HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE

THE STORY: When Andrew Dearborn dies of heart attack, his secretary Carol and "Saunt Claus" Bill Reece, faithful employes, wonder if the kindly president's store policy of service to the people will continue, knowing that unseruputous Ofr. Herrick, assistant manager, has other ideas. They cable pluybey son Anty Dearborn, yachting with sick Linda Julian, to return at obce.

CHAPTER II

THE employes of the store stood in little knots after the announcement of Mr. Dearborn's death. They talked in hushed whispers or just stood staring. Some of the older ones cried, quietly, tears streaking their tired faces. Like little Miss Fanny who had been with Dearborn's since she wore pigtails and ran cash. She had been hosiery buyer for twenty years. There were those who complained that fingers gnarled with rheumatism detracted from the beauty of sheer nylons. But Mr. Dearborn said there would always be a place for her and he had kept his word.

The Christmas extras for the most part looked embarrassed. One of them, Mary Todd of cosmetics, said, "I thought Mr. Herrick ran the store." A dozen were quick to

deny it. Among them all, both old and new, the question was, "What will young Andy do?" Uppermost in their minds, unspoken, each wondered, "Can I keep my job? What will this do to me?" Even Nicky Moore, the news-

Even Nicky Moore, the news-boy on the corner, was worried. "Jiminy-gee," his freckled face wrinkled with concern. "He was a good guy." Ashamedly he brushed back a tear. "He al'ays helped me. 'Spose the new fella will be like that, Miss Carol?"

"Don't worry," Carol consoled him. "Mr. Andy's all right, He'll be here any day now." But he wasn't there. After two days the cable office reported they had falled to contact the Dearborn

So the store closed for an after noon in spite of Mr. Herrick's re-luctance to lose the business and the funeral of Andrew Dearborn was held without the presence of

his son.
The following day Carol received a wire from Andy saying he was flying back and would arrive at once.

SHE took the message to Mr.

Herrick.

"Too late for the funeral," he rowled. "But he'd better hurry anyway. They won't read the will until he comes."

until he comes."

Carol was silent.
"I suppose you know who holds the will?" he persisted.
She thought quickly, decided there was no harm in admitting she knew a will existed. The contents were what Mr. Desrborn asked her to keep secret.
"No," she replied, "I don't know who holds it, Mr. Benson helped him draw it up, then died a few weeks later. I should think his office would know." office would know."

"You're sure there is one?"
"Yes. Bill and the doctor wit-

nessed it."

"All go to the son?" his small eyes bored into hers. When she failed to answer promptly, he continued, "He can't know much

about stores. He certainly hasn't spent any time around here." Carol rose to Andy's defense. "Why should he? When he wanted to come into the store in earnest, his father wouldn't let him. Later," she spread her hands in futility, "he had other interests."

"It may be a break-" he checked himself, said gruffly, "I'll bet he turns out to be a weak

Anger flushed Carol's cheeks, No. one but Mr. Herrick would dare voice that accusation. Yet it was, more or less, the way all the em-

ployes felt. They resented young Andy, resented his dark good looks, his indifference to the store. Most of all, they resented store. Most of all, they resented Dinda Julian and the long parade of others like her who combined to take his attention from busi-ness. To them, Linda was the embodiment of his idleness.

But to Carol she was only the cloak of galety in which Andy wrapped his disappointment. He

had grown up in the store, runnad grown up in the store, running errands, watching the clerks
sell, studying the cash register as
they rang up change. He loved
it with the fervor of a teen-age
boy for his life occupation.
She was working in the store
on Saturdays then. A freshman
in high school. Andy was a sophomore and wore the halo of the
boss's son. She admired him from
a respectful distance. She didn't

boss's son. She admired him from a respectful distance. She didn't know herself when that admiration began to be something more. It was when he came back from military school she felt the first sweet shock of it. She was Mr. Dearborn's secretary by then. Seated at her typewriter one day she locked up to see Andy beside her. Andy, a man. Broad-shouldered, tall, with the clean line of his father's jaw and the same well molded lips. His eyes were gray with glints of silver in them. "It's you?" he said, looking down at her. As if he didn't quite know what she was doing there. "Can you tell me where to find my father?"

Between this simple question and her stammered reply, the

and her stammered reply, the thing had happened. Her breath caught in her throat. For a fleet--it seemed hoursshe stared at him and something came alive, some inner flame all her tears would never quench. He hadn't seen. He hadn't

But Carol knew and the knowl-

sed carot knew and the knowl-iedge tortured her.

He was graduated that year.

She saw the letter in which he told his father he was ready now to go into the store.

She saw his father's answer, too. He dictated it to her. It spoke of higher education, travel, the things he wanted Andy to enjoy. Things he'd never had himself. "Plenty of time to come into the business later," he advised. "I don't need you now."

TRUE, he didn't need him at that time.

But when he did, only a few short years afterward, young Andy was too busy with his Lindas and his yacht to care. Oh, he took a desk, all right. In the merchandesk, all right. In the merchandising office. He did well to sit
at it an hour a week. His father
had set the stage for a life filled
with pleasure and Andy had acted
his part so long he was loath to
give it up. He had become a
model playboy and the model was
de luxe!

