

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby
DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Dicky's willingness to be "reformed" by Santa, his former wife, becomes obvious and Santa, his successor, finds him into the hall. Dicky's friend Lou-Lou telephones Santa to find out the location, and when Santa learns that Santa and Lou-Lou have conspired to rid her of Dicky she realizes that Santa and Lou-Lou are great for her, there is a strong will.

Chapter 48

SANTA TAKES A RIDE

NEXT morning, when Clive had departed for business, Santa lay in bed pondering. He'd been sweet, but he knew now that the velvet scabbard concealed a sword of cutting keenness. He would never again dare to take chances with him. It had been scenes like the quarrel of last night that had broken up her first marriage.

Lou-Lou began to dress, sitting with her reflection. Of her physical self she approved heartily—haunting eyes, snowy limbs, darting slightest. If it were not for her gimcrack mind, she could pass for a saint or the Venus de Milo. Speech betrayed her. Clothes misrepresented her.

The vision of her beauty restored her confidence till she fell to analyzing its elements. One third of her appearance was the money she spent on it; the second third was youth and health; only the remaining third was due to features.

She might lose her money. So natural an incident as the birth of a child could snatch her youth and health from her. If she relied on her physical attractiveness to retain her hold on Clive, she would become like her mother, a dyed-headed clothes prop, hanging on to a husband whom she had educated to despise her.

"I'll never do that to Clive." Then a proud thought struck her. "Couldn't he wouldn't let me. Clive's not Daddy."

He certainly wasn't. To leave Dicky off his chest, he'd had the nerve to conspire with Lou-Lou.

"I'll have to watch my p's and q's."

Purged by her fright, sanctified and demure, she sallied forth. The elevator-boy smirked at her. "That gentleman your husband tossed out has been here inquiring for you."

"What gentleman?" she bridled.

"The plump one who carries a cane and wears spats. Your husband gave orders that he wasn't to be admitted."

"O, that gentleman who used to visit my husband?" She feigned indifference.

"I was only putting you wise," the boy apologized.

She frowned out and left him gaping. How many observers had regarded Dicky as her lover? As she hovered on the steps above the avenue, she shivered in the chill February air.

A taxi stationed against the pavement caught her eye. She dove for it and was on the point of entering, when a hand seized her wrist and jerked her inside.

"Don't make a fuss," a voice warned her.

She struggled to retreat, but the taxi started.

"You beast! When Clive hears about this—"

"He won't. You'll never dare tell him."

"It's the trick of a gangster," her breath came sobbingly.

"An act of Providence. I was lying in ambush, hoping that I might catch sight of you. Your walking bang in on me was pure luck." He still kept tight hold of her wrist. "Sit back and relax. If you don't behave naturally, the driver will become suspicious."

She thought quickly. Virtue demanded that she should scream and produce a scandal. Dicky would be arrested. Headlines in the papers. Police-court proceedings. The prisoner's defense would be that she had led him on. The elevator-boy, who believed that he was her lover, would be called as witness. Lou-Lou would probably testify against her.

Public sympathy would swing to Dicky. Whatever his punishment, her reputation would be blackened. All Clive's protests would be justified. She'd have made a boob of him and advertised it. The best way to master Dicky was to show no fear of him.

"What's the idea of this comic interview?" She spoke contemptuously.

"That I refuse to give you up."

"Are you sane? How can you give up anyone who doesn't belong to you?"

SOVIET REFUSES BRITISH DEMAND FOR AN APOLOGY

LONDON, Dec. 9. — It was stated authoritatively today that the Soviet government has refused to accede to a British demand for an apology for statements published in the newspaper Izvestia, official organ of the Soviet regime.

The Soviet ambassador, in disclaiming government responsibility for the objectionable articles, was said to have refrained from stressing agreement with their substance.

The Izvestia article accused the British intelligence service of having instructed its agents in Riga, Latvia, to obtain documents, "real or bogus," establishing a relationship between the Soviet government and the Communist Third International. This was linked with the British claims of

evidence that the Third International directed the recent hunger march on London and was working against the British rule in India.

The Soviet ambassador was reported to have declined under the circumstances to offer any apology as was demanded by the British government.

The Russian reply, it was stated, was to the effect that the Soviet government cannot be held responsible for newspaper articles on which the complaint was based.

Copco Movies In Shasta, Dunsmuir

Hundreds of Mount Shasta and Dunsmuir people enjoyed motion picture programs presented by H. L. Bromley, advertising manager for the California Oregon Power Co., the first of the week.

