

SERIAL STORY

HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE

COPYRIGHT, 1941, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE STORY: The terms of Andrew Dearborn's will specify that the five employees who have longest served his firm, together with his secretary Carol, shall judge whether or not playboy son Andy is running the store according to the old policy of "service to the people." If Andy has failed by the first inventory date after his father's death, store is to be sold for charity. This makes Carol's role difficult. Loved by faithful employe Bill Reese, she has loved Andy since childhood, remembers a time when his eagerness to enter the store was put off by his father. Carol denies to unscrupulous Mr. Herrick, assistant manager, any knowledge of the will's terms. Andy returns from a snatching trip through Alaska with a duffel bag full of money, friends with newsboy Nicky who had brought papers to the late father.

THE WILL IS MISSING

CHAPTER IV

ANDY came late to the office the next morning. "I've been to Mr. Benson's. I hadn't heard that he was dead. They don't know much about the will, though I understand my father made one four months ago. A new one." The more delay in locating it, the better for her. It would give her time to think. "Yes, he made one," she admitted. "Maybe it's in the bank box."

"No. It was opened yesterday. The will wasn't there." "Could it be with his personal papers?" Andy asked. "I doubt it. I go through them pretty regularly. But I'll get them from the vault and we'll see."

She went for them at once. The vault was a small room built into the store on the fourth floor. Its thick steel door opened with a combination which Carol knew. She glanced around. Confidential information for the management lined the shelves circling the wall. On one side, letter files and miscellaneous papers. On the other, she received bills and books filled with inventory records stacked almost to the ceiling. Carol smiled when she saw those books. They began in 1891 and went all the way to 1941. Each year Mr. Dearborn referred to the one of the preceding year to compare the figures. He rarely needed any of the others.

The inventory records reminded Carol of the shelf of old City directories in her office. They didn't go back to 1891 but she had a dozen years, with all of them except the current year entirely worthless. Mr. Dearborn had wanted her to save them. As long as she had been with the store no one had ever used old ones. She looked now at the safe in one end of the vault. Mr. Dearborn might have put the will there. She went to it and peered inside. The interior was bare of anything but black money boxes and bags of change. The logical place for it was in the bank or at home. She said as much to Andy when she returned with the pile of papers for his inspection.

"I'll look at home," he promised, after they finished with the papers. "Would you like to go over the mail now?" she asked. "There are a few things I haven't tended to." He agreed and she brought a stack to him. "You know what to do and how to do it," he complimented her. "You don't really need me around here, do you?"

"Of course we do," she denied. "The store needs you. To carry on as your father wished." "My father gave his life to it. He didn't have much fun." "His pleasure came from the business," she said fervently. "He ran the store for the people. Customer and employe alike." She rushed on, thankful of this chance to champion the policy of Dearborn's. "He didn't mind money so much as he wanted to serve the people's welfare. He coveted good will instead of a bank account. It was the secret of his success!"

Andy studied her eager face. "You believe that, too, don't you Carol?" Exultation filled her. Andy was interested. "Yes. It's true!" A mocking voice interrupted them. Andy looked his surprise. Carol turned to see Linda Julian leaning indolently in the doorway. Ignoring Carol, Linda drawled, "Isn't she quaint, Andy? She still believes in Santa Claus!" He shrugged. "Hello, Linda, come in. Carol and I were just differing on business ideals."

"You didn't forget your luncheon date, did you, darling?" she said sweetly. Too sweetly, Carol thought. "I want to try the Hotel Reville." Carol slipped out. Anger and frustration sickened her. Would Linda always be here, intertending with Andy and his work? Andy returned at 3 o'clock. "I went home to look for the will," he said. "Couldn't find it. Linda thinks you ought to know what became of it." She felt the hidden accusation and resented it. "I don't know," she denied sharply, reviling against his repetition. "Well, it'll all go to me anyway," he concluded. She said more calmly, "I'm sure he expected you to run the store." His boyish mouth formed a half wistful smile. "When do I start?"

SHE called Herrick first because he had the most responsible position in the store. His big bulk filled the doorway as he entered, complaining, "Couldn't get an elevator. The crowd's over-running us." He went to the inner office and held a hand to Andy.

"Herrick," Carol heard him say. Her desk was so near the office door that she could see and hear everything that took place unless the door was closed. It wasn't closed now.

Andy feigned recognition. "Yes, of course. You haven't been around long, have you?" "A year," Mr. Herrick replied. "An infant in an organization where they count service by decades." He laughed at his own thrust. Andy smiled, too. "Maybe that's what's wrong with the store."

"I didn't know there was anything wrong with it," Andy said uncertainly. "You haven't been around much," Mr. Herrick chided him. "Crowds don't make money." His sharp eyes appraised Andy. "Are you going to run the store like your father did?"