No wonder the store condemned
him. No one but Carol knew the

him. No one but Carol knew the truth—the actual reason behind his behavior. The others saw only

the years he was wasting. Carol left Mr. Herrick's office and made her way to the floor below to her own. She stood out-side of it a moment, gazing down upon the crowd of shoppers on the main floor. People jostled one another good-naturedly. Clerks hurried from one customer to an-other, smiling a thank-you to the one as they turned to the next.

one as they turned to the next Christmas at Dearborn's! It was Mr. Dearborn's favorite season. He loved the rush. He prided himself on the number of customers who would stop to speak to him and wish him a Merry Christmas.

How long could the store go on without him? It was the next day before Carol had time to think of that.

It was up to Andy and, indirectly, to the six of them who were

named to judge him. Those were
the terms of the will. How well
she remembered them! "II, by
the first inventory date after my
death, the six specified below
agree that my son is going
to run the business as I would
have done, faithful to the traditions upon which the store was
built, then he is to inherit it all
with my blessing. But if he has
continued to pursue his own pleasure, using the store only to support that pleasure without regard
for the welfare of the people, I
hereby order the store closed, its
goods sold at auction. The name
of Dearborn's shall never stand
for anything but service. It must
remain the People's Store."

The will went on to state that
in case the store was sold, the
entire proceeds were to go to
charity.

Mr. Dearborn had set aside a

charity.

Mr. Dearborn had set aside a material sum for each of the six employes who were to form a jury to make this decision for him. That, Carol realized, would keep

them impartial.

It was only when she found herself listed as one of them that her heart thudded in her ears. How could she sit in judgment on

(To Be Continued)

THIS SOFT GENERATION KANSAS CITY (P)—Charles Rothermel, 23-year-old policeman-boxer, can take it-up to a

certain point. Monday he was knocked groggy in the second round of an amateur bout and the right was

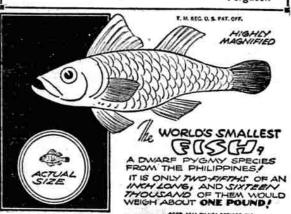
stopped. Yesterday a rear view mirror on the side of a street car clip-ped him on the head while he was directing traffic.

On the orders of a physician, six foot, eight inch Charlie spent Christmas day in bed.

Sports planes may fly over the city and the republic of Panama but are prohibited from flying over the canal zone.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



COPR. 1941 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. ROCKY MOUNTAIN \$ 00 NATIONAL PARK, IN COLORADO, HAS WITHIN ITS BORDERS SIXTY-FIVE PEAKS THAT ARE MORE THAN 10.000 FEET HIGH.

NEXT: A "quack" cure for baldness.

STAR OF STAGE

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle SANTA CLAUS Pace.

SCROOGE SHIRRED relatives.

TEALS JANTA LOOL ON 29 One who 1,6 Pictured character actor. 11 Jumbled type. 13 One who mimics. 14 Any. 17 Help.

18 Negative. 19 Rhode Island (abbr.). 20 Risk. 21 Place of 58 Comforts.

business. 38 Jails. 22 Sixth letter of alphabet. cards. 23 Body of water. 44 Things (Latin) term. 46 Fish. 25 Ocean (abbr.), 48 Inlet. 26 Burnish. 49 Within. 28 Senior (abbr.) 50 Ground grain. 29 To be indebted 52 Small particle. 30 Sluggish. 55 Member of 30 Sluggish. 32 Fail to hit.

33 Shower, 35 Bucket.

36 Small bird.

I Hopeful. 2 Inclines. 3 Moments. 6 Exclamation. 7 Upon. 8 Meanings. Parliament 56 Raised level 10 Contracts. space.

61 Seesaw.

11 Those who lubricates. 31 Pale. 32 Amid. 34 Kind of fish 35 Postscript (abbr.).

36 Written

document. 37 Restore to freshness. 39 Was ill. 60 Squandered. amount. 42 One who alms VERTICAL 43 Licks up. 45 Orderly. 47 Cavity. 50 Mistress (abbr.). 51 Highest card. 53 Pedal digit.

54 Entangle.

cerium.

59 Symbol for

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER

GEE! IT WAS A SWELL CHRISTMAS! SO MANY, MANY PRESENTS --- AND I DIDN'T SPECT A THING THIS TIME-

OH. I GUESS OLD SANTA CLAUS WOULD NEVER LET A GIRL LIKE YOU DOWN, ANNIE-



AN' ALL--I DIDN'T







OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

THANKS, MISTAH MAJOR!

DID YOU GAY IMPORTED FO

A MATTRISS Pour IT

LOOK TOO LARGE FOR

MAH BUILD MO' LAK

A NIGHTIE! BUT I

KIN UGE IT ---- HE HAB

A FRAME ALONG DE

BROAD LINES OB A

DRING OVER

YOUR WAGON

TOMORROW

JASON =

GOT A UNCLE PLATO

CAN YOU

SWEATER

MY GIRL

MUGT HAVE

KNITTED

THIS ON

A MERRY-

GO-ROUND!

By Fred Harman

JASON Fu

USEA

EGAD, JASON! ONE OF

THE BOYS AT THE OWLG

RED AND WHITE SHIRT-

A MAN OF MY ATHLETIC

PHYGIQUE CANNOT

WEAR CHECKS

COULD TOPAZ TRIMIT

DOWN FOR YOU ?...

IT'S A FINE IMPORTED

MADRAS!

CLUB GENT ME THIS

By Martin



HOW WOULD I BE -HEMMED IN THIS BLASTED LITTLE HOM YSE HOM - HOM-



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES







By Blosser

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ALLEY OOP

