

SERIAL STORY

HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE

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THE STORY: The terms of Andrew 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," put Carol, who has loved Andy since girlhood, in a difficult spot. Her heart aches when Andy, currently involved with sleek Linda Julian, turns management over to unscrupulous Mr. Herrick, whose only idea is to make money. Herrick blames employe Bill Reese for the toyland elevator accident that injured playboy Nicky. Herrick also takes credit for cash adjustments made to customers by Carol with her knowledge, in an effort to save the store's reputation. At the annual store party Andy and Linda indicate he is through with Linda. Next day Carol finds the will's envelope in the vault, but the lawyer Herrick then fires her for writing a retirement check for an employe he has dismissed, although she was only following the Dearborn policy. Returning to the store for a file she has located she overhears Andy telling Herrick he knows the truth about the elevator accident and the adjustments Carol has made. Herrick then says to the store manager, "I'll let you run the store and forcing terms. That night she returns to the store to search for the will. A light goes on as she is caught in Herrick's office!

He could smile now. "Well, are we going to read this will?" She could smile with him. "Yes, Andy, we're going to read it."

But Carol couldn't keep her eyes on the pages. She wanted to watch Andy's face.

SHE saw the muscles of his jaw tighten when he came to the part about the jury. She saw a look of admiration when he read the last paragraph which ordered the store sold and the proceeds given to charity.

"He'd be proud of you, Andy!" He put his arm around her. "You must have known something of the conditions of the will all the time."

"Yes." It was good to share her secret with him. "I typed it when I gave Mr. Dearborn my word that I would never reveal its contents."

"Yes, you saved Dearborn's reputation in spite of me. At least the store will be closed with its fine name intact."

"It won't be closed," she said firmly. "I'm on that jury, too. I'll get a hearing. I know what you told Mr. Herrick before you read the will. I know you're going to do what your father would have wanted."

"Yes, I've been blind to the responsibility he always tried to show me. But I see my way now. It's a way of happiness..." He drew her close. "Yes. Yet why should you do so much for my father and me?"

She clung to him. "I had to do it," she murmured into his shoulder, "because..." "Because—you love me," he said huskily. "I've been blind to that, too!"

Excitation swept away every doubt; she had ever had Andy Dearborn, bringing a warm glow of ecstasy. Here was the real Andy, the one she had loved for six years.

He lifted her chin and bent to kiss her lips. The watchman, making his 10 o'clock round, found them in each other's arms.

THE END

Japan seems to be trying to get some kind of record for ruthless barbarity in the conduct of her war.—Senator Barkley, Kentucky.

FRIENDLY CREDIT ON ALL PURCHASES OF MEN'S WEAR

No Interest No Carrying Charge No Red Tape

OREGON WOOLEN STORE 8TH AND MAIN

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



HEAVY WAGERING

ANOTHER SEARCHES

CHAPTER XVII

WHEN light flooded Mr. Herrick's office, Carol stood paralyzed, staring.

Andy Dearborn stared back at her. "Carol? You here?"

"I—yes," she stammered. Her hands trembled like a schoolgirl's caught stealing the teacher's apple.

"Secretary turns burglar?" He asked quietly. A hint of gentleness in his tone should have reassured her. But it didn't.

"You're looking for the will?" "Yes. Because you would like to see it destroyed? Because you aren't man enough to face the consequences—afraid what Mr. Herrick says is true, that your father wouldn't trust you with the store?"

"What good would it do for you to find it?" His eyes probed hers. "I could see your father's wishes respected. No matter whom it hurts!"

"You think I'm afraid it will hurt me?" he asked levelly. She bit her lips, nodded numbly. "In the last few days," he continued, "I've learned a little of what you did for me. You knew Mrs. Milligan and Mrs. Gower thanked me for their refunds. Well, I've had dozens like them. Small complaints that you corrected. Miss Fanny, too, came to tell me about her chicken farm. They all spoke of the letters I was supposed to have written."

"I didn't dream they'd come in person." "It all made me realize what I should be doing. I did some checking up on Herrick and found that he was taking credit for everything you did, found that he blamed Bill unfairly."

"Yes, I know. I was near the office when you told Mr. Herrick he was through. It made me proud of you," she faltered, "for a minute. Then I heard Mr. Herrick's proposition and, practically, your consent to it. I guess it won't do any good for me to argue that you're wrong in letting him destroy the will!"

