

# HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE

COPYRIGHT, 1941, NEA SERVICE, INC.

**THE STORY:** The terms of Andy Dearborn's will specifying that his secretary Carol and five other employees, shall judge whether or not his playboy son Andy is running the business according to his father's policy of "service to the people." Her heart breaks when Andy, currently involved with sleek Linda Julian, turns management over to unscrupulous Mr. Herrick, whose only idea is to make money. She knows that unless Andy mends his ways and takes over he will lose the store to charity by a vote of the strange "jury" she will provide for. Buck-passing Herrick blames employe Bill Reece for the toyed elevator accident that injures newsboy Nicky, although Nicky discovers that Bill had reported to the police his condition and was not to blame. Herrick also takes credit for cash adjustments made to customers by Carol without his knowledge. In an effort to save the store's reputation, she at the annual store party Andy kisses Carol, indicates he is through with Linda. Next day Carol finds the will envelope in the vault, but the will is gone. Herrick then asks her for writing a withdrawal for an employe he has dismissed, although again she was only Billings for the Department. She is at home that evening when Andy calls.

## ANDY PLEADS

**CHAPTER XIV**  
 ANDY was standing in the dimness of Carol's porch, hat in hand. He was trembling.  
 "This is like drowning," Carol thought, her head whirling with the memories that passed in mad parade through her mind in the moment between her opening of the door and Andy's first words. "This is the way they say people feel when life is slipping away from them and they try to hold onto it with remembering."

It was not just Andy Dearborn, playboy-executive, that she saw before her. She saw, too, a shy boy returning from military school and giving her a half-smile as he passed through the store when she was working there on Saturdays. She remembered a blue dress she had worn and her eyes laughing back at her in a mirror as she smoothed her hair before a store party—ever so long ago. She recalled a dance with an earnest young Andy Dearborn, and a secretary's anger with an insolent Andy Dearborn, hundreds of miles away, as his checks for sums twice her yearly salary passed into her hands for filing.

"I trust you, Carol," the father had said. And remembering the words, the kindly, quiet tones in which they were spoken, she remembered, too, that she had sensed in them a warning of heartbreak. Was it fair, her heart seemed to cry, that any girl, any weakly human creature, should be given a greater responsibility than she could shoulder without wincing under its great weight?

Finally, "Come in," she said, dragging her mind back to now. "This can't happen, Carol," he told her.

She had supposed he would be indifferent. He should be saying Mr. Herrick was right.  
 Instead he followed her into the living room of her small apartment and said, "We can't be without you. We won't hold the check against you. Everybody makes mistakes."

"It wasn't a mistake," she said quickly. "I did it because you wouldn't!"  
 "You're exaggerating the importance of it. I told Mr. Herrick you meant well. I've fixed it up with him. You're to come back."

"Fixed it up with Mr. Herrick? That's just it, Andy Dearborn! Why should you have to fix things up with him? Who's running the store, you or Mr. Herrick?"

He tried to answer. She rushed on.  
 "There's no use." The words fell over one another in their urge to be said. "It's not just me. One person doesn't matter. It's everybody! It's Mrs. Milligan and Mrs. Grover." Go on, look up their checks, she thought wildly. You'll find out who wrote them. Aloud, she continued, "Dozens and dozens of others you know nothing about. It's Mary Todd and Bill Reece. It's Miss Fanny. Mr. Herrick is ruining the store, your father spent fifty years building!"

SHE paused for breath before she plunged on. "What do you do about it? Nothing. Worse than nothing! You turn Mr. Herrick loose and then sit back and let him wreck it. You say calmly, 'I've fixed it up with Mr. Herrick!'"  
 "Carol! Listen—"

"No, I won't listen. You can take your job, your store, your Mr. Herrick. I'm through, Andy!" She quieted suddenly, aware that she had gone too far at last. "Now go, please, quickly!" She closed her eyes against the sight of him. Love? Yes, she still loved him. That was the irony of it. But she wouldn't try to help him any more. If he chose to let the will turn up it would be her one last duty to help disinheritor him. After that she'd never want to hear the name of Dearborn again.

In time she would get over it. At least she would get used to this heavy sickness in her heart. She supposed she let him out and closed the door. She didn't know. She knew only that she suffered on as she relived the few tense moments Andy spent with her. She couldn't keep her rebellious heart from wishing the situation might have been a different one, from thinking a girl's mind has no right to interfere with love.

She determined to go to the store in the morning and get her file box. That was all. The will wasn't lost now. The person who was holding it would have to be responsible for the consequences. If that person were Andy it would rest on his own head.

even think about it ever again.

Then she went to bed and thought of nothing else!  
 The conviction that Andy must be holding the will persisted in her mind. Who, more than he, would profit by its disappearance? And it would have been so easy for him to dispose of it.

Yet surely he wouldn't destroy it just to save himself? Or would he?  
 And if he did, why had he left the envelope in the ledger?

