

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsby
DAWSON

Chapter 46
SANTA'S NEW PROBLEM

"DICKY, darling, do look where we are?" She hurried herself against him.

"Darling! That sounds more fond." He turned to follow her pointing. "The Bronx Zoo. What of it?"

"I'd adore to visit it. Never have."

Catching the spirit of her excitement, he tapped on the pane. Jumping out, he settled the fare, then helped her to alight. As they walked toward the entrance, he tucked her arm through his possessively.

"I must hand it to you, Santa, when your little think-box works, it works quickly."

Close to the gates, she felt safe to reveal her mind.

Attempt number one. She must try again later.

Over dinner she tackled him from a new angle.

"Last night you said something true—that we'd come to the crossroads."

"But I took it all back," he gazed into his plate.

"I know you did. But I've been thinking; our coming to the crossroads was all my doing. I've made an idiot of myself over Dicky. There are people so rotten, like clothes and leaky boats, that you can't patch them."

"No one can be wise for another person." He looked up. "I tried to be wise for you; you tried to be wise for Dicky."

"I'm the one who's bungled," she thrust in eagerly. "You've been perfect."

"No compliments," he checked her. "Crossroads, where you and I are concerned, are fantastic. Most of this Dicky business was an incident which we exaggerated. All the same—" He paused. "Am I distressing you?"

She mustered a smile.

"Not a bit."

"Very well, then. I consider that your conduct's been fine."

She blinked and gasped.

"How do you make that out?"

"Dicky once stood in the same row

OFFICIAL RETURNS RECENT ELECTION ARE MADE PUBLIC

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 10.—(AP) Henry J. Bean, candidate for re-election to the Oregon supreme court, led the field at the general election in plurality of votes, the official canvass of the votes cast revealed here today.

Bean led his opponent, Roy E. Hewitt, by 56,822 on the non-partisan judicial ballot, receiving 209,819 against 123,497.

The votes for candidates showed that President-elect Roosevelt secured the second highest plurality, with a lead of 77,852 over President Hoover. Official tally gave Roosevelt 218,871; Hoover, 139,019; Thomas, Socialist, 15,450; Reynolds, Socialist-Labor, 1,750; and Foster, Communist, 1,681.

Rufus C. Holman, with a plurality of 49,505 over J. W. Maloney, for state treasurer, was third high in the state campaign. He received 187,796 votes against 138,221. United States Senator Frederick Steiwer received a 46,973 plurality over Walter Gleason, his Democratic opponent. The votes were: Steiwer, 199,210, and Gleason, 152,237.

Hal E. Hoss led Ray H. Wisecarver by 31,151 votes in the campaign for secretary of state. The official can-

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

And the squirrel went on and so did the two dolls. What they had

She waved her wand and the two toys disappeared and in their place stood two beautiful red foxes. Tomorrow—The Bewitched Pools.

HEARING WILL DECIDE DESTINY YOUNG GIRL

Hearing on the petition for the transferring of Betty Jane Phillips, 9-year-old girl, to the Boys and Girls' Aid society has been set for next Saturday before County Judge C. B. Lanikin. Citations to appear at the hearing were served yesterday by the district attorney's office upon an aunt living in Tillamook. She is the only known relative living in the state. The father is supposed to be in Los Angeles. The mother is in a state institution.

It is hoped to place the bright little miss in some upstate home. She has been in charge of the county matron since last June.

Salem Drum Corps Member Succumbs

SALEM, Dec. 10.—(AP) Paul Martin Hand, 37, a member of the Salina American Legion championship drum corps, died here this morning after only a three-day illness with pneumonia.

During the World War Hand was an aviator in the United States naval corps.

It is socially correct to use Christmas Seals. Buy lots of them.

until it climbed a mountain side that was all rocks. The path stopped at the door of a cave where big bats hung upside down, the way they do.

"Why that's the little path that runs right out from our door," said Inga.

"And it looks like a long, long walk," said Pinocchio. "We'll start with the sun in the morning. Wrap up your little mirror and we'll take it along."

The next morning the two dolls were up and ready when the sun sent its first stream of light through the trees to their doorway. Inga wrapped the pretty mirror up and then the two started out.

As they went along, they met a little squirrel walking through the woods with a basket of nuts.

"Where are you off to today?" the squirrel asked.

"We're going where neither man nor beast will spend the night unless the moon is bright."

"Oh, you foolish dolls," said the squirrel. "One of our bravest squirrels went there once to bring back the basket that is never empty. But he never returned. You had better go home."

"No, we are seeking a witch there, and when we find her we will burn her," said Pinocchio.

"Yes, I know the one you mean," said the squirrel. "Every so often she comes down and turns all the nuts bitter. Good luck to you."

CHAPTER VI.
HUNTING THE WITCH.

That magic mirror put new hope in Inga's heart. Pinocchio was so delighted he did a few somersaults outside the little house they built in the woods after Inga had been bewitched.

"Let's eat," he cried happily.

So Inga rushed around and found scones for cups and filled them with dew. Then she made some nut cake and Pinocchio found some sweet berries hanging on a vine.

They built a warm fire in their fire-place and were just as merry as though nothing had happened.

When dinner was over, Inga took out the mirror again and spoke to it.

"Where will I find the witch that put her spell on me?"

"Go East by East.

Where neither man nor beast will spend the night unless the moon is bright."