"Would it make any difference to you?" There was a new light in his eyes. "It twisted her heart with the torture of loving a man she couldn't respect."

She lifted her chin. "Yes, Andy, it would make a difference." Her eyes told him why but her lips were quick to deny it. "You see, I promised your father that his wishes would be followed."

"So you were looking for the will to keep your pledge to him? That's like you, Carol. But Herrick would never hide it in his office. He told me that if it should be found it could never be traced to him. That suggested a plant to me. And I was right."

"A plant? I thought of that, too. I looked several places." "But not the one place he would be most likely to put it." His hand went into his breast pocket and withdrew a long folded paper. "I have it here, Carol."

"But where in the world did you find the will?" "The last place you would have looked. In one of those old city directories in your office!" "In my office?" she gasped. "Yes. He knew if it were found there I'd never prosecute you and without that his own guilt couldn't be proved."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



RAIN DROPS ARE LARGER DURING A THUNDERSTORM THAN AT OTHER TIMES, BECAUSE DROPS OF WATER, WHEN ELECTRIFIED, ATTRACT EACH OTHER AND UNITE TO FORM LARGER SIZES.

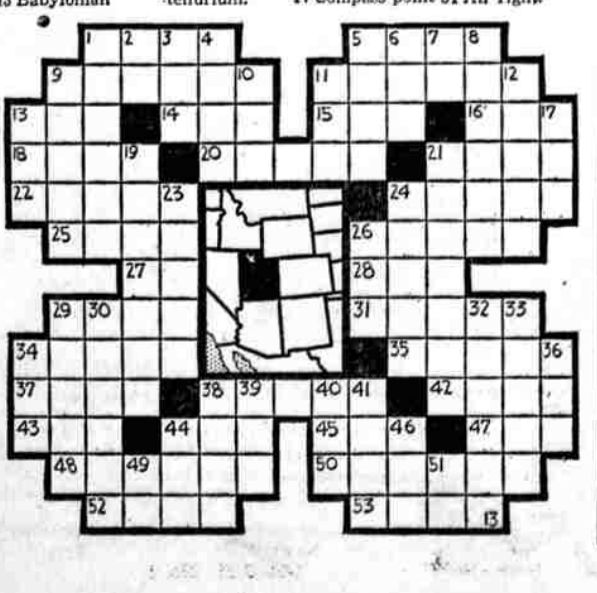


ANSWER: The Sandwich Islands, after John Montagu, the fourth Earl of Sandwich. The name was changed in the latter part of the 19th century.

NEXT: War on the international date line.

WESTERN STATE

HORIZONTAL 1 Depleted state. 5 It has many mines. 9 Cubic meters. 11 Placard. 13 Allitude (abbr.). 14 Born. 15 Perched. 16 Greek god of flocks. 18 An agent. 20 Abdicator. 21 Principal. 22 Drunken carousal. 24 French river. 25 Domestic slave. 26 Endures. 27 Suffix. 28 Skill. 29 Persian priestly caste. 31 Intersect. 34 Hindu queen. 35 Surrender. 37 Hostilities. 38 Garden shrub. 42 Let fall. 43 Babylonian. Answer to Previous Puzzle WILLIAM DAVIS IS BY NEON RUM NAME I DULL GUADE PA ED YOU ALP PA DASH INTO WILLIAM IT PULL AIG TENS DAVIS EH SHIN TREN NASCENT OIS AWE TIVA BELL N ROCK S ELIRLY DEBT PEAT BLOON GO ISOLATION LIFE 39 Falls to follow suit in card playing. 21 A process of the temporal bone behind the ear. 23 Weird. 24 Espouse. 26 Varnish ingredient. 29 Biblical food. 30 Nullifies. 32 Crystalline substance. 33 Deer tracks. 34 Narrow inlet. 36 Department of Public Education (abbr.). 37 Ruminant mammal. 38 Fluff from fabrics. 39 Anger. 40 Circle part. 41 Twist into ringlets. 44 Yellow ochre. 12 Showers. 46 New Zealand raille bird. 13 Paid publicity (pl.). 49 Parent. 17 Compass point 51 All right.



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

