

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby

DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Olive and Santa have quarreled because Santa, unknown to Olive, arranged to have a firm controlled by Dicky Dak her former husband, offer him a highly paid position. Olive refuses to accept it, and Santa leaves the apartment. When Olive returns from asking Santa's father for advice, Santa is in the apartment. But she is not alone.

Chapter 23
DICKY "HELPS" THINGS
SANTA laughed nervously, keeping tight hold of Olive.
"Clive darling, you can be peculiar."

Dak stood up, attired in full evening-dress, a gardenia in his button-hole.
"Very nice!" Olive surveyed him from head to heel. "And Santa, too, I notice, is dressed to kill."

"But why the hostility, my dear boy?" Dak stroked his clipped mustache. "We were friends when last we parted."

"If you must be angry, scold me," Santa pleaded. "I sent for him."
"O, well if you sent for him—"
"She certainly did," Dak held out his hand. "I broke a dinner engagement—hence the glad rags. You're a suspicious bird, Clive. Guess I took you by surprise."

To bridge the awkwardness Olive suggested refreshments.
"No. You continue the entertaining, Santa. I'll fetch them."
"What to do? How to act? The situation called for strong arm methods, only this wasn't the middle ages. Were he to throw Dak out, he would cast aspersions on Santa. Extreme composure was his safest weapon."

As he set down the tray, he murmured a grin.
"Let me into your secret."
"We're a committee of two," Dak helped himself to a tumbler, "appointed to do you good."

"But what Clive wants to know is why I sent for you, don't you, darling?" Santa patted the arm of her chair for her husband to perch beside her. "I sent for Dicky because you'd misunderstood me. I wanted him to corroborate my statements."
Clive took possession of her hand that wore his wedding ring.

"It would be a mad world, Santa, if it were necessary for your first husband to guarantee your truthfulness to your second."
She squirmed.
"That's how he twists everything. You tell him, Dicky."

Dak spread his legs and lay back, blowing spirals and clasping the tumbler to his white, starched breast.
"My mission, phrased colloquially, is to prevent you from cutting off your nose to spite your face."

"Start at the beginning," Santa interrupted. "You remember in the theater on my birthday night, when you found me talking to Dicky? We were talking about you. He'd heard about Cross and Cleasby's failure and wanted to know whether you were in a new position. Of course I said you weren't and that you were horribly discouraged. He pencilled an address. You know the rest. You're so ungracious about accepting favors that we both agreed to keep Dicky's name a secret. Unfortunately you nosed out your secret. You go on, Dicky."

"There isn't much left," Dak rolled his tumbler and again relaxed. "Santa's no longer my wife, but I'm still interested in her welfare. You'll grant that's natural. I want her to be happy. She can't be happy while you're dashing in search of jobs as distractedly as a chicken without a head. I'm offering you a job—a good one. You're inconsiderate to refuse it. You can have only one reason; I'm the objection."

In his effort to keep calm Clive grimaced furiously.
"It would seem so."
"But why object?" Dak drew himself together. "Surely not because I was once married to her?"
"I'm afraid so," Clive nodded. "Petty of me."
Dak flipped his ash.

"Mid-Victorian. A man of your age has no excuse for being old-fashioned."
"That's as is," Clive shrugged his shoulders. "Probably I've not had your opportunities."
"Don't be tiresome, darling," Santa rubbed her head against him. "Silly pride is the real obstacle."
Clive addressed Dak.
"We've discovered two explanations for my conduct, silly pride and that I'm old-fashioned. Your motives are still hidden. It isn't usual for an

ex-husband to harbor such proteo-tive sentiments for his successor."
"It is not," Dak adjusted his tie. "By the rules of the game we ought to hate each other. We don't."
He waited to be confirmed.
"I like you, Clive; you've given me reason to like you. When you allowed your wife to check me up this summer, I can imagine how much your magnanimity cost. It's my turn to be magnanimous—tit for tat."

He crossed the room to the chair in which Santa was sitting, with Clive still perched on the arm beside her.
"Don't be self-righteous. I failed Santa. If I help her in her effort to help you, I repay a little of my debt."
"Clive sees things differently now," Santa seized a hand of either. "I'm sure I don't know how I deserved."

