

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: This story discloses how Santa's wife, Mrs. Santa, has turned out to be in the employ of her former husband, Dicky Dak, whom she dislikes intensely. And the firm of Gross and Cleary, whose fathers threw Santa out of work, is again about. He tells Santa that he cannot work for his predecessor, and Santa, angry, runs out of the apartment.

Chapter 32

"THE CAT CAME BACK"

DAYLIGHT faded in the park below lamps sprang up. Too late he wondered whether he had adopted the proper tactics. Women were bullies; they profited by men's gentleness. All the justice was on his side. If he'd stormed, he'd have had her feeding from his hand. It was monstrous that she should be punishing him.

He ought to turn the tables on her. How would a coarser man act in his circumstances? He would buzz off with another woman. Dak had practised that type of revenge and lost her.

A wild surmise struck him. Perhaps he, too, had lost her. Embittered precedents might misguide her. She'd bolted from Dak. Previous to her first marriage her ill-treatment of her aunts had been notorious.

Let it be granted that she had bolted. Whither could she bolt without luggage? Probably to her parents. He could find out by telephone. But if this breach were to be healed, the wise policy would be to seek her.

The door was opened by Goff, imperturbable as an undertaker, who in days gone by had ejected so many of her admirers.

Clive affected nonchalance. "Family at home?" His father-in-law replied. "That you, Clive? I'm at dinner. Slack your coat and hat."

He found Mr. Dawn at his last course, peeling an apple. "Presume you've dined. My wife's away. I'm alone. Brought Santa with you?"

Clive laughed with all the gusto of a dying humorist. "Santa's performed the disappearing act. I rushed over hoping to find her."

Mr. Dawn continued placidly with his peeling. "There used to be a song. I recall only one line: 'The cat came back.' Put out a saucer of milk and there you'll find pretty pussy some fine morning, purring on your doorstep."

Clive was shocked by this unnatural parent. "But Guardie, you ought to knock me down. You ought to take her side."

"My dear chap, I'm married to her mother. To take her side would seem too much like siding against myself. How it brings back old days to hear you call me Guardie! Since you've improved our relationship, you've dropped the title. I've often wondered what you thought of me when I shared the house—my wife in Italy, pretending she was educating Santa."

"I thought you were great, Guardie."

"Ah, but you had other thoughts. You're in the same box now. One has to appear meek if he intends to stay married. That passage dealing with charity describes the ideal husband; 'is kind; vaunteth not, is not puffed up, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.'"

Seated in deep chairs, toasting their toes before a blazing fire in the library, Mr. Dawn grew expansive. "As a battered veteran to a young recruit, who's conducting this bombing-raid?"

"Santa. She's ruining me—for my own good, so she tells me."

Mr. Dawn puffed at his cigar luxuriously. "The argument sounds familiar. I shall re-live my youth in listening to you. Some woman was bound to ruin you—so why not your wife?"

As Clive finished his story with the latest threat of philanthropy, his father-in-law laughed uproariously. "What's so amusing, Guardie?"

"You're the wife in a million."

"I'm aware of that. Unfortunately so is Dak."

"But all her mistakes have been prompted by her excessive love for you."

"Which makes them doubly annoying, Guardie. Delicacy prevents me from correcting them."

er husbands are maudlin sentimentalists; we spare the rod and spoil the wife. A good beating, administered prayerfully, sets blood circulating. It helps a woman to see herself in relation to the universe. Tones up her system. I often wish I'd been sufficiently noble to beat mine."

He tipped Clive's knee. "A little hair-pulling would restore the balance. You and Santa are suffering from repressions. She probably requires stimulating—finds your politeness nauseating. Your return is obvious: 'Physician heal thyself.' It's too late for me to start. Besides, your mother-in-law bullies readily."

"What rot you talk, Guardie! I came for advice. I haven't the least idea how Santa bullies, but I do know that if I were rough with her, you'd be the last person to stand for it."

"I'd stand for anything that was good for my child. Since you're not partial to my first remedy, adopt my second: laugh her out of her silliness."

"You think I am taking her too seriously?"

"Heaven, yes. They took each other too seriously could be written across half the divorces. One has to have cared tremendously for a woman to have parted from her."

Clive stirred. "The same applies to a girl who divorces a man, I reckon."

Their eyes met, and glanced aside. Both made as if to speak. At last the older man faced the issue.

