

# A PATH TO PARADISE

by Coningsly DAWSON

**SYNOPSIS:** Tortured beyond bearing by the attentions of Santa's first husband to her, although she is his own wife, Clive goes a second time to Lou-Lou for help. Lou-Lou, Dicky's friend of long standing, plans to insist Dicky marry her immediately. On the day set for the wedding Clive hurries home, only to discover a telephone call from Dicky to Santa. Santa is horrified by what Dicky says.

## Chapter 49

**THERE COMES THE END**

**B**UT it may be a matter of seconds," Santa wrung her hands. "Hurry."

Clive shook his head.

"Your first husband's free to go to hell how he likes. He's hogged two-thirds of my marriage. He's getting a better deal than he deserves. I won't lift a finger."

"But, Clive, it's too awful. You wouldn't let me go alone?" She implored him.

"Neither alone, nor accompanied. You seem to forget that you're my wife."

She raised an arm to cover her eyes and burst into sobbing.

"You can't understand."

"He longed to display tenderness; but he'd done that so consistently and he'd always lost the argument. Strolling to the window, he addressed her across his shoulder."

"I understand too well. You'd exhaust the patience of a saint, Santa."

"Cruel and revengeful." She spoke brokenly.

Her retreating footsteps. Then silence.

In an effort to control his nerves, Clive stretched himself on the couch. This revival of an old infatuation could be no more than a pang of jealousy. That she should have fallen in love with that stuffed shirt for a second time was inconceivable.

He roused.

"That you, Santa?"

Had his voice drowned the sound of the front-door closing or was that also imagined?

Dashing down the passage he entered the bedroom. With luck there was yet time to intercept her at the elevator.

Too late. She had descended.

Returning to the apartment, he sat down, clenching his head between his hands. A year was her limit for any marriage. He supposed there were girls like that. After all, he'd had fair warning.

"Probably she'll come back to me if I wait a year."

He began to laugh. Suddenly he stopped, starting.

"Not to me. I've been abused enough."

The furniture, which was here, not his, seemed to smirk at him.

"Curse you," he kicked a chair. "You won't have to put up with me much longer."

In a frenzy, he unbuttoned a suitcase in the bedroom and began to pack.

"I'm leaving Santa. It can't be true."

On the bed lay the frock that she had been wearing. Timidly, as one who had no right, he touched it. It was still warm from her body. Without thinking, he crushed it to his lips. Then scornful of his sentiment, returned to his packing.

Seating himself at her desk, he scrawled on a sheet of paper, "Dear Santa." How to progress? Dear Santa was exactly what she was to him. Never as long as the world lasted could she be less. Tomorrow would dawn and tomorrow, his hunger for her would be unabated. He might glance at other women but he would duck at the final moment, as Dicky was ducking.

In heaven's name, if this was how he felt, why hadn't he said it to her? He'd turned his back on her and left her sobbing. He'd driven her into Dicky's arms, if that was where she was at present.

He gnawed his pen. But was she? Was it too late? Legally she was his wife. Crushing the sheet of paper on which he had written nothing but the inarticulate two words, "Dear Santa," he rushed from the disordered bedroom and seized his hat. She could make her own terms; he would resign his will in everything.

In the East Seventies before a palatial apartment-house, the taxi halted. Having stated at the office that he was expected, ("Ought to be, if I'm not"), he was shot up in an elevator and directed. To his relief the door was opened by Santa.

He clasped her to him.

"I was so afraid."

"So was I," she cuddled.

"But who's been frightening you?"

"Nothing. I've been sitting here alone."

"How alone? What I mean is, if there was no one to admit you—"

"He'd dismissed his servants and left the key to be given to a lady who was to call on him."

"Looks as though he'd played a practical joke. Ah!" He had an inspiration. "On Lou-Lou."

Santa stared.

"Why Lou-Lou?"

"What more natural! This is the day when they're to be married."

"Is it true? Who told you?"

"Lou-Lou herself."

"They wandered into a large, luxuriously furnished room."

"But why should she notify you?" Santa continued.

"Too long a story." He shrugged his shoulders. "To be brief, she knew that if he were married again, I'd feel that I was really married."

A telephone in another room was ringing persistently, absently.

