

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

THE STORY: Fortunate circumstances that mold personality of sensitive, musical Parris Mitchell, orphan. Tragedies of adolescence are separation, by her cruel father, from his childhood sweetheart Renee; death of adored grandmother Madame von Elm; suicide of recluse Dr. Tower, with whom Parris reads medicine, and murder of Cassandra Tower—Parris' second high school love—by her father. Parris, insane, feared insanity in his strange, beautiful child. Narrow, gossamer Kings Row had closed in on him. Parris' acquaintance with demented Lucy Carr and half-wit Henry Singer—kindly, harmless people—decides him on study of mental ailments. Here, on side of Kings Row, for Parris, has been friendship with blithe, rakish Dr. Gordon, forbidden by cold Dr. Gordon to see Louise Gordon, Drake's sweetheart. As Parris leaves to study medicine in Vienna, Drake meets gay Randy Monaghan, old schoolmate, at station.

Book Two
CHAPTER XIX
DRAKE DREAMS

"MAY I come in, Colonel Skeffington?"

The Colonel looked up from his paper. Tom Carr was standing in the door. His immense shock of white hair and great beard seemed almost to fill the doorway.

"What's up today, Tom?"

"Nothing special, sir. I'm going away."

"I wish you luck. How are you fixed for the trip?"

"All right, Colonel, all right. I saved some money. I got me a covered wagon—looks like a horse trader's outfit—right out there on the south side of the square—but it's fixed up all right. But that's not what I came here for. I wanted to talk to you about Benny Singer."

"Singer? Oh, yes, that boy. Madame took on her place. How'd he make out?"

"All right, Colonel—fine. But he ought to have a job somewhere. I'd like to see him in something before I leave. Now, Benny's a little weak in the head. But he's willing, and good-natured. He's got a regular hand with growing things."

"Tell him to come in to see me."

TOM CARR drove out Federal street. At this moment he had not a care in the world.

A half mile beyond the Macintosh place he met a trim, shiny buggy spinning into town. He recognized Drake McHugh, and held up his arm. Drake pulled up beside the wagon.

"Why, howdy, Mr. Carr. You're going away, I hear."

"Somewhere west." The old man glanced at the good-looking girl sitting beside Drake.

"This is Miss Randy Monaghan, Mr. Carr."

Tom inclined his head politely.

"I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance, Drake, what do you hear from Parris?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Carr, he doesn't write much."

"Well, when you write to him, give him my best regards. You tell him I sent him my very best."

"I'll do that, Mr. Carr. And good luck to you."

"RANDY, I want to show you something."

Drake looked down good-humoredly into the impudent face that returned a half-affectionate, half-jeering grimace. They reached town and Drake took a short cut across some vacant lots north of the public school.

Drake pointed, and the horse started nervously. "You see all that—all this long sweep of hillside?"

"Yes."

"All right. This land—all the way around that bend of the creek, as far as Parris' old place—is for sale. Dirt cheap."

"I'm just holding my breath for the big surprise."

"Tain't mine yet. I won't get my money till late this summer. But Peyton Graves and I want to do this together."

"What for?"

"Can you imagine what it would be like to have a big house built up here right where we are, with pretty green lawns back of the house running all the way to the street, and terraces and rock steps leading down the hill to the creek?"

"It would be nice," she conceded.

"You bet it would."

"Only rich people could build houses like you're talking about, and have grounds like that."

"Well, that's all right. We'll sell 'em to rich people."

"But how many rich people are there in Kings Row?"

"We wouldn't expect to sell all of it right away. We'd hold it."

"Who does it belong to?"

"Thurston and Macmillan St. George have got a mortgage on it."

"Funny they never thought of developing it. They're right smart about land, and money—those two."

"You're doggone smart. That's what I say."

"You know all that bottom land on the other side of the creek, down below where I live?"

"Oh, yes! I know where you mean—southeast of town, down from the asylum?"

"That's the place. I bet it could be fixed up. Could be cleared and drained. I heard Pa say that—I don't know."

"Well, what in heck could you do with it after you had it, and fixed it up?"

"Drake, there's lots and lots of people who work in Kings Row, people in the tobacco factory, and the stocking mill, and the clay pits and the coal mines, who don't own their own homes."

"Well, gee, kid, they haven't got any money!"

"Not much. But couldn't somebody buy that land down there awful cheap and clean it up and sell little lots pretty cheap? It

"Thought I was too wild."
 "So you came downtown. Anything south of the courthouse?"
 "Randy, you know that's not so. You know we met that day Parris went to Europe. I was awful blue and took you riding, and you were so nice, and I just like you."
 (To Be Continued)

Bridesmaid Rides a Bus

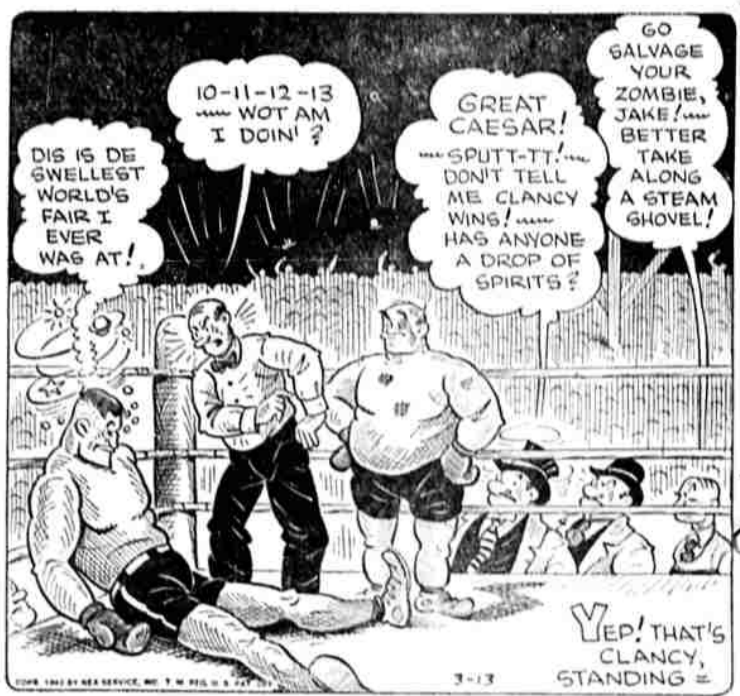


With gas rationing underway in Hawaii, one bride hired a bus to carry the wedding party from the church to the reception, 10 miles away. Here is Mrs. Hubert Breneman, a bridesmaid, leaving the bus.

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 Cran

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS

PHINEAS T. BARNUM,
 SHOWMAN EXTRAORDINARY,
 EMPTIED HIS MUSEUM MORE QUICKLY, THUS MAKING ROOM FOR MORE CUSTOMERS, BY HANGING THE ABOVE SIGN OVER THE EXIT DOOR!

UNTIL 1909, AMERICAN WARSHIPS WERE PAINTED A GLARING WHITE!

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETES SAY THEY'RE GOING OUT FOR WOODBORO TRACK!!
 SAYS BOBBY ALBERT,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEXT: Bags in high places.

CHINESE LEADER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured Chinese leader.

11 Part of jaw.

12 Half an em.

13 Court (abbr.).

14 Dry.

15 Reserve.

16 Garment.

17 Small island.

18 Infence.

19 Sticking.

20 Music note.

21 It is (poet).

22 Mine.

23 He has fought in several.

24 Nickname for Harold.

25 Jumbled type.

26 Bustle.

27 Atmosphere.

28 Distant.

29 Plundered.

30 Angry.

31 Imply.

32 Opposed to lose.

33 Waste lands.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

GLORIA JEAN LURES RATIO SPARES PAM LIAR ARRIS BAT TESTE TIED OUR MOTETS IDS RENTS PIS RE I OP PAC FATE FATE ZERD AM MALEPES ENDS LAM SORUS STET ALAMO CEASE LEAR FEARED

43 Exist.

44 Frolic.

45 Either.

46 Come over the Burma.

47 Before.

48 His capital is king.

49 Indiana (abbr.).

VERTICAL

1 Fish.

2 Boo.

3 Buries.

4 Snares.

5 Animal.

6 Sour things.

7 Skin irritation.

8 Covered with hair.

9 Irish Gaelic.

10 Furnace.

11 Dove's cry.

12 Detur (abbr.).

13 Metal peg.

14 Prince.

15 Sailor.

16 Turkish governor.

17 A fop.

18 Housestop.

19 Concealed.

20 Tablet.

21 Air (comb. form).

22 Winnow.

23 Place of worship.

24 Fail to hit.

25 Anger.

26 Myself.

27 Pertaining to the car.

28 Floating mass of ice.

29 International language.

30 Mineral rock.

31 Scar.

32 2000 pounds.

33 Three (prefix).

34 Age.

35 Boy.

36 Limited (abbr.).

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