

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Clive feels himself pushed again into the background, his time by his wife Santa's insatiable desire to reform her former husband, Dicky, Santa is so blind that Dicky persuades her he really is producing plays on Broadway until the name of Lou-Lou, longtime friend of Dicky's, comes into the fray. Then she understands; then also, Clive sees a possible ally in Lou-Lou.

Chapter 42 STAGE DOOR JOHNNY

CLIVE was lacking in fitness. He had never had underhand dealings with women. To get in touch with Lou-Lou he chose the course that was most direct. Having waited till his wife and Dicky were settled for the evening, he slipped into his coat and out.

Hearing movements, Santa called, "What are you doing, darling?"

"Appointment with a friend."

"That brought her into the hall on the run."

"What sort of a friend?"

"Sort of business friend."

"That's a fib. You can't lie like the truth, Besides—"

He glanced back in the act of escaping.

"Besides what?"

"You mustn't leave me alone with Dicky."

"Santa, you're a fraud. Being alone with Dicky ought to be second nature."

As he bent his steps toward the glare of Broadway, he thought furiously. This Dicky business was becoming more serious than he'd anticipated. More serious than even Santa imagined.

The rendezvous that he was planning was a strategy of desperation. He set himself a problem in arithmetic: if his marriage had taken nine months to degenerate to this middle, how many more months would it require to bust up completely?

Having reached the theater where Lou-Lou resided, he bought an orchestra seat and handed a note to the clerk in the office.

"Please have it delivered."

The note read:

My dear Miss Lou-Lou, excuse my familiarity—it's the only name by which I know you. If you can spare me a few moments, I shall be most grateful. My business is urgent. It concerns a friend of yours—Richard Dak.

He had written it over as many times as a school-boy, his object being to spur curiosity and at the same time to prevent her from mistaking him for a stage-struck Johnny.

He felt furtive, almost wicked—a young man on the loose. He was doing no worse than Santa. Nevertheless, as he sank in his seat, he was thankful for the darkness.

During the intermission an attendant tapped him on the shoulder.

"At the end of the performance Miss Sandrelle will see you in her dressing-room."

He picked up a program and read Lou-Lou Sandrelle on the list of actresses. Sandrelle was as good a name as any if you had been christened Smith or Jones.

Miserably self-conscious, at the final lowering of the curtain he wandered into the foyer. Everyones respectable was departing.

"I have an appointment with Miss Sandrelle," he muttered, and was directed to the stage entrance.

Thence he was handed on through scenery in process of being dismantled, till he found himself outside a door in a gloomy passage. With a sinking heart he tapped.

"Come in, O it's you!"

She grinned like a street-urchin, only partially clad and totally unembarrassed.

"I troubled you, Miss Sandrelle—"

"If you're a friend of Dicky's," she cut him short, "you're a friend of mine. What about him?"

Perching on a stool before the mirror, she began to powder her arms and throat. That done, she reddened her lips and dabbed her ears with perfume. Clive had never been treated to sights so intimate by any woman except Santa.

"You're a nice boy," she spoke again, attempting to put him at his ease. "I've a date with a beau. That's the reason I'm squeezing you into my spare moment."

"Is your date with Dicky?"

"And if it is?" She glanced across her gleaming shoulder.

"He won't keep it," Clive sank his head. "We're companions in misfortune—adrift in the same boat. I want to tell you. He's with my wife, and there he'll stay till I return to break up the party."

"The big, soft lump!" was her only comment.

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

**CHAPTER I
The Ugly Pinocchio.**

Once upon a time there was a very lazy young Gnome who worked in Santa Claus' toyshop up near the North Pole.

He was supposed to carve out beautiful wooden soldiers and then paint their pretty red suits. But instead he played all day with the soldiers' tiny guns and swords.

One day he had been particularly lazy. He hadn't carved out one single soldier. And then he suddenly saw Santa coming toward him.

He snatched up a knife and a piece of wood and carved so fast that he almost had a complete soldier in a twinkling. But just then his knife slipped. He was making the poor soldier's face. He made a tiny little head and great big nose, and the poor little soldier doll looked so terrible that the Gnome just knew Santa wouldn't permit him in any infantry at all.

And there was nothing he could do about it. Once a doll is made, he can't be broken or remodeled. So there he was. And the minute the Gnome had finished him, the doll jumped up on the workshop table and began to shout:

"Look what you've done! You've made me so homely nobody will want me. Look at that nose. I can hardly see over it." And the poor little fellow covered his face with bony, little hands and wept so that Santa came running down the toyshop room.