"What do you say?" Clive rose.

"You and I seem to be the wedding reception committee. Guess I'd better answer it."

He came back.

"Couldn't the door's locked."

She drew herself to him, white-lipped and trembling.

"What's wrong with you?" He caught her terror. "It's the second time I've seen you like this today."

"Something he said, Clive, when he called me up. The thing he said that brought me here. Behind your back, Clive, he's been threatening me. I've been ashamed. I've tried so hard. I couldn't, couldn't get rid of him."

"Well, you're rid of him now, darling." He kissed her tears.

"Let's get out."

They had stepped into the passage, when the elevator halted and they found themselves confronted by a stocky, grey-haired man who questioned them without preliminaries.

"Any trouble in Mr. Dak's apartment?"

"Only that he's not there," Clive replied shortly.

"I'm the house-detective," the man announced. "You're the last folks to visit him. Better come back with me."

Inside the apartment he explained his request.

"There's a lady on the wire who says she's waiting to marry him—been ringing him for the past half hour. He himself used the telephone not two hours ago—since then nobody's seen him."

"I can assure you we haven't," Clive volunteered. "The only peculiar thing I've noticed is that one of the doors is locked."

"Which one?" The house-detective produced a set of pass-keys. Sprawled across the desk lay Dicky, a revolver on the floor where it had dropped from his hand.

A cry burst from Santa.

"It's what he threatened."

Reverently Clive approached. Dicky and himself again had changed places. An hour ago, when he had believed himself forsaken, he, too, had been capable of this despairing folly. Peering over Dicky's shoulder, he saw a scribbled sheet. It was the letter he himself had tried to write.

"It's addressed to you, Santa." He spoke without turning. "It begins the way I began one to you recently: 'Dear Santa.' That was as far as I could get. His goes on: 'Time to be honest. I have no one to blame but myself. Life lavished chances; I misused every one of them. Life gave me you; the only use I could make of your love was to kill it. We men are all fools. When we're all the world to any woman, we usually despair her. See how I'm treating Lou-Lou.'

"But we're talking about you—the highest. If I stayed, I could never cease following you. Marrying Lou-Lou wouldn't cure me. I pray to God Clive will appreciate you. Think of me as I ought to have been. In removing myself I'm proving the love I bear you. There are men so weak that they perform their greatest kindness by dying."

The telephone started ringing. The house-detective throttled it.

"Yes, mam. I get you. You're his fiancée. Sorry, he can't. No, mam—he don't live here any longer."

(Copyright 1931-1932, Coningsly Dawson)

The End.

Chapter 49

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# FARMER RELIEF PLAN ADVANCED

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—(AP)—A tentative draft of a domestic allotment farm relief plan covering wheat, cotton, tobacco and hogs and repealing the establishment provisions of the farm board act was made public today as the basis of farm relief hearings by the house agriculture committee.

After an executive session of nearly one hour, Chairman Jones distributed the draft of the emergency bill he had prepared to members of the committee. It meets tomorrow to proceed with consideration.

"This is simply a tentative bill to be used wholly as the basis of the committee's work," Jones explained.

Noted Portland Doctor Passes

PORTLAND, Dec. 14.—(AP)—Word of the death in Los Angeles of Dr. Ella Kyes Dearborn, 73, has been received by friends here. Dr. Dearborn practiced medicine in Portland for about 30 years before retiring last fall. She went to Los Angeles, where she expected to make her home for some time. Death was caused by a sudden attack of heart disease. Dr. Dearborn was widely known for her collection of books and other objects.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Last Hope Fades!

EVERYTHING—MY VERY LIFE MAY DEPEND ON THIS GIRL!

IT'S TOO BAD—BUT YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF HER MIND IS A BLANK!

SHE WAS BADLY SHAKEN UP IN THE ACCIDENT—SHE MUST HAVE A COMPLETE REST—SHE MAY RECOVER HER MEMORY IN A WEEK AND THEN...

YOU SEEM TO BE IN NEED OF MEDICAL CARE—YOU'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF—HAVE YOU BEEN HURT?

IT'S—IT'S NOTHING—JUST A LITTLE PHYSICAL CARE—THAT'S ALL—I HURT MY LEG—BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT.

