

**SERIAL STORY**  
**KINGS ROW**  
BY HENRY BELLAMANN

**ORDERS FROM VIENNA**  
CHAPTER XXV  
THE next afternoon Mr. Patterson Lawes at the Burton County Bank carefully polished his glasses and reread the cablegram that had been handed to him.

Mr. Carter, the assistant cashier, came out of the vault. "What's up?"  
"That young Mitchell—trying to be a fool?"  
"Yes?"  
"Cabled orders to turn over that—your know, the Tower estate that was left to him, to Drake McHugh."

RANDY adjusted the window shade, poked the fire, and made small rustling noises. Drake spoke finally. "It's no use, Randy, you've got to talk to me sooner or later. Might as well be now."  
"How would you like it if something happened to Parris and he didn't let you know?"  
Drake hesitated. "I don't know. I hadn't thought of it."  
"Well, it's the same thing. Drake, he's your best friend."  
Drake closed his eyes and his chest sank with a sigh of weariness. "You don't have to think about it now—"

"Yes I do, Randy. We'll take it. When Parris comes home maybe we can give most of it back."  
"Maybe so."  
"I believe it's the right thing. Like you say, we've got to think

some way out." Drake managed a smile. "I feel better. You reckon I could learn to do fancy-work, honey?"  
Randy did not respond to the smile. She bit her lip hard to keep back tears.  
"Listen, Drake. Don't ever joke like that. You're a man, and above everything else you're my man. I've loved you for a long time, but now I'm going to be proud of you."  
(To Be Continued)



Newly received picture shows Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, long-time Filipino rebel now reported collaborating with the Japs, as he looks today.

**OUT OUR WAY** By J. R. Williams



THE LEG MEN

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople**



**RED RYDER**



**By Fred Harman**



**LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**



**By Harold Gray**



**BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES**



**By Martin**



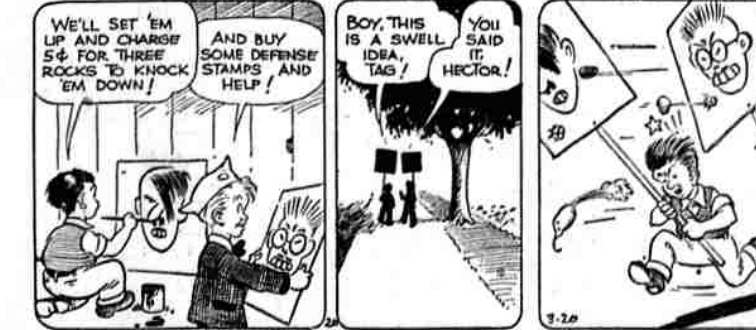
**WASH TUBS**



**By Crane**



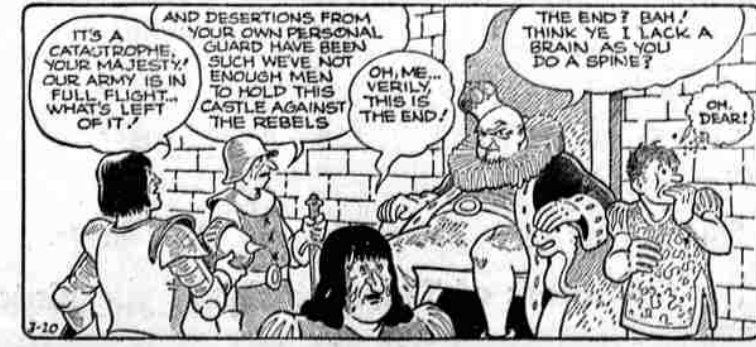
**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS**



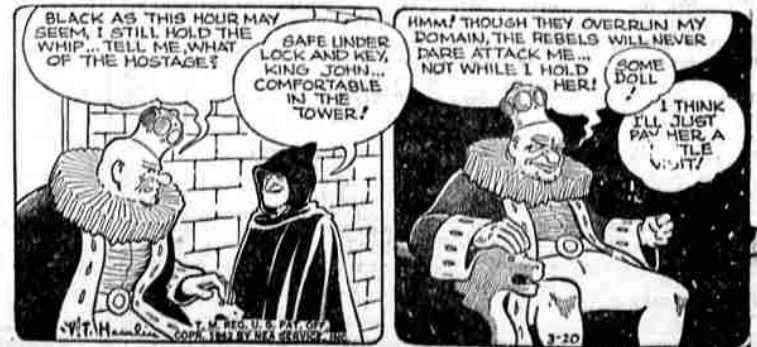
**By Blosser**



**ALLEY OOP**



**By V. T. Hamlin**



**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson



AT ONE TIME IT WAS BELIEVED THAT OUR BLOOD VESSELS WERE FILLED WITH AIR!

