

SERIAL STORY
KINGS ROW
BY HENRY BELLAMANN

CHAPTER II
THERE was one individual in that noisy playground crowd who felt something of this social difference, and who thought about it. That was Parris Mitchell. Parris was, in his own dark way, a thoughtful boy. He was standing a little apart and was dreamily half thinking something of Miss Venable's thought. Inside they were all—well, kind of alike. But outside—here, everything was different.

Two or three girls were standing near, talking with their heads close together. He wondered why they always acted that way—as if they had secrets. Vera Lichinsky was one of them. She caught sight of him.

"You going down to Professor Berdorff's for your music lesson?"
"It's my birthday."
"Oh." She looked slightly mystified. Nothing ever interfered with her violin lessons.
"I've got a new Bach piece."
Vera made it sound important.
"I have a new Bach piece, too."
"Is it hard?"
"Yes, it's in four flats."
"Well, I've got to go." She turned with an air of serious decision. She did not look back.
"Hello, Parris." Cassandra and a Tower hunk back from the other girls who were walking away, their heads still close together.
"Hello, Cassie."
Cassandra smiled. "I heard you say today's your birthday. How old are you?"
"Twelve."
"I'm going to have a party next Saturday."
"Are you?"
"Yes, I'm going to invite you."
"I'd like to come."
"All right. I'll send you an invitation."

He walked slowly toward the stile which mounted the tall fence surrounding the school grounds. He did not see a little girl who stood outside watching him through the gap in the boards. She was smaller than Parris, and rather poorly dressed in a faded calico dress. She was extremely blond, and an expression of sweetness—half angelic, half sensuous—gave her a somewhat enigmatic charm.
"Hello, Renee."
They proceeded without further speech along the road toward Parris' home. Renee lived on the von Ein place. Her father, Sven Gyllinson, was the overseer of the berries owned by Parris' grandmother. Renee and Parris had played together since they were babies. She was only a few months younger than Parris, but she was a grade behind him in school. Seemingly, they took no notice of each other now. When he picked up a rock and threw it, she threw one also with ridiculously similar gestures. If he swung his book strap from one shoulder to the other, she did, too. Apparently she wished nothing but his company. She was always "tagging" along—always had been as long as he could remember.

As they neared home Renee spoke. "I'll be glad when school's out, won't you?"
"Uh huh."
He opened the wicket gate and stood aside for her to pass through. She waved and turned into a lane that led to the overseer's cottage.

PARRIS MITCHELL'S mother had died when he was born, his father less than a year later. Since then he had been cared for by his maternal grandmother. She adored him, and he adored her. His grandmother, Marie Arnaud von Ein, was wholly French. Her family came originally from Lorraine. She had been twice married, the second time to a wandering German aristocrat who had come to America to make a fortune. After various enterprises he had bought lands at Kings Row because of some fancied similarity of the soil to that of his native German province. He built a house of foreign fashion, laid out elaborate grounds, and manufactured sufficient wine to drink himself to death.

Marie von Ein was a resourceful woman. She employed French and German labor and turned the vineyards into a nursery. Kings Row had never known quite what to make of her. She was a "foreigner," but obviously did not fit into the usual categories of what were always derogatorily referred to as "the foreign elements." She had the bearing and manner of an aristocrat, and her sense of humor was of the kind that often made the women of Kings Row uncomfortable.

Parris bore a striking resemblance to her.
"Bon soir, grand'mere." He held her very tight and kissed her four times on each smooth cheek. He rubbed his face against her hair. "Ma belle grand'mere!"
"Mon enfant." She held him off and put up her forefinger. "Tu es fatigued?"
"Moi? Non. Pas du tout."
"Are you hungry?"
"Of course."
Madame called, "Anna!"
A short fat maid appeared so quickly that one suspected that she had been waiting at the door. "Anna, dass Kind hat Hunger!" The maid smiled broadly. "Was willst du—Milch, Brod—eine Pastete?"
"Was fur Pastete gibt es, Anna?"
"Kirsch—gans frisch."

After the pile he went directly to his piano practice. The square rosewood piano was old, and the keys were yellow, but it was in good tune. Very slowly, very carefully, counting aloud as he practiced, he attacked the Bach piece "in four flats." He began again at the beginning for the 10th time when his grandmother came to the door.

"What is this that you play?"
"It is an invention."
"Indeed. Is that something important?"
"Herr Berdorff says so."
"It is extremely ugly. It must be frightful to learn such a thing! Come with me—it is enough of this—invention as you call it—and it is your birthday. I have a present for you."

Parris lay in bed listening to the little sounds of the night. He was very happy. It had been a beautiful evening, and his present—all those books! His "belle, belle, belle grand'mere!" He had heard Anna say that Madame was growing old. Old! Some day his grandmother would die—sooner than other boys' mothers who were much younger. Terror seized him. He took the edge of the quilt between his teeth so he wouldn't cry, but it was no use—he was already crying.

No, no, no! Le bon Dieu would never permit that. He remembered once that his grandmother had shrugged her shoulders contemptuously at something Anna said about trusting the good God. Was it—was it possible that his grandmother knew something she

had never told him—that perhaps—perhaps there wasn't a bon Dieu at all, just as he had found out when he was a very little boy that there was no Santa Claus and no real giants?
He turned his face down into the pillow and pulled the covering over his head.
(To Be Continued)

ALL-OUT BY MISTAKE

CHILDERSBURG, Ala. (AP)—A visitor called at the high school office of A. H. Watwood, and finding him absent from his desk, pushed a button on the wall.
Doors down two long halls swung open and children marched from the 20-room building. The button had signaled a fire drill.

NEED A SUIT RIGHT NOW?
IF YOU DO, REMEMBER THAT YOUR **CREDIT** IS GOOD HERE! AS LONG AS 90 DAYS TO PAY
OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



KWIK-KOPPER
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR HOBBY IS STAMP COLLECTING PHOTOGRAPHY MUSIC
LET GREEN BACKS BE OUR BEST BACK
ANSWER: A survey showed photography first, stamp collecting second, and music third.
NEXT: The father of mass production.

YOUNGEST MANAGER

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured baseball manager.
11 Type of fish.
12 Variety of fir tree (pl.).
14 Disposed to use slang.
16 Courtroom.
18 Trifles (Latin).
19 Regret.
21 Surgical thread.
22 Compensation (pl.).
23 Coagulates.
25 Lifeless.
26 He is the youngest of any major league baseball team.
28 Inclosure for sheep.
29 The 43rd asteroid (astron.).
30 Courtesy title.
33 Exclamations.
34 Opposed to brut.
35 Yellow bugle.

Answer to Previous Puzzle
MANUEL QUEZON
RAM PR O N S PAT
ONE SATIRIC LIFE
TIN ISOLATE AIP
OLD DEN T EN TOP
RASPER TRENT
E
PROPER MANUEL RESISTS
LED LE ARE
ATE OS A TAR
SOS PACIFIC TIDE
MUS EL F CT RED
RAISES NESTED

VERTICAL
1 He manages an American team.
2 Measure (pl.).
3 Impel.
4 Inlet of the Cleveland
36 Glades.
37 Mimics.
39 Ancient Hebrew stringed instrument.
40 City in Salerno province, Italy.
42 Invald.
43 Conduct.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11					12				13
14					15				16
17					18				19
20					21				22
23					24				25
26					27				28
29					30				31
32					33				34
35					36				37
38					39				40
41					42				43
44					45				46
47					48				49
50					51				52

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoopie



RED RYDER



By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin

WASH TUBBS



By Crane



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blossa



ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin

