# HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE

THE STORY: The terms of Andrew Denrhorn's will specifying that his secretary Carol, and five other employes, a hall Judge whether or not his playboy son Andy is running the business are whether or not his playboy son Andy is running the business are whether or not his playboy son Andy is running the business are whether or not his playboy son Andy is running to his playboy son Andy is running to his playboy son Andy is running the playboy of the his loved Andy since girl-hood, in a difficult spot. Her heart ainks when Andy, currently involved with sleek Linda Julian, turns management over to unserrugulous Mr. Herrick, whose only idea is to make money. Herrick hismes employe Illil Receofor the toyland elevator accident that tajures newshoy Nicky. Herrick also takes credit for cash adjustments made his knowledge. In an effort to nave the stores and pure the store party Andy kisses Carol, indicates he is through with Linda. Next day Carol finds the will is gone. Herrick them fires her for writing a retirement check for an employe he has dismissed, aithough again she was only following the Dearborn policy. Returning to the control of the control of the will, trick to hale will and the natural and the adjustments Carol has made. Herrick then says he knows the whereabouts of the will, trics to halekmail Andy into letting him run the store and forcettina, its terms. Andy asks for time; Carol fears he intends to agree to the proposition.

## SEARCH AT NIGHT

CHAPTER XVI THE fact that Mr. Herrick had told Andy the will was still in existence gave Carol new hope.

Maybe she could find it. Provided Andy didn't let Mr. Herrick destroy it first!

She would have until Saturday morning. She was reasonably sure of that. But where would she look? Where, in a store like Dearborn's, would a man hide a will?

In the end she decided she would have to search the store at night. It was her only chance, And her time was limited.

nce Andy gave an affirmative the will would be burned. Both Mr. Herrick and Andy would see to that.

She must find it before it was destroyed. She must find it tonight!

No one would think it odd that she should come to the store to bake a late purchase nor would bother to notice that she didn't go out with the last shoppers. She could hide on an upper floor, make her search and then let herself out a side door.

It was that easy. When the closing bell rang she was crouched behind a little used case on the sixth floor. She had taken pains to choose one where there were ino windows to be closed and no lights to be turned off.

After endless minutes she theard the last salesperson go down the stairs and dared to straighten up.

The night watchman was her only worry now. He made his rounds on the hour. She knew his schedule. It would be fairly simple to avoid him if she kept tab on her wrist watch.

Her plan was well in mind. When Mr. Herrick found the will in the vault he would have carried it to his office on the second floor. There he would have read dt, realized its possibilities and hidden it somewhere neutral and safe. Not in his own office. That would probably be the last place she would look.

CAROL had remembered to bring a flashlight and used it now. She would search all the general office files first. Then the small safes where various records She would nev into the deak of Mr. Herrick's associates on the theory he might have planted it on one of them so he would be blameless if the will were discovered.

Carol went about her task methodically.

She was in the general offices, athumbing through the files when she heard the watchman's steps. She had been too engrossed in her work to remember the time.

Panicky, she slipped behind the tall metal case and flattened her-self against it, then heard the man enter the room, saw the beam of his flash as he surveyed the empty desks. She held her breath. If she were caught, she'd be in real trouble. Even the finding of the will could not explain this!

The footsteps approached her hiding place, hesitated. She was too frightened to think. She could only feel fear inching down her

spine, freezing her. Then, miraculously, the feet turned back!

Thank heavens! He hadn't seen

her. She was safe again! She waited until he was gone to the next floor before she risked

... moving, deciding not to be careless another time. The files contained no clew.

Where now?

Mr. Herrick's office was about the only chance left. It was im-... probable that he would hide the will there but it wasn't impossii blo. She'd leave no place unNINE-THIRTY. Half hour before the watchman started his next round. Cautiously, she made her way to the second floor to Mr. Herrick's office. She would start

with his desk. The drawers were filled with reports, expense records and the usual miscellany of any office man. Extra pencils, a box of cigars, some paper clips, a note pad. She fingered them all, watching for the folded white paper that would be the will.

Then she checked his personal files.

Having read stories where valuable papers were concealed in the back of pictures on the wall, she began to remove those, looking for evidence of tampering.

She had the largest one in her hands when she heard the noise. It was only a rustle, a stir of air. But it was foreign to the silence of the quiet store.

Carol stiffened, not daring to move to hang the picture back in its place, finally managed to lean over and push the button on her flashlight to extinguish its beam. Waiting she could hear the sec-

onds ticking on her wrist watch, feel the rasp of breath as it tore up and down her throat. Her lungs seemed to swell and burst.