It seemed natural enough for her to be walking into the store again the next day, but very unnatural for her not to go to the little office adjoining Andy's and begin work. She was sorry now that she had left the file. In getting it she might see Andy and she didn't want to meet him again. As she approached the office, she heard voices. One of them was Andy's and one was Mr. Herrick's.

She didn't intend to eavesdrop but Andy's angry words held her attention. She listened, instinctively concealing her presence.

"The game's up, Herrick!" Andy was saying. "I've found out enough today to convince myself that you're wrong. Wrong in every policy you ever advocated."  
 "You can't say that, Andy," Mr. Herrick answered. "You don't know anything about running a store."

"I know enough to recognize injustice when I see it. Nicky happened to mention one night when I was at the hospital that he was sorry Bill was fired for the acci-

dent. He said he heard Carol and Bill talking about it. They said it was your fault. That Bill reported it to you and you refused to do anything about it!"  
 "Nicky? You're taking a child's word for it!"  
 "Oh, no, I'm not. I'm taking Bill Reece's word for it. I went to him myself and got the whole story out of him."  
 (To Be Continued)

He must indeed have a blind soul who cannot see that some great purpose and design is being worked out here below, of which we have the honor to be the faithful servants. — Winston Churchill, British prime minister.

Maine man has a clock which has run for 65 years without his fixing it—which probably is why it still runs.

Headquarters for  
**Bicycles  
 Tricycles  
 Wagons  
 Lionel Trains**

**POOLE'S BIKE SHOP**  
 222 S. 7th. Phone 5520

## U. S. OFFICIAL

**HORIZONTAL**

1,6 Pictured head of U. S. Selective Service.

13 Representa-tive.

14 Scholarly.

15 Germanium (symbol).

17 Long.

19 Accomplish.

21 Duties.

24 Measures of area.

25 Rigid.

27 Print measure.

28 Perch.

30 Variety of lettuce.

31 Father.

32 Moist.

34 Loudly.

37 Pro.

38 Make a slight bow.

39 Chemical suffix.

40 Calcium (symbol).

41 Also.

42 Poem.

**ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**

STATE OF COLORADO  
 TELEDU O AMUSER  
 ITER TAPED ESNE  
 GR MD APE OS VA  
 MAT EMEND WED  
 ADORER RIVERS  
 NINES GENIE  
 ARISEN C ANADEM  
 VICE SERUM LYRE  
 OD RE VAI  
 W P CRAVEN  
 ECARTE E O  
 DISCOVERED

MAP OF COLORADO

**31 English school.**  
 12 You.  
 13 Boil slowly.  
 18 Each (abbr.).  
 20 Rip.  
 22 Changed.  
 23 Transgress.  
 25 Plaything.  
 26 Eating utensil.  
 29 Equipment.  
 30 Fight.  
 33 Pedal digit.  
 35 Sick.  
 36 Frozen water.  
 37 Enemy.  
 42 Is indebted.  
 43 Island in the Aegean Sea.  
 45 Entranceway.  
 47 Rock.  
 48 News article.  
 50 Upward.  
 51 Injure with a knife.  
 52 Singing voice.  
 54 Altitude (abbr.).  
 55 Yes.  
 56 Postscript (abbr.).  
 57 Indian mulberry.

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

**AN ENGLISH PRAYER BOOK THAT SANK WITH A BRITISH WARSHIP OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA 245 YEARS AGO WAS STILL LEGIBLE WHEN BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE RECENTLY. MOTHER NATURE HAD PROTECTED IT WITH A COVERING OF CORAL.**

**ROSTING ODDS**  
 TO FOLLOW A ROAD, ONE MUST LEAVE IT BEHIND.  
 MRS. WILLIAM SHIPP, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

**THE BLACK WIDOW**  
 IS THE ONLY DANGEROUSLY DOGSIVOUS SPIDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

NEXT: If the earth were flat!

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

THE ONLY THING OL' DAVE AIN'T DONE TO LOOK YOUNG AGAIN IS TO HAVE HIS FACE LIFTED! HE SEES HOW TH' YOUNG GUYS ARE GETTIN' TH' BIG JOBS AN' HE EVEN HANGS OUT WITH 'EM!

IF HE'S THAT AMBITIOUS, WHY DIDN'T HE DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THAT BEFORE HE GOT A TURKEY NECK AND CARAVONS IN HIS BELLY?

WELL, THEM DAYS YOU HAD TO LOOK OLD TO GET ANY PLACE, AND JUST WHEN HE GOT SHRIVELLED UP ENOUGH TO BE SOMEBODY, TH' TREND CHANGED!

**POP DEFENSE**  
 BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

THE SPIRIT OF 1946

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

MISS JULIET, AS A RULE I BAR GALS FROM BUSINESS—TOO GABBY! BUT THEY TELL ME YOU'RE SMART—SO IF YOU WANNA PUT \$10 IN A QUICK LITTLE DEAL I'M COOKIN', IT'LL GETCHA TWENTY! FER ROCKBOLD SECURITY, HOLD THIS TWO-CARAT ICEBERG!

I HEAR YOU'RE SLICKER THAN A TRAINED GEAL, JAKE! BUT I'M CURIOUS ENOUGH TO PAY \$10 ADMISSION TO WATCH YOU PERFORM! ANY TAX?

