

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby

DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Tipped off by Clive, who is desperate at his wife's effort to reform her former husband Dicky, Lou-Lou suddenly appears. She stops Dicky, and reports with him after telling both Clive and Santa what she thinks of them. But it was all in vain; Dicky turns up next night, and she is Clive who relieves. It flings Dicky into the hell she orders never to return.

Chapter 44 WOMAN IN A PET

AND now for Santa! He'd done right, of course. Dicky had been her visitor. She'd derived some sort of excitement from him. Of the way divorced couples remained curious about each other! Without a doubt, she'd still regarded Dicky as in a limited sense her property.

Whatever her attitude, he must permit her to make him lose his temper. He must act cheerfully, as though bouncing ex-husbands were an invigorating form of exercise.

In the drawingroom he found her on the couch, her legs tucked under her, cushions piled behind her, giving an imitation of a girl absorbed in a novel.

"Hello, sweetheart!" he greeted her. "We can breathe freely now."

No sign that she had heard. Strolling over to the window, he gazed into the abyss of darkness and spoke again.

"There was no other way. It wasn't pleasant. At last we're rid of him."

He glanced across his shoulder. She hadn't stirred.

"You're beautiful, but you're not dumb, Santa. If either of us has cause for offence, I'm the one. New York isn't Tibet."

He had hoped that the reference to Tibet would extract a retort.

"In Tibet," he explained, "women are legally entitled to have as many husbands as they can support."

A tear splashed. She turned a page. The tear melted him.

"You're such a little girl. When you've made a mistake, why punish the person you've wronged?" He relieved her of her book gently.

"You're not reading. What's your trouble?"

Her face quivered.

"It was so undignified."

He selected a chair at a short distance from her.

"I agree. It was a climax to all the indignities which have pursued our marriage."

"It's no good, Clive; I'm shocked. To see you two quarrelling like dogs was horrible."

"It must have been," Clive kept his tone level. "Policemen have to be horrible; but there's a world of difference between a policeman and the ruffian he arrests. And again you're not logical; you were the architect of this ugliness. Having booted Dicky out of your life, you grew maudlin. You bankered after news of him. On one pretext or another you had to feel his pulse and take his temperature."

"It hasn't been pleasant for me. To say the least, you've shown an extraordinary lack of delicacy. You owed it to me to soft-pedal the fact that you were married again. Instead of soft-peddling, you're gone out of your way to remind me. What it amounts to is this—I'm your second adventure, whereas you're my only woman."

Hitching herself higher on the cushions, she smoothed her frock down over her knees.

"What it amounts to is that you're throwing my divorce at me. You're posing as the noble person who soiled himself to stoop to me. You regard me as a bigamist."

He sprang to his feet, toppling the chair.

"Don't smash my furniture," she murmured.

He set the chair to rights with elaborate politeness.

"Thank you for recalling to me that nothing in our home is mine."

"I am," she smiled brilliantly.

Striving for self-control, he stood rigid. Her sudden switch from suliness to amiability struck a note of insincerity.

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

SYNOPSIS: Inga is proclaimed the most beautiful doll in Santa's toyshop. She was made by a lazy gnome assigned to the work by Santa after he had fashioned Pinocchio, an ugly clown.

Chapter IV The Witch

Now all the world of magic isn't kind, you know. There are the witches who harm people and quite naturally they don't like Santa Claus because he is so good.

But Santa guards against them by never letting them enter the Toyshop.

"You are free to come and go up here," Santa told Inga. "We all have a good time because when you go down to the world on Christmas Eve you are only free to talk and play with other dolls after midnight. But there is one thing you must promise me—don't ever let any witches in. You will know them because they all have very old faces."

"Indeed, I won't," said Inga. And then she dismissed the subject from her mind, for there was so much to do in the Toyshop. In the center stood the huge Christmas tree on which grew all the little Christmas bells. A whole new crop popped out of the branches each day and funny little elves in brown suits and pointed green caps run up and down the branches cutting them off.

"Which proves my fairness," she pleaded. "A more obstinate idiot would have stuck to her guns and ruined the lives of all three of us."

"I won't do it," he smiled grimly. "I have you sized up. In your own opinion you're a goddess. You can do no wrong. But when you married me, you were no philanthropist. A woman who has failed one man can fail a second. It was up to you far more than to me, to make a special effort. Instead of which—"

She held out her arms.

"Can't we cry quits?"

"No! We've reached the crossroads. You don't at all appreciate the crisis. I'm through with squawking. If your tenderness for Dicky is genuine, you must prefer him. Why not return to him? The decision we make tonight is final."