"That depends," Andy countered. "I don't expect to spend all my time here. I'll have to look to the organization to carry on." Mr. Herrick's voice quickened. "You can do that all right," he assured him. "Now take me, I'm supposed to be assistant manager but I've never really had a chance to run things. I could show you how to make the store realize a real profit if you'd be interested." "Guess we're all interested in more money," Andy conceded. "How would you change things?" "Cut out unnecessary expenses. Run our own business instead of letting the customers dictate to us." He launched into an explanation of his methods. He talked for half an hour. "Take sentiment out of business," Mr. Herrick concluded. "Buy and sell. Get money in the bank. That's what counts. I can

put it there for you." He paused, then said smoothly, "Frankly, Andy, I know you don't want to tie yourself down to this business. I don't blame you. You're too young to give your life to it. Why don't you turn it over to me and forget it!" (To Be Continued)

LOVELY TREES

MILES CITY, Mont. (AP) — Earl Johnson began to get suspicious—with his load of Christmas trees—when he started noticing them growing all around. He found he was in the Black hills of South Dakota, where evergreen trees are plentiful. Asking directions to Marmarth, N. D., someone had sent him 100 miles out of his way.

What is called the oldest bird sanctuary in the world is located at Abbotsbury, England. It is inhabited by 1000 swans.

Looking for Bargains? Turn to the Classified page

Headquarters for Bicycles Tricycles Wagons Lionel Trains POOLE'S BIKE SHOP 222 S. 7th. Phone 5520

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

The GRAND CANYON IS GETTING DEEPER! BUT THE BED IS GETTING AN INCH LOWER! THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE IS MOVING UPWARD ABOUT AS FAST AS THE RIVER CUTS DOWN ITS BED.



QUINGOODS



IF THE UNITED STATES WERE AS THICKLY POPULATED AS PUERTO RICO, IT WOULD CONTAIN 1,300,000,000 INHABITANTS.

FORMER U. S. PRESIDENT

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for a former U.S. President. Includes a list of words and a grid with numbers.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers. Includes a small portrait of a man.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

Comic strip panel showing a woman talking to a man. She says, 'HERE'S YOUR WAST PANN WE BRUNG BACK, GANNY!' He replies, 'WAIT! STAY RIGHT THERE TILL I SEE IF YOUR BROTHER'S DONE ANYTHING TO UPSET YOUR DIGNITY... LIKE TYING DOWN ALL THE BREAKABLES WITH BIG ROPES AND WIRE! BEFORE YOU WERE MARRIED, IT WAS EASY FOR HIM TO GET YOUR GOAT-- NOW IT'S THREE TIMES AS EASY! WAIT THERE!'

RED RYDER

Comic strip panel showing a man and a woman talking. The man says, 'WHAT'S THAT LONG-WINDED KENTUCKY COLONEL DOING AROUND THESE PARTS, DUCHESS?' The woman replies, 'COLONEL JULEP IS A FAYIN' QUEST WHILE HE LOOKS FOR A SUITABLE HORSE RANCH!'

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Comic strip panel showing a woman talking. She says, 'YEP--ANOTHER YEAR NEARLY GONE--TH' SLAGS-- PETER LA PLATA-- PEG AN' LITTLE BILLY-- SAM, TH' PRESSER-- DR. THERON-- 'DADDY' COMIN' BACK--'

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Comic strip panel showing a woman talking. She says, 'YOU RUN ON, BOOTS-- YOU'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE--'

WASH TUBBS

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'YOUR RECORD AS A SPECIAL AGENT IS OUTSTANDING-- YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN ONE NARROW ESCAPE AFTER ANOTHER!'

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'BUT WE ONLY HAD FOUR IN OUR PARTY! THOSE OTHER KIDS PULLED A FAST ONE BY DEDICATING THE BILL TO ME!'

ALLEY OOP

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'SO THAT'S KING JOHN'S HEADQUARTERS-- WHICH I'VE GOT T'GET INTO T'GY WOPPO!'

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'BAH! I HAVE PROBED EVERYWHERE FOR STRAY COING, AND GALVAGED, ONLY HAIRPING, PENCILS AND A COMB!'

By Fred Har...

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'I HEAR TELL IN TOWN YOU'RE THINKIN' OF MARRYING HIM!'

By Harold G...

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'AND NOW "DADDY" GONE AGAIN ON A BOMBER-- WITH PUNJAB AND TH' ASP-- AND HERE WE ARE WITH DR. ZEE-- LOOKIN' BACK, IT'S BEEN QUITE A YEAR, GOOD AN' BAD--'

By Mar...

Comic strip panel showing a woman talking. She says, 'DON'TCHA KNOW WHY-- NOT EXACTLY--'

By Cro...

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'IT'S MORE THAN LUCK, YOUNG MAN-- YOU'RE COOL, CAUTIOUS, QUICK-WITTED AND EXPERIENCED. YOU HAVE THE DO-OR-DIE DETERMINATION TO REACH YOUR GOAL DESPITE ALL OBSTACLES.'

By Bloss...

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'SORRY I CANT HELP YOU-- MY SON WENT TO A DANCE IN KINGSTON! THE BOY YOU HAVE MUST BE THE ONE WHO IMPERSONATED MY SON IN LEEBURG.'

By V. T. Ham...

Comic strip panel showing a man talking. He says, 'HARRIOT TH' GATES' OUT-- THERE AINT NO WINDOWS I CAN REACH AN' TH' WALL IS TOO PADLOCKED SLICK TO CLIMB! NOW HOW TH' HECK AM I...'