

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningly

DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Snatched from a delirious housewife in France by the news that his employer has failed, Olive and his dainty young wife hurry back to New York. Olive's mind is haunted by the image of Santa's first husband, Dicky and the "reformation" Santa believes she has wrought in him. And at once they land, Santa engineers a return to the apartment her money supports, although she knows Olive detests it.

Chapter 27

THE CATASTROPHE

SHE'D been right. It had been fun to return to the old apartment and make a bed late at night, laughing like a pair of children. It was even more fun to wake in the morning and quarrel over who should cook the breakfast—then to discover that there was nothing in the ice-box.

"Let's go cuckoo," she suggested. So they dressed and sallied forth into sun-washed streets, which wore almost empty.

"Why, of course it's Sunday," Santa solved the riddle of their emptiness. They strolled in the Park and watched the riders. Visited the Metropolitan Museum. Hired a boat on the ornamental lake. Went to a moving picture in the evening. On the walk home, Santa jerked his arm.

"How much has it cost?"
"Less than five dollars. Why?"

"We never needed to have gone abroad to be happy, Olive. We can be happy anywhere."

Next morning, being Monday, he set off to report to Mr. Cleasby. Santa was his mascot. She had persuaded him, contrary to reason, that because she was his wife no evil could befall him.

At parting he had asked, "What's your program?"
"I'll invent one," she had replied jaugally.

When he admitted himself to the apartment that evening, how she had occupied herself was obvious. Rugs had been laid, photograph-frames, lamps and bric-a-brac were in their accustomed places. In the narrow hall he paused. The smell of cooking. Voices. She had engaged a maid. Her persistency was daunting.

"You're late, darling," Santa welcomed him. "Barely time to change."

In the bedroom he found further proofs of her devotion. Her efficiency astounded him. His clothes had been spread out with the expertness of a valet; shoes in the right place; socks beside them; shirt studded; tub filled and scented with bath salts. Everything orderly; nothing forgotten.

"The return of the wage-earner!" He frowned at himself in the mirror. Her presence that he was master of the establishment was maddening. This was her first stop toward making the apartment again a habit.

In each and all of these attentions he discerned strategy. She'd stolen a march on him by subtle flatteries she was attempting to purchase his compliance. Having pledged herself to consult him, she'd barged ahead as though he didn't figure in the picture.

A doubt crossed his mind: Was he being fair? Possibly this was her mistaken idea of sheltering him. The table was beautifully set. As he pushed in her chair, she smiled up at him bewitchingly.

"I've ordered everything you like."
She was expecting him to remark on the transformation she had wrought.

"Everything I like for instance?"
"Caviare, mushroom soup, squash, endive salad, hot-house grapes."
"Been blowing yourself. And orchids, by gosh!"

"After perching in hotels, being my own housekeeper went to my head."
While the strange maid hovered, conversation had to be general. With the postponement of their problems a polite estrangement grew between them. They laughed and chatted like chance acquaintances.

"When coffee had been served and they were alone, there was a pause."
"How did things go?" she enquired.
"Can't talk here."
"Then what's the argument?"
"There isn't any." The moment you've found a home and substitute for this one, I'll give up mine. But you haven't found a home and you're not in a position to find one. So why not make the best of the one we've got. You see I'm talking common sense—not poetry."

"The secret fact that preys upon Santa is brought to light, tomorrow."

