

A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsly DAWSON

SYNOPSIS: Santa is surprised by Dicky, her former husband, at her dream-makers, and forced to go to lunch with him. It is his second high-handed capture in as long a time. Santa fears Clive, Dicky's successor, may see them, and finally escapes by fleeing Dicky the assaulting truth about himself. But she cannot go home to face Clive, and wanders through the streets.

Chapter 48 UNDER A CLOUD

THE hour for dinner had struck, when Santa forced herself back to the apartment.

"Hello, gorgeous!"

The man whom she had dreaded was embracing her.

"Where have you been, little wanderer?"

"Forgot the time," she excused herself. "Guess you're hungry. I'll sit down as I am."

Her obedience to his wishes gave him a twinge of compunction. As she joined him, glancing up like a little dog for his approval, he drew her to him.

The return of the jewelry was unfortunate. It stirred up Dicky. He wrote Santa protesting. He wrote again; when she refused to answer, telephoned her.

"Listen, Santa. Those things are yours."

"Not any longer, Dicky."

"But I gave them to you."

"Clive hates to see me wearing them."

"Then you told him about our meeting?"

She hung up.

His persecution, which she had hoped was ended, burst into a new vigor. He bombarded her with letters, telephone-calls, even telegrams. Sooner or later, as in the days when her divorce had been pending in Chicago, he would take to waylaying her.

When the encounter happened, it was almost a relief.

A tang of spring was in the air. The hour was eleven on a brisk morning, gilded with sunshine. She had crossed to the Park, when she was conscious that she was being followed. Glancing across her shoulder, she discovered him almost at her elbow.

"O, it's you!" she said simply. "If you don't want me, I'll leave."

He removed his hat and stood bare-headed.

"You know I don't want you; but you're looking ill, Dicky."

"Rather to be expected."

They struck out in the direction of the Metropolitan Museum.

At last he broke the silence.

"I'm heart-broken."

"You ought to be."

"They had reached the steps of the Metropolitan. She held out her hand."

"Is this all you had to say that couldn't be written?"

"There's more."

"I'm sorry," she murmured, "but to me you're dead."

"Dead?" He groaned as if she had tripped him.

She tripped up the steps. Before she entered the Museum, she turned. With the discomfited air of a homeless dog he stood gazing after her. This proved to be the first encounter of a new attack.

Clive would have had to have been blind not to notice that there was something far wrong with Santa. She betrayed her condition in surreptitious ways. Whereas formerly they had read their correspondence together, now she rushed to sort the mail before he could steal a glance at it. If the telephone rang when he was at home, she would jump up breathlessly.

"For me, I expect."

When it wasn't, the relief in her voice was apparent.

Tedious evenings. Futile overtures, trailing off into silence. Santa rose languidly.

"My head aches, darling. I'm off to bed."

Closing the book of which he had read scarcely a line, Clive caught her hand.

"You shouldn't embroider so much. You try your eyes. You never did till we lost our knack of talking."

"Have we? Don't be long in following."

Tearing herself from him, with the swiftness of a doe she disappeared.

With stealth Clive made his escape. As he reached Lou-Lou's theater the audience was dispersing. Lou-Lou greeted him with mockery.

"What's Dicky been up to lately?"

He related all he knew.

"Two and two make four," she nodded. "Dicky's been mooning like a love sick puppy. If you're correct, what won't I do to him?"

"What can you do?"

"I'll not let Dicky put off marrying me any longer."

And truly enough, on the morning of the fourth day later a telegram reached Clive's desk.

"This is the happy day, Lou-Lou."

He rushed uptown to Santa; the path to paradise was ending, paradise commencing. The telephone rang as he entered. Santa almost ran to it, but Clive was first. Said Dicky's voice:

"That you, my darling?"

Mortified beyond speech he handed Santa the receiver and passed into the drawing room. Almost at once Santa stood before him, white and trembling.

"We've scarcely time. Perhaps we should hurry."

"Well, please do," he requested.

"And while we're on the subject, there's a heap more of my junk that must go. That bureau, for instance, that he bought for you on your birthday."

Next evening the bureau had vanished from the drawing-room. The furniture had been rearranged.

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POLICE WARN OF SUICIDE RACKET

Medford and valley residents were warned today to be on the lookout for "sympathy racketeers," now reported as operating in California. It is called the "suicide dodge." A small boy or girl rings the door bell of a home excitedly and announces that their mother has swallowed poison in a fit of despondency and \$1 is needed to procure an antidote at the drug store. An older person sits in an auto and calls earnestly for the child to hurry up. None can resist such an appeal and if there is a dollar in the house, it is forthcoming and the auto rushes away to the drugstore. In California cities the "gyp" has been worked as many as a dozen times in a day. The "gyppers" according to

TILLER TO TRAIL CUT-OFF SLATED FOR FINISH SOON

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 13. — (AP) — Withdrawal by the federal power board of lands along the North Umpqua river to permit construction of the proposed highway from Roseburg to Diamond Lake is expected to result in an immediate order by the federal bureau of public roads for a survey of the route for the road. The highway has already been designated on the forest highway map and portions have already been built, one section extending from Roseburg eastward to Steamboat ranger station, 45 miles from this city, and the other from Diamond lake westward to Big Canine ranger station, a distance of 40 miles, leaving an uncompleted gap of 22 miles to be graded.

Appropriation of original power site lands would have forced construction of the balance of the road to a high mountain-side, where suitable alignment and grade could not have been secured. Under the new ruling the power company will be able to use only low diversion dams and conduits on power development below Toketee falls, beyond which the power site withdrawals are not affected by the board's ruling.

The federal board's decision was

Olsen Will Repair Damages to House

Fred Olson, arrested Sunday night by city police after he had torn the screen door, and broken the glass in the door at the J. R. Thompson residence, 113 Tripp street, was fined \$25 and sentenced to 10 days in jail when he appeared in city court this morning. Judge Glenn O. Taylor, presiding, suspended the jail sentence on Olsen's promise to make good the damages.

GRANT NEW TRIAL IN LOTTERY CONSPIRACY

NEW YORK, Dec. 13. — (AP) — Retrial of United States Senator James J. Davis on federal lottery and conspiracy charges today was set for January 9. Similar charges against the Western Union Telegraph company and three others were set for the same day. One of the cases will have to be again postponed.

TRUNK SLAYER MUST HANG, IS FINAL WORD

PHOENIX, Ariz., Dec. 13. — (AP) — Winnie Ruth Judd's last chance for life before the justice of Arizona was lost today when the state supreme court ordered her to hang on Friday, February 17, 1933, and denied her appeal.

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

SYNOPSIS: Inga and Pincocchio, two dolls from Toyland, are in search of a witch who has ruined Inga's beauty through a gold mirror which, then helps Inga. A woods fairy helps them by disguising them as red foxes.

CHAPTER VIII.
The Witch's Cave.

Soon the woodland seemed to disappear and the two dolls, disguised as foxes, came to the stony mountain that they knew was the location to the cave of the bats where the witch lived.

There wasn't a tree or a shrub to hide them as they started up the hill. There was just great, ugly rocks about them.

"Wait," said Inga, and she sat down and held up the little mirror in front of her.

"Little mirror, where is the witch now?" she asked.

Immediately the face of the mirror showed the door to the cave and then it showed a dark passage inside and finally a dark room lit only by a roaring fire. Next to it sat the old witch. All about her circled hundreds of huge bats.

"At least she is inside," said Inga. "We must approach the cave without her seeing us."

So they started on again, creeping up the mountain and hiding behind rocks. Soon they were at the door of the cave. Quietly they slipped in

"Now let's rub the coins the woods fairy gave us," said Inga. They did and immediately they lost their disguises as red foxes and became two little dolls again.

But here is the wonderful part of it: Inga wasn't the old, gray, wrinkled doll she had been, but the beautiful girl she had been.

So they went back into the corridor to lay plans.

"Let's spill that little bottle of water," said Pincocchio. "It will flood the whole room and they will be driven out."

"But it will also put out the fire, and a witch can only be killed by burning," said Inga.

"That's right," said Pincocchio, scratching his head. "I'll tell you what. I saw the embers of an old fire outside. We'll pile wood for a huge fire in the passage. Then we'll spill water from our magic bottle into the witch's room. She will come running out this way, and just before she gets to our wood-pile we'll set fire to it and she will be caught."

That's just what they did. When the water started flooding the witch's room, she and all her bats ran in terror out through the passage, which was so dark and narrow that they did not see the fire until they ran right into it and burned. And that was the last of the witch.

animals of the woods. They had all been bewitched at one time or another by the witch, and now Inga and Pincocchio had freed them.

(Tomorrow—The Magic Basket.)

JOINT INSTALLATION FOR GRANGE OFFICERS

There will be a joint installation of officers of the Jacksonville and Applegate Grange Saturday, December 17 at 8 p. m. in the Jacksonville Grange hall. The work will be done by the Jackson county installation team with Mrs. Gertrude Haak as installing officer. It is especially important that every officer-elect be present for this ceremony as it saves a lot of time and effort to have all officers duly installed for the first meeting of the New Year.

The H. E. club met at the home of Mrs. Ona Nidermeyer last Wednesday with a large attendance. The afternoon was spent in sewing for the Red Cross relief work.

Rail Heads For Extended Pay Cut

CHICAGO, Dec. 13. — (AP) — Executives of the nation's railroads proposed to the brotherhoods of employees today that the 10 per cent reduction in pay be extended indefinitely past January 31, when the agreement of last year is due to expire.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Kingdom For A Memory!



BOUND TO WIN—Alva Dutton's Surprise



By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—A Way To Solve The Old Hat Problem



THE NEBBS—Who's Who



By C. M. PAYNE

BRINGING UP FATHER



By SOL HESS



By George McManus



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