Several times the little mirror chanted her directions and as Inga and Pinocchio looked into it they saw a path unwinding in the woods



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Gets A Clue!



BOUND TO WIN—The Finger Of Suspicion



SMATTER POP—A Narrow Escape



"Beat it. Shake a leg," the officer commanded.

"I'm not your wife. When I was, you were as crooked as a dog's hind leg. You still are."

Withdrawing her arm swiftly, she darted from him. Realizing that he was following, she sought refuge with a traffic cop.

"Don't arrest him. We were once friends. Only tell him to stop annoying me."

The traffic cop, suddenly promoted to knight-errant, viewed Dicky's pearl-grey spats and shiny cane with infinite disgust.

"Beat it. Shake a leg," Dicky raised his hat to his former wife.

"So long, darling. I'll visit the monkey-house. Studying its inmates may teach me something more about you."

"I'll run him in, if you say so," the officer suggested.

Tears of gratitude flooded her eyes.

"I can't let you. There are reasons."

"The big hunk of cheese!" Her protector scowled after the leisurely retreating figure. His gaze returned to her. "You shouldn't look so sweet, girlie. It isn't all his fault."

Santa's problem, as she journeyed homeward, was now much she could tell Clive without prejudicing herself. She planned an expurgated edition of her impromptu kidnapping. At the very start she was jumped. The truth was too incredible—that she had stepped into the one taxi in New York in which the man whom she ought to avoid was seated.

Arrived back at the apartment she strove to compose herself and was still undecided as to how much to divulge, when she heard the door opening and recognized her husband's footsteps.

"Hello, darling!" he greeted her from the hall; then entered gallant and boyish.

"You're looking tired, little wife." She leaned back her head for him to kiss her.

"I've been to the Zoo of all places."

"You're nothing but a kid." He pinched her cheek. "I'll run away and dress."

lation to you that I do. It would have been easy for you to have wiped him from the state. You were too loyal."

"But Clive," she protested to prevent him from heaping more coals of fire, "I don't think I have been loyal. Through sheer cussedness I've let you down."

He laughed. Suddenly his face went grave.

"If you could have read the blackness of my jealousy! I've worked myself into panics. I've imagined treacheries. He's gone forever now, little Santa; that's why I can tell you."

Was he asserting that Dicky had gone forever in order to force her to conform to it?

"I visited the Zoo today," she faltered.

"So you've mentioned." Rising he came behind her. "Santa, forgive me my suspicions. I love you. Your first marriage was a blessing in disguise; it's taught me to trust you."

"Always trust me," she reached up, "even though the proofs should be against me."

Later, over coffee, when he questioned her about her day, she turned him aside.

"It's so long since we were free from an intruder. Let's talk about that house in the country."

"I'd love a house in the country," Clive took her up seriously, "but for the moment it's impossible."

"I'll pay half for the house," she volunteered.

"That's dear of you. But I'd much prefer that we start by replacing every stick of furniture, bit by bit, that dates from your first marriage."

"As you like." Her face was crestfallen.

In bed she tried a last time.

"About my visit to the Zoo—" Clive snored peacefully. The pretence that he and she were beginning on a new plane of sincerity was intolerable. If he were to find out! She lay awake speculating and scheming. How was she to handle Dicky if he again approached her?

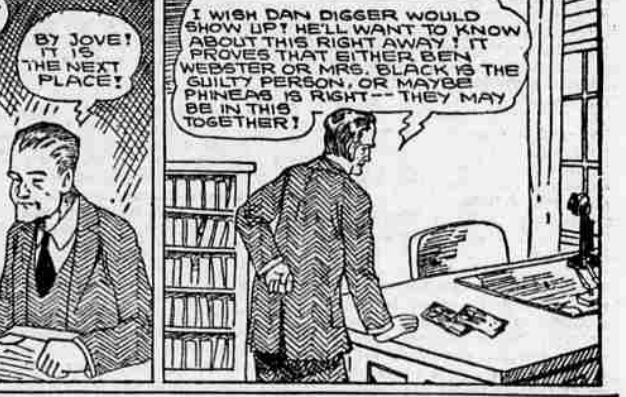
THE NEBBS—You Can't Always Tell



BRINGING UP FATHER



BUNGLING BURLAR Not An Abductor



Bungling Burglar Not An Abductor

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10.—(AP)—A bungling burglar and not an abductor was blamed today for the kidnapping scare that followed an intruder's attempt last night to force an entrance to the room where the 3-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. C. Master, socially prominent suburbanites, was sleeping.

Police at first suspected a daring abduction, plotted in the manner of the Lindbergh kidnapping, had been attempted.

Owner Suffocates In Sandwich Shop

SALEM, Dec. 10.—(AP)—Gas stove fumes suffocated Orsen Bismark Phelps, 38, here yesterday and caused his death in his newly established lunch shop. A passerby found him unconscious but still breathing feebly. Resuscitation efforts with an inhalator failed to revive him. Deputy Coroner J. Dale Taylor said he believed the stove may have gone out.

Power Commissioner Dies

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—(AP)—The death today of Ralph B. Williamson, federal power commissioner, leaves two vacancies on that agency which may not be filled until after Franklin D. Roosevelt takes office.

Old Indian Fighter Dies

BOSTON, Dec. 10.—(AP)—Charles B. Corlies a veteran of the Indian wars and a member of the column that rode too late to the relief of General Guster, died at his home here last night. He was 73 years old.

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