

SERIAL STORY

HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE

NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE STORY: The terms of Andrew Dearborn's will specifying that his secretary Carol, and the five employees who have longest served the store, shall inherit the store, his playboy son Andy to run the business according to his father's policy of "service to the people," place Carol, who has loved Andy since girlhood, in a difficult spot. Remembering a time when Andy's eagerness to enter the firm was put off by his father, who he will mend his ways, give up people like the sleek playboy Linda Julia, ignore the cold counsel of Mr. Herrick, unscrupulous assistant manager, and settle down to "service to the people" as he will lose the store to charity. She decides to accept the will. Bill Hecce, who loves her, and to Herrick, who knows she is the winner, although she tried it herself.

"LEAVE IT TO HERRICK"

CHAPTER V

"YOUR ideas sound good to 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 making. Why, he couldn't let Mr. Herrick manage the store. Mr. Herrick would ruin it! The People's Store 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. Through 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 into it."

The phone jangled. Carol started for it but Andy waved her back.

"Oh, hello, Linda," his voice was warm. "No, I haven't forgotten. I'll make the Cocktail Bar by 5. I have things fixed up here."

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

Her face showed her disappointment. 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 it."

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.

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 Christmas extras were laid off. "Too many even for Christmas," Mr. Herrick explained. "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 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 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, then clouded. "I couldn't let you do that. There's no reason for you to take me in."

"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 mongrel 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 parson 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 everywhere?"

"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 tail. "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.

"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 247.

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.

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

Her voice was suddenly sharp. "You're not serious about keeping him, Andy Dearborn?"

"Why not? The old house is empty—now." Carol glanced at him. His eyes were shadowed.

"Well, I won't ride with him!" Linda declared. "When I used the car yesterday my white jacket was filthy with hairs. I can't stand him, Andy!"

"I'll take him home before we go, then." Impatience crept into his voice. "You wait at the Main Street door for me and I'll pick you up in 15 minutes."

CAROL told the incident to Bill when she met him in the store cafeteria for lunch, but Bill's mind was filled with trouble of his own.

"It's that old elevator to toyland," he told her. "I'm going to see Andy about it."

"You'll have to see Mr. Herrick about it. Andy has told me to send everyone to him."

"I don't want to see Mr. Herrick. I'm afraid he'll turn me down and something has to be done."

"Is it still working?"

"Yes. It runs. But yesterday

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 else I've ever asked," Bill retorted. "What if he does the same with this?"

(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 supervised exercise.

CREDIT
AT CASH PRICES!
YOU DON'T PAY 1c EXTRA

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape
- As Long as 90 Days to Pay

KLAMATH'S CREDIT
Clothing

OREGON
WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

DRY GOODS COUNTER
DURING A FLOOD IN SAN DIEGO, CALIF., SEALS FROM THE ZOO FLOATED OUT OF THEIR POOL AND SWAM IN AND OUT OF DOWNTOWN STORES!

KWIK-KOPPER
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS DRY ROT! FUNGI CANNOT GROW IN WOOD CONTAINING LESS THAN 20 PER CENT MOISTURE.

EL CAHIRA, MOSKVA, VIENNA AND SPINE ARE OFFICIAL SPELLINGS FOR WHAT PLACES NOW IN THE NEWS

ANSWER: Cairo, Moscow, Viborg and Ireland.

NEXT: Do bears hug their enemies to death?

NOTED SUFFRAGIST

HORIZONTAL

15, 16 Pictured
16 Late suffragist
14 Grandparental
15 Follow.
16 Air (comb. form).
17 Divan.
18 Sloth.
19 Lone Scout (abbr.).
20 Sea swallow.
21 Tendrily.
22 Sheltered side.
23 King of Judea in B. C. 40-4.
25 Suffix.
26 Woody plant.
27 Prophet.
28 Pronoun.
29 Exile.
30 Church part.
31 Opposed to off.
32 God of war.
33 Symbol for ruthenium.
37 New Brunswick (abbr.).
39 Toiletary case.
42 Mystic ejaculation.
44 Norse god.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MOM ROPE GROVER
AREA WALT ADIEU
R CLEVELAND IUM
HOE SEVEN SEE
MAD V REVER ART
D EATOR TOGA E
EDITOR M BETRAY
LEO S ILLA ADS
FIND SITS GO
B OWLET
ANTE AGE
TWO AVER

VERTICAL

1 Subdue.
2 Elephant tusk.
3 Out of danger
4 Tilt.
5 Pasture.
6 Imbecile.
7 We.
8 Regulations.
9 Copper.
10 Provides food.
11 Look askance.
12 Feathered shaft used as a weapon.
13 In that place.
24 Pertaining to the liver.
28 Having ears.
30 Hostelry.
32 Assam silk-worm.
36 Indian clan symbols.
38 Head covering.
40 Combines.
41 Skirmishes.
43 Sacred vocal composition.
44 Egg-shaped.
45 She was the woman to receive a vote for the U. S. presidential nomination.
47 Memorized role.
49 Device for holding work.
51 Mutilate.
52 Age.
54 Perceive.
58 Half an cm.

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

WELL, MY GOSH! A GUY CAN'T SELL IT TILL PRICES ARE UP TILL A WAREHOUSE IS SHIPPIN' THEM! YOU KIN MAKE A KILLIN'!

WELL, THE NEXT 'KILLIN' YOU MAKE, REENT A WAREHOUSE! I CAN'T ENJOY SCOOTING THROUGH A DUMP EVERY TIME I WANT A CAN OF PEACHES OR PICKLES!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER

OH MY DEAR! A REPAST FOR THE PALATE OF KINGS! YOU NEED A CULINARY ARTIST OF SURPASSING EXCELLENCE!

OH COLONEL! YOU'RE SUCH A FLATTERER!

HIM EAT-UM MORE'N THREE MEN! TALK-UM MORE'N SIX!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

I HEARD THE DOOR BELL—WHAT WAS IT?—WHY, NELLIE—WHAT'S THE MATTER?

A TELEGRAM FROM MY SISTER IN SPRINGFIELD—SHE'S—SHE'S VERY ILL—DOCTOR—SHE NEEDS ME—

YOU MUST GO AT ONCE—YOU GET READY—I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION—

BUT YOU, DOCTOR—WHOLL TAKE CARE OF YOU?

I CAN'T TAKE YOUR PLACE NELLIE—BUT I CAN COOK AN KEEP TH HOUSE CLEAN—

YES—YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL—ANNIE—AND I'LL BE BACK SOON—OF COURSE—

WELL MAKE OUT NELLIE YOU GO AHEAD—

SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO FRAIL—OH, I HOPE IT'S ALMOST SURE IT IS—POOR TILLIE—

I CALLED THE STATIST—THERE'S A TRAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES—YOU'LL BE THERE THIS EVENIN'—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

YES, DEAR— YOU CAN COME IN FOR A LITTLE WHILE

HI, JEFF! CAN YA SEE A YET?

NOPE.

WASH TUBBS

WE HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR ABILITY AND DISCRETION, CAPTAIN EASY! I AM HAPPY TO OFFER YOU A CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION IN ARMY INTELLIGENCE! ON TOP OF THAT, WE ARE ASKING YOU, AS A PATRIOTIC AMERICAN TO VOLUNTEER FOR A HIGHLY DANGEROUS BUT EXTREMELY IMPORTANT MISSION!

I ACCEPT BOTH HONORS GLADLY, SUH!

GOOD! YOU'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY FOR CHUNGKING, CHINA!

BLAZES! ALL THE WAY TO CHINA, AND ME WITH A TOOTHACHE!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

I DON'T KNOW WHO'S POSING AS WHO AROUND HERE, BUT IF THAT CHECK ISN'T PAID, I KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO SOMEBODY!!

BUT THAT CHECK IS TEN BUCKS OVER OUR HEADS, MISTER!

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE SOMETHING AS SECURITY UNTIL YOU CAN COME BACK WITH THE MONEY! I HAVEN'T GOT A CAR?

YES, BUT IF YOU TAKE THAT GETTING HOME—AND ITS 12 MILES TO SHADYSIDE!

AS THE CROW FLIES!

ALLEY OOP

WELL, THANKS TO DINNY, I'M IN! NOW IF TH' BIG YAP DON'T GUM TH' WORKS, I STAND A GOOD CHANCE OF FINDIN' THAT RAT OF A WOPPO!

BUT FIRST I GOTTA GIT DOWN OFFN THIS WALL!

OH, OH! NOW HOW'M I GONNA GET BY THOSE GUARDS WITH-OUT WAKING TH' WHOLE CASTLE?

HEY, C'MERE, YOU GUYS! D'YA SEE ANYTHING OUT THERE? GUMPIN' BIG?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

MISTAH MAJOR, I STEPPED IN TO PAY YOU TH' DOLLAR—SIXTY YOU LOAN ME LAG—SUMMER! FEAST YO' PEEPERS ON THE HARVEST OL' JASON ASSEMBLED UP YESTIDDY.

DAME FORTUNE GO FRIENDLY WIF ME, MISTAH MAJOR, DOGGONE IF I DON'T RECKON I COULD TESS SEBEN WIF ONE DICE!

GREAT CAESAR, JASON! IS THAT MONEY OR A BUNDLE OF LAUNDRY?—A DOLLAR—SIXTY? FORGET IT!—BUT YOU MUST COME ALONG AS MY VALET TO AN INFORMAL NEW YEAR'S EVE GIMCKER AT THE OWLS CLUB, WE CAN TALK OVER SOME SURE-FIRE INVESTMENTS!

AND BRING ALONG THAT CABBAGE, JASON!

By Fred Harman

MIND YOUR MANNERS, LITTLE BEAVER!

AH, YES, WAMOOSE, PARDON— I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO DISCUSS WITH RED RYDER AND THE DUCHESS.

WHAT SORT OF A PROPOSITION, COLONEL OULEP?

ONE, SIR, WHICH WILL MAKE US A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY— I HOPE!

By Harold Gray

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