He hadn't set out to say that. What if in an attempt to lash him back to her she, too, should adopt the whip of cruelty? Her lips puckered. Her hands clenched and unfolded.

"There isn't any decision."

With a wriggle that convulsed her entire body she twisted, burying her face in the cushions.

He was on his knees beside her. "I knew there wasn't. Please don't hide."

She drew his head down. Gradually her sobbing ceased. For some moments there was silence.

"What are you thinking, Santa?"

She released him.

"Go! You're handsome. If you ever looked cross-eyed at another woman, I'd bump her off. That's how much I care for you."

The telephone tinkled. She was on her feet in a second.

"I'll bet that's Dicky. He never knows what he's liked. Listen while I give him his hall and farewell."

She seized the receiver in fighting mood.

"Yes. That's correct. Yes."

She turned.

"It's for you—a woman."

Clive took the receiver with a vigor scarcely less belligerent than her own.

"Hello! What do you want?" His irritation evaporated; his tone became honeyed. "O, it's you!—Teach him a lesson. No, she didn't at first. Why certainly. I'll beat him up for you any time. Not at all—the pleasure's mine."

He rang off to discover that Santa was still standing behind him.

"Who was shot?"

"Lou-Lou."

"But she's as detestable to me as Dicky is to you. How did you get so friendly with her?"

"A beautiful little gold mirror with a ruby set in the back," said the witch.

"You're sure you're not a witch," said Inga.

"Quite sure."

"All right, then, come in," and dropping them down to other little elves.

Along the sides of the large rooms are long tables where fairies work painting faces on dolls, curling their hair and dressing them.

In another room gnomes work on toy trains and wagons. They even have little furnaces where they melt the metal. And they look very important indeed hammering away.

Mrs. Santa is in charge of all the little fairies that make Christmas goodies. They pop corn and make long white strings to trim the trees. They gather cranberries and bake ginger-cookies until the whole shop smells good.

One day Inga was sitting on her throne watching all the excitement when there was a soft rap on the window behind her. She turned and saw a tiny old woman standing on the window ledge carrying a broom almost as big as she was, and wearing a high pointed hat.

"Let me in, Inga," called the little woman. "I'm tired and I'd like to rest."

"But who are you?" asked Inga. "Just a little old woman who's traveling."

"But you're so old looking. You must be a witch," said Inga, remembering Santa's advice. "I can't let you in."

"Now let me see the mirror," said Inga.

The little old woman had bewitched Inga, the Beautiful Doll, as she looked into the mirror.

Inga opened the window a crack to let the queer little person in.

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VETERANS PLAN CHRISTMAS TREE FOR ALL KIDDIES

Santa Claus will come to Medford Friday, December 23—"If you're good"—is the message issued to all children of the city today by the Medford post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, who will sponsor a community Christmas tree and program at the Armory that night. It's going to be a real old-fashioned Christmas, the leaders of the move announced this morning and the public is urged to be present. Santa will come down the chimney, bells will ring and festivity reign throughout the evening to bring an extra bit of cheer into the hearts of all people.

A musical program will be presented and Christmas packages will be distributed to children of ten years and under. A special invitation is extended to those who come from homes where depression has left a definite crimp in the holiday buying power.

The community tree has been planned by the veterans with the idea of seeing that all children of the city have their Christmas and all are asked to join in the fun.

Christmas carols will be sung and prizes, donated by the merchants of Medford, will be presented at the

tree. These prizes will be given to the writers of the best letters on the subject of "What Christmas Means to Me." All children of 10 years and under are asked to compete and the letters should be addressed to "Chairman of Christmas Contest," Chamber of Commerce. They can be mailed to the chamber of commerce or left there, where a box will be arranged to receive them. All letters must be limited to 100 words and must be in before December 20.

And since the veterans want to know just how many children are coming to the Christmas party they have asked that the children sign the coupon appearing in the Mail Tribune, for the first time today on page 2, and turn it in at the chamber of commerce. The box for coupons will be placed outside the Chamber of Commerce building and children who are unable to bring the coupons in will be permitted to mail them to the chamber of commerce.

It is hoped that all will respond to this request in order that the veterans may know how many to expect.

Belgium Seeks Debt Extension

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—(AP)—Paul May, Belgian ambassador, today presented a new note to Secretary Stimson, asking for an extension of the moratorium on war debt payments. The communication was an elaboration and explanation of Belgium's first debt note of November 13.

Be correctly asserted by ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN Sixth & Holly streets

MEDFORD GAINS LION PUBLICITY

Attractive publicity for Medford is included in this month's issue of The Lion, national publication of Lions clubs. It is written around the photograph of the seven girls, who entered the popularity contest, sponsored by the Lions here last summer.