The Copco pictures were shown in Mount Shasta Monday afternoon for the high school students and in the evening for the Chamber of Commerce. Tuesday they were exhibited at the Dunsmuir grammar school, the Dunsmuir high school, the 20-30 club and the Lions club of that city.

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

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

SYNOPSIS: Inga, Toyland's most beautiful doll, against Santa's orders, admits a witch to the tophop, who turns the doll into an ugly old woman through a little bewitched gold mirror. It happens when Pinocchio, a clown doll, isn't near.

CHAPTER V. THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Pinocchio wasn't near when the witch coaxed her way in to talk to Inga, or else what happened might never have come to pass. He wouldn't have let the witch in.

But when he came to the beautiful doll she had grown old and ugly under the witch's spell, and the witch was gone. She had only wanted to spoil this doll that Santa liked.

"Help, help," gasped Inga, "I feel so queer."

"Oh, Inga!" cried Pinocchio, running to her side. "There is nothing we can do about it unless some one finds the witch and burns her."

"Help, Santa, help!" cried Inga. She ceased so much commotion that all the tophop stopped work and looked at her. They didn't even recognize her.

"It's a witch, put her out!" the dolls cried.

"No, it's Inga," said Pinocchio, but no one listened to him. The soldiers rushed up waving their swords and forced poor Inga to run wildly out of the tophop.

"You're a rotten little faker." The taxi swung into the park. She huddled in her corner.

"I wish Clive had hurt you more last night—amazed you so that you'd had to be carried home on a stretcher."

She stumbled on an interpretation for his unusual conduct.

"Dicky, you've been drinking."

"I shouldn't wonder."

As though the clock had been put back eighteen months, he slipped his arm about her.

"O, please not that, Dicky!"

"Who has a better right?"

Inwardly raging, she smiled grotesquely.

"You're awfully silly. People go to jail for kidnapping."

He pressed closer.

"Be yourself, Santa. Why put on airs? We're both hungered for this for ages."

Scared to death, she camouflaged her trembling with boldness.

He attempted to kiss her. She twisted.

"I'm Clive's wife."

Leaving forward, he muttered instructions to the driver. The taxi left the Park and shot up-town.

"Where are you taking me?"

He didn't answer.

"Clive will be furious. Do stop."

Then in final appeal, "You always used to be a gentleman."

Having collected his thoughts, he spoke.

"You're never fooled me for a second. I don't know whether you've fooled Clive. Last night's outburst would indicate that you haven't. The real trouble with you, Santa, is that you think you're so damned pure. You're merely a lovely cheat. You're so unfair that you end by pulling the wool over your own eyes."

Her conscience pricked her. Here was another man within less than 24 hours accusing her of unfairness. He was less menacing when complaining than when he was amorous.

"Go on," she taunted. "Tell me all about myself."

"You're an open book to me, young lady. You'd be surprised by all the truths I could tell you. That you suffer from a suppressed passion. Your instincts and Lou-Lou's are identical—only she's honest and you're a coward. Until you cease to pose, you'll never be happy."

"Don't get you, Dicky." Any subterfuge to keep him occupied.

"Then get a. What's been your object in seeing so much of me since you divorced me?"

"That hardly needs answering."

"Pity. After the divorce I had Clive waiting for me; you had nobody. In your loneliness you went to the dogs faster than ever. You had no good influence in your life."

"So you appointed yourself my good influence? You're kidding yourself, Santa."

"You don't believe that there are any good women," she reproached him. "Please, Dicky, do believe. There are and the day will come when you'll find one. All this I was trying to do was to save you for her. Further help from me is impossible; but I'll always pray for you."

He burst into a guffaw and colored her hand.

"I've known heaps of women; you're the completest fraud I've met. This business of reclaiming me began last summer at St. Jean, when you saw me spending money on a woman whom you hated. You were beside yourself with jealousy. Your prudishness didn't permit you to recognize it as jealousy. Since then you've chuckled yourself at me. Not to inflame Clive you've pretended that I was a lost soul and that you were a savior of charity. The farce has played itself out. Time to be honest."

She stared at him appalled. She couldn't disguise that her actions were susceptible to his interpretation.

"If I'm a fraud, a faker and all the other unpleasant things you've called me, why are you wasting a morning in my company?"

