1845, in Boston, an average school of 400 pupils had 65 whippings a day. Whippings have disappeared from our schools.

During all this time, pupils have gradually been allowed to assume responsibility for both thinking and doing, and behavior in school naturally improved.

The study of education in our universities has shown us that pupils are all different in their ability to learn and should not be expected to have the same results in the same subjects all at the same time.

Successful school effort should be measured by individual improvement, not victory over others, as every child has an unlimited capacity for learning.

This comparatively new type of education has proved that children

learn easier and better when they are interested in what they are doing when given the opportunity to express themselves.

It is impossible to group classes so that all will have the same ability. Recognition of this fact makes it unfair to label some children as "bright" and others as "dull." They may be equally bright in one subject and differ in another.

The modern school puts more emphasis on formation of character and less value on marks, thereby getting better results. It is difficult to test the more significant things, such as right thinking and appreciation of good literature. On the contrary, mechanical systems are easily tested but the real ability of the individual is not recognized.

The Valley school is vitally interested in the growth of healthy, wholesome personality and each child becomes more resourceful because he is accumulating knowledge in a steady, well organized manner.

Faculty management can be avoided in this generation if parents will adjust themselves to new situations and realize that whatever is done toward safeguarding children will be done for the ultimate welfare of the nation.

Every Sunday at 11 a. m. there will be a program on progressive education, through the courtesy of KMED.

Two Fliers Cremated. DOVER, Del., Nov. 15.—(AP)—John A. Montgomery, Jr., president of J. A. Montgomery, Inc., of Wilmington, and James Leslie McCallister, a pilot, were burned to death today as their plane crashed in a field about a mile south of here.

VALLEY PASTORS ELECT OFFICERS

The Rogue River Valley Ministers' association and the ministers' wives had an enjoyable, profitable and well attended meeting Monday in the parlors of the First Methodist church.

The morning business meeting it was decided to meet monthly, inviting ministers' wives, and the following officers were elected for the year: President, Rev. J. M. Johnson of Central Point; vice-president, Rev. P. Wemette of Grants Pass; secretary-treasurer, Rev. B. Hoffman of Grants Pass.

The women brought covered dish lunches, which together made an enjoyable dinner, at which Rev. A. G. Bennett acted as toastmaster, presenting the various new ministers coming into the valley during the year, and their wives, who all responded with short and helpful talks.

The after dinner program included the singing of G. H. Gabriel's songs and an address on "The Office of the Ministry," by Rev. Masters of Grants Pass.

The invitation of Rev. Johnson to the Community church of Central Point was accepted for the next meeting, to be held on December 12.

Letters of 1904 Received In 1932. PALO ALTO, CAL.—(AP)—Letters written 28 years ago to W. Walton

Edwards, former attorney of Washington, D. C., reached his family near here, five years after his death, but it was not the fault of the postal service. The letters, previously delivered to his old office building were found unopened when it was razed two years ago and by forwarding them from forwarding address to forwarding address, the postoffice succeeded in locating his family at Los Altos, Cal.

Hazing Fading As Popular Pastime DePauw Campus

GREENCASTLE, Ind.—(AP)—Hazing is losing out at DePauw university. The practice practically has disappeared from the campus and the traditional "hell week" when freshmen were supposed to be particularly hard on pledges, also is becoming extinct.

The DePauw chapter of Delta Chi fraternity this year eliminated the paddling of pledges. Other organizations have confined their heckling of neophytes to the house.

So no more does the freshman walk with trepidation lest some sophomore or senior catch him up on some flimsy excuse.

Sande Recovered From Operation

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—(AP)—Earl Sande, former jockey, left Roosevelt hospital today, fully recovered from the effects of an appendicitis operation, which he underwent November 4. Sande, accompanied by

his wife and several friends, said he felt "fine" and he expected to be back on the job as trainer for the racing stables of Colonel Maxwell Howard.

Presbyterian Men Meeting Thursday

A meeting of the Presbyterian Men's club has been called for Thursday evening, at the church parlors. Dinner will be served at 6:30 and will be followed by an interesting program.

The leading speaker of the evening will be Mayor E. M. Wilson, who was recently re-elected to that office.

When needing duplicating sales books, flat-packs or fan-fold cash register forms, ledger sheets for bookkeeping machines or any other kind of printing, don't order from out-of-town firms and pay more. Phone 73 and one of our representatives will call.

RUTH ELDER FREE TO MARRY NO. 4

RENO, Nev., Nov. 15.—(AP)—Ruth Elder Camp, woman flier, who had divorced two husbands, obtained dissolution of her third marriage, that to Walter Camp, motion picture producer, here today, after a hearing at which she testified she and Camp had been unable to live happily together.

Tears were running down each cheek as Miss Elder, who was given the right to resume her maiden name, came from the courtroom.

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

Real Estate or Insurance—Leave 13 to Jones Phone 706.

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

AFTER EVERY MEAL

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FOREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Chance To Escape!

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?

ONE OF THE BANDITS IS PULLING OUT IN THE CAR! GUESS THEY'RE MAKING A LOT OF RACKET TO TRY AND DRAG OUT THE NOSE OF THE MOTOR!

WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW? CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?

