HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

"He's only a pup, Linda. I'll teach him manners when he grows up."

Her voice was suddenly sharp.

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE "Haven't you spent enough time in this stuffy old store?"

A half hour, Carol thought grimly. I wonder what she would think if she knew Mr. Dearborn used to spend 16 out of the 24?

Then Linda saw Cinder. "Oh, that awful dog!" She shivered. "Why don't you get rid of him, Andy? He leaves hairs on everything. And the dirt!" She rolled her eyes in disgust.

THE STORY: The terms of Antrew Dearborn's will specifying that his secretary Carol, and the five employes who have longest served the store, shall judge whether or not his playboy son Andy is running the husiness necording to his father's policy of service to the people," place Carol, who has lead to be completed to the people, and the control of the people, and the control of the people, and the control of the people of the people

"LEAVE IT TO HERRICK"

CHAPTER V "VOUR ideas sound good

me," Andy finally said, in reply to Mr. Herrick's outline for the store management. "They should make money. I'll turn the details over to you. From now on you'll be able to manage as you see best."

Carol could hardly wait until he was gone to rush in and tell Andy what a mistake he was andy what a mistake he was making. Why, he couldn't let Mr. Herrick manage the store. Mr. Herrick would ruin it! The Peo-ple's Store? That slogan Mr. Dearborn had spent 50 years achieving would be lost in 30 days!

She had thought she didn't want the will to be found. Now she began to hope it would. Soon! The quicker Andy knew the terms of it the better chance he would have to fulfill them. She must warn Andy. She was

the only one who realized the seriousness of his first decision. Though she couldn't hint the contents of the will, she could reason with him.

"I couldn't help hearing some

of your conversation with Mr. Herrick," she began bravely. "I wish you wouldn't listen to him until you've-well, you might have other ideas when you get

The phone jangled. Carol start-ed for it but Andy waved her

was warm. "No, I haven't for-gotten. I'll make the Cocktail Bar by 5. I have things fixed up here."

To Carol be said levelly, "I'll be out the rest of the day. Turn everything that comes up over to Mr. Herrick."

Her face showed her disap-pointment. He must have seen it for he added, "Don't look so

gloomy, Carol. You don't need me around here. I'd rather sail a yacht than run a store. And I know a whale of a lot more about But it didn't soften the rebuff.

He had made it fairly clear that he expected no interference from

her.
"Don't make excuses, Andy," she said finally. "A boat and a store are just alike in that they need a real captain at the helm."
For a moment, he stared at her. Then, shrugging, he picked up his hat and walked out. She watched him go, her heart sick within her.

sick within her.

A dozen times that afternoon she said, "Ask Mr. Herrick that. Mr. Andy left word you were to take it up with Mr. Herrick."

The news flew through the store, Mr. Herrick was in charge, Mr. Herrick, whom they disliked. Some talked of quitting. Others openly resented Andy's choice.

That night 12 Christmes extra-

That night, 12 Christmas extras were laid off. "Too many even for Christmas," Mr. Herrick ex-plained. "We're cutting expenses." Mary Todd was one of them. She came to Carol, her voice thick with worry. "I'd counted on my job until Christmas. I knew I'd be laid off Christmas Eve, but not

laid off Christmas Eve. but not before. I bought a fur coat," she said anxiously. "Now I can't finish paying for it."

Carol studied her. She was young and eager and to her the

young and eager and to her the possession of a fur coat represented happiness. Impulsively, Carol said, "Come stay with me, Mary. We'll share my apartment until you get a job. It won't cost you a cent. You can use your money for the coat."

Mary's eyes brightened, them

money for the coat."

Mary's eyes brightened, then clouded. "I couldn't let you do that. There's no reason for you to take me in."

"It's Christman," Carol smiled.

"It's Christmas," Carol smiled.
"That's reason enough for anything. Let's just say this is my
Christmas gift to you."
"Oh, thank you" Mary threw
her arms around Carol's shoulders

and hugged her. She hurried off, her steps light with joy.

IT was 11 o'clock when Andy reached the office Saturday. He was smilingly unaware of disapproving eyes which greeted him.

To make his appearance more disconcerting, a half-grown mon-grel pup was following him. "This is Cinder," he told Carol.

He reached down to pet the dog's shaggy head. "He's not exactly a parlor dog but he's faithful. He strayed to the house the day I came back. Seemed to like me. Welcomed me home." He paused,

added, "He was the only one to

do it."

"Does he follow you every-where?"

