

SERIAL STORY
KINGS ROW
BY HENRY BELLAMANN

TIME IS SHORT
CHAPTER XVI

"SAY—when are you going to Europe? Not soon?"
"In September."
"Why don't you tell me?"
"I didn't know it until today."
"Say—that's tough! I'll be darned if I know what I'm going to do without you." Drake thanked Parris resoundingly to lessen the sentiment of the remark.

"Parris, you and me have been in pretty much the same kind of boat so much of the time. You remember I said that right here at this corner about three years ago. We still are, in kind of ways. My girl can't see me, and won't, and yours can't come out in the open either and go around with you like other girls and their fellows."

"Cassie's not exactly my girl, Drake. Dr. Tower is very peculiar."
"I should say he is. I think he's kind of crazy—keeping Cassie shut up all the time away from everybody. But Dr. Gordon's not crazy. He just don't like me."

"Drake, you take on like everything was over. You can get things fixed up all right."

"Oh, let me alone! You don't know how I feel. Don't talk to me, Parris—I just can't stand any more." He turned quickly and almost ran up Federal street.

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FOR the first time Parris drew back a little from Drake to get a better perspective. He realized, as he never had, that Drake could be completely illogical and inconsistent, and then feel terribly hurt because he was misunderstood.

A new and deep fear for Drake arose like a physical ache in his heart. Drake was the best friend he had, probably the best he would ever have. But even as he thought about it he knew that his hopes for Drake had always been unrealistic.

The chances of terrible frustration lay deep in Drake's character—chances, even, of disaster.

PARRIS worked hard. He read day and night, and for the first time prepared digests for his reading for Dr. Tower.

There was a conspiracy of silence among Madame's older friends. Most of them knew of Parris' almost fanatical devotion to his grandmother. They looked at him a little pityingly, but said nothing. Even Drake seldom asked about Madame, but his new friend Anna looked with wide, dry, wondering eyes at the seemingly unbreakable old woman, so slight and thin now she scarcely dented the heaped-up pillows. Each day she smiled and spoke casually to Parris. Then she gave over to the interminable hours of incredible horror—one minute at a time until tomorrow.

During the next two weeks, Dr. Gordon came every day. It was no longer possible to put Parris off with childish answers.

He was eating breakfast absent-mindedly and gloomily. Anna came downstairs. He looked up quickly. "She is terribly ill, isn't she, now?"
"Very ill, yes. But the weather will be cooler soon—it is usually better the last two weeks of August, you know."

Parris went quietly upstairs and into his grandmother's room. The table was covered with medicines. A hypodermic case was lying open; the needle and piston evidently freshly dried had not been replaced. He picked up the tube of white tablets and read the label. Just then Anna returned. He pointed at the hypodermic case. Anna blanched a little.

"How long has—has this been necessary, Anna?" His voice shook slightly.

"For several weeks, Parris." He waited as if he could not say the next word. He picked up the shining hypodermic needle and laid it down again.

"Cancer?" He was surprised that he could say it.

Anna answered in the same tone of voice. "Yes, Parris."

"Why wasn't I told?"
"Madame wished it, Parris. She wanted you to finish your work without worry. She insisted, Parris; she made me promise."

"Yes, yes. I guess so. So that's it! But why did she make plans for me to go to Europe in September? Didn't she—doesn't she know?"

"Yes, of course she knows. She—she thought she would live through September."

The last thing of color left his face. Anna moved instinctively nearer.

"And—she won't. Is that what you mean?"
"It is impossible that she should live more than a few days. I had made up my mind after Dr. Gordon's visit yesterday to tell you." He turned and left the room without speaking. Anna heard the door of his room close softly.

"DARRIS!" Cassie's voice over the telephone sounded hurried and anxious. "Listen, Parris. I've got to see you."
"Oh, I can't now, Cassie."
"Parris, I wouldn't call you if it wasn't important!"

Parris did not reply. Cassie's words struck through him.

"Parris," she took hold of his arms and shook him slightly. "Parris, your grandmother is dying, and they don't tell you!"
"Who told you?" He asked the question roughly.

"Papa talked to Dr. Gordon, I guess. You know you're the only person I ever saw Papa be interested in. Your grandmother is dying of cancer. I know how you feel about her—and Parris, darling, I was afraid of what the sudden shock might do to you. I guess it's been just as much of a shock the way I've told you."

"No, it's all right, Cassie. I know it."
They sat in silence for a long while, watching the fireflies, and then talked in gentle voices of other things.

"I'll have no one when you leave, Parris," Cassie whispered. "You're not like anybody else, Parris. Do you know that?"
"I don't know. How, Cassie?"
"Of course, I don't know anybody. But—I just know you're altogether different. Even Papa says you are."

