SERIAL STORY

SANTA CLAUS BROWN

BY MILDRED GILMAN

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CHAPTER VIII

The Donaldson house was dark ...ept for a small light in the ...er hall. Near the front door, ...e butler grappled with an angry ...n. Jim Carter emerged from ... huddle, menaced the butler ...h a snow shovel.

"You let me see Mr. Donald... Jim shouted. "Why do you ...k I've been breaking my back, ...oveling snow hour after hour? ...n't let my kids down—not ...m. They've always had some ...t of Christmas. I've always ...naged that.

"Listen, you in your monkey ... I could have gone on relief, ... I didn't—I worked for the ...ney, do you hear me—I worked. ... make Donaldson open his store ... get toys for them. . . ."

"I can't awaken Mr. Donald... sir," the butler insisted. "It's ...te out of the question. I'll call ... officer if you don't leave! Take ...ur hands off me! Put that shov... down."

Carter shoved him aside and ...ode to the foot of the sairs.

"Donaldson," he shouted, wav... his shovel. "I want your store ...ened. I want to buy things for ... children. I worked and work... I kept thinking another hour, ...other 40 cents—that's her doll ...riage—another hour—that's ... of Pete's skates—you've got ...."

A second servant joined the ...der and attempted to quiet Car... Then the Donaldsons, awak...ed by the noise, peered down ... the upper hall. Mrs. Don... clung to her husband.

"Some crazy man has broken ..." said Mr. Donaldson. "It's ...tly Worst Christmas Eve ...e've ever had."

"What have we done to deserve ...this?" Mrs. Donaldson moaned. ...irst Jerry—then this—I think ...—going—to—" She gasped, ...t unconscious into Mr. Donald... ...s arms. The two servants ...ded Carter and jerked him to ... front door, shoved him out ...d down the steps just as Jerry ...ve up to the house. Carter ...ped and fell into the snow.

Jerry peered out, "What'd you ... old man?" he asked. "They ...e at you, too?"

Carter got up and brushed the ...w off his clothes. He tried to ... himself.

"I spent 15 hours shoveling snow ...have enough money to buy toys for the children—three of them," he explained angrily. "My baby still believes in Santa Claus—if you've ever had a child like her—with faith like that—you'd know how I feel.

"I kept shoveling thinking about the money till the stores were closed. I've spent the rest of the night trying to get someone to open his store, just to let me buy things—I can't disappoint them. I thought perhaps your father—he might send one of the servants down—once I had a job with him—I thought he might remember. He didn't."

Jerry opened the car door. "Climb in," he said gently. He took the store keys out of his pocket. "I work for the old man now. I'm supposed to open the store at 8 o'clock every morning. Guess I'm a little ahead of time, but that's all right."

They drove away. Carter could hardly believe it was true, until they stopped in front of the Palais Royale. They entered the store; Jerry struck a match.

"I'll have to look for the light switch," he said. "This is all new to me."

Jerry walked about with lighted matches looking for the switch. Carter stood aside waiting, his eyes following the light excitedly as it flickered across one toy after another. Suddenly Jerry called, "Here it is," and turned on the lights. The whole glittering toy department stretched out before them. Carter was dazzled by the display.

Jerry picked up two burlap bags, handed one to Carter.

"Help yourself to whatever you want, Mr. Carter," he said. He started down one aisle with his bag and Carter down another.

Carter picked up a pair of skates.

"Skates—that's what Pete wants. Wonder how much these are!"

Jerry, on the opposite side of the store, was saying to himself, "I bet the Carter kids would like skiis—these look like the best ones."

Carter stod admiring a doll. "Betty would love that," he thought. He looked at the price tag, hesitated, then picked up a smaller doll.

"Guess I better take this one, though," he decided reluctantly.

Across the store, Jerry was putting a much finer doll in his bag. "Better take three or four of these dolls," he mused. "Kids like lots of dolls."

"Here's an airplane. Joe said he wanted one," exclaimed Carter, "and it's oly 50 cents. I can buy him a baseball, too."

Jerry put armsful of games and toys in his bag.

"Oughta be something among this stuff that they'll like," he told himself. He looked over the book counter and selected several books.

Finally the two men met in front of the store. Jerry's sack was bulging, his arms were full and he was dragging a sled behind him. Carter's bag was only half-full. He was radiant, but he hesitated when he saw all the things that Jerry had.

"How much will all this cost?" he asked.

"I don't know," Jerry replied carelessly. "You can charge it."

"But I don't have a charge account," Carter protested.

"That's all right—charge it anyway."

"But—but I haven't enough money—to buy all that."

Jerry turned to him for the first time.

"Mr. Carter, what I mean is—well, what I'm trying tosay is, the toys won't cost anything because—I'm paying ffor them."

Mr. Carter was grateful but firm.

"Thanks—thanks a lot," he said. "But, you see, I worked to buy these toys. I shoveled snow all day for them, and I want to give my kids their Christmas—myself."

He took some money from his pocket and shoved it into Jerry's hand.

Jerry understood.

"Sure. That's right," he nodded, putting the money in his pocket without looking at it. "That'll pay for the lot of it. Stuff's all marked down anyway. Always is the minute the Christmas rush is over." He went to the back of the store, returned wheeling a small doll carriage full of candy and perfume.

"For Mrs. Carter," Jerry said. "We almost forgot her."

He picked up his bag. "Come on, Carter, we're going home."

Jerry turned out the light.

"But Mr. Donaldson, I have to go back to my home, because—"

"That's what I mean," interrupted Jerry. "Come on."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Since the fourth century, Christmas has been observed as a Christian festival.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Short Short Story — By HAROLD GRAY

POPEYE — Now Showing—"WELL, BEAUTY'S ONLY SKIN DEEP!" Tomorrow—"WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?" — By E. C. SEGAR

SECRET AGENT X-9 — Face-Lifting's a G-Man's Specialty! — By ROBERT STORM

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Good for You, Boots — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — Careful Link — By CRANE

ALLEY OOP — Can't Imagine It, Oop — By V. T. HAMLIN

FLAPPER FANNY — By Sylvia

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"Bring him over sometime. Mac gets awful lonesome—all the other dogs in the neighborhood are too big for him to lick."

SIDE GLANCES

"Don't say a word—we'll please them and be surprised on Christmas."

CHARLEY BOWSER . . . Pittsburgh coach.

Stories in STAMPS

Finland Bound to U. S. By Early Colonial Ties

FINLAND is known to the average American as a nation that pays its war debts and as the home of the "Flying Finn"—Paavo Nurmi. But ties with the Baltic nation, now menaced by an expanding Soviet Russia, go far deeper.

Not so well known, perhaps, is Finland's role in the colonization of America, commemorated on the Finnish stamp, above. In 1638 Finland, as part of Sweden, cooperated in the settlement of Delaware. The thriving colony was later taken over by the Dutch. Today in America, there are 140,000 native-born Finns or descendants of Finns.

Finland became independent in 1920, revolting against Bolshevik rule. The nation is the sixth largest in Europe, has a population of 3,667,000. Lumbering is the principal industry, wood products the chief export.

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THE following French charity semi-postals have been withdrawn from sale but are still valid for postage: 1937 Intellectuals, Anatole France, Auguste Rodin; 1938 Charcot; 1936 Intellectuals, Calilliot, Berlioz, Hugo, Pasteur; 1936 French refugees and 1938 Curie Cancer stamp.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - with - - MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS