

SERIAL STORY
KINGS ROW
BY HENRY BELLAMANN

THE TOWER TRAGEDY
CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Parris waked, Drake was standing beside the bed with a breakfast tray. "Cassie's dead, Parris." Parris opened his mouth but he couldn't make a sound. "Her father killed her—and committed suicide." "Good God, Drake! It must have been because—it was my fault!" "Listen to me, Parris. You can ruin everything if you don't watch out. It's not your fault. He must have been crazy." "Drake—I've got to go and find out!" "Oh, no you don't! You stay right here, and I'll go. But—damn it, kid, don't you see you might get mixed up in this some way?" "Well, we've got to tell them."

"I swear, I'll knock your head loose if you don't do what I tell you. Listen—just as a favor to me, let me go downtown, and I'll come right back. If everything looks all right, you can go out yourself. Now, will you promise me?"

DRAKE didn't come back until noon. He looked hot and tired. "It's all right, kid, as far as you're concerned." "That's not the question. I mean, did you find out why he killed her?" "No. His letter—he left a letter on his study table—didn't tell any reason at all. He just explained that he had killed her and was going to kill himself."

"There was a letter addressed to the bank, and to Colonel Skeffington—a kind of a will. He left everything he had to you." "Left it to me? Why? What for?" "No explanation at all. Colonel Skeffington asked all sorts of questions. Wondered if you had any inkling of this. But you see it excuses you, all right, from any responsibility in Cassie's death. If that had been what he killed her for, he wouldn't have left you his property." Parris beat on the table with his fists. "I don't care about that! I don't care about that! It's Cassie! Cassie... too! What did she do?" He leaned forward and bent his head on his clenched hands. "You stay out of it. Somebody'll begin to ask you questions, and just like I said, you haven't got any more sense than to tell everything you know." Parris looked a little blank. "Everything I know?" "You know that Cassie came running here last night like something was after her, and wanted you to marry her."

"Well—"

"Can you imagine what Kings Row would make out of that! Think a little, you numskull! This town's been talking about the Towers ever since I can remember anything, wondering about 'em, and the like." Parris sat rigid, and Drake waited. Parris' face had altered during these hours.

PARRIS and Drake returned from the double funeral late the next afternoon. It had been more of an ordeal than either of them had anticipated. There was a curious crowd that packed the dim, shabby house. Everyone watched Parris.

Whatever the mystery might be that lay back of this dark and terrible happening, he felt that Dr. Tower and Cassie belonged to him, and to him alone. His grandmother, Dr. Tower, Cassie—to lose three people who were a real part of your life, all in one week. Parris felt old, spent. He was thankful for Drake's friendly assurance in the days that followed.

WITH the thin strength of the numbed Parris forced himself to return to Dr. Tower's study for his notebooks and the letters from Vienna about his schooling. That night he was about to pack the composition books away when he noticed one, thicker than the others, closely written in Dr. Tower's small, difficult handwriting.

Parris stared at it for a moment. He wondered if he had a right to read it. It was clearly a sort of confidential record. Certainly, Parris thought, he, more than anyone else, had a right to know what led up to the tragic outcome of that mysterious night.

He turned the lamp up a little. Drake had gone to bed. Then he began to read. He grew heavier of heart as the pages turned. This was another man than the one who sat and taught him clearly and methodically. This was the same brain, but functioning in an altogether different and frightening manner. It was the brain of a brilliant mad man—a man who killed his wife when her mind snapped; who killed his daughter because her mental upbriance was growing worse with the years; who took his own life because he knew that he was coldly, clearly insane.

An arrogant and intrepid intelligence flared through the pages, sometimes wandering, sometimes driven wildly, along dangerous ways. The Gordons, there had been no doubt for Dr. Tower, were to blame because he was refused a post at the asylum. From then on he had fed on the bitterness of his own solitude, consoled himself with the assurance of his own superiority, and noted with icy detachment that his own abnormality flowered in Cassandra.

Parris shuddered. Kings Row, he felt vaguely—narrow, spiteful, gossipy, inbred Kings Row—had

Drake gave a deep sigh. "He's a nice boy, isn't he?" "The very best. Well—there he goes. Four years! Gosh!" He turned, and his stiffened features achieved something of his old familiar grin. "Say—my buggy's down here. How about coming for a ride?" "All right," she said, "let's." (To Be Continued)

No Bananas
Banana oil has no connection with bananas outside of its banana-like odor. In reality, it is isoamyl acetate, which is produced by the union of certain acetic acids with amyl alcohol.

All federal employees must pay income taxes, including the president and congressmen, except federal judges who took office before June, 1932.

CREDIT
AT CASH PRICES!
YOU DON'T PAY 1¢ EXTRA

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape
- As Long as 90 Days to Pay

KLAMATH'S CREDIT
Clothing

OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

SUGAR
SERVES IN MANY WAYS, BUT IT IS WORTHLESS IN STOPPING GUN FIRE!
AT NEW ORLEANS, IN 1812, THE BRITISH BUILT FORTIFICATIONS WITH BARRELS OF SUGAR, BELIEVING THEY WOULD STOP SHOT, LIKE SAND, BUT THE CANNON BALLS WENT RIGHT THROUGH.

TRAPDOOR SPIDER
CAN RESIST PULLING FORCE OF ABOUT 10 POUNDS ON ITS DOOR!

KITT KOPPER
YOUNG OF THE FOLLOWING ANIMALS ARE KNOWN AS WHAT: BEAVER, HARE, LEVERET, WOLF, WHELP, ELEPHANT, DEER.

ANSWER: Beaver, kitten; hare, leveret; wolf, whelp; elephant, calf; deer, fawn.

YOUNG ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL

- 1,6 Pictured young actress.
- 10 Entices.
- 11 Proportion.
- 12 Term in bowling (pl.).
- 14 Knave of clubs (cards).
- 15 One who prevaricates.
- 18 Part of moldings.
- 19 Nocturnal flying mammal.
- 20 Concluding clause of a writ (law).
- 21 Formed a knot in.
- 22 Pertaining to us.
- 23 Sacred vocal compositions.
- 24 Hypothetical structural units.
- 25 Leases.
- 27 Pints (abbr.).
- 28 Music note.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SI AUSTRALIA FT
GN GNAW CENT
DAM SPIRITS LEA
NICE NOD EMBD
EN RED B STRIDE
Y HANIF MT
SAC BERTIE
D SKATE RE AUSTRALIA
AS EMS H R
RONDOD DAD UNDER
WOE BENEFITS ORE
IT OBOE AREA IN
NY MARHALADE EST

VERTICAL

- 1 Shines dazzlingly.
- 2 Ghastly pale.
- 3 Mineral rocks.
- 4 Thing (law).
- 5 Exists.
- 6 Thick preserve.
- 7 And (Fr.).
- 8 Shoulder plate in medieval armor.
- 9 Reports.
- 11 Rodent.
- 12 Lampoons.
- 13 Inordinate self-esteem.
- 14 She has taken motion pictures.
- 16 Attorney (abbr.).
- 17 Postponers.
- 19 Kind of biscuit.
- 20 Theme.
- 22 Whirlwind.
- 26 Division of the calyx (bot.).
- 29 Disciple.
- 31 Male sheep.
- 32 Tapioca-like food.
- 33 Trying experience.
- 35 Cultivated, as land.
- 37 Entomology (abbr.).
- 39 Small rodent.
- 41 She is a young.
- 43 Body of water.
- 45 Rough lava.
- 46 Mister (abbr.).
- 47 Symbol for cerium.

CROSSWORD

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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

YES, I'M GOING DOWN NOW TO GET MY BOND—I WAS SHORT TWO DOLLARS, BUT MY MOTHER MADE IT UP!

OH, YOUR MA MADE UP WHAT YOU WAS SHORT TO BUY A BOND, BUT YOU'VE GOT A WONDERFUL MA! I'M SHORT A LITTLE, TOO, FER MY BOND—BUT—GOLLY, YOUR MA IS SWELL!

THE "SMART CRACK"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

DRAT! GOOGAN HAS WON EVERY ROUND AS METH-ODI-CALLY AS A WORKMAN WITH A CONCRETE HAMMER BREAKING UP A PAVEMENT! I CAN HEAR JAKE CROW LUSTILY OVER WINNING MY WAGER—FAP!

IT'S THE LAST ROUND, CLANCY, AND YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANY BETTER THAN A BUMBLE-BEE IN A BASKET OF WAX DAISIES! YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO CHILL GOOGAN THIS ROUND!

WHY DON'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS? GOOGAN'S TAPS HAVE ROLLED OFF ME LIKE RICE AT A WEDDING! I'LL HANG A YARD OF CREPE ON HIS CHIN THIS ROUND!

GOOGAN HAS WON 14 ROUNDS =

RED RYDER

CONSOLE WON'T SPEND THEIR MONEY ON A SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS, BOOKS AND EVERYTHING WHO RUNS THE SALOON GET IT?

MRS. ROBERTS, I'M GOING TO PROMOTE A SCHOOL WITH TEACHERS, BOOKS AND EVERYTHING WHO RUNS THE SALOON?

A FELLOW NAMED BILLY BOSTON, BUT DON'T FIGURE ON HIS HELP, RED?

WON'T HURT TO TALK TO HIM? STAY HERE, LITTLE FLOWER—I'M GOING TOWN!

By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

TWENTY-EIGHT PATENTS YESTERDAY—OR FORTY TODAY, AND THEY STILL COME—LUCKY YOU'RE HERE, DR. BLUNT—

I'M NOT MUCH HELP—THEY COME TO SEE YOU—

WITHOUT YOU I COULDN'T HANDLE HALF OF THEM—BUT WITH YOU IN AND TO DISPENSE—BUT I'M AFRAID OUR LAB EXPERIMENTS WILL BE NEGLECTED—

YES—BUT AFTER ALL, HELPING THE ILL IS THE FIRST JOB, I GUESS.

OF COURSE—IF ONLY SO MANY WERE ILL—NOT MERELY WASTING A DOCTOR'S TIME—THEN THERE'D BE TIME REALLY TO HELP THE SICK—

AH, MRS. BINGO—DR. ZEE WILL SEE YOU NOW—

OH, DOCTOR! I HAVE SUCH FITS OF DEPRESSION—ABSOLUTELY BLACK! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! NOTHING SEEMS TO DO ANY GOOD—

WALK FIVE MILES EVERY DAY—FOLLOW THIS DIET—YOU'LL FORGET YOUR DEPRESSION—

By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

YOU MEAN MISS JONES AND HER CLAN ARE REALLY GONE?

YES, THANK HEAVEN!

I GUESS WE HAVE YOU TO THANK, PUG!

AW-W, IT WAS PLEASURE.

ACCORDIN TO MY FIGGERS ON RATIONS AN' STUFF, WE'VE LOST MEBBE FIFTY BUCKS SO FAR FROM RENTIN' DAT ROOM.

OH—THERE'S THE DOOR-BELL.

LAND SAKES! ALL I ASKED WAS IF THEY HAD A ROOM TO RENT.

By Martin

WASH TUBS

EASY ASKED ME TO LOOK AFTER YOU, LISKA.

THANK YOU, MR. OLIVER. I GET MY THINGS FROM MY ROOM NEAR HOTEL I CATCH BOAT FOR ADEN, OR CARO, AND I START OVER.

THEN I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ABOARD SAFELY.

WAIT HERE, PLEASE, I AM READY SOON.

By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WHAT WE NEED IS MORE GUYS LIKE YOU IN POLITICS! WHAT'LL IT BE? IT'S ON THE HOUSE!

I'LL HAVE MILK, JOE!

MAKE MINE ROOT BEER!

MOO JUICE AND WITCHES' BREW? AW, COME ON—BE BIG—ORDER SOMETHING YOU CAN CHEW!

YOU'RE A LOCAL HERO, FRECKLES, AND SO FAR, I HAVEN'T EVEN DECORATED YOU!

I MADE A WREATH OF MISTLETOE, LEFT OVER FROM CHRISTMAS!

By Blosser

ALLEY OOP

DANGED IF IT AINT QUEER ABOUT GOOGAN'S BEHAVIOR—BUT I GUESS SHE MUSTA WENT BACK FOR MORE AMMUNITION!

YEZZIR... SHOT DOWN ONE OFFER OF HIS OWN—BUT WHICHA THINK? CAPTURED ITS RIDER, THAT'S WHAT!

THEY'RE BRINGING IN THE PRISONER NOW, YOUR MAJESTY!

GREAT GAWD! DO I HATE TO MAKE WAR ON WOMEN?

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, IT WILL BE NO NEW EXPERIENCE FOR YOU!

Hmmm! WELL, MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I'D FORGOTTEN YOUR POSSIBILITIES... GLAD YOU SHOWED UP TO REMIND ME!

By V. T. Hamlin