

SERIAL STORY
KINGS ROW
BY HENRY BELLAMANN
NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE GORDONS ARE STERN

CHAPTER XV

ANNA'S diagnosis of Parris' state of mind was correct. Her observation was a neat compound of native peasant shrewdness and affectionate intuition. Parris was apprehensive and miserable for precisely the reasons she had named.

Today, for the first time since—since that dreadful day, he walked boldly down through the ever-green groves toward the pond.

"Renée, my darling, I love you. I didn't know then how much. I know now."

At the sound of the words which startled him back into the present, all sense of her presence was gone.

Time had begun to pass. It wouldn't ever stop now. It would go every day, faster and faster. A stirring, unhappy, frightening thought.

ABERDEEN COLLEGE ended its college year with the usual dull and repetitious ceremonies held during what always seemed the hottest week of the year. Parris avoided most of the events.

A week later Madame von Ein left for St. Louis for hospital observation, and Parris yielded to Drake's insistence on a camping trip. His grandmother returned to Kings Row before him, looking less well than when she left.

He went to Anna. "You've got to tell me what did the doctors say?"

"Nothing new. I must tell you, Madame is not well. Just go on as if everything were as usual. Parris. Don't let her think you are worried about her."

It was in town that afternoon that Parris learned from Colonel Skeffington of Mrs. Tower's death. "Very strange," the Colonel said. "Nobody knew she was ill at all, not at all. If you notice anything curious over there, son—"

PARRIS found Dr. Tower reading. He appeared as calm and unperturbed as always.

"I just heard a few minutes ago about Mrs. Tower. I'm very sorry."

Dr. Tower looked as if he were not really listening. He inclined his head again.

Parris stammered a little, and continued: "I was away, you know. My grandmother was away, too, in St. Louis, or you would have heard from us."

An awkward silence fell between the two. Parris fumbled with some papers.

"Madame von Ein came to see me just before she went to St. Louis. She wanted to know if you'd be ready to go to Vienna in September."

Parris' breath went out of him. "Oh. His tone was dreary."

Parris undertook this work with you with decided misgivings. I guess it's fair to you to tell you that it has been a pleasure."

Parris blushed.

"I hope that when you get into your work in Vienna you'll find that—all of this has been a help. Some of it has been inadequate, some of it has been—in advance of any institutional study you could have gotten anywhere. I think some of it will prove useful."

Parris felt a quick surge of curiosity. He was sure that this man was really able and intelligent—probably a very fine doctor. What was the matter? What landed him here in Kings Row with his sole contact these lectures and talks to a medical student?

Parris sighed. "Maybe it would be more sensible for me just to be a doctor, and not start out to specialize in any sort of way, but—"

"Well?"

"It's just that I think I really want to. It sounds a lot more interesting."

"It is. It is a vast field for research. I don't know if the time has come for this kind of study, or not. It looks as if it might come now."

"I guess I keep thinking of Lucy Carr, the—"

"Oh, yes. The insane woman you played in. Oh, yes, yes."

"And Benny Singer?"

"You don't feel such people—well, sort of objectionable?"

Parris looked as if he didn't understand what the doctor meant. He shook his head. "No, sir. Never. I liked Mrs. Carr, and I like Benny Singer."

Dr. Tower half closed his eyes. "I sometimes think the whole thing is a problem for the poet."

Dr. Tower stood up. He pushed books and papers about impatiently. "Well, I hope you've enjoyed the chat. I did. Now, get on with you, Parris Mitchell. You've got a summer of tough work ahead. I won't fool you about that. We'll get those letters off to Vienna, and then we'll know in a month or so how things stand."

PARRIS was deeply concerned for Drake, whose pride had been dealt a telling blow by Dr. Gordon. That Drake was in love with Louise Gordon, Parris did not doubt—nor that frail, pretty Louise, weakened in strength and purpose by the united wills of overwhelming parents, loved Drake.

Because Drake was considered "wild," and the "town was talking," Louise was forbidden to see him. The two of them had quarreled. Parris interceded in hopes of saving Drake's petulance, easing Louise's pain. How, he wondered, could Dr. and Mrs. Gordon be such pillars of virtue in Kings Row and at the same time so determined to make their daughter miserable? He felt again the strange working of that intuition that made him doubt the value. They were steady—the Gordons. Couldn't they see that Louise was—the supposed "sweet"

on me. Not a cent till I'm 31! I'd borrow it against my inheritance, but I don't expect anybody'd let me have it. Curley'd stop anything, I guess."
(To Be Continued)

A drama critic says an International cultural society formed after the war would assure future peace. Might work if it could be organized without people.

The war will make women's hats more sensible, says a millinery designer. Instead of wasting fruit and vegetables on hats, we'll put 'em on the table.



BOOK TALK—Countess Evelyn Keyes, among those supporting the nation's V for Victory drive, to garner in reading matter for sailors, soldiers and marines.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN
STRANGE FOOTPRINTS AS LARGE AS SOUP PLATES, FOUND FROM TIME TO TIME IN THE PERPETUAL SNOWS OF THE HIMALAYAS, HAVE LED TO THE BELIEF AMONG THE NATIVES THAT A MONSTROUS CREATURE KNOWN AS THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN, HALF MAN, HALF BEAST, EXISTS ON THE HIGH SLOPES...AND SOME ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO SOLVE THE WEIRD STORIES.



GRAPFRUIT
GET THEIR NAME FROM THE HABIT OF GROWING IN CLUSTERS LIKE GRAPES!



NEXT: Death in the duck pond.

BALLERINA

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1.5 Pictured ballerina.
 - 11 Guide.
 - 12 Physical serpentine.
 - 14 Toward.
 - 15 Upright shaft.
 - 16 Danger.
 - 17 Half an em.
 - 20 Each (abbr.).
 - 22 Melt.
 - 25 Black bird.
 - 27 Verbal.
 - 29 Youthful.
 - 31 Erbium (symbol).
 - 32 Compass point substance.
 - 33 Doctor (abbr.).
 - 34 Him.
 - 35 Local position.
 - 37 The earth.
 - 39 Nonaspirate.
 - 40 Strong thread.
 - 43 Vegetables.
 - 45 Courtesy title.
 - 46 Aged.
 - 48 Perform.
 - 50 Crystallized.
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
- ANDREW CARNEGIE
NEARS LEE ADS
STY LO SILVA MAT
WT ROMANCERS NAT
BLM INT ERE ANA
RE ANI M BR A SE
EL PAINE LA
PILLAR DR RAPIDIS
ARAPES MAR
GO UPSTARTS
ONE LEAN EI
DEE LING
ARRESTED OF
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Vermont (abbr.).
 - 2 Snaky fish.
 - 3 Peruse.
 - 4 Skill.
 - 5 Sharp hissing sound.
 - 6 Unit.
 - 7 Make rare.
 - 8 Genus of dolphinlike cetaceans.
 - 9 Nothing.
 - 10 Near.
 - 11 Therefore.
 - 13 You.
 - 14 Child.
 - 18 At present.
 - 19 Boat paddle.
 - 21 Footed vase.
 - 23 Animal.
 - 24 Desolate.
 - 25 Spiced sauce.
 - 26 Character of alphabet.
 - 28 Sheltered side.
 - 30 Lyric poem.
 - 36 Writing fluid.
 - 37 Bank clerk.
 - 38 Uncooked.
 - 39 Cover.
 - 40 Pertaining to the tides.
 - 41 Has inscribed.
 - 42 Negative reply.
 - 44 Male child.
 - 45 Dirt.
 - 47 Numbered cubes.
 - 49 Either.
 - 50 Girl's name.
 - 51 Allow.
 - 53 Cloth measure.
 - 54 That one.
 - 56 Bachelor of Arts (abbr.).
 - 58 Ah! Alas!



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



RED RYDER



By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin

WASH TUBS



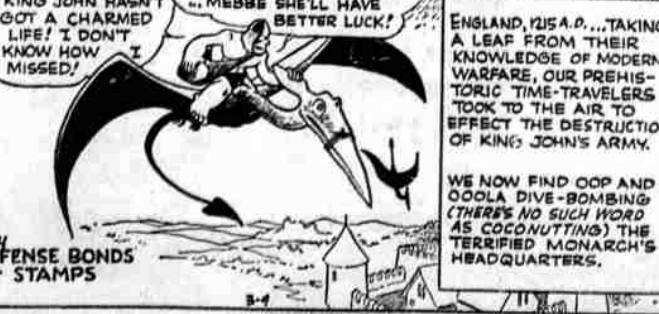
By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin