

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Defeated in their plan to get Clive to work for his wife's former husband, Dicky, Santa and Dicky remain friends. Dicky puts himself into the role of family friend, and although Clive coolly reminds Dicky that he has brought home work from the office, Dicky settles back in his chair and declares that he will talk with Santa until the rain stops. Clive feels himself dismissed.

Chapter 38

SANTA GETS A THRILL

IN the library across the hall, which was little better than an alcove, Clive raised the flap of the desk and spread his papers. The earnest murmur of voices pursued him. What on earth could Santa and Dicky end to talk about? He listened. Words were indistinguishable. Brittle laughter! Across the years the peculiar pitch of that laugh roused memories. It was Santa's hunting cry. She had invariably employed it in her flapper days when she was luring a fresh victim to the slaughter. Conversation dropped again. Heaven, why be jealous? It was as much his fault as hers that she was stuck there alone with Dak.

Meanwhile Santa was experiencing a new thrill in conducting a tete-a-tete with this forbidden man. He had known her every heart-throb. It was curious to reflect that she had given herself to him to the strains of priestly music.

Now to show him courtesy bordered on liaison. Pulses of emotion were stirring. She gazed at him with wistfulness, her lips saying one thing, her brain dramatizing another.

A pause occurred. "It is to laugh," he ventured. "How?" "These hands that once caressed you."

"Dicky, be sane or I'll throw you out."

He sighed sentimentally. "So many things to remind me. You. Myself. The furniture. Only the room is different."

"My husband is different. Don't you ever regret, Santa?" "Not noticeably."

"I do." "Don't believe you. I'm not the least bit interested."

He bent forward. "That's not true. You're having the time of your young life. If I'd been a former beau you'd be interested; whereas you and I loved ourselves to become one flesh. We'll remain a part of each other as long as we remain above ground."

His blue eyes pierced, explored, exposed her. She could summon Clive. It seemed wiser to handle the situation without his help.

Lighting a cigarette, she became the composed young woman of fashion-plates.

"You're an idiot," she blew a puff of smoke.

"Don't I mean anything?" "No more than last year's frock."

Flinging his hands abroad, in a superlatively foreign gesture, Dicky relaxed.

"So the rose still has thorns! You're the kind of woman who never ought to have married. I wonder whether Clive has found that out!"

"Ask him," Santa suggested. "No, I wouldn't rob him of his pathetic faith in you. You'll do that."

"Why so certain?" "She gaped as though he were a crystal-gazer. She hadn't the least respect for any of his opinions, yet his pretensions to be able to read her fortune fascinated."

"Because you're no mystery to me, my dear."

She was startled to hear him employ that familiar form of address. It gave her the sensation that she was back in Chicago.

"You see, I lived with you, quarrelled with you, loved you for a year," he continued. "It was the quarrelling that taught me so much. To pretend that we have reticences is lunacy. I know you from every angle."

"Then let's scrap reticences." She flicked her ash. "Portrait of a wife by her divorced husband! Slout."

"I'm not vindictive." He heeled-tated.

"That's all right. You're going to hurt me. I don't mind if you can teach me which of my faults to avoid. I fooled myself that I gave you everything, just as I'm fooling myself that I give Clive everything. Clive's an idealist. He'll never be content with less. I may be starving him."

"You are. If you weren't, you wouldn't have said it."

"How do you know?" She strove to keep her tone inconsequential.

"Can you bear the truth? You must have noticed last night how

between me and your present husband a bond of sympathy was almost instantly established. You explained to Clive's side when you said he was sorry for me. I fell for him for precisely the same reason. But why should we feel sorry for each other?"

"I'm not as dumb as all that," she smiled. "You've both had me for a wife."

"Quite so. If you were to remarry a hundred times, you couldn't change your personality. You've a man's brain in a woman's body. Somewhere deep in your subconsciousness you resent not having been born a man. You refuse to follow. You're uncooperative. You disguise your high-handedness by attributing unselfish motives. You're always attempting to remold your husband of the moment to the more perfect image of yourself."

"If I'm as horrid as all that, how did I attract you?"

"Ah!" He rubbed his hands. "Your feminine body conquers your masculine brain on occasions. It takes sex appeal, plays the kitten, drives men crazy. You're only disappointing to the particular man who owns you."

"Poor Dicky! You would say that."

"You think I'm degrading your values because I've lost you. On the contrary, I treasure two exquisite memories: the night you accepted me and the day you divorced me. The kindest of these was—"

"You spoke just now," she interrupted, "of wives being disappointing. It's a foolish question. You've done nothing but ill-wish me. In your opinion, from the little you've seen of Clive—"

She lowered her voice and jerked her head in the direction of the library. "Do you consider that he's disappointed?"