The movement came again. nearer this time. It was no longer a swish. It was the sound of leather treading on wood. It was

stealthy feet.

A hand slid along the wall, feeling for the switch.

Then blinding light flooded the

office.
She was caught!
(To Be Concluded)

Now, however, it seems clear that throughout the last two months, since Tojo became premier, Japan's mind was already made up for war.

-Clarke Kawakami, Japanese American newspaperman, announcing his intention to enlist and fight for the U.S.A.

## ABCD Flag



Easy as ABCD to identify are the four flags joined here in one banner symbolizing the unity of American, British, Chinese and Dutch forces fighting the Jap-anese in the Pacific. Nanka Rustan of San Francisco holds the red, white and blue emblem.

# THIS CURIOUS WORLD

Ferguson



WOOD SCREWS ARE MADE OF STEEL! Soys DON BRAGG, LADYSMITH, WISCONSIN. NEXT: Why raindrops are big during thunderstorms.

# U. S. GOVERNMENT CONCILIATOR

1-12

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle HENTE 1 Pictured U. S. concilia-12 Inert gaseous element. SONJA 13 Beverage. HENIE 14 Title. 17 Blunt.

47 Bone.

21 Nickname for Edward. 23 Yourself. 24 Mountain. 25 Father. 26 Frustrate.

29 Not artificial. 48 Fear. 32 Within. 50 Tenne 33 Court (abbr.). 34 Knitting stitch. (abbr.).
35 Eighth month 51 Cloth measure (abbr.).

36 District attorney (abbr.) 37 Five plus five (pl.). 40 Exclamation.

42 Lower part of the leg. 45 Beginning

50 Tennessee Valley Authority (abbr.). 52 Stone. 55 Arabian military

commander. 58 Obligation. 59 Vegetable. 61 Favor. 63 Proceed.

11 Exist 64 State of being alone. 65 Whether.

19 Level. 20 Bravely. 22 Risks. 24 Old. 25 Resembling a leopard. 27 Street (abbr.). 28 Stop! 30 Not down. 31 Ruthenium (symbol). 39 Tin (symbol). LARRY 41 Possess.

VERTICAL. 2 Into. 3 Guided. 4 Girl's nickname. 5 Internally.

46 Negro offspring. 48 Deeds. 49 Week (abbr.). 6 Mister (abbr.) 52 Music note. 53 Charm. 7 Excavated. 8 Forenoon 54 Body of water (abbr.). 9 Not suitable. 56 Electrified 10 Dejected.

particle. 57 International language, 58 To fare. 59 Plural (abbr.) 16 He is chair. man of the 60 Near. U. S. Defense 62 Symbol for

18 Behold!

42 Southern

43 Himself.

state (abbr.).



#### **OUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. Williams



#### RED RYDER









HO, BIG NOSE, WOULDN'T YOU

LIKE TO KNOW TIME WELL, YOU CAN'T GO I GOT A POKER DATE WITH SOME SMART ALECKS

WHO ARE CRYIN' TO BE CLEANED! .... I JUS' CLAMPED

THIS STOVEPIPE ON SO THEY'LL

TIT TO LOOK

SILLY!

THE T AIN'T WORTH

THINK I'M A HICK, BUT

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

GREAT CAESAR, JAKE WHAT BLATANT BRASS .... FIRST YOU

NOW MY HAT! --- HMP-KAFF!

TO WITH THAT POOR

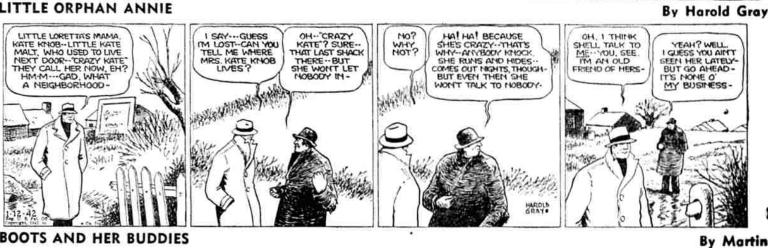
GIRL'S MONEY?

WHERE ARE YOU SNEAKING

BLACKJACK A FEMININE BOARDER OUT OF 10, THEN YOU TAKE OVER MY PAJAMAS, AND

By Harold Gray

IT GOES



**BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES** 









WASH TUBBS





By Crane By Blosser



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS







## ALLEY OOP