In the picture, taken by J. Verne Shangle, are shown Jean Hamilton, Lucille Littell, Marjorie Marshall, Ruby Stone, the winner, Dorothy Pankey, Adra Edwards and Claudia Toile all ready to take off in a United Air Lines plane with the good-looking stewardess.

A story explaining the contest accompanies the photograph.

Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones Phone 706

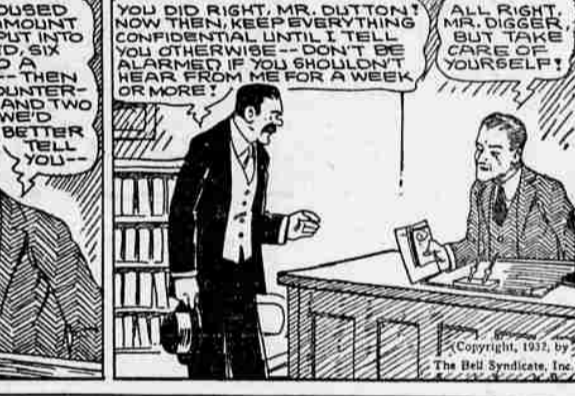
TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Reconstructing The Crime!"



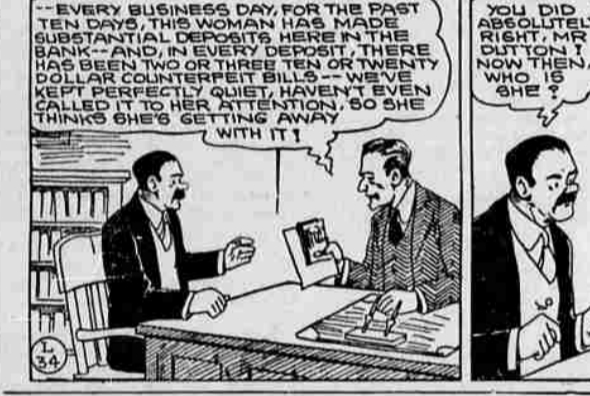
BOUND TO WIN—The Banker's Story



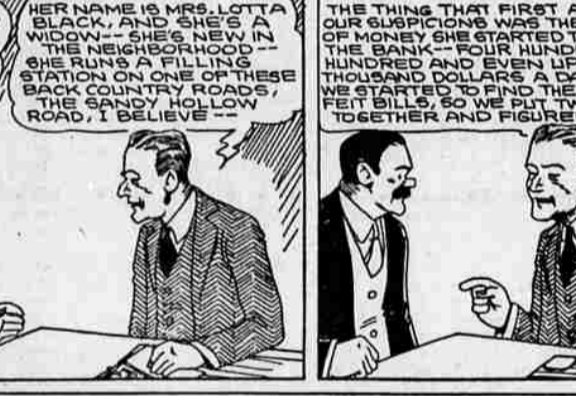
S'MATTER POP—What A Dilemma!



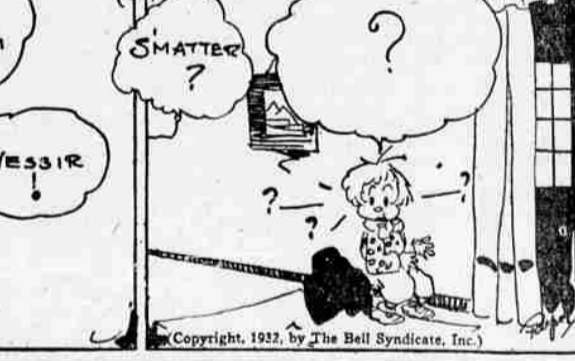
THE NEBBS—I'm Glad To Hear It



BRINGING UP FATHER



By C. M. PAYNE



By SOL HESS



By George McManus



ALEXANDER BROWN QUILTS 'O' ALUMNI

MOORE, Dec. 8.—(AP)—Alexander C. Brown, secretary of the University of Oregon Alumni association, and the man who directed the successful battle against the Ezra-McPherson school consolidation bill, announced Tuesday he was resigning from the post and that after a two weeks' vacation he will resume his newspaper work in Portland.

Robert K. Allen, member of the class of 1923, and a son of Dean Eric W. Allen of the Oregon School of Journalism, will succeed Brown as alumni secretary.

REICHSTAG BEDLAM CURTAILS SESSION

BERLIN, Germany, Dec. 8.—(AP)—Bedlam broke loose in the reichstag yesterday as the communist members shouted: "Down with Von Hindenburg!" The session was suspended.

The incident occurred during debate on a National Socialist motion to amend the constitution so that the chief justice of the supreme court would succeed to the presidency in the event of the death of the incumbent.

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