YES, ONE OF 'EM IS SNEAKING AROUND TOWARD THE BACK OF THE HOUSE!

GOODNESS! MY CAR IS AROUND THERE! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE OF ESCAPE!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE BETTER KEEP 'EM AROUND THIS SIDE OF THE HOUSE SOMEHOW.

YOU HOLD 'EM HERE BY FIRING OUT THE WINDOW. I'LL CRAWL OUT THE BACK WINDOW, GRAB MY CAR AND GO TO LAREDO FOR HELP!

ALL RIGHT, MISS MORGAN—I HATE TO HAVE YOU RISK IT, BUT IF THEY RUSH US YOU MIGHT GET SHOT IF YOU STAY HERE.

BOUND TO WIN—No Trespassing!

WELL, HERE IT IS A GLORIOUS SUNSHINY DAY, AN THAT'S SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR! I RECKON THEY'RE MAINLY LIKE TAKIN' THE BULL BY THE HORNS SO WHILE THEM BOYS IS STROLLIN' OVER TO—

—THIS HERE TITUS CANNY CALL ON HIM! I SPECT HE'S LONESOME LIVING AWAY OFF THERE IN THE WOODS—AN ANYHOW IT'LL TAKE ME BY A LOTTA BULLY TO GET HIM IN STATION—WONDER HOW THEY'RE GETTIN' ALONG WITH IT?

MAKIN' REAL PROGRESS, EH? FOLKS WHEN DO YOU SPOBE THINGS'LL BE RIPE FOR THE WIDDER BLANK TO MOVE IN?

SEARCH ME—WE'RE JUST DOIN' THIS JOB FOR A CONTRACTOR AND THAT'S ALL WE KNOW ABOUT IT—

AT THE END OF A TWO MILE WALK THROUGH DENSE FOREST JONATHAN FINALLY CAME UPON THE BARBED WIRE THAT BARRED HIS FURTHER PASSAGE TO THE OLD BOYCE MORGAN FARM, NOW OCCUPIED BY TITUS CANNY.

NEIGHBOR CANNY! OH, NEIGHBOR CANNY! COSSBY CALLIN'!

KEEP OUT THIS MEANS YOU

By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—Ambrose's Memory Didn't Fail Him

IF I WOULD HAVE HAD A STRING—

I WOULD HAVE TIED A KNOT ON MY FINGER SO I WOULDN'T FORGET WHAT I CAME FOR

WHAT'S ALL THAT MUTTERING AND MUTTERING I HEAR?

BUT I DIDN'T FORGET WHAT I CAME FOR, SO I DIDN'T NEED THE STRING!

AH, FINE LITTLE MEMORY. I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR IT'S ALL RIGHT

I CAME TO BORROW A NICKEL OFFA YOU

OH!

By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—The Tormentor

HELLO, SENATOR, YOU'RE A BIT BETTER—YOU LOOK IT, YOU RASCAL—JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO MUCH POLITICS

DID YOU COME IN HERE TO KID OR TO SYMPATHIZE?

A LITTLE KIDDING WONT HURT—A BIG MAN DOESN'T WANT SYMPATHY AND YOU'RE A BIG MAN—YOU JUST MISSED BEING A SENATOR BY A NARROW MARGIN BUT THEY SAY EVERYTHING IS FOR THE BEST

DO YOU WANT A LAUGH?—YOU COULD USE ONE—CAN YOU IMAGINE YOURSELF AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL MAKING A SPEECH BEFORE THE BRAINS OF THE NATION?—YOU'D HAVE TO GET HELP TO LAUGH THAT ONE OFF

By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER

WHY DIDN'T YOUR DARLIN SON SHOW UP AT THE OFFICE TODAY? DON'T HE WANT TO WORK?

ONE OF HIS COLLEGE BUDDIES CALLED THEY'RE IN HIS ROOM STUDYING CATCHING UP IN THEIR LATIN—

FROM THE LITTLE HE KNOWS I DIDN'T THINK HE EVER STUDIED—

SO THAT'S LATIN—

CALL UP WILLIE HUDDLE AND GET THE LINE UP FOR OUR TEAM—ASK HIM IF PERCY IS GOIN TO PLAY END AN WHO IS AT CENTER WHO'S THE HALF BACK—

By George McManus

PORTLAND ASKED LEGALIZE LIQUOR

PORTLAND, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Dellmore Lessard, an attorney designating himself as acting "on behalf" of 80,000 persons of Portland, appeared to the city council here Monday to repeal the city ordinance prohibiting liquor sales. He requested a public hearing.

The communication will go before the council Thursday afternoon. Lessard called attention to the repeal of the Anderson dry law, pointing out that 509 of 540 precincts in Multnomah county were for repeal.

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

ANIMAL LOVERS SAVE PARK DEER

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Sixteen deer, kept at the Franklin Park zoo, today were given their lives by an animal-loving public and Park Commissioner Long.

The deer were part of a herd of animals which the city no longer can afford to support and they, along with four buffaloes, were scheduled to be shot by an expert huntsman. The announcement caused a flood of telephone calls to Long's office today and scores of persons volunteered to take at least one of the deer for safe-keeping.

Long said the buffaloes, however, most likely would be killed and used to supply food for a municipal hospital.