"Santa!" He assumed an expression of shocked dignity.

"But you've been discussing Clive all evening. You've hinted and implied."

Clive entered. "Hello, Dak! Thought you'd gone. It's stopped raining."

Dicky looked up mildly. "We got into an argument. We always did. It's been like old times. I've been maintaining that the modern girl is unmarriageable."

Clive approached his wife. "Here's one who isn't."

As his arm slipped about her, Santa became normal.

"Dicky's bitter."

When the door had closed behind their guest, Clive drew her into the library.

"That chap's haunted."

Later, in bed, Santa demanded, "How haunted?"

"By you."

"Well, I think he's horrid. Keep him away from me. I'm ashamed that I was ever married to him."

"Of course you are. But I'm tired."

Kissing her, he turned his back. Having waited till he was asleep, she placed her arm about him and lay wondering whether it was true that she was the sort of woman who never ought to have married.

Next morning, partly to disguise her state of mind, partly to test Clive's tenderness, she feigned a headache.

"Darling, oughtn't I to call a doctor?"

"It's nothing, Clive."

"But heaps of diseases start with headaches."

"It's nerves, Clive. That discussion about whether I should learn typewriting and then about moving to the country didn't help matters."

"I was a brute, darling. Try some aspirin and a cold pack on your forehead."

After he'd pulled down the blinds and left for business, she sat up rumpiling her hair.

"Road to heaven, you're a faker, but he still cares for you."

What a simperous she'd been to listen to Dicky! One prophesies the thing he desires. He wanted her marriage to Clive to be a failure. It would restore his self-esteem. Clive had been right: it had been a mistake to re-cultivate a divorced husband. The day she had taken Clive she should have burned her boats behind her.

She would burn them now. Determination galvanized her. By the time Clive returned that evening, the situation which her tactlessness had created should be terminated. Having rested, she telephoned Dicky.

A carefully trained, cautiously modulated voice replied. "Mr. Dak is engaged. Any message?"

"But I have to speak with him. Please tell him that Santa is on the wire."

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Santa, in an effort to clear the air, takes a fresh start tomorrow.

OWL NIPS HAND OF LINEMAN ON RESCUE MISSION

An interesting tale of a learned owl, a horned one, too, was told by E. W. Carlton, orchardist, here this morning. The owl was discovered a few weeks ago on a rather undignified position, his wing caught in the tying wire near a transformer on the power line near the home of the Misses Carlton on the Old Stage road.

Mr. Carlton and a neighbor, who saw him there, endeavored to remove him from the trap with a pole, but his wing, through his efforts to free himself, had become too tangled in the wire. They telephoned the California Oregon Power company office and asked if anyone would be interested in rescuing an owl. The answer was "yes."

A lineman soon arrived and with heavy gloves for protection, took the owl from the wire. By way of expressing his gratitude, the bird pecked him with a very strong bill which all but penetrated the insulated gloves, then dropped to the ground. His wing was apparently broken and a move to end his misery with a shotgun was started, but the two men who discovered him objected.

He was snared and taken to the

COOKING SCHOOL ON TALENT'S SCHEDULE

TALENT, Dec. 1.—(Sp.)—December 2 and 3 from 1 to 4 o'clock, the H. E. committee of the Talent Grange will sponsor a cooking school by Crown Mills.

All ladies of Talent and nearby communities are cordially invited. The food prepared at the cooking school will be sold and the money turned in to the local relief fund.

HALT ENLISTMENT IN MARINE CORPS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—(AP)—Enlistments in the marine corps were suspended today to meet curtailment of 1700 men called for in the scheduled bureau cut of funds for the corps.

The marines today comprise 15,398 enlisted men. The budget to be presented to congress allows for but 13,600 men. Officers are not affected.

STORK CATCHES UP WITH FINN RUNNER

HELSINGFORS, Nov. 30.—(AP)—Paavo Nurmi, Finland's famous distance runner, is the proud father of a son, who has been christened Paavo. Mrs. Nurmi was Miss Sylvi Laakkonen before her marriage.

NEW CENTRAL PT. CHEESE FACTORY OPEN IN JANUARY

(Continued from Page One)

is, however, anxious to buy as much milk as possible in the surrounding territory.

Milk from a total of 1,600 cows is now assured, C. M. Churchill, manager of the plant, said today. This quantity is expected to be increased as rapidly as dairymen wish to dispose of milk to the new concern until a figure has been reached much larger than the present total. Facilities of the plant, when in complete operation, will make possible the use of 50,000 gallons of milk daily.