"Go on," Dak urged.
"Clive might not like it."
"I shan't mind," Clive encouraged. She laughed emotionally.
"How I deserved two such good men."

The door had closed behind Dak. In the hall Santa sighed against Clive.
"I'm so glad that's settled."
"So am I, Santa."
"You said that queerly, dearest."
He raised her face and kissed her solemnly.

"Little woman!"
"But what do you mean, Clive?"
"That after this evening, more than ever, I can't accept."
She stared at him without anger.
"Why?"

A thousand reasons rushed across his mind, which concentrated in one reason.
"The way he looked at you. He knows as much about you as I do."
She retreated. When some minutes later he went to join her, the door was locked. He tapped. No answer. That night with coats and cushions he contrived for himself a makeshift bed on the couch.

Unrefreshed, he rose early and left the apartment without seeing her. There was only one way now in which he could win her respect.
A few minutes after Mr. Cleasby had entered his office, Clive was shown in. Mr. Cleasby glanced up, frowning over his spectacles.

"What's the matter, my boy? You look as though you'd spent the night on a park-bench."
"It's that job, sir. I can't take it. You said something about letting you know if I didn't."
"What I said was if you didn't, we might come to an arrangement. How much do you consider you're worth?"

They sat and chatted till the mail was brought in. Mr. Cleasby cut short the interview.
"When do you want to start?"
"Today, sir, if it suits you."
Back at his old desk, in the atmosphere of routine, fears by which he had been menaced retreated. His hand itched to telephone Santa; he fought off the temptation.

As he was approaching the apartment-house, whom should he see but Dak, going in the same direction. Now that he was quit of his predecessor's philanthropies, he bore him no animosity. He could see even the comic side of the encounter.
"Hello, good Samaritan!" He clapped him on the shoulder.
Dak started.

"Look here, old man. I think you're making a great mistake."
"Well, save your breath. You can say it all before Santa."
This time she was in the hall waiting. Seeing her husband and ex-husband enter together she jumped to conclusions.
"You're accepted."
Taking her two hands, Clive raised them to his lips.

"I have."
"Darling," she clung to him, "I've been horrid to you; but it was for your own good."
"But you've not heard what I've accepted; a salary of twelve thousand dollars from old Cleasby—two thousand more than your friend here promised!"
"Well, I'll be darned!" Tears flowed with laughter. She turned on Dicky. "You old slave-driver! What do you mean by trying to buy my husband for less than a market?"

"This calls for celebration," he announced. "What form shall it take? A dinner and a theater?"
New York was treated to the spectacle of Santa killing the fatted calf, escorted by her two husbands.
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The celebration, tomorrow, has an unforeseen effect on both Santa and Clive.

ELECTION ERASES ANCIENT POLITICAL IDEAS OF COUNTRY

Long Accepted Notions of Strategy and Impulse Moving Voters Scrapped by Result On November 8

By BYRON PRICE

Not the least notable feature of the great Democratic victory of November 8 was the manner in which it wrecked finally and completely some of the pet theories on which political planning has been based for many years.

What becomes of the long accepted notion that in this country there are two parties, fairly evenly matched, with a comparatively small group of independents holding the balance of power?

Or the tradition, established in Lincoln's time and reaffirmed in Wilson's, that the country will hesitate to change presidents in a time of great national stress?

Or the idea that in a two-candidate contest for the highest office, the man who is in will necessarily

be hard to beat because of the favors he has done and the organization he has built during four years of power?
Or the old conviction that the respective interests of the states have grown so diverse that never again will all sections unite in finding any one candidate preferable?
The answer is that all these assumptions are dead as last summer's flower garden. Every one of them was nurtured hopefully by the supporters of Mr. Hoover, yet he was the worst defeated candidate of any major party in history.

An About Face
The election returns are much more decisive on that point when they are compared, detail for detail, with the figures of 1928.

It is in itself an astounding contradiction of the old political theories that all the greatest landladies of all time could have taken place at two succeeding elections, and operated in exactly opposite directions.

Mr. Roosevelt's popular plurality approximates that by which Mr. Hoover won four years ago—something above six millions. In other words, more than six million voters, not simply a minor group of independents, changed tickets between one election and the next.