EGAD! OFFER-ING THAT PIECE OF WINDSHIELD GLASS AS COLLATERAL! WHY HAVEN'T I THAT KIND OF GALL?

THE LITTLE DEAL IS A POKER GAME

## RED RYDER

HOW LONG BEFORE KENTUCKY SHERIFF SEND-IM YOU ANSWER TELEGRAM ABOUT COLONEL JULEPP?

A COUPLE OF DATS, MAYBE?

OH, MY! MUST PREVENT MR. RYDER'S TELEGRAPHIC QUIRY AS TO THE EXISTENCE OF AN IMAGINARY HORSE FARM!

## By Fred Harman

MY GOOD FRIEND RED RYDER HAS CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT SENDING THIS MESSAGE. HOLD ON THERE!

IT IS QUITE ALL RIGHT, MY GOOD MAN—AND—AH, SURE IF YOU WILL RETURN THE TRANS-AMERSON FEE TO ME, SURE!

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

KATIE MALT—I WAS ABOUT FIFTEEN—SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN OVER SIX—LIVED NEXT DOOR—SO LITTLE LORETTA'S HER DAUGHTER—

UH-HUH—ER—TH' KIDS ARE AWFUL MEAN TO LORETTA—KIDS ARE MEAN—

MEAN TO HER? WHY? SHE SEEMED VERY NICE—HM—M—LITTLE SHABBY— BUT BEING POOR IS NO CRIME— WHAT'S HER FATHER DO?

HE'S GONE AWAY, I GUESS— BUT IT'S NOT THAT—TH' KIDS, EVERBODY—THEY CALL LORETTA'S MAMA 'CRAZY KATE'!

## By Harold Gray

WHAT? LITTLE KATIE MALT, MRS. KATIE KNOB NOW— CALL HER 'CRAZY KATE'? WHY?

I DON'T KNOW—I COULDN'T ASK LORETTA THAT—BUT IT'S AWFUL MEAN— NOBODY'LL PLAY WITH HER—

I SEE— BUT YOU WOULD—YES—I THINK I SEE A LOT—GOOD FOR YOU ANNE— GAD—THE POOR KID— HAVE LORETTA DROP IN SOME DAY—

SHE—SHE'S COMIN' OVER TOMORROW TO SEE MY THINGS—I ASKED HER—

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

GOSH! YOU KNOW— I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN ALREADY! I'M SO DARN GLAD TO BE HOME—

OH, I'M SO GLAD, JEFF—

I FEEL LIKE YELLING—JUST AS LOUD AS I CAN—I THINK I WILL

NOW, JEFF—

## By Martin

EE OWWW

ATTA GIRL, BOOTS! LET 'IM HAVE IT AGAIN IF HE GETS FRESH

## WASH TUBBS

NOW SEE HERE, BUDDY, IM ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION! I DIDNT COME HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD TO SEE SOME DAME DO A DANCE!

YES, YES, I QUITE UNDERSTAND, OLD MAN

BUT IT'S GETTING LATE, AND ROMBAY'S A THOUSAND MILES ACROSS THE ARABIAN GULF—WE'RE STOPPING IN RAS MAHOOT BECAUSE IT HAS THE ONLY DECENT HOTEL WITHIN 700 MILES

## By Crane

GOOD OLD ROOTY-TOOTY RAS MAHOOT! CHARMING, EH? BUT DONT GO OUT ALONE AFTER DARK!

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

YOUR SPEECH WAS A PRETTY ONE, SON, BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT YOU OWE A SUPPER CLUB \$10!

I KNEW YOU'D SEE THINGS YOUR WAY!

YOUR CAR IS IN HOCK AND WILL BE SOLD TO SETTLE YOUR DEBT UNLESS I ADVANCE YOU THE MONEY!

## By Blosser

IF I DONT ADVANCE YOU THE MONEY, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR CAR AND PESTER ME!

THATS THE WAY I ADD IT UP, TOO, MINE!

SO IVE DECIDED TO LET YOU PESTER ME, AND SEE HOW FAR YOU'LL GET!

THE WINNER AND STILL CHAMPION!

## ALLEY OOP

KILL YOU? HAH! I OUGHTA MASH YOU LIKE A MOSQUITO... ONLY THAT'D BE A BETTER PASTE THAN YOU DESERVE!

OH, HAVE MERCY! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK... THINK OF MY POOR SUBJECTS!

I AM THINKIN' OF THEM... SO YOU'LL DO ANYTHING, WILL YOU? CAN YOU GIVE BACK THE INNOCENT LIVES YOUR THINGS HAVE TAKEN?

## By V. T. Hamlin

...CAN YOU RESTORE THE HOMES THAT HAVE BEEN BROKEN... RESTORE THE HAPPINESS YOU'VE DESTROYED?

YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER THEM THINGS TO TH' PEOPLE THEMSELVES! SO GIT GOIN'! THEY'VE BEEN WAITIN' LONG ENOUGH!

YOWP!