

SERIAL STORY

SANTA CLAUS BROWN

BY MILDRED GILMAN

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YESTERDAY, Carter goes to Donaldson's home, demands a chance to buy toys. Donaldson has him thrown out. Jerry Bada him in the snow, outside. Together they go to the store. Carter gets only a few toys, but Jerry gets a huge bag. They hurry to the Carter home.

CHAPTER IX

THE Carter living room was bare and quiet when Carter and Jerry entered. Mrs. Carter heard them and hurried down from upstairs, calling as she came, "Is that you, Jim?"

She saw the toys and stopped short in confusion. "But—what?" She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Come and help us," said Carter. "You remember Jerry Donaldson?"

Jerry and Carter had begun to fill the stockings and empty the bags of toys. Mrs. Carter joined them, still confused.

"Jim," she inquired hesitantly, "you paid for these yourself?"

"I did—shoveling snow," answered her husband proudly.

They finished their work quickly and stood back to admire.

"You'd better sit down, Mr. Donaldson," Mrs. Carter said. "You look weak. It's been a dreadful night for all of us. How is Mr. Brown?"

"I hope—he's better," Jerry replied.

"His wife hasn't come home the whole night," Mrs. Carter continued. "I hope he hasn't taken a turn for the worse."

Jerry swayed slightly.

"Guess I will—take a little rest," he said.

"You, too, papa, you must be half dead," said Mrs. Carter. "You'll be tired after all that shoveling. I'll have to spend Christmas Day rubbing liniment on you."

Jerry and Carter sat down and fell asleep in their chairs almost immediately. Mrs. Carter looked about her happily. She yawned.

"Bless their little hearts," she murmured drowsily. "They'll have a merry Christmas, after all!"

IN the corridor of the hospital Mrs. Brown talked with Mrs. Deakin, her landlady and Mr. Middleton.

"I was trying to tell you outside earlier, Mrs. Brown, your daughter Frances isn't doing as well as you thought," Mrs. Deakin chattered. "She isn't even an actress. She's been out of work for five months—all that time you didn't hear from her. She hated to write till she had good news for you, and she wouldn't come home and be a burden on you."

"But she's coming now," Mrs. Brown said, tearfully. She glanced toward the door to Santa Claus Brown's room and held her finger to her mouth.

"Shhh, don't let papa know she isn't a famous actress. It makes him happy thinking of her doing so well. He's—"

"Mama—come here, close to me," Santa Claus Brown called from his bed. Mrs. Brown hastened to him and he smiled weakly at her.

"Looks as if my work is just about done, Where's Frances, mama? You're sure she's coming?"

Mrs. Brown smiled. "She'll be here any minute now," she said. "She left right away when she heard you were hurt. She's so sorry not to have written, but it's just as we thought. That poor girl's been so busy she didn't know which way to turn. She's coming home now to rest—with us. You must get well. Our daughter's coming home."

"Our daughter—coming home—Santa Claus Brown smiled happily.

A CLOCK struck six. Christmas bells began to peal merrily. The light of dawn, just breaking, sifted into the living room of the Carter house. Jerry and Mrs. and Mrs. Carter were still sleeping in their chairs. Upstairs, the children had just awakened.

"Come quick," Betty cried to her brothers. "He's been here. I heard him! I saw him! I was going to wake you up but I was afraid he'd be scared away."

"Aw, baloney," said Pete, derisively. "There ain't no Santa Claus. We won't have nothin'!" They were on their way downstairs.

"Gee," exclaimed Joe, "don't talk like that—yet. Wait and see—he might—"

They came into view of the living room. They did not see their parents nor Jerry, just awakening. They saw nothing but the toys, and rushed toward them ecstatically. Pete followed slightly behind the two younger ones, bewildered, ashamed. He viewed the scene and scratched his head.

"Pop never could have bought all this," he exclaimed. "Betty,

did you say you saw Santa Claus? No pipe dream?"

"I saw him," Betty cried excitedly. "I heard him." She picked up a burlap bag. "Here's his sack. He forgot his sack. Oh, I hope he has other sacks with him. I hope he didn't leave all his toys here by mistake!"

She saw her parents and ran over to hug them, smiling up at Jerry.

Above the excited clamoring of the children, Jerry said to Mrs. Carter:

"Your husband tells me he used to work at the Palais Royale."

"Yes, he did," she replied. "Then he thought he could make a go of an engineering job, and he could have, too, if it hadn't been for the depression. Building stopped so suddenly. He's a fine worker, my husband, and a man of great courage."

Pete ran toward them with his airplane.

"Hey, pop, look at that propeller go round—gee!"

"How would you like to be floorwalker, Mr. Carter?" Jerry asked him. "I heard pop say he needs one. Work up from there!"

"Floorwalker?" Mrs. Carter's tone made the job sound impressive. "That's fine. Just have to stand and look handsome. That'll be easy for you, dad. And," she put an understanding arm around him, "you won't be all worn out. You'll be able to keep right on studying your engineering, till you can get back into it again."

Carter tried to speak, but was interrupted by the children, who came running to him with their arms full of toys.

Jerry reached into his pocket and pulled out the sprig of mistletoe he had taken from his home the night before. He got up and hung it over the entrance to the living room.

"Good old mistletoe," he smiled. "How about a little real Christmas spirit?" The door opened and Alice Banks came in. (To Be Concluded)

The happy circumstance of some nations having acquired territory containing natural resources should not bar other less favored nations from receiving their fair proportion.—James B. Carey, national CIO secretary.

When your car is going down a long, steep hill, the best procedure is to shift to low gear, and apply the foot brake as required.

Named by Dies



A Dies' committee report lists Germaine Bulcke, above, as "Comrade Germaine" of the Communist Party in California. He's a member of the State Fish and Game Commission and former president of the San Francisco Longshoremen's Union.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

STATIONERY

OFFICE EQUIPMENT



"Look! They gave me dozens of calendars! An' they're perfectly good—all we gotta do is mark out the '39 an' print in 1940."

BRILLIANT GEM

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words like 'Gem formed by crystallized carbon', 'Thin cake', 'Adam's mate', etc.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers indicating word positions.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE--NOT BORN

OUR BOARDING' HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



LAST OF THE MOHICANS, WALDO

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

