

# A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsly DAWSON

**SYNOPSIS:** Santa escapes from the taxi in which Dicky, her first husband, has held her prisoner. But knowing how well founded her present husband's jealousy is, she hesitates to tell him the whole story. When Dicky leaves next morning, she is afraid Dicky may make another attempt to see her.

## Chapter 41 THE DAY FOLLOWING SANTA

The day following Santa hid with in four walls. Each time the telephone tinkled her heart quickened. Like a beleaguered city, she waited for Clive's return. Never had he seemed so precious.

On the second day she ventured out, but took her maid with her. The third day she went out unaccompanied. Gradually her alarm abated.

The fourth day she had a fitting at Bloomhoff's, that extraordinary institution where grand duchesses and bootleggers' wives elbowed each other in their anxiety to be served by the redoubtable Bloomhoff himself. As Bloomhoff left her she raised the curtain to return to the show room and the endless parade of manikins in evening gowns, negligees, pyjamas. On a couch between herself and the elevator, hearing escape, sat Dicky. He smiled like the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood.

"Sorry to disappoint you," touching her arm affectionately, he conducted her to the elevator. The clients of Bloomhoff doubtless imagined that they were witnessing love's young dream.

In Fifth Avenue she shook herself free.

"What's your game?" "I can't live without you."

"But how do you know that I would be at Bloomhoff's?" "Ran up and discovered."

"They walked a block. She broke the silence. "What do you imagine you gain by persecuting me?"

"That you'll fall for my charm." "How do you mean fall?"

"That you'll marry me." She took her time in answering. "Dicky, please believe me. The only flowers you'll ever receive from me will be in a wreath at your funeral."

"I'll rise from my grave," he responded lightly. "But what do you want?"

"That you'll lunch with me." To lunch with him where they could be seen only by a few people seemed preferable to courting the publicity of the streets. He selected a high-class speak-easy in the East Fifties. Seated elbow to elbow on a red plush couch, a table pinning them to the wall, she tackled him.

"Insult me all you like. You'll never get another chance." "If we quarrel, we shall attract attention. That was why I brought you. Act as though we were a pair of pals, like any of these other couples. Take a peep in that mirror opposite. We don't look so monstrous."

"I look like a young niece on a spree with her hard-lodged uncle." "That's more in your old style. You've always laughed at my expense. Lord, what will I do if the day ever dawns when I'm forbidden to hear you laugh!"

A pair of cocktails had been placed before them. She had intended to refuse here. Changing her mind, she toasted him.

"Here's to our parting." "May it be a false alarm," he desired. "It isn't. Don't kid yourself."

"His face collapsed like a child's. "I'd commit suicide if I believed you were through with me." "But Dicky, that's not news to you. I've been through with you for ages."

"May be. You haven't acted like it." He called for another cocktail. She prayed that he might call for twenty. Meanwhile she argued.

"May I speak frankly for your own good?" he questioned. "Can you be more rude than you have been?" she challenged.

He deflected her by laughing in his most winning manner. "Lord bless me! It's like old days in Chicago to sit here talking."

"You were about to harangue me for my own good," she jogged him. "Don't know that I dare. If I offend you, you'll scold."

"Soup's too nice," she mumbled. "Then claiming the privilege of an ex-husband, I'll dispense with draperies. After we'd become engaged you revoked for five minutes in Clive's favor. After we were married you revoked in his favor more

disastrously. You condemn me for my morals; when it comes to a show-down, I'm essentially the more faithful. The choice between Clive and myself has been re-opened."

"By whom?" She helped herself to butter.

"By you when you left your sanctified sheep, meaning Clive, in the wilderness to come in search of this little lost lamb. Dig down to fundamentals. The trouble with our marriage was money."

"She corrected swiftly, "was that you lured an innocent girl to share your pig-sty of a past and spared with her because she refused to sink to your level."

"If I possessed money, you'd have stuck with me," he insisted. "I might have." She glanced around the room. "Your willingness to sponge on me didn't increase my respect for you."

"There's no more danger of my sponging on you." His chest swelled a trifle. "I'm a rich man."

"Not by your own efforts." (Golly, he's pathetic, she thought.) "Does it matter by whose effort?" she urged. "But we were speaking about Clive. Your only chance of holding him is to present him with squalling babies."

She turned. "And if I were to kick Clive to the devil, you'd give me romance?" she suggested.

"Let's." He pinched her arm. "Eat your asparagus," she squelched him.

He put down his wine glass, empty.

"You have yet to persuade me that my attentions are unwelcome. As to what you have said about the life we led, that's granted. But since then you've revealed qualities which you kept hidden while we were man and wife. I've seen you tender, considerate, patient. There's no woman can drag the best out of me the way you can, Santa."

"The other day you called me a faker."

"You are, but not consciously," he pleaded. "You don't appreciate the maddening effect of your sympathy." He refilled his glass. "Come across. If I've discovered new qualities in you, haven't you discovered in me more attractive qualities than you'd suspected?"

His expression was tense. "All I've discovered, Dicky, are the selfishly and evasions of a small, bad boy."

Her answer whipped him into pride. "Heavens, how you women can lie. During the past months you've devoted more of your waking hours to me than to the man who sires as your husband."

She felt that she had mastered the situation. "Misplaced kindness."

He upset her with a question. "Have you told him about our taxi-ride?"

Lunch was ending. The restaurant was empty. Soon they would be the last guests left. She began buttoning her gloves.

"I haven't. I didn't want to distress him."

"Lying again, Santa. You didn't want to distress yourself. You didn't trust him enough to tell him."

In a flash she was on her feet and had placed the table between them. "I trust him absolutely."

He made no attempt to delay her. Refilling his glass, he looked up casually.

"You're mine. You don't tell Clive that we're still meeting. I shall wear you down."

She stamped her foot. "He raised his glass. "Here's to our reunion."

Having reached the door, she hesitated and came back. "I've endured you; now I loathe you."

He spoke without raising his eyes. "You'll need me. Hatred is akin to love."

As Santa scurried through chilly February streets, she felt little and threatened. She pleaded together the word-portfolio which Dicky had presented her of herself. She wasn't like that at all she protested; yet all her conduct fitted perfectly to construct such a portrait. Even Clive, when he was angry, had been of the same opinion as Dicky. Afterwards he'd gone the limit is; twisting facts to her advantage. It had sounded grand and comfort ing. But what did he really think of her?

(Copyright 1931-1932, Coningsly Dawson)

It is Clive who, tomorrow, unexpectedly makes it impossible for Santa to tell about Dicky's persecutions.

# HONDURAS REBELS RECAPTURE TOWN

TEGUCIGALPA, Honduras, Dec. 12.—(AP)—Rebel troops suffered again today when Nationalist forces recaptured the town of Oracias which has been in rebel grasp since the beginning of the revolution. It was reported tonight that the Nationalists had captured the rebel leader General Roman Diaz, in the neighborhood of Sulaco. The Nationalists are pursuing mop-up tactics and several generals now will collaborate in an attack on the famous General Umanu who has concentrated all of his remaining forces in the important western stronghold of La Esperanza.

## Amethyst Shade Latest Favorite

PARIS.—(AP)—A new shade called amethyst appears in some of the smartest Parisian wardrobes. At a gala performance of the opera recently one chic Parisian wore a frock of amethyst silk jersey designed along sheath lines having a rounded neckline finished with crinkled ribbon of the same shade. With it she wore a long wrap of crinkled velvet in the same shade.

Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale Call 105.

# SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

**SYNOPSIS:** Inga and Pinocchio, two dolls from Toyland, are directed by a gold mirror to the cave of a witch who has changed Inga into an old doll. A woods fairy changes them into red foxes to help them in the search.

CHAPTER VII. THE HEWITCHED POOLS. The trip became much easier for Inga and Pinocchio after they had been changed into red foxes. They loped along rapidly. But all the while Inga wouldn't let go of the tiny gold mirror. She carried it in now in her teeth.

At first they raced as fast as they could go, up and down hills and across fields in just the path the little mirror had shown.

But the farther they went the thirstier they became. And they never saw a river or a lake or even a little pond. Finally Pinocchio stopped.

"Inga, I'm so thirsty I can't go any farther," he said. And just then they saw a little pool of water. Pinocchio rushed up to it but just as he touched the water with his red tongue a little voice said:

"Who drinks of me Will henceforth be A prisoner here For many a year."

"Stop, stop," cried Inga. "That's a bewitched pool. Come, we'll go on. Surely there will be another pool soon."

until there was a little clear pool for Pinocchio and Inga. They drank and drank. When they were finished, the Fairy dipped her little bottle in the pool and filled it again. "Here is water for you," she said.



Inga and Pinocchio, changed now into red foxes, loped along rapidly up the trail to the cave of the witch.

"Whenever you grow thirsty do as I did, and you will have enough to drink."

"Oh, how can we ever thank you?" cried Inga. "What would have happened if we had taken some of the other water?"

"You would have been turned into rocks, and stayed here until the witch died," said the Fairy.

Tomorrow—The Witch's Cave.

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

# New Formula In Computing Total In Bridge Sets

(By Tom O'Neil)

Leslie E. Rowell of Berkeley, Cal., has a method of computing the total penalty for doubled not vulnerable undertricks at contract, which he thinks is easier than one now in wide use.

He starts with the figure one and keeps adding successive digits until he reaches the number of tricks set, then repeats the last figure, multiplying the total by 50.

For instance, down five: One plus two plus three plus four plus five plus five (repeated) equals 20, which multiplied by 50 equals 1,000, the penalty for five down doubled not vulnerable.

Possibly some players will find that method easier than beginning with two and stopping with a figure one higher than the number of tricks set, as for a set of five: Two plus three plus four plus five plus six; multiplied by 50 equals 1,000.

Instead of multiplying the total by 50 in either case one can divide by two and add one cipher or two ciphers, as the case may be.

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# ANCIENT BREWERS WERE REGULATED

NEW YORK.—(AP)—Governments had their problems in regulating the beer business even back in 254 B. C.

From ancient Papyri, some of them filled with worm holes, researchers at Columbia university are evoking a picture of life as it was lived 2000 years ago.

One group of the documents shows that in ancient Egypt brewing was under government regulation. The state furnished a given amount of barley each day to the brewers and demanded a certain amount of beer in return. Whatever beer remained could be sold by the makers.

But a letter written by Apollonios, Ptolemy's treasurer, on May 21, 254, B. C., takes a brewer over the coals for furnishing to the government beer from only 11 bushels of barley, instead of the 12 bushels he had contracted to work into beer.

## Conditions Hedge China Wheat Sale

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—(AP)—A statement of conditions that must be met before a sale of northwestern wheat to China will be financed by the reconstruction corporation today was en route to officials of the North Pacific Grain Growers' association.

Buy Christmas Seal.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

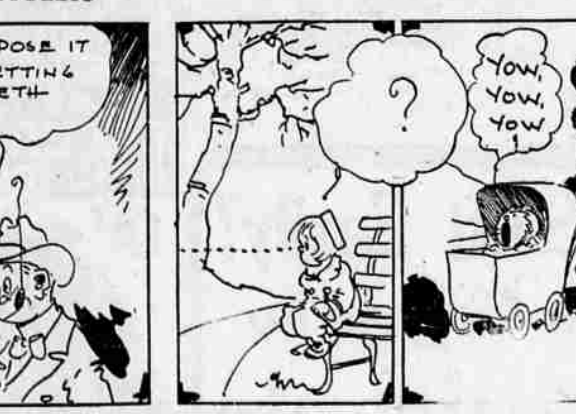
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—And She's Tommy's Only Alibi



# BOUND TO WIN—Dan Digger's Plan!



# S'MATTER POP—Teeth Certainly Cause A Lot Of Trouble



# THE NEBBS—Good Advice



# BRINGING UP FATHER



# MOSCOW ROILED BY TOKIO NOTE

MOSCOW, Dec. 12.—(AP)—The foreign office published tonight a sharp exchange of notes between the Soviet and Japanese government in which Moscow categorically refused to surrender the Manchurian insurgent general Su Ping-Wen and his army or to prevent their departure from the Soviet Union.

# THROWER OF FITS HALTED BY POLICE

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 12.—(AP)—Dimes and food were rolling his way when police last night put an end to the showmanship of Eugene Burnand, 17, of Georgia.

Health can be bought! Christmas seals are the currency.

FREE—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge in pioneer historical collection SHANGHAI STUDIO.