"No. He hopped the trunk of the car as I backed out. I didn't see him until I stopped down town." The dog wagged a friendly tall. "I'll have to take him home when I go to lunch. I'll take him down and lock him in the car in the meantime."

But Linda came just as Andy was leaving with the dog.
"Lunch, darling," she purred.

when it was loaded with children it almost stopped. I thought it was going to fall."

"Oh, that would be terrible!" She was worried. "Surely Mr. Herrick will tend to it."

"He's put me off on everything clse I've ever asked." Bill retorted. "What if he does the same with this?"

(To Be Continued)

(To Be Continued)

WAR INTERRUPTS

NEW YORK-Fordham's first football practice in preparation for Missouri in the New Orleans Sugar Bowl, Jan. 1, was interrupted by an air raid alarm.

STIDHAM EARLY BIRD

MILWAUKEE-Tom Stidham has ordered all Marquette football players to report at least twice weekly to the school gymnasium for an hour of sup-



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Cairo, Moscow, Viborg and Ireland.

NEXT: Do bears hug their enemies to death?

NOTED SUFFRAGIST

Answer to Previous Puzzle

OM POPELGROVER

HORIZONTAL 1,5,10 Pictured late suffragist 14 Grandparental 15 Follow. RECLEVEL 16 Air (comb. form). 17 Divan.

(abbr.). 20 Sea swallow. 21 Tendency. 23 Sheltered side. 24 King of Judea

in B. C. 40-4. 45 Symbol for 25 Suffix. 26 Woody plant. 27 Prophet. 29 Pronoun. 30 Exists. 31 Church part. 51 Pronoun. 33 Opposed to off, 53 Like. 34 God of war. 55 To weary.

35 Symbol for ruthenium.
37 New Brunswick (abbr.).
39 Toiletry case. 42 Mystic

efaculation.

44 Norse god.

56 Apportion. 57 Rugged crest of a mountain. 59 Existence. 60 Let it stand. 61 Rajah's wife. 62 Matching groups.

46 Ripped.

48 Courteous.

51 Pronoun.

CROVER GOL 38 Head covering 40 Combines.
NEW 41 Skirmishes. 43 Sacred vocal VERTICAL 44 Egg-shaped. 1 Subdue. 1 Subdue. 44 Egg-snopes.
2 Elephant tuek. 45 She was the
3 Out of danger woman to
4 Tilts. receive a vote for the U. S. 50 Type of jacket

CROVER

13 In that place.

22 Doctor (abbr.)

24 Pertaining to

28 Having

30 Hostelry.

symbols.

composition.

presidential

58 Half an em

RITER 32 Assam silkworm. 36 Indian clan

6 Imbecile. nomination. 7 We. 47 Memorized 8 Regulations. role. 9 Copper. 49 Device for 10 Provides food. holding work. 11 Look askance. 51 Mutilate. 12 Feathered 52 Age. 54 Perceive. shaft used as

33 38 53

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



MISTAH MAJOR I STEPPED

IN TO PAY YOU TH' DOLLAH -

PEEPERS ON THE HARVEST OL'

MANUEL FORTUNE SO FRIENDLY

DOGGONE EF I DON'T RECKON

I COULD TOSS SEBEN WIF

JASON AGGEMBLED UP YESTIDDY!

ONE DICE!

SIXTY YOU LOAN ME LAG' SUMMER! FEAST YO'

By Fred Harman

GREAT CAEGAR, JASON!

OF LAUNDRY : A DOLLAR-SIXTY ! FORGET IT BUT

YOU MUST COME ALONG AS

MY VALET TO AN INFORMAL NEW YEAR'S EVE SMOKER

AT THE OWLS CLUB!

SOME SURE-FIRE

INVESTMENTS!

IS THAT MONEY OR A BUNDLE



MIND

BRING

CABBAGE

JASON

ALONG THAT

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

By Harold Gray



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

YOU MUST GO WHOLL OF COURSE ... OF YOU?

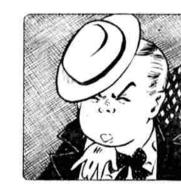


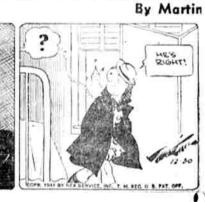
L CALLED THE SHE'S ALWAYS A TRAIN IN BEEN SO FRAIL-OH, I HOPE ITS NOT WHAT IM IS- FOOR TILLIE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES









WASH TUBBS





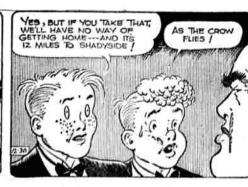




By Blosser















By V. T. Ham!is