When Santa saw what the Gnome had done, he shook his head gravely. But Santa has a remedy for everything. He knew how to make the weeping doll dry his tears.

"But you will mean more to us than a whole company of handsome soldiers," said Santa to the doll.

"How do you mean?" asked the doll, so surprised that he stopped crying. Really, he did look funny. His little body was so thin, his knees and elbows looked so bumpy and his nose was longer than his head.

"Call my Funny Man," cried Santa. And soon the merriest looking little fellow came hip-ty-hop across the tables and stopped right next to the long-nosed doll.

"Funny Man, have you got one of those little luck coins in your pocket?" asked Santa.

"Yes, s-i-l-v-e-r-r-l Here it is," said the Funny Man.

"Give it to this doll. We will call him Pinocchio the Clown, and it will be his good luck to make everyone laugh, even the saddest."

So the Funny Man handed the weeping doll the coin, and Pinocchio—because that's what we will call him now—put it in his little coat pocket.

"Now go a dancin'," Santa commanded.

And Pinocchio took a few fancy steps. But he was so thin that he



looked as though he were tying himself in a knot.

"Ho-ho-ho and ha-ha-ha!" shouted the whole toyshop. The dolls and

**CHAPTER II
The Beautiful Doll.**

The lazy Gnome had no easy task before him when he was ordered to make the most beautiful doll ever created in Toyland.

You remember, Santa had ordered him to do so after he made Pinocchio, the clown with the long nose.

He thought and thought, and the more he sat around and thought, the less he seemed to know. So he went outside and sat on a snowball, feeling so blue that a group of little snowflakes came and sat by him.

"We know somebody who would help you," one of them whispered.

"Who in the world could it be?" asked the Gnome.

"The Snow Princess," they answered.

"Please take me to her," said the Gnome. So they all romped off to a hill of snow where the sun was shining so bright the whole hill glistened, and right on top was a beautiful, tiny throne of ice on which sat the little Snow Princess. Her whole robe looked like diamonds and she wore a tiny crown of star-shaped snowflakes.

"I've been thinking about you," she said to the Gnome. "My fairies make ice-pictures on windows and hang icicles around the roofs, but we've never made a doll, and we'd like to help you."

"Dear Princess, if you only would," said the Gnome. "I must make the doll myself or Santa will know, but I am sure if I could just sit here and model one after your likeness there is nothing could rival the beauty of what I will do."

The Snow Princess smiled.

"You are as gallant as a new Tin

Soldier," she said. "And I am more inclined than ever to help you. Run down to the Toyshop and bring up your materials. Bring yellow curls, and eyes as blue as sapphires and we shall see about the cloth—among ourselves."

So the Gnome ran as fast as his little fat legs could carry him. And then he ran back up the hill.

The snow fairies had made a table for him with a shiny ice-top and they had found a pair of magic silver scissors for him that can only cut beautiful things.

He set to work. He modeled and snipped and sewed, making his doll look like the Snow Princess. And when he was through there was the most beautiful doll of Toyland—with beautiful little hands and feet, and soft yellow curls.

Then six little snow fairies stepped up to the doll and placed on her a soft, glistening dress of pale blue—just the shade of ice on the lake when the sky overhead is very blue, and then they threw about her shoulders a long white robe that looked just like snowflakes woven together, but really it was quite as warm as fur.

"Now my gift," said the Snow Princess, and she stepped down from her throne to place a tiny crown of flashing stars on the doll's head and to hand her a little wand, tipped by a single star.

"Your name will be Inga, the Beautiful," she said. "And no matter where you go the snow fairies will see that you are safe and happy."

Just as the moon started to come up the Gnome, after many thanks

to the Princess, started back to Santa with Inga, the Beautiful.

Tomorrow: Inga Meets Santa.

SEEK WOOD HERE FOR PIPE BOWLS

What American woods are the best substitute for French briar in the manufacture of pipes is a question recently asked by the U. S. forest service, and Norman C. White, assistant supervisor of Rogue River national park said today that he plans to make an extensive study of the possibility of the products found here.

Two shrubs found extensively in the Applegate district of southern Oregon and in California, manzanita and wild lilac, have burls which local foresters believe are a very fair substitute for French briar. Of the two, wild lilac appears to offer the greater commercial possibilities, owing to the larger size of its burls and their more frequent occurrence. Qualities sought for in woods for pipe bowls are high resistance to charring, freedom from warping and cracking, attractive figure, ability to take color and polish, and a "sweet" taste after continued use.