"You're thinking of Dak. He had an undoubted fascination for Santa. To you she's probably pretended that he hadn't. Steer clear of him. On no pretext whatever allow yourself to become involved with him."

Clive lurched to his feet. "I wonder where she is at present."

"Wondering the same about you. I'll bet dollars to doughnuts she's sitting at home scared stiff that you've deserted her."

"I'll put your mind at rest," Clive reached for the telephone. His father-in-law intercepted him. "Be an artist. A telephone spoils the drama of reconciliation."

At the door he added cynically, "It also gives a wife time to think up new monkey-shines."

One comfort Clive had derived from his interview with his father-in-law—he had been assured that his lot was average. On his wedding morning he had promised himself that it should be sublime. He was climbing down from those dizzy altitudes where he had believed that character could, be reborn by union with another mortal.

Santa had never shared these exaggerated hopes. It might be that in his anxiety to see her as more perfect than was possible, he had spurred her to give too hectic proofs of affection. To that extent he was blame-worthy.

Arrived before the dark pile in which he dwelt, he raised his eyes and noticed that the windows of his apartment were illuminated. A propitious sign. The hour was approaching eleven. Santa must have returned ahead of him. As he crossed the threshold, she would throw her arms about him, completely contrite. A wife in a million had been her father's verdict.

But she wasn't hovering in the hall when he entered. As he removed his coat and hat, he coughed unnecessarily to apprise her. "That you?" she called in a voice that held no hint of tragedy. "Took a run over to see your father," he called back.

"Thoughtful of you. But you're always thoughtful."

Compliments when he had expected tears! Women were incalculable. "Excuse me," he heard her murmur.

So she had company! That accounted for her suavely. The next moment her vivacious face popped rabbit-wise from the doorway further down the passage.

Being all for peace, he caught her to him. "So glad you haven't been alone."

Then he enquired by dumb signs regarding her visitor. "You precious!" She disentangled herself, weaving her arm through his.

From a deep arm-chair, its back toward them, a thin column of smoke was rising. A blond head thrust itself up, which turned slowly, revealing a fine set of teeth, a clipped mustache and insolently amused blue eyes.

ADEQUATE MILK MAIN NECESSITY IN GOOD HEALTH

There is universal agreement among food authorities that the nutritional needs of people are best served when adequate amounts of milk are included in the diet," says Ada R. Mayne of the Oregon Dairy Council.

"By an 'adequate amount' of milk is meant, the standard now long established after much research and study, of a quart daily for children through the period of growth and a pint daily for adults. Milk is conceded to be the most important single article of food for the maintenance of health of both child and adult."

"A question frequently asked at this time is—Does the fact that the food fund is reduced, alter the rule of one quart of milk daily for children and one pint for adults? Food authorities are again agreed that when the food fund is reduced to a minimum, milk still should be regarded as a necessity and should continue to be included as a staple article of the diet. Dr. H. C. Sherman, noted scientist, says that in cases where the food fund is reduced to a minimum, the dietary should be built around

bread and milk. 'The lower the level of expenditure,' he says, 'the more one must forego other foods and concentrate efforts upon providing those two, supplementing a little of some inexpensive fruit or vegetable.' In making suggestions for the low cost diet the U. S. department of agriculture stipulates one quart of milk daily for the child and one pint or more daily for the adult as being essential."

"Under the most favorable circumstances the proper feeding of a family requires knowledge and skill, but when every food dollar spent must bring the greatest possible return in nourishment and satisfaction, the task becomes more difficult. Actual experiment with low cost family diets in recent months has shown that families are greatly benefited when adequate amounts of milk are used. This is not only true of the low-cost diet, for a diet including adequate quantities of milk is desirable under any circumstances."

TRAIL KIN'S GOLD IN SO. AUSTRALIA

TOWNSVILLE, Queensland.—(AP)—Charles Schultz is leading an expedition from here in a search for gold which his two brothers found—one after the other—only to die before they could bring back the treasure.

Albert Schultz discovered a rich gold deposit near the South Australian border in 1925. On his way home he died after entrusting his

story to a half-caste who brought the news to William Schultz. William went to the spot, which is reported to be near Tanami, in central Australia. He, too, found the gold—but was killed by a fall from his horse.

Now Charles hopes to secure the wealth. The aborigines in that region are stated to be unfriendly so the expedition will travel in armored trucks.