"Then how did you spend the day?"
"Wondering. I was ashamed—"
"Darling, you are an ass."
"You're said it." He started pacing. "I was ashamed to return to this home which you've chosen for me. What right have I to dine on caviar?" He swung around. "What right have I to sit at a table festive with orchids?"
"But my dear," she paled at his exasperation, "you're my husband. You have every right."
"That doesn't give me the right. My furthest thought when I married was that I would become a gigolo."
"No one ever accused you—"
"Someone will. You've forced luxuries on me that make me ridiculous. Now that I'm jobless, unless I live on you, we must economize. The extravagance of this apartment complicates my position horribly."
"In a way it does," she nodded.
"Then, in heaven's name," he burst out, "why did you settle in the moment my back was turned?"
She smiled conciliatingly.
"But isn't that selfish, darling?" Her soothing voice pursued him. "Your way at present would mean cheap lodgings. We'd both hate them. Meanwhile, unless we could sub-let this apartment, it would stand empty."
"And then there's my side. You married me when I was damaged goods. If I'd shown false pride and refused to allow you— Won't you understand my motives? This is perhaps the only chance I'll ever have to repay you."
The old doubt assailed him with regard to his fairness. He glanced up. She looked anything but dominant. Slim legs curled under her, she asked a question.
"Have I ever failed you?"
Evasion would have been easier. He hesitated.
With one of those shameless reversals of which pretty women are capable, she uttered a tinkling, merry laugh which broke the tension.
"Of course I have. I do things on the impulse. When you left this morning, I longed to restore your sense of security." She waved her hands. "I staved all day to prepare this. Stupid of me."
Resentment faded.
"Santa dear, I'd like to; I can't let you off. You've struck a gait that's beyond me."
She crossed the room and sank against his knees.
"Listen, Olive, I know what's worrying you. Because Dicky sponged on me, you're afraid to borrow. You and Dicky aren't on the same planet. And there's something else; you're angry with the world because of your set-back. You feel you have to blame somebody. I'm handiest."
"I can scarcely blame you for Cleasby's failure."
"It's what you're doing." She caressed him. "Once you thought I showed a lack of faith when you assured me that we'd never quarrel. Married couples can't help quarrelling. They're so inseparable that—this sounds awful—they antagonize each other. Your antagonism has fastened on this apartment. You don't really detest it. What you detest is having inherited me."
"You may be right."
She pressed more heavily against him.
"Then don't punish me for coming to you second-hand."
He stroked her wavy hair. If he surrendered, his protest would go for naught.
"Neither of us wants to be selfish. Neither of us wants to be hard on the other. As for punishing you, the thought never entered my head. Your divorce has nothing to do with my objections to living at the rate of twenty thousand a year when my earnings are temporarily wiped out."
"My divorce has everything to do with it." Her eyes became bright with tears. "In your mind, though, you're unconscious of it, this apartment symbolizes Dicky. There's no reason why it should. It was my gift to you."
"But you agreed with me, Santa, when we were abroad."
"I still agree with you," she dumfounded him.
"Then what's the argument?"
"There isn't any." The moment you've found a home and substitute for this one, I'll give up mine. But you haven't found a home and you're not in a position to find one. So why not make the best of the one we've got. You see I'm talking common sense—not poetry."

significance in that the company leads all other manufacturers in the largest industry in the world. This is one of the major contributions made by any American company this year to national betterment in terms of employment and materials consumption.

Nearly 50,000 of the new 1933 series, valued in excess of \$20,000,000, will be required for dealers' announcement purposes alone, and the manufacturer of at least that number is assured within the next few weeks, Mr. Knudsen said. This output will entail the consumption of more than 50,000 tons of iron and steel and the use of large quantities of the 30 other major commodities which go into the production of a new Chevrolet six, Mr. Knudsen stated.

Aside from economic considerations, he said that Chevrolet was embarking on its 1933 program shortly, because the company felt it was good business and that satisfactory sales volume would reward any desirable product rightly priced and ably merchandised. Observation of this policy during the past three years brought Chevrolet a constantly increasing percentage of total available automobile business, and in 1932 placed it in the most favorable comparative position it has ever enjoyed in its 21-year history, he pointed out.

In this three-year period the company's plants, although on curtailed schedules, never once closed for a continuous shutdown exceeding 30 days, and then only during the regular annual interval between closing out of old models and introduction of new ones.

Formal announcement of a new six prior to the actual showing of the

NEW CHEVROLET MODELS OUT IN COMING MONTH

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 17.—That a radically new line of Chevrolet passenger cars would be introduced next month was made known officially here today by W. S. Knudsen, president and general manager of the Chevrolet Motor company.

The new series will be the fifth annual Chevrolet model to employ a six-cylinder engine, the first volume Chevrolet six having been announced in November, 1928. Since that time, building stress exclusively, the company manufactured nearly 3,000,000 units.

A longer wheelbase extensive changes in body design, and a "price which takes account of today's iron" are promised in the 1933 car. The extended wheelbase, coupled with many improvements in the body, in performance, economy, power, safety and other factors, indicate a model much improved over the present line.

Longer wheelbase extensive changes in body design, and a "price which takes account of today's iron" are promised in the 1933 car. The extended wheelbase, coupled with many improvements in the body, in performance, economy, power, safety and other factors, indicate a model much improved over the present line.