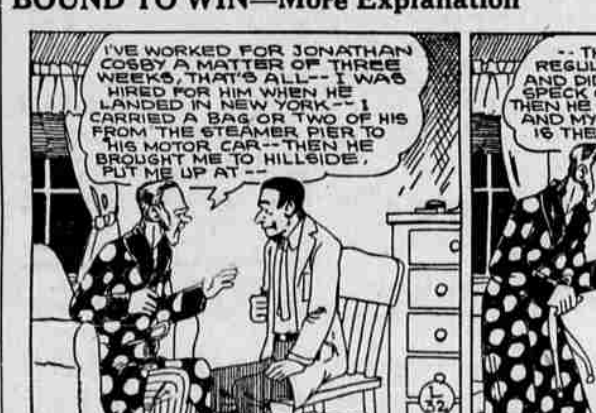
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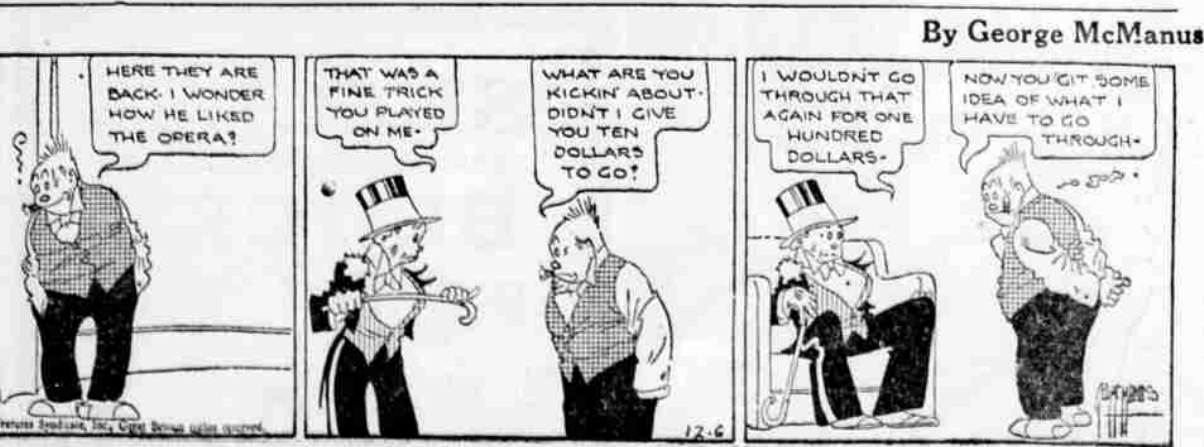
S'MATTER POP—Ambrose Disappoints Pop, The Music Lover



THE NEBBS—Coming—James Goldrox



BRINGING UP FATHER



ROOSEVELT HOLDS HOPE OF FARMER

CHICAGO, Dec. 6. — (AP) — President Edward A. O'Neal of the American Farm Bureau Federation today approved the principle of the domestic allotment plan for farm relief. As part of a legislative program advocated at the farm bureau's 14th annual convention, O'Neal said the agricultural marketing act must be amended to provide for the disposal of that part of our staple commodities required for domestic consumption at a price which will reflect back to the farmer the benefit of the protective tariff.

"The biggest spot in the present picture is the fact that the president-elect of the United States has pledged that agricultural relief will be given immediate attention by his administration," said O'Neal.

Beds of pain are eased with sheets of Christmas Seals. Buy several sheets.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge O'Connell Works.

ANNA CASE PLANS OPERA COMEBACK

NEW YORK, Dec. 6. — (AP) — Miss Anna Case, former Metropolitan Opera soprano, will return to the concert stage this week.

Gabriel Emilio Piza, concert manager, said she was returning because "she likes it" and that her first appearance would be at the Hotel Plaza Thursday morning when she will give song recitals with Etrém Zimballist, violinist.

Miss Case is the wife of Clarence H. Mackay, head of the Postal Telegraph company. After her marriage more than a year ago, she announced her retirement from the professional field.

Bazaar.

St. Mark's Guild bazaar all day Wednesday, December 7, in the Parish house. All kinds of bazaar articles moderately priced, cooked food, mince-meat, candy also for sale. Choice articles on the white elephant table. Bridge will be played, beginning at 2 o'clock.