DRAMATIC TREAT IN NORMAL SHOW

SOUTHERN OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL, Ashland, Nov. 23.—(Sp.)—Southern Oregon theater-goers who are lovers of Shakespearean drama, will be given a rare treat December 2 and 3 when the famed English poet's comedy success, "As You Like It" is presented by a combined cast of faculty and student players at Southern Oregon Normal school.

The production of this play, which for over 300 years has been one of literature's outstanding comedies will be unique in that all members of the cast will follow the current vogue in theatrical circles and appear in modern dress. In view of the popularity now being enjoyed by this custom, Angus L. Bowman, professor of dramatics and director of the "As You Like It" cast, has stated that the Elizabethan costumes will be supplanted by 1932 styles.

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LENIN'S BOOKS SAVED FROM WRAPPING BUNS SAYS POLISH AUTHOR

BYDGOSZCZ, Poland.—(AP)—Books formerly owned by Nicolai Lenin and marked with his own notations, have been added to the public library of this town.

Adam Gryzmal Siedlecki, a Polish author, made the presentation and told how he had saved the collection from being used as wrapping paper.

He said he was living in Cracow in 1918 and one morning found his breakfast rolls had come wrapped in Russian prints, although that language had scarcely been used in the city through its 100 years of Austrian control.

Inquiry developed that the baker had bought a lot of second-hand books because the war had made wrapping paper too expensive. Siedlecki paid the baker twice what the latter had spent for the collection. He explained that Lenin spent 1912 and 1913 in Cracow as a political exile under his true name of Ulianoff.

Antelope at Ease After Fall Thrills

ANTELOPE, Nov. 23.—(Special)—A great load has been lifted off of every one's mind now that the election and turkey picking are over. It

is hoped that everyone can settle down to a normal life now.

Lion Cubs Go Irish. DUBLIN.—(AP)—The classical Irish names of Blanaid, Brea, Baedan, Bri-eriu and Branach were given by the lord mayor of Dublin to five lion cubs born in the zoo here.

Shakespeare Takes Bow. BUDAPEST.—(AP)—"King Lear," presented by a cast of four in a suburban theater, brought from the audience loud cries of "author!" The director donned a beard and took the bow, but was pelted with eggs, whereupon three college students were fined \$3.50 each.

Low Bid On British Relics. LONDON.—(AP)—Relics of the naval battle between John Paul Jones and Sir Richard Pearson off Scarborough in 1779 brought less than \$200 at auction here. The relics included Pearson's sword and silver mounted pistol.

RIO ZEP DEPOT ECKENERS PLAN

RIO DE JANEIRO.—(AP)—Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the Graf Zepelin, hopes to make Rio de Janeiro the terminus of regular dirigible service between Germany and South America, he announced here.

Negotiations for formation of a subsidiary company to build hangars and a mooring mast are under way. Pernambuco, a thousand miles north of Rio, is the present terminus for most voyages of the Graf, but Eckener prefers Rio because it offers direct airplane transportation to Buenos Aires, and communication with Chile and Peru by way of Bolivia.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Going To Bat For Tommy!

BOUND TO WIN—Ben's Bombshell!

By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—Ambrose Is Smart When It Comes To Getting Cake

By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—On The Job

By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICES THURSDAY

The union Thanksgiving services will be held tomorrow morning at the First Christian church. Dr. Alexander Bennett, minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, will preach the Thanksgiving sermon. The Christian church choir, under the direction of Effie Herbert Yeoman, will furnish the special musical numbers. The services will begin promptly at 10 o'clock and close at 11. Everyone is urged to attend.

State Bans Sunday Hikes. SYDNEY.—(AP)—J. F. Hawkins, New South Wales' state minister of industry, joined a campaign by churchmen for strict enforcement of Sabbath observance laws and announced a ban on Sunday hikes and concerts.

AUSTRALIAN SOLONS FAIL TO KEEP WORD

SYDNEY.—(AP)—All attempts by electors of New South Wales to abolish their upper house of parliament—the legislative council—have only resulted in increasing the number of members of that chamber.

For years batches of men, pledged to vote for abolition of the chamber, have been installed as legislative councillors. But most of them have changed their views and the chamber has continued.

There are now 123 members, all with gold passes for free traveling anywhere in Australia and other desirable privileges. The politicians will neither dismiss themselves from office nor give the electors a chance to act.