And that figure, it should be remembered, is net. It takes no account of the underterminable number who changed the other way—that is, those who voted against Mr. Hoover last time, and supported him this time.

To put it in terms of state majorities, 34 states, or more than two-thirds the whole number, went Republican in 1928 and switched to Democratic in 1932.

CUSTOMS OF IRISH IN PREHISTORICAL TIMES LAID BARE

Cremated Dead and Built Villages On Rafts, Science Finds—Hunting and Farm Life Customs Revealed

By Howard W. Blakelee (Associate Press Science Editor)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. — (AP) — Five hundred years before Christ the ancient Irish were cremating their dead in the present Irish Free State.

This is one of the first prehistoric facts unearthed in a five year survey of Irish racial history, social and economic development and anthropological peculiarities, undertaken by Harvard university's department of anthropology with the approval of the Free State.

Raft Village Discovered
The burial customs, pottery, stone implements and bronze daggers showing how these Irishmen of long ago lived were dug up in a preliminary survey the past summer. They were found in a huge cairn on Kockast hill, a 600-foot high elevation.

DR. HUGH O'NEILL HENCKEN, ASSISTANT CURATOR OF EUROPEAN ANTHROPOLOGY AT PEABODY MUSEUM, HARVARD, CONDUCTS THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL WORK. W. LLOYD WARNER, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY, DIRECTS THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC SURVEY.

The project is described as a pioneer anthropological survey of a modern nation.

Bootleg Big Shot Given Year In Pen
PORTLAND, Nov. 25.—(AP)—Walter E. (Society) Brown, who for several years has had his name linked with liquor activities in Portland, was today sentenced to one year at McNeil Island federal prison and was fined \$500. He was arrested August 16 with two gallons of liquor in the special compartment of his automobile.

Leaking roofs repaired. For roof work of any kind call 629.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—No Question About Loyalty Here!

"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE A SHADOW HAS BEEN CAST ON TOMMY'S HONOR—AN IMPULSIVE SHERIFF, GRABBING AT THE FIRST SIGN OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE POINTING TO THE FINGER OF LUIS ROMERO, A PASSENGER IN TOMMY'S PLANE, HAS ORDERED A MAN HUNT ALONG THE BORDER—CHARGING TOMMY WITH THE KILLING AND THEFT OF TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! 14-15

"I DON'T CARE IF HE'S GOT A STACK OF EVIDENCE AGAINST TOMMY A MILE HIGH—THAT KID'S AS INNOCENT AS A LAMB IN A PASTURE."

"THERE'S TH' SET-UP, SMITH—GUESS YOUR PILOT DECIDED TO END TH' DEPRESSION FOR HIMSELF ALL OF A SUDDEN—"

"YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE THING—YOU HAVEN'T BROADCAST ANY NEWS CONNECTING TOMMY WITH IT, HAVE YOU?"

"WELL—ER—YES—AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVEN'T LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE AGAINST TOMMY TO ME—I CALLED UP A COUPLE OF NEWSPAPERS—"

"GREAT GUNS! THAT'S JUST CRUCIFYING THE BOY BEFORE THE WHOLE WORLD—AND WITHOUT EVEN AN INVESTIGATION!"

BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan Learns Something

"I THOUGHT WE COULD CHAT OUT HERE IN THE SUNSHINE—I REALLY DON'T EXPECT TO BE BUSY UNTIL LATE THIS AFTERNOON—THAT'S WHEN THE BIG RUSH BEGINS, ISN'T IT?"

"THE BIG RUSH? I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, MRS. BLACK!"

"WHY, ISN'T THAT THE TIME WHEN ALL THE CARS COME BY? THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SOLD ME THIS PLACE SHOWED IT JUST AS BUSY AS COULD BE—CARS WERE LINED UP ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ROAD—HE SAID IT WAS THE AFTERNOON TRADE—"

"DID YOU PAY MUCH FOR THIS PLACE, MRS. BLACK?"

"YES, IT TOOK MOST ALL MY SAVINGS AND THE INSURANCE FOR MY DEAR HUSBAND—LEFT ME WHEN HE DIED THREE YEARS AGO—YOU SEE, IT WAS COSTING ME TOO MUCH TO LIVE AND I JUST HAD TO GET INTO SOME BUSINESS—"

"ARE YOU GOING SO SOON, MR. COBBY?"

S'MATTER POP—The Originator Steps In Just In Time

"POP, WHERE IS MY HEAD CAP?"

"WHY SPECIFY HEAD CAP? WOULD YOU BE LIKELY TO HAVE A CAP ON ANY OTHER PART OF YOUR?"

"AH, THAT IS QUITE BRIGHT I'LL DIG UP A DIME FOR YOU!"

"HI-HI-HI, THAT WAS MY GAG! I TOLD IT TO HIM!"

"MAYBE KNEE CAP"

THE NEBBS—After The Battle

"BILLS FOR PRINTING! FOR MUSIC! FOR HALLS! FOR WHAT IT COST ME TO RUN FOR SENATOR I COULD HAVE BOUGHT A SMALL COUNTRY AND MADE MYSELF KING"

"THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD TIME FOR ME TO HAVE A FEW BILLS—WHEN IT'S RAINING A FEW EXTRA DROPS WOULD'NT HURT"

"DID AN IDEA EVER COME INTO YOUR HEAD THAT I'M GOING TO HELP MY HUSBAND? WHEN YOU SEE ME IN GRIEF YOU SEEM TO WANT TO SEE HOW MUCH I CAN STAND."

"IS THAT SO? I'VE BEEN A REAL HELP-MATE TO YOU—ANY GRIEF YOU'VE HAD DIDN'T COME FROM THIS SIDE OF THE HOUSE."

"YES WHEN THE RETURNS WERE COMING IN AND IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS ELECTED AND YOU HAD VISIONS OF LIVING AT THE CAPITOL—YOUR FACE COULD HARDLY HOLD THE EXPRESSION OF CONTENTMENT"

"YES, AND VISIONS ARE ABOUT ALL I'LL GET—MY FACE HAS SO LITTLE REASON FOR EXPRESSION OF CONTENTMENT THAT IT BEAMS OUT IN ANTICIPATION OF IT"

FUSS OVER SYRUP LEADS TO SLAYING

GROVETON, Tex., Nov. 25.—(AP)—W. A. Fred Cook, 54, well-to-do planter and former judge of the Philippine courts, was shot to death yesterday in an argument with a tenant over the ownership of six gallons of cane syrup. The tenant, Jess Money, has been charged with murder.
The killing occurred at Cook's farm, about seven miles from Groveton. Money walked into Sheriff H. C. Brunson's office and surrendered, the sheriff said today.
Money, about 40, is married and has four children. Cook left a widow and seven children. Until a few days ago he had lived at the farm, but had moved back to Groveton, Brunson said.
PHOTO—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHANOLE STUDIO.
Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse, City sanitary service.

EX-LUMBERJACK SUCCEEDS JONES

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 25.—(AP)—An ex-lumberjack of Washington state has been appointed U. S. senator and today Maj. E. S. Grammar, heretofore unknown in political company, is preparing to take up the duties in the national capital.
The white-haired lumberman was named yesterday by Gov. Roland H. Hartley to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Wesley L. Jones.
Appointment of Grammar will send to the senate a man who refuses to make public his views on such national topics as war debts, the sales tax, the bonus or prohibition, before he takes up his duties. Grammar's appointment virtually assured the Republicans control of the senate during the short session.
Chrysanthemum Thimble club, Neighbors of Woodcraft, will give a social dance, bazaar and card party, Monday evening, November 28, after regular business session. Refreshments. Members and friends invited.

BRINGING UP FATHER

"I GRABBED THE BALL ON A FORWARD PASS AND RAN SIXTY YARDS FOR A TOUCH-DOWN."

"WONDERFUL—I'M PROUD OF YOU, MY SON—"

"GO ON—IT'S SO EXCITING—"

"IF I HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT FOOT-BALL I'LL GO MAD—"

"RATS!"

"THEY ARE JUST TWO YARDS FROM THE GOAL LINE—THEIR BACKS ARE TO THE WALL—"

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM
AFTER EVERY MEAL

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus