

A PATH TO PARADISE



by Clive Dawson

SYNOPSIS: After a painful session, Clive and Santa reach a point of equilibrium in their shifting matrimonial situation. Clive has learned his wife with her feeling for her first husband; but in the morning he realizes that the place of being masterful, as merely has been made.

Chapter 35 A CLEVER GIRL

"AND no more boasting," Santa barked her lips with the sheet.
"But darling, you've promised that," said Clive.
"You've been awfully bossy," she replied him.
"O, bog pardon—you're not referring to your own shortcomings."
"Well, haven't you?" Her eyes twinkled.
"Bosser you! I certainly haven't. The shoe's been on the other foot. If I can't salute your lips, your nose will do."
She forestalled him by pulling the sheet higher.
"You can have my lips when you've promised."
"Promised what?"
"Not to boss me."
"I never have—but I promise."
The sheet was lowered.
"Young devil!" He caught her to him.
He left the apartment grinning. Her ruse had been the revenge of a little capricious girl.

The chill November air was bracing. He was in a mood to count his blessings. A wife who worshipped him. An employer who at one throw had more than doubled his salary. Scarcely more than six months ago he'd been that most desolate of creatures, a bachelor.
Marriage to him had been a vision on the road to Damascus, revealing life in its fulness. He'd lacked faith in his ability till Santa had inspired him. Merely to be her husband had boosted his stock. He was sitting on top of the world. Peaks of triumph!

In the subway, hurrying downtown, he asked himself what had been the reason for his success. It boiled down to this: that Santa had forced him to reach up to a standard which had been a prophecy. She'd presumed his success. Anyhow, misunderstandings were things of the past. His straight talking even if it wasn't quite merited, had cleared the atmosphere.

Seated in his office, occupied with facts, a doubt cast a shadow. Cleared the atmosphere! Had it? Not till lunch did he permit himself the leisure to examine. General Foch had achieved victory by a logic wholly feminine: "A battle won is a battle which we will not acknowledge to be lost." Santa had made the same discovery. In the moment of defeat, she had snatched back all her trenches by making him promise never again to be what he never had been—bossy.

With aroused suspicion that amounted almost to alarm, he ran over the progress of their quarrel. Santa had retreated, conceding everything till she had brought him to a halt. She'd employed the same tactics at Stratford. She'd been willing to agree with him till his arguments had grown stale through repetition; then she went her own way, dragging him at her chariot.

It became certain that she contemplated no reforms. She still intended that he should roost in the home of her choosing, sit on her chair, watched by all the gods who had witnessed her first marriage. A woman who never acknowledged defeat, never acknowledged that she had erred. Were husbands always in the wrong, he wondered.
And yet she seemed to be unaware of her obstinacy. Her subtlety was instinctive. Last night he'd missed his great chance. He should have framed a program before accepting her submission. If he were to reopen the debate in the face of reconciliation, it would be difficult to keep conversation on a friendly basis. On the other hand, if he didn't, he might as well not have spoken; affairs would drift placidly into their old channels.

With the half-formed idea of impressing her with his importance, he stuffed a stack of papers into his satchel.
"What on earth have you there?" she challenged.
"Work, darling."
"What a shame!"
"No, Santa. A salary of my size requires earning. Give me a pencil and paper. Divide the days of the year into twelve thousand. I'm earning just short of thirty-three dollars

a day, including Sundays and holidays. That's two hundred and thirty a week. A thousand a month. Think of it. I don't want it alone. It's up to me to prove it worthy."
"Which means working the old head over time in the evenings?"
"Can't I help?"
He was touched.
"You can't typewrite and take shorthand."
"Girls more dumb than I am can." "True." He took her face between his hands. "But they're trained dumb-bells. I've seen samples of your spelling. Besides—"
"Besides nothing." Her earnestness increased at his refusal. "I'm turning over a new leaf. I've not shown sufficient interest in you. I'm intelligent."
"You're better than intelligent." He drew her to him. "Have you any idea how few sweet girls there have ever been in the world? Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Nell Gwyn—and now there's you. You're a work of art. I wouldn't permit you to blurt your fingers against a typewriter. No, sir. At a glance I'll hire."

Over dinner he resumed her plea. "How would it suit you to be merely decorative? In a way that's what you were while you were out of employment. You didn't find life so hot. From the time you leave me in bed in the morning till you return, I fritter."
"For instance?"
"Washing my hair. Manicuring my nails. Getting into mischief in shops."
"But you have the housekeeping." "Don't be futile, Clive. I tidy up our bedroom; the maid does the rest. I plan one meal. Now if I were learning to typewrite all day I'd be doing something for you. I'd have a purpose. How long would it take to learn?"
"I don't want you to learn."
"Being bossy again." She shook a finger.
He tried to change the subject.
"Talking about being bossy, do you remember the agreement we made last night, that everything's going to be not me or you, but us? Now that I'm earning an income large enough to provide for both of us—"

"You've only been earning it a day." She winked at him.
"Now that I am," he refused to be diverted, "how about moving out from this shell in a cupboard and renting a real home? By a real home I mean a place where people don't live beneath you and above you. Where you can make a noise without receiving complaints from the janitor. Where you can be ill without being flung into the streets like a cartion. I mean the kind of place where you can have an open fire, your own cellar and your own coal."

"It sounds sweet," she beamed, "especially the cellar. Have you some particular place in mind?"
"Not at the moment."
"And keep chickens, I suppose, and burn our own garbage? But where, Clive? I'm all excited."
"There's heaps of country round New York."
She feigned disappointment.
"Well, when you've decided, let me know. But about my learning to type—"
"Heavens, Santa! Can't you concentrate?"
"That's what I am doing, darling. We were speaking of typing first."
"But to possess a home is more important." He struggled to hold her attention. "A home would keep you fully occupied. We'd have a garden. There'd be seeds to plant—"

"And wouldn't I look cute," she laughed, "pushing a lawnmower?"
The telephone tinkled before he could retort.
"I'll answer it." She sprang up. As she passed, she patted his head. "Old funny!"
Left to himself, he stared at the tablecloth. The old situation was beginning. Despite their overwhelming affection, it seemed impossible for them to see eye to eye. She complained that her life was artificial. He suggested a means of making it natural. She hardly listened. Was it that she didn't credit him with a grain of common sense?

She was calling. He found her at the telephone, one hand muffling the mouthpiece. At sound of his approach she turned breathlessly.
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One more tangle snarls the matrimonial affairs of Clive and Santa, Monday.

LAURELHURST HAS BASKETBALL QUINT TO BE PROUD OF

Laurelhurst school with an enrollment of sixteen pupils, has a basketball team of which they may be justly proud. This was proven Friday, November 25, when they defeated students from Prospect High school by a score of 14 to 9. Robert Thomas and James Thomas were the outstanding players for the Laurelhurst team. Other players were Allen Collingwood, Kenneth Rogers, Bobby Oht and Donald Vaughan.
West Side school pupils have given further proof of their training in practical citizenship. The entire school through a cooperative movement purchased two memberships in the Red Cross society during the recent drive. These were purchased by penny contributions from every pupil.

County wide testing in primary reading laws completed November 23. Returns are in from all but a few of the outlying districts and results will be mailed out to teachers before the holidays.
The Sams Valley Teacher Study Group have organized for the year's study with Ada East as chairman; Frances Wilson, vice chairman and Ethel Boussem, secretary. Nature study correlated with agriculture has

DECEMBER 3 DATE OF GRANGE INSTALLATION FOR WILLIAMS CREEK

WILLIAMS CREEK, Nov. 29.—(Sp.)—The Williams Grange will install officers December 3. A team of Grange members captained by Clive Davidson will put on a program occupying the lecture room. December 17 another team chosen by Mrs. Vincelli but captained by Mrs. Sorrells will put on a program in competition, the losing side to treat.
Eugene Morrison and Charles Cougle were appointed by the home economics committee to have charge of refreshments for December. Doughnuts and coffee will be served at the next meeting. One new member, Douglas Eiler, was given the third and fourth degree work. The Grange had as visitors Mr. and Mrs. Billy Carl. Mrs. Carl is a member of the Applegate Grange and Mr. Carl of the Murphy Grange.
Williams Grange members have formed a potato pool and are expecting to have several tons of Klamath county potatoes, which are now stored in Grants Pass, brought out for use. Six members of the Grange, T. B. Davidson, Clive Davidson, Eugene Morrison, Emil Vahrenwald, Alfred Hilton and Harry Sorrells, gathered at the Frank Wright place Tuesday with a drag-saw and teams and prepared

a nice lot of wood for use at the Grange hall.
Phoenix
PHOENIX, Nov. 29.—(Special)—Mrs. John Roberts was hostess at a dinner Thanksgiving day. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Peterson, A. H. Houston, Mrs. Mackle Wright, Mrs. F. A. Denzer was hostess at a family dinner on Thanksgiving day for Mr. and Mrs. George Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denzer and son, Geary, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Corthell and children, Miss Marian DeVries, and Messrs. Lee, Roy, Marshall and Howard Denzer, and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Denzer. Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Sanden and family of Jacksonville spent Thanksgiving day at the home of Mrs. Sanden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Viall.
G. T. Campbell, one of the high school instructors, spent the holidays with friends and relatives at Myrtle Creek.
Mrs. Malmgren and Mr. and Mrs. John S. Boner spent Thanksgiving day with Miss Gertie Haan of Ashland.
Miss Alice Lowry of this community and John Mills and family of Ashland, were guests at the home of E. J. White on Thanksgiving day.
Miss Edna Briscoe enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Mrs. Rose Singler.
Mr. and Mrs. George Coats and family of Medford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hust on Thanksgiving day.
Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Brown enter-

FAREWELL PARTY HELD IN PHOENIX

PHOENIX, Nov. 29.—(Special)—A Thanksgiving party was held at the Presbyterian church here Wednesday night as a farewell to Florence and Minnie Putnam, members of the Christian Endeavor society, who recently with their parents moved to Eagle Point. The Putnam sisters took a great interest in all community and church activities and will be greatly missed by the older set as well as the younger set.

TO SPEND \$7000 IN ROAD REPAIR WORK

BUTTE FALLS, Nov. 29.—(Sp.)—A road meeting was held at the high school November 28 and it was decided to expend \$7000 on repairing roads with crushed rock for the three road districts of Derby, McCloud and Butte Falls.
FREE—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHANGLER STUDIO.

ANTELOPE

ANTELOPE, Nov. 29.—(Sp.)—Rev. McKay of Medford is holding meetings at the Antelope school house this week. Every one is invited. Services begin at 8:15 o'clock.
Cecil Culbertson is digging a well on his ranch.
Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bigham entertained Thanksgiving day with a big dinner. Present were Mr. and Mrs.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Hurried Call!



LOOKS AS IF THE BANDITS HAVE LEFT—BUT I BETTER LAY LOW FOR A MINUTE AND SEE WHO THE VISITOR IS. WELL I'LL BE—



GIT OUTEN HEAR, YO' OL' HAWGS—HOOEY!



GOOD MORNING, SONNY!



O-WAH—O-WAH—MAMMY! GHOSTS! HANTS!



POOR LITTLE KID, YOU FORGOTTEN THAT THIS HOUSE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED? I NEARLY SCARED HIM TO DEATH—ANYWAY I'VE GOT THE PLACE TO MYSELF FOR ANWHILE—IF I CAN ONLY FIND THAT MONEY.



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Righteous Anger!



I THINK WHO'S BEEN DONE TO MRS. BLACK IS A ROTTEN SHAME!



I DO, TOO, BEN!



I KNEW YOU WOULD BOY! AN' IT'S UP TO US TO FALL TO AN' HELP HER!



SO WILL I, JONATHAN—I WONDER HOW WE CAN HELP HER?



YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME, JIM—I'VE GOT A PLAN—YOU DON'T SEE I HIRED A MANSERVANT FOR NOTHING, DO YOU?



GOLLY, JONATHAN, THAT'S RIGHT—WHERE IS PHILPOTTS ANYWAY?

'SMATTER POP—A Little Practice Makes A Perfect Broadcaster



OH—H, CAN I COME AN' SEE YA DO IT, AMBROSE.



I CERTAINLY WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU ALL COME AN' WATCH ME.



'SMATTER?



HIS POP IS GONNA HAVE HIM BROADCAST PLAIN PLAYIN'!

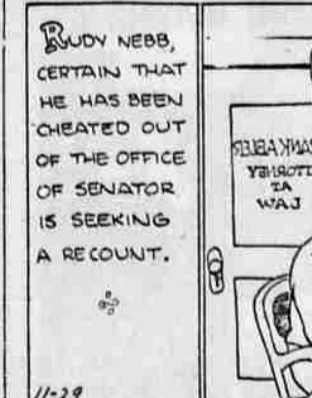


YOU PLAY ONE FINGER! HOW CAN YOU BROADCAST?



OH, I'M GONNA GET ANOTHER FINGER BROKE IN, IN A COUPLE OF DAYS AN' THEN I'LL BE ALL SET!

THE NEBBS—Legal Advice



RUDY NEBB, CERTAIN THAT HE HAS BEEN CREATED OUT OF THE OFFICE OF SENATOR IS SEEKING A RECOUNT.



I WAS ELECTED SENATOR AND WAS COUNTED OUT. NOW I WANT A RECOUNT—NOW, I'LL TELL YOU HOW I KNOW I WAS COUNTED OUT—



...I BROKE WITH THE GANG WHO NOMINATED ME AND VOTES FROM THE DISTRICT THEY CONTROLLED WEREN'T REPORTED UNTIL THEY FOUND OUT HOW MANY VOTES IT TOOK TO LICK ME.



YOUR CASE WILL HAVE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE SENATE COMMITTEE.



YOU RAN AS AN INDEPENDENT—NEITHER OF THE OLD PARTIES CARE MUCH FOR INDEPENDENTS—YOU'RE IN THE HOTEL BUSINESS—THEY CAN'T COUNT YOU OUT OF THAT IF YOU PAY SOME ATTENTION TO IT—THIS ADVICE IS NOT GOING TO COST YOU ANYTHING WHETHER YOU TAKE IT OR NOT.



By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER



YOU SAY YOUR SON IS GOING TO TAKE THE COLLEGE WIDOW TO THE GAME? AS DEAN OF THE COLLEGE I'LL STOP IT!



FINE—I HOPE YOU DO!



I WILL ATTEND TO THIS RIGHT AWAY—YOU CAN DEPEND UPON IT!



THAT SUITS ME!



I HOPE THE DEAN KEEPS HIM IN AFTER SCHOOL.



IS THIS MR. JIGGS? WELL, PLEASE TELL YOUR SON I CAN'T GO TO THE GAME WITH HIM—I'M GOING WITH THE DEAN!

DEATH CLOSES CAREER OF NOTED JOURNALIST

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—(AP)—Edwin A. VanValkenberg's political journalistic career has ended at the age of 65. He died Saturday night of a heart disease after an illness of several months. Friend of Theodore Roosevelt, editor and publisher of the newspaper, the Philadelphia North American, VanValkenberg for years was an influential figure in the public affairs of this city and Pennsylvania.

ARIZONA DRY LAW WIPED FROM BOOK

PHOENIX, Ariz., Nov. 29.—(AP)—From his sick bed in a hospital here, Governor George W. P. Hunt Monday declared Arizona's prohibition law null and void.
The 73-year-old executive signed the order without ceremony and carried out the mandate of the electorate at the November 8 general election.
Arizona was one of the first states to enact a prohibition law. It was adopted six years before national prohibition.
The only liquor law now effective in the state is the federal act.
Oldest Bank Closes
MARYSVILLE, Cal., Nov. 29.—(AP)—The Dekar Jewett bank, the oldest state bank in California, established in 1854, closed today by order of the state superintendent of banks. It was the first bank failure in Marysville's history.

HARTMAN ON TRIAL IN JUSTICE COURT TODAY

A jury trial was being conducted in the circuit court room at the county court house this afternoon, the state of Oregon versus Dwight Hartman, on a charge of reckless driving. Judge Glenn O. Taylor was presiding.
Hartman was arrested about three weeks ago by state police, following an accident on the Crater Lake highway when the automobile he was driving struck a school bus.
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