Milk Required

Milk producers are urged by Mr. Churchill, manager, to see him as early as possible at the Central Point plant if interested in disposing of milk to the cheese factory.

With market conditions paving the way, the plant will be in operation continuously, eliminating the possibility of seasonal milk demands. Milk from small herds will be as readily solicited as that from large ones in an effort to bring about as large a supply as possible. A number of valley land owners have announced

Rich Gold Mine Near Mt. Ararat

ISTANBUL, Turkey, Dec. 1.—(AP)—A gold mine has been discovered at Kagisman, near Mount Ararat, the minister of economy announced today. He estimated its potential value at \$300,000,000.

The government will ask parliament for an appropriation to finance exploitation of this mine and some newly-discovered oil fields in Anatolia.

Return of Klamath Suspect Is Sought

SALEM, Dec. 1.—(AP)—L. D. Smith, under arrest at Sacramento, Cal., and wanted in Klamath county on a statutory charge, may be returned. Governor Julius L. Meier today issued papers for his return, which were sent to Sacramento with Sheriff Low of Klamath county.

Ft. Klamath Rum Possessor Fined

PORTLAND, Dec. 1.—(AP)—Ora W. Engle, charged with liquor possession and maintaining a nuisance at Fort Klamath, was fined \$300 in federal court here today. Arresting officers failed to get the names of witnesses or to determine for certain whether Engle had been selling beer.

Governor Hunt Wore

PHOENIX, Ariz., Nov. 30.—(AP)—Governor W. P. Hunt, ill in a hospital, suffered a relapse today and his condition was described by attending physicians as again critical.

NORMA TALMADGE STORM CENTER IN JESSEL'S DIVORCE

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—(AP)—Conflicting statements swirled today over whether Norma Talmadge, noted screen star, assisted George Jessel, Broadway comedian, in his \$100,000 divorce settlement with his former wife, Florence Courtney.

Statements came to light in supreme court that Miss Talmadge, threatened with an alienation of affections suit by Miss Courtney, guaranteed the payment Jessel promised his wife before she obtained a Reno divorce last month. Miss Talmadge issued a denial.

The statements, filed in supreme court as the result of a dispute between two lawyers, said Miss Talmadge pledged securities at a bank that Jessel would pay. Miss Talmadge, at Los Angeles, denied guaranteeing any property settlement. She said that with Jessel's ability to earn \$10,000 weekly it "seems ridiculous that any one should be asked to guarantee a paltry \$100,000 property settlement."

"There has been no alienation of affections suit," she said. "I have no intention of marrying Jessel. I am still married to Joseph Schenck (Hollywood producer) and I have no intention of getting a divorce."

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORBES

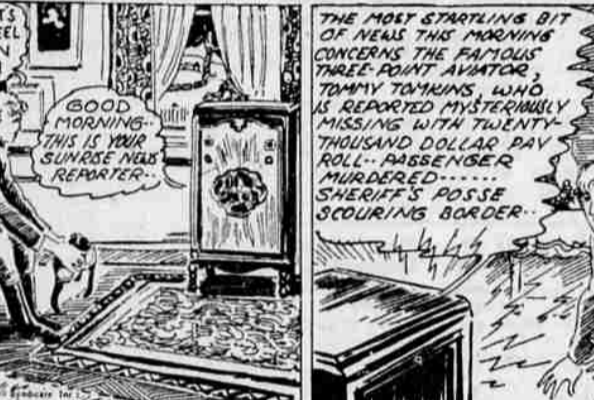
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Startling Radio News



BOUND TO WIN—The Rush Begins



S'MATTER POP—Ambrose Wins Again



By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Welcome News



BRINGING UP FATHER



By C. M. PAYNE



By SOL HESS



By George McManus



BAPTIST YOUNG RALLY SUNDAY

The Southern Oregon Baptist Young People's association will hold their quarterly rally at Ashland, Sunday, December 4, at 3:30. This association includes the B. Y. P. U. groups of the Baptist churches of Grants Pass, Ashland, Medford and Klamath Falls.

JOB INSURANCE AND LIQUOR OBJECTIVES

CINCINNATI, Nov. 30.—(AP)—Declaring itself in favor of unemployment insurance paid for by industry, the American Federation of Labor added to its program today plans to seek "repeal of the 18th amendment as rapidly as that can be brought about," immediate modification of the Volstead act, and "the elimination, as far as possible of all immigration."

Bandit's Bullets Fatal

ANAHEIM, Cal., Dec. 1.—(AP)—Mayor Fred Koesel, 56, of Anaheim, died today of a bullet wound inflicted Monday night by one of two highwaymen who held up and robbed him of \$53 in his automobile.