HAL FORREST

# SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

**SYNOPSIS:** A cruel witch is tormented by Inga and Pinochio, two of Toyland's dolls, after they had been helped by a woods fairy who disguised them as foxes. As the witch burns, nearby rocks turned into people who had been under the witch's spell. Inga has a magic gold mirror.

Chapter IX  
THE MAGIC BASKET

All the people and dolls and woods animals that Inga and Pinochio had freed clustered about them and thanked them, and there was much merrymaking.

"Now we can go back to Toyland with you," Inga said. "There were tin soldiers, lady dolls, red-leather dogs and little black monkeys that Santa had lost many years before."

"Oh, Santa will be so glad to see you," said Inga, clasping her hands. "First I must get my mirror out of the cave. So they waited until the smoke had blown out of the passage and then Inga and Pinochio and some knights went in together. There wasn't a trace of the witch left."

Inga found her mirror, and then they went into the witch's big room. "Now what shall I do?" asked Inga, holding up the mirror. And the mirror showed a picture of a basket.

right size for some person in the crowd—little ones for the dolls and big ones for the knights. And, of course, the woods animals didn't need any.

Then they all started out from the witch's mountain to go home.

"What do you suppose that means?" said Pinochio.

"Don't you remember? That little squirrel told us about the basket that is never empty. It must be in here," said Inga.

So the whole company looked and looked, and finally they found a little brown basket in a dark corner.

"This must be it," cried Inga. "Let's see what's in it. I wish I had a cunning little coach with six tiny white horses to pull me back to Toyland."

She put her hand into the basket and pulled out a little gold coach no bigger than a walnut and six little horses no bigger than bumble-bees. But when she set them on the ground they suddenly became as big as they could be to serve a doll.

"Goody, goody," she cried. "It really is a magic basket. I'm going to take it back to Toyland, and I'll take the magic bottle of water back to the woods fairy, but I guess we can keep the little gold mirror until we find the princess to whom it belonged when the witch took it."

"Why don't we get help for all these other people who have to go home?" suggested Pinochio.

"That's a fine idea," said Inga. "So she put her hand into the basket dozens of times, each time wishing for another little horse. And each time out came a horse no bigger than a bumble-bee, and each time the magic horse grew into just the

"Without your help we would not have been successful," she said. "Thank you so much." And then they rode on.

At last they saw the roofs of Toyland, and at the crossing of the roads the whole company stopped. The dolls had had goodbye to the rest, because, you see, no one but toys are permitted in fairyland where Santa works.

Then Pinochio and Inga and the rest hurried on to find Santa.

Tomorrow—Back to the Toyshop.



With a sweeping bow, Pinochio returned the magic water bottle to the little woods fairy.

Half way through the woods the whole company stopped because there stood the little woods fairy smiling because the two dolls had come back safely home.

Pinochio hopped out of the doll's carriage and with a big sweeping bow returned the little water bottle she had lent them.

# 13 LOSE LIVES IN TRAFFIC MISHAPS

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 14.—(AP)—Thirteen persons lost their lives in traffic accidents within the past 24 hours, the largest number of fatalities ever recorded here in a day, police reported today.

Many of the accidents were attributed to streets made slippery by rain, snow and sleet or the blinding of motorists by the storm.

# JOHNSON SLATED FOR CABINET, IS REPORT

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Dec. 14.—(AP) The Bee published today a copyrighted dispatch from Gladstone Williams, its Washington correspondent, saying Senator Hiram Johnson of California, Republican independent who supported Franklin D. Roosevelt for President, would be offered the post of secretary of the interior in the Roosevelt cabinet.

PORTLAND PITCHER SOUGHT BY GIANTS

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—(AP)—As the latest move in their rebuilding program, the New York Giants today announced they practically had completed a deal whereby they will acquire Bill Shores, right-handed pitcher last year with Portland of the Pacific Coast league, in exchange for Sam Gibson, giant right-hander.

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

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

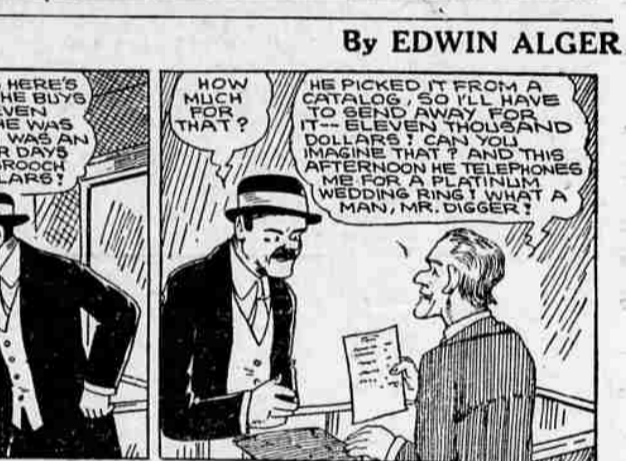
By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus



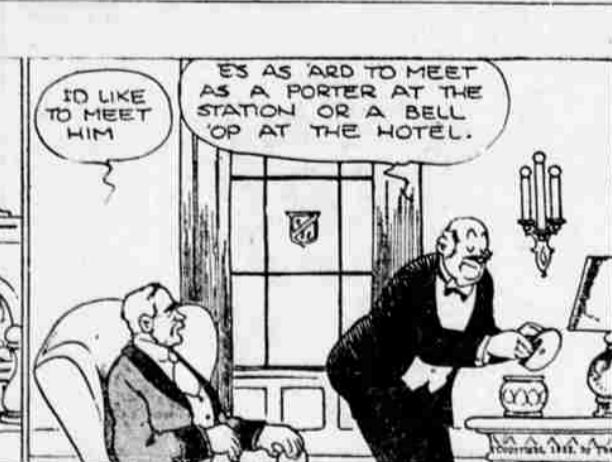
# BOUND TO WIN—J. E. Weller Talks Confidentially



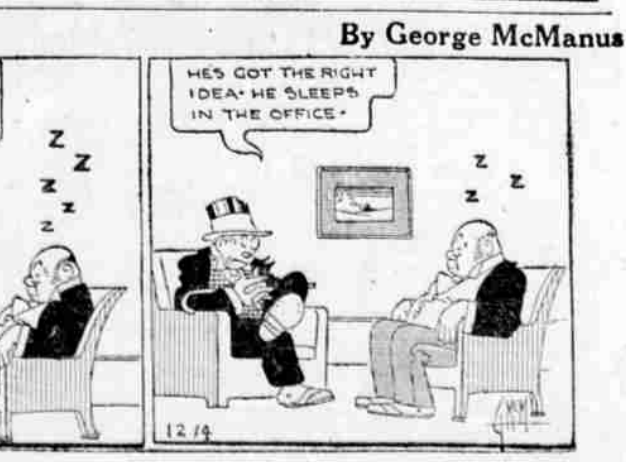
# S'MATTER POP—The Active Casualty



# THE NEBBS—Hemmingway



# BRINGING UP FATHER



# UNSCRUPULOUS NOW IMPOSE ON WORKER

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—(AP)—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in an address today at the annual meeting of the National Consumers League, said "The depression has brought about such great unemployment that the unscrupulous man, who in former years would have found it impossible to find people to accede to his conditions of work, is now finding it easy because men and women must keep body and soul together."

# DAIRY IMPORTS BILL OFFERED IN SENATE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—(AP)—Strict regulation of imports of milk, cream and dairy products was called for today in a bill by Senator Capper (R., Kas).

The measure would give the secretary of agriculture authority to determine importable products, based on the health of the cattle and purity tests in accordance with standard American regulations.

# Six Hour Day Okay If Revenues Permit

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—(AP)—The interstate commerce commission advised congress today that the six-hour day on railroads would have no material effect on operations of the carriers, if revenues are sufficient to cover added operating expenses.

FREB—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHAWOLE STUDIO.

# Heavy Casualties Gran Chaco Fight

BUENOS AIRES, Dec. 14.—(AP)—American cattlemen arriving here from the Gran Chaco region, scene of fighting between Bolivia and Paraguay, today said that casualties on both sides have been appallingly large.

They declared that unofficial estimates put the Paraguayan dead and wounded as high as 12,000 and those of the Bolivians at 18,000.

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