From an economic standpoint, the Chevrolet announcement has national

ADVERTISING HEAD SEES INCREASE IN 1933 USE OF INK

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Nov. 17.—(AP)—More than \$300,000,000, an increase of about 33 per cent is expected to be spent in advertising during 1933, according to a study of business conditions released through Lee H. Bristol of New York, president of the Association of National Advertisers at the opening session of its 23rd annual meeting today.

The results of the business survey released by Mr. Bristol showed that more than one-half the reporting companies of the association had increased total sales volume in units the past three months; 19 1/2 per cent reported a decrease and about 10 per cent that the sales volume had remained the same. The median of the increase in sales was approximately 23 per cent.

As the comparison was between the three months of August, September and October against the three months previous of May, June and July, it is noted that about one-half of the companies reporting an increase attributed it to seasonal influence and about 82 per cent of the other half of these reporting an increase, stated it was due to improved

CATTLE BREEDERS SURVEY PROGRESS

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 17.—(AP)—The traditions of an organization founded 50 years ago for the purpose of guarding the purity of a small number of white-faced cattle were recalled last night at the golden anniversary dinner of the American Hereford Cattle Breeders' association.

The organization was founded at Chicago by owners of a few more than 2000 Herefords. They wished to build a breed of cattle true to type, a type that might be flexible toward efficiency in meat production. The blood of the breed was to be kept pure by registration.

On the registration books of the organization now are nearly half a million white-faced cattle, representing every state in the union and Canada. About 400 members of the association attended the dinner.

Czech Hereford Growers. PRAGUE.—(AP)—Czechoslovakia's unemployed numbered 480,000 at the latest count, an increase of 232,000 in one year.

HIT BEER FIRST SAYS DRY HEAD

EVANSTON, Ill., Nov. 17.—(AP)—Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the

conditions in their particular trade. The survey also showed that 33 per cent of the reporting companies plan to increase their appropriations over those of 1932; 35 per cent expected to spend the same amount and 22 per cent plan decreases. Member manufacturers of drug and toilet articles plan as large or larger appropriations in 1933 as in 1932. In the food and grocery classification about one-half plan to increase; 30 per cent to decrease and 30 per cent to repeat the same appropriation.

National W. C. T. U., directed to the membership today her program for a militant attack on "beer first" and the alcohol traffic generally.

"We have lost a battle; that does not mean we have lost the war," she said.

The program calls for an educational campaign for voluntary total abstinence, work among children, emphasis on state co-operation in law enforcement, increased efficiency in federal enforcement with "adequate" punishment in fines and imprisonment; study of the benefits of prohibition; wine producers and brewers of other countries to promote sales here, and a publicity campaign.

ITALY BUYS GERMAN DOGS

REGENSBURG, Germany.—(AP)—The fourth commission from Italy has arrived here to buy 20 German police dogs for Mussolini's police. The Italians say no other country furnishes such perfectly trained animals.

WRIGHT'S FASCINATING FLAVOR

WRIGHT'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Lost—Twenty Thousand Dollars!



BOUND TO WIN—A Frigid Reception!



SMATTER POP—A Protest



THE NEBBS—Guess Again



BRINGING UP FATHER



FRENCH PRESIDENT FROWNS ON 'TAILS'

PARIS.—(AP)—President Lebrun has wrought a sartorial revolution in this center of fashion. He firmly declined to appear at morning and afternoon functions in full evening dress, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor across his hard-bottled shirt front. Previous presidents have always deemed that costume essential on official occasions, and foreign envoys and cabinet ministers have had to put on "tails" also. Lebrun has gone back to the "Prince Albert" of late Victorian times. He wanted to adopt the cut-away, but Deog de Fogueres, his "director of the protocol," or adviser of manners, deemed that just a shade too dapper and modern.

TRIPLETS GIVEN F. D. R. PICTURE

OMAHA, Nov. 17.—(AP)—The McDevitt triplets—when they get the hang of things—will probably drink a toast or two to an admirer—Franklin D. Roosevelt. When the toasts (milk variety) are quaffed, each pudgy fist will hold an indestructible glass bearing a photograph of Governor Roosevelt—a gift from the president-elect. The proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. McDevitt, say the triplets—good Democrats—will be able to hold the glasses along about March 4, next. The gifts to the month-old trios resulted from a request by Francis P. Matthews, chairman of the county democratic committee here, that Roosevelt forward his autographed photograph to the triplets.

BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

