

# A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby DAWSON

**SYNOPSIS:** Goodies beyond hearing by his wife Santa's attempt to reform her former husband, Dicky, Clive conspires with a show-girl friend of Dicky's to break up the situation. Lou-Lou is eager to help. Then Clive goes home, and Dicky, to his surprise, has Dicky there.

## Chapter 41

### BEAUTY IN TEARS

CLIVE reached home prepared for anything. He was greatly surprised. One light was burning to welcome him in the hall; the rest of the apartment was in darkness. Glancing into the drawing-room, he guessed the length of Dicky's stay by the mound of cigarettes. He felt the handle of his bedroom door yielded. He was tiptoeing to the bathroom where he planned to undress, when Santa stirred. "I'm awake. You're not disturbing me." Without waiting for him to switch on the light, she pulled the chain of her lamp. "My dearest," he exclaimed, "your eyes are red. You've been crying." "Dicky's been so rotten." She began to weep. Clive gathered her to him. "What did you expect? You're the last person in the world to be able to change him. A woman who hadn't been married to him might"

"Hello, you buns!" She peered into the drawing-room. Then focusing on Santa, "Gee baby-face, you're a false one! Didn't want him when he was yours and now won't let me have him. One husband isn't enough. You're pure." For the sake of dramatic effect Clive checked her. "Excuse me. You're speaking to my wife." "Is that so?" Lou-Lou swung round and surveyed him. "You're a dandy husband—a regular prize-fighter. How much does my man pay you to keep your fists off him?" Dicky was the last to catch her attention. "Come here—you," she commanded. "My dear Lou-Lou," he protested. As he approached, she caught him a resounding smack across his handsome face. "That's how dear I am to you. Thought you could gyp me, did you, and that I'd make no scandal? You're coming home, you piker." Dicky bowed. "Anything to stop this unseemly row," he apologized. The door closed behind them. Clive stared at Santa. "There's a woman in a thousand Whatever her morals, she can tell the truth. I'm a boob. You're

# SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

**SYNOPSIS:** A lazy Gnome sentenced to make Toyland's most beautiful doll, obtains the aid of the Snow Princess who fashions a doll named Inga. Santa imposed the sentence because the Gnome had made Pinochio, an ugly clown.

## CHAPTER III.

**Inga Meets Santa.** The Gnome was a little afraid that Santa wouldn't think his doll so beautiful. So he hid her outside and went into the Toyshop to announce that he was ready to show what he had made. "Bring her in, bring her in," Santa said. "I'll collect all the dolls and fairies. We'll let them decide." When all the people of Toyland had gathered under the huge Christmas tree in the center of the workshop, the Gnome led in the beautiful Inga. She didn't know why they were all there, but it was such a gay-looking company that she burst into the prettiest smile and made a low curtsy to them. "Hoorah!" shouted the Tin Soldiers. "The Gnome wins." "Hoorah!" shouted the other dolls. "Foot-trot," blared the horns, and "Tinkle-tinkle" sang the pianos. Santa had to cover up his ears, there was so much noise. And all the while, poor little Pinochio was standing in a corner, saying to himself: "Just look what

a beautiful doll that Gnome can make, and to think he made me as ugly as I am." He looked so forlorn that Inga noticed him and she wanted to make him happy. She walked over to him and took his hand, saying, "I know who you are. You can make people happy when all the rest of us fail." Pinochio was so embarrassed at being noticed that he turned quite red and traced a pattern on the floor with the point of one of his shoes. "Hoorah for Pinochio!" shouted the soldiers. "Do a dance," cried the dolls. So the little clown swung into one of those loose-jointed dances of his until it looked as though he'd lost an arm or a leg, and the whole workshop rocked with laughter. Inga smiled, but she didn't laugh. Maybe it was because the Snow Princess had helped make her. She seemed to see a little farther into the hearts of the toys around her. Dolls have hearts, you know. Inga knew that Pinochio was dancing because the dolls liked to see him, but she also knew that underneath his funny red and yellow suit he felt like crying. So while he danced she wove a little tiny wreath of mistletoe leaves and when he finished she put them around his head, and said, "This is for the King of Good Hearts." And Pinochio, like the true gentle-

man, fell on his knees and kissed her hand, just like a knight. All the dolls thought it was very pretty, but Santa's face softened and



all the rest, with Pinochio sitting at her feet telling her funny stories. Tomorrow: The Witch. CHEESE FACTORY OPERATING SOON

With equipment expected to be installed the latter part of this month, the Central Point plant of the Rogue River Cheese & Products Co., Inc., will be in active operation the first week in January, C. M. Churchill, manager, announced today.

# CHEESE FACTORY OPERATING SOON

A determined effort to increase the present prospective milk supply is to be begun within the next week, with prices subject to the current market. Mr. Churchill, a dairyman and cheesemaker of long experience, is anxious to contact milk producers in an effort to complete preparations for the establishment of truck routes. Several trucks will make daily rounds in collecting milk from points as far as 30 miles. Construction of the plant at Central Point is rapidly nearing completion, being rushed by the added force of several men. The building, with several thousand feet of floor space, is located in north Central Point along the Pacific highway and Southern Pacific tracks. FREE—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHANGLE STUDIO.

# ASHPHALT ROADS WITHSTAND TEST

"Road building must show definite proof of its solvency and business success," comments the authoritative Engineering News-Record, in reporting on the conference of the American Association of State Highway Officials, held at Washington last week. "The highway officials of America have to learn investment and upkeep costs, operating expenses, earnings and income as fully as they now know the details of road structures." Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, director of federal highway activities, sounded the keynote of the conference, when he said, "I can suggest nothing of greater significance than that every highway department shall dedicate itself to a greater and farther-reaching program of research, both economic and physical, than it has ever undertaken in the past." "That a movement promoted by the asphalt industry for many years is now being given official sanction, is gratifying," states Dan B. Miller, managing engineer of the Asphalt Institute. "Evidence that the idea was taking hold has been very apparent in the last two years. We are being called upon to an increasing extent by governmental bodies, to furnish statistics on the performance, the construction and upkeep costs of various types of asphalt pavements. Only by studies of such sta-

tics can road building be put on a business basis, as was suggested at the conference of state highway officials."

# Branch Railroad Permit Is Asked

SALEM, Dec. 7.—(AP)—The Coos Bay Southern Railway company has made application to the Interstate commerce commission for a certificate of public convenience and necessity authorizing construction of a road from Empire to North Bend, a distance of 5.5 miles, which would give an outlet of paper and mill industries at Empire to connect with the Southern Pacific line.

# Fire Discovered In State Edifice

SALEM, Dec. 7.—(AP)—Fire in a supply room of the new state office building was discovered shortly before midnight last night and squelched with little damage resulting. This was the second fire threat to the building since its construction in 1929, the other case being also slight.

# PROMINENT CONTRACTOR SUCCUMBS IN PORTLAND

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 7.—(AP)—William R. Ryan, 80, prominent railroad and highway contractor who built the Moffatt line from Denver to Salt Lake City, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Riley, here last night.

A Christmas Seal on every letter—Will help many to get better.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Getting Down To Facts!



# BOUND TO WIN—Dan Digger Again



By EDWIN ALGER

# S'MATTER POP—Ambrose's Father Is A Cheering Broadcaster



By C. M. PAYNE

# THE NEBBS—Contented



By SOL HESS

# BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



"Come here—you!" Lou-Lou commanded. "No nice woman would want him the way he is, Clive," she said. "That's the tragedy." "If you're asking my advice, you must place your cards on the table," she hesitated. "He's been lying to me. I'm certain he hasn't broken away from his bad habits. He's been pretending, because it amuses him to have me preach to him. I accused him this evening." "How could you accuse him, old girl, if you have no proof?" "You don't need proofs to accuse anybody, I mentioned Lou-Lou and chorus-girls. I told him that if he refused to become decent, I was through with him." "To which he replied?" Clive questioned. "Nothing." She began to weep again. "That's what's so dreadful. Perhaps he has been trying and I've misjudged him." "You've not misjudged him," Clive comforted her. "If you gave him his choice to be decent or to get out, we're rid of him. Dicky's the kind who can't be decent." Next evening Dicky presented himself with the solemn expression of one who had hit the saw-dust trail. He begged the favor of a conference with Clive and Santa. "I'm humble," he hung his head. "Santa's instinct was right. I have had dealings with one woman—Lou-Lou. Today I've sacked her." He raised clear, virtuous eyes. "At last I'm worthy of your friendship." Clive excused himself. From his library he telephoned the theater and left a message. Then he pretended to work, consulting his watch from time to time, while the murmur of earnestly conversing voices drifted to him from the drawing-room. At some minutes past eleven the door-bell rang. "I'll answer it," he called. As Lou-Lou entered, he whispered, "They're all set. Make the show-down convincing. Don't spare me." She pressed his hand as she swept by him.

# SWIMMING HOLE VANDALISM TOLD

An example of odd appreciation is shown in the attitude of some Jackson county swimmers to efforts of Miles Cantrell, well known Ruch rancher, in making available to the public a choice swimming hole in the Applegate river, adjoining his property. For several summers past, Mr. Cantrell has permitted swimmers to use his private lane in reaching the river. He constructed several dressing rooms and other conveniences, but a recent visit to the spot revealed his efforts were taken lightly. Visitors in a spirit of vandalism have literally destroyed the buildings, pulling boards off and in one or two cases entirely tearing down the structures, according to Mr. Cantrell.

# MORATORIUM FOR WHEAT GROWERS

PALOUSE, Wash., Dec. 7.—(AP)—Mayor Will Benton today proclaimed a 60-day "business holiday" at the request, he said, of the Farmers' State Bank of Palouse. "Owing to the low price of wheat and other farm commodities," he said, "the Farmers' State bank has asked for a holiday of 60 days, rather than force farmers of the community to sell their crops at the present ruinous low prices." A similar holiday was declared by Mayor Simon Dreifus, of Colfax, Wash., at the request of the First Trust and Savings Bank of Colfax last week. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service. It is socially correct to use Christmas Seals. Buy lots of them.