"Because, Santa dear," his demeanor changed, "you and I, despite our disagreements, are still one flesh. There's a binding oneness about a first marriage—I don't know what and you can't explain to me. It isn't superstition; we've proved that. We've tried to get away—nothing doing. For you to be truly Clive's wife, I'd have to be dead."

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Clive's tenderness, tomorrow, puts him on the wrong side of an important question.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy In Danger Zone!



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S'MATTER POP—He Wanted To Go Out And Play In The Snow



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place and move to make mattresses for their beds.

"But we have no plates," said Inga.



Pinocchio and Inga, now a little old woman, went into the woods hunting the witch.

"All we have is this old mirror the witch gave me. I was so excited I just carried it along."

She held it up and looked into it, but this time she didn't see a thing.

"Why, it's all fogged. It isn't even good for anything," she said.

"Oh, yes, I am," said the mirror. "The witch had her spell on me, too, when I spoiled your prettiness. But now it is gone. I have no love for that witch. She stole me from

a princess' dressing table. I will help you."

"But how?" asked Inga, pleased that her mirror could talk.

"Whenever you want to know where any thing or any person is, just look into me and you will see," said the mirror.

Sunday: Hunting the Witch.

FRATS' SEEKING TO AVOID TAXES

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 9. — (AP) — With many other problems of education at least tentatively determined, matters pertaining to fraternities and sororities have been coming before the board of higher education with considerable regularity.

In Eugene yesterday, E. O. Sammons, chairman of the finance committee of the state board, declared his opposition to proposals to make fraternity and sorority property exempt from taxation. From Corvallis came the recommendation that the rule forbidding freshman pledges to live in the sorority houses be abrogated.

Congress Asked For Probe of Subsidies

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9. — (AP) — Investigation of government subsidies to airplane carriers, water carriers and rail and motor vehicle operators today was recommended to congress in the annual report of the interstate commerce commission.

Blondes Predominate in Wampas List for 1932

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Dec. 9. — (AP) — If the judgment of the Wampas, Hollywood's organization of publicity men, is as good this year as in past years, the screen is destined to have at least 14 new stars.

The Wampas has announced this year's selection of "baby" stars, young women who it believes are destined for stardom. It was the eleventh annual selection, a triple tie for one of the places bringing the total number of those named to 15 instead of the customary 13.

The Wampas organization has a record of being 93 per cent right in its judgment in past years. Many of the stars of the old silent pictures and of the present day talking pictures were once baby stars.

The young women chosen this year were:

Lillian Miles, free-lance actress, a platinum blonde, Okaloosa, Ia.; Marjorie Shookley, Educational studios, a blonde, Kansas City; Mary Carlisle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, a blonde Bostonian; June Clyde, free-lance player, a blonde, St. Louis; Boots Mallory, Fox studios, a blonde with dark gray-blue eyes, New Orleans; Lona Andre, Paramount studios, brown hair and blue eyes, Nashville, Tenn.; Gloria Stuart, Universal studios, a blonde with gray eyes, Santa Monica, Calif.; Dorothy Wilson, Radio-Keith-Orpheum studios, a brunette, Minneapolis.

Eleanor Holm, First National studios, winner of swimming events in the 1928 and 1932 Olympics, was born in Brooklyn and educated in New York. She has dark brown hair and eyes.

Ginger Rogers, free-lance actress, medium brown hair and eyes, Independence, Mo.; Evelyn Knapp, free-lance actress, Kansas City; Patricia Ellis, Warner Brothers, a blonde, New York; Lillian Bond, free-lance actress, deep red hair and hazel eyes, London; Dorothy Layton, free-lance actress, a blonde with blue eyes, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ruth Hall, Samuel Goldwyn studios, brunette, Jacksonville, Fla.

Poles "Run" Own Liquor

GDYNIA, Poland. — (AP) — Bootleggers of this port who lost their trade in Finland when that country abandoned prohibition, now smuggle Polish liquor back to Poland. Alcohol for home consumption is taxed a dollar a quart, but when exported it can be bought for the cost of production.

Musical Beats Dutch Tax

AMSTERDAM. — (AP) — Dr. Willem Mengelberg, conductor of Amsterdam's orchestra, has closed his home and moved to a hotel to demonstrate to Dutch officials that he really resides in Switzerland, is only "staying" here and therefore cannot be taxed in Holland.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORBES



By EDWIN ALGER



By C. M. PAYNE



By SOL HESS



By George McManus

