

# SERIAL STORY SANTA CLAUS BROWN

BY MILDRED GILMAN

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YESTERDAY, Santa Claus Brown, awaiting the coming of his daughter, clings to life. Mrs. Brown lies to him about the girl's success. At the Carter home, Christmas happiness reigns when the children find their toys. Jerry offers Carter a job at the Palais Royale. Alice Banks comes in.

### CHAPTER X

Alice Banks entered the Carter living room with her gifts for the children's Christmas. She stopped, amazed at the outlay of toys, even more amazed at the sight of Jerry.

Jerry went to her, took her in his arms under the mistletoe, and kissed her, tenderly. He spoke in a low voice, only for her ears.

"I almost killed Santa Claus—I've been trying to take his place ever since... finish up his job for him. Alice, he gave me a wonderful Christmas present—he brought me to my senses—he gave you back to me. God bless Santa Claus Brown!"

Betty stared at them, open-mouthed with astonishment. "My teacher and Mr. Donaldson love each other! Mother, look!"

Mrs. Carter tried to divert Betty's attention back to her toys. The boys, derisive of love-making, paid no attention to the couple.

Jerry was so full of enthusiasm that he might as well have been alone in the room with Alice.

"Alice, when I take that job in dad's basement, will you struggle along with me? Furnish a little bungalow on installment—furniture from Donaldson's Palais Royale. Begin right at the bottom with ma. We'll have to—pop's set on it.

"You're forgetting," Alice laughed, "I'm not social register enough for your mother."

Jerry kissed her again. "It's time all of us took mom in hand and taught her a few plain facts about living," Jerry said.

"She'll be so tickled having her little boy Jerry behaving like a human being again—she'll forget all about the social register. Underneath mom's human and sweet—you'll see, darling. Just take a chance. Leave it all to Jerry. We better go right over and wish 'em a merry Christmas. They've probably called every bar in the state, looking for me."

Betty handed Alice some sleighbells.

"Here's some wedding bells for you, Miss Banks," she said, and added wistfully, "Aren't you going to teach us any more?"

"You'd outgrow me in another few months anyway," Alice smiled. "You'll have other teachers, dear." She hugged the child. They looked around suddenly to find Mrs. Deakin and "Deadbeat" Middleton standing in the doorway, looking astonished at the festive early scene in the Carter living room.

Mrs. Deakin quickly recovered her composure and addressed her audience.

"We've been at the hospital all night. Santa Claus Brown is—"

"You're standing under the mistletoe, Mrs. Deakin," Mrs. Carter interrupted her quickly.

"Deadbeat" Middleton instantly rose to the occasion and kissed her. She blushed furiously. "Looks like the Christmas spirit's taken possession of everybody," Mrs. Carter said, smiling. "I think Santa Claus Brown had a finger—in all—of this. Run along you two love birds," she said turning to Jerry and Alice. "Break the good news to your parents."

Alice and Jerry ran out laughing, hand in hand. Betty went to the window and looked out.

"I wish Santa Claus Brown was here," she sighed wistfully. "He always comes in Christmas morning and looks at our presents and shows us how to work things, and fixes 'em when we break 'em, and—"

"He's hurt," her father told her. "He had an accident. He had to go to the hospital."

There was a soft knock on the door, and Mrs. Brown entered slowly. Everyone greeted her.

"How's your husband, Mrs. Brown?" inquired Mrs. Carter. "He's—just fine—" Mrs. Brown replied, with a far-away look.

"You mean, he'll—live?" cried Carter, and looked relieved.

"Oh, yes," nodded Mrs. Brown, "he'll live," and added, half to herself—"always."

"I'm glad Santa Claus Brown is all right," said Betty. "Daddy said he got hurt bad."

Mrs. Carter walked over to Mrs. Brown and put an arm around her.

"My Frances is coming in on the noon plane," Mrs. Brown told her.

"If Santa Claus Brown is all

well and isn't going to die, why doesn't he come here?" Betty demanded with childish insistence. "He always came here first thing Christmas morning. I want to show him all my presents. I never did get such wonderful presents before."

"Well, you see, dear," Mrs. Brown said softly, "he had to make a trip back to the North Pole."

"But Daddy said Santa Claus Brown was in the hospital—"

Betty began, and stopped short. The sound of sleighbells drifted in from the street outside.

Betty ran to the window and looked out. She peered up and down the street. She couldn't see Santa Claus, but she knew those must have been his sleighbells. She knew Santa Claus Brown must have gotten up from his hospital bed, put on his Santa Claus uniform, and, once more his usual happy, jolly self, ridden away in his sleigh drawn by reindeer.

She was almost sure that she heard him call back, as his reindeer galloped north,

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

(The End)



IN THE FAMILY—It wasn't an act, when Actor John Barrymore thus greeted his daughter, Diana, on her arrival in Chicago where they appear in plays at adjoining theaters.

### FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"If he's too timid to propose, I will—it's Leap Year." "Swell, Dolly—then all he has to do is ask his mother."

### CHIEF JUSTICE

**HORIZONTAL**

- 17 Famous chief justice of U. S. Supreme Court.
- 18 Goddess of peace.
- 23 Conference.
- 24 Satirical.
- 25 To discover.
- 26 Within.
- 27 Ovum.
- 28 Seeding device.
- 30 Examiner of accounts.
- 33 Reigning.
- 35 Spore clusters.
- 38 To tune again.
- 40 Plural pronoun.
- 41 South America.
- 44 Half.
- 46 Chinese money.
- 48 Common verb.
- 49 Child.
- 51 Spain.
- 53 Idant.
- 56 Bone.

**VERTICAL**

- 2 Mental images.
- 3 Burden.
- 4 Rested lazily.
- 5 1 am.
- 6 Stupid and obstinate.
- 7 Cow's feeding rope.
- 8 Region.
- 9 Structure.
- 12 He was — of the Philippines.
- 14 Having left a will.
- 16 He — as Justice because of ill health.
- 18 Goddess of peace.
- 23 Conference.
- 24 Satirical.
- 25 To discover.
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**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

**DIAMOND HARDEST**

ODE WAFER EVE  
 ANILE CAW STEEP  
 BTERSE POWER RE  
 RR TEAT OR RE  
 AAS SO OR LAC  
 SILVER ELEM  
 IDEA W SACTO  
 I WIT STIS U  
 ES REPRERED AS  
 OH NEITHER AL  
 KRE SAL ANT RED  
 KIMBERLEY FACET

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### OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