"Does he? I've wondered what he does think about me. I like him an awful lot, Cassie. He's taught me everything."
"I wouldn't want you to be different. When I think about you, you seem kind of mysterious, almost. Just kind of enigmatic. Papa talks about you sometimes—not often."

"What does he really say about me, Cassie?"
"Well, he said one day that you were—now, let me see, I want to

get it just right. He said you were a very rare personality."
"What do you suppose he meant by that?"
"I don't know. He said you were going to be a great doctor someday."

Parris stopped and held her by the arms. "Listen, Cassie: I want to be a good doctor—a great one if I can. When I come back—maybe, somehow the time'll pass quickly—when I come back will you marry me?"
(To Be Continued)

Texas, the Lone Star state, increased its population from 5,824,715 in 1930 to 6,418,321 in 1940, according to census figures.

In the past decade, Alabama has produced about 10 per cent of the iron ore output of the United States.

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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



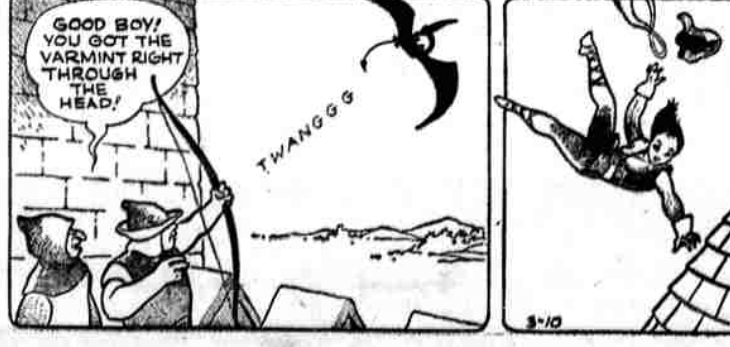
WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



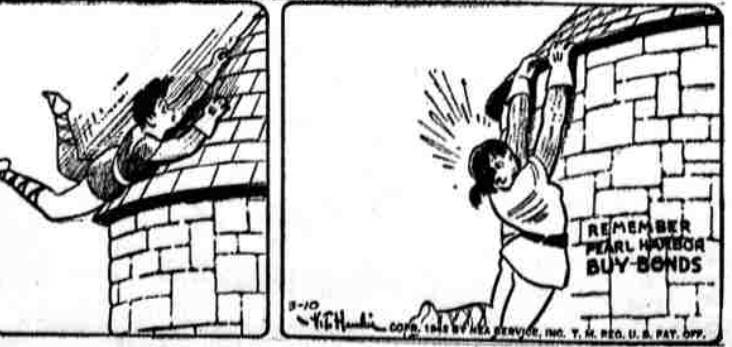
By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin



THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



SEVENTY PER CENT OF THE ANNUAL WATERFOWL CROP IS DESTROYED BEFORE IT LEAVES THE BREEDING GROUNDS... BY SOUTH FIRE, DISEASE, PREDATORS, ETC.

UNITE, UNITE...

THE SAME FIVE LETTERS HAVE OPPOSITE MEANINGS!
Think Peter Oostland, Sacramento, Calif.

UNITE DEMOCRACIES AND SLAY THE MONSIEUR OF SLAVERY!

ANSWER: Grove, orchard, forest, thicket, wood, jungle.

NEXT: Divine moose.

BASEBALL TO NAVY

HORIZONTAL
1. Pictured former baseball star.
11. Like.
12. He entered the U. S. naval service last.
13. Auction.
14. Form of "be."
15. Dab.
17. Snow vehicle.
19. Japanese fish.
20. Regret.
24. Consumed.
25. Tantalum (symbol).
28. Before.
29. Measure of area.
30. He was a baseball.
34. Those who pet.
37. Festivals.
38. Behold!
40. Scandinavian.
42. Aged.
43. Life guard (abbr.).
44. Coniferous tree.

Answer to Previous Puzzle
23. Cluster of fibers.
25. Type measure (pl.).
27. Performer.
29. Near.
31. Provided.
32. Pronoun.
33. The letter "S."
35. Measure of cloth.
36. Bushy clump.
39. Places in line.
41. Newt.
42. Mineral rock.
44. Dazzling light.
46. Pronoun.
48. Mathematical symbol.
49. Indigo.
50. Fixed course.
51. Habitual drunkards.
53. Perched.
56. Note (abbr.).
58. Right in Challenge.
59. Negative.
60. Prefix.
61. Steamship (abbr.).

VERTICAL
1. Sun god.
2. Bones.
3. Optical orb.