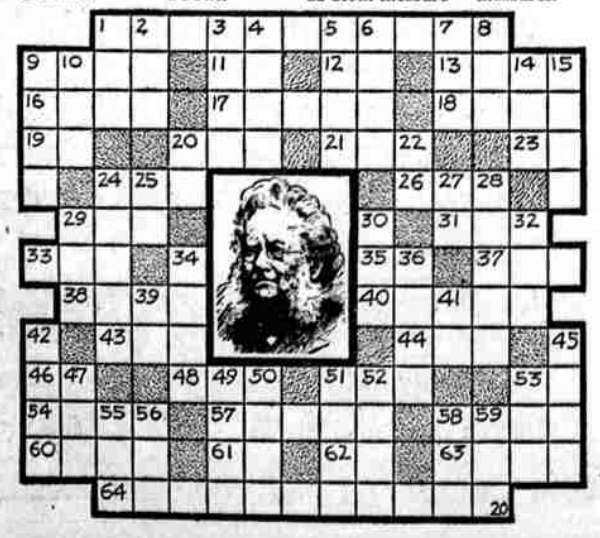
**DRAMATIST AND POET**

**HORIZONTAL**  
1 Depicted Norwegian poet and dramatist.  
9 Remnant.  
11 Near.  
12 About.  
13 Goes swiftly.  
16 Nevada city.  
17 Goddess of vegetation.  
18 Small particle.  
19 Paid notice.  
20 Dress edge.  
21 Dined.  
23 Toward.  
24 Tiny.  
26 Cover.  
29 Established value.  
31 Sorrowful.  
33 Tree.  
35 Bone.  
37 Bow slightly.  
38 Redact.  
40 Decree.  
43 Observe.  
44 Anger.  
46 Toward (prefix).  
48 Mother.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**  
ERSKINE AUPOHETS  
BOLERO PUPPET  
ELATIVA APRINDE  
NEY SE DEN NAP  
ASEA LURER HEMP  
DRED FIFIRE  
M DRO JOHN OUR  
DIN ERKINE RETLA  
ACRE S REND  
NEE B PIT LAD  
IDA EPI TAWERE  
AARONS HOLDER  
CRYPTIC DISCUSS

24 Guards.  
25 Symbol for erbium.  
27 Exists.  
28 Rhythm.  
29 Dessert.  
30 Enemy.  
32 Period.  
34 Stalk.  
36 Nip.  
39 Id est (abbr.).  
41 Measure of area.  
42 He was also a famous  
45 Boys.  
47 Tribunal.  
48 Orblike.  
50 Sound made by cat.  
51 Air (comb. form).  
52 Hit hard without aim.  
53 Greek letter.  
55 September (abbr.).  
56 Snaky fish.  
58 Permit.  
59 Print measures.

51 Snake.  
53 Tantalum (symbol).  
54 Tranquility.  
57 Drive back.  
58 Conduct.  
60 Woody plant.  
61 Exclamation.  
62 Rood (abbr.).  
63 Australian birds.  
64 He was a famous (pl).  
VERTICAL  
1 Fowl.  
23 Toward.  
24 Tiny.  
26 Cover.  
29 Established value.  
31 Sorrowful.  
33 Tree.  
35 Bone.  
37 Bow slightly.  
38 Redact.  
40 Decree.  
43 Observe.  
44 Anger.  
46 Toward (prefix).  
48 Mother.



Drake raised his arms and clutched the head of the bed. Then he turned his face to the wall again, but one hand reached out for hers.  
THREE days later Randy was hurrying about her house-keeping when Mr. Lawes called. "I am Patterson Lawes. I believe Mr. Drake McHugh is here at present."  
"I think Drake would want me to deal with it—whatever it is," Mr. Lawes reached for his leather dispatch case. "I hardly think so, Miss—er—"  
"I am Mrs. Drake McHugh, Mr. Lawes."  
"I hadn't been advised of that, Mrs. McHugh." He arose and bowed slightly. "I didn't know Drake was married."  
"We were married yesterday."  
"But—God bless me, the boy hasn't any legs!"  
"I didn't marry Drake because of his legs, Mr. Lawes. Suppose we hear about the business now?"  
"Well—I have here, Mrs. McHugh, a communication that should be of great interest to both of you. I suppose it will help solve some problems—if you have any," he added hastily.  
He looked at her sharply. "Were you expecting a communication from Mr. Parris Mitchell in Vienna?"  
"I expect a letter soon. I had a cable from him. Drake had one also."  
"I see. Now, Mrs. McHugh—"  
He laid the papers on the table and explained briefly their purport. Randy listened with an increasing dismay.  
"I shall leave these with you, er—Mrs. McHugh."  
Randy shook her head. "I don't know how Drake is going to take this. I'm so afraid he may think I asked Parris for help."  
Mr. Lawes rubbed the back of his head. He was completely perplexed.  
"I DON'T know, Randy, I just don't know what to say."  
Spots of high color stood out on