

ABBEY AN' SLATS

—By Raeburn Van Buren



Serial Story—

# Kings Row

By Henry Bellaman

THE STORY: Schoolroom in small town Kings Row brings together orphaned Parris Mitchell, 12 and foreign-looking, who lives with French grandmother; Drake McHugh, 13 and "all boy"; beautiful Cassandra Tower; tomboy Randy Monaghan. Teacher Sally Venable mopes on sharp social lines that will grove their lives as they grow up.

## CHAPTER TWO

THERE WAS ONE individual in that noisy playground crowd who felt something of this social difference, and who thought about it. That was Parris Mitchell.

Parris was, in his own dark way, a thoughtful boy. He was standing a little apart and was dreamily half thinking something of Miss Venable's thought. Inside they were all—well, kind of alike. But outside—here, everything was different.

Two or three girls were standing near, talking with their heads close together. Vera Lichinsky was one of them. She caught sight of him. "You going down to Prof. Berdoff's for your music lesson?"

"No, not today."

"Why?"

"Cause."

"Well, 'cause why?"

"It's my birthday."

"Oh." She looked slightly mystified. Nothing ever interfered with her violin lessons.

"I've got a new Bach piece."

"Have you?"

"Yes. It's not very pretty."

"I have a new Bach piece, too."

"Is it pretty?"

"No."

"Is it hard?"

"Yes. It's in four flats."

"I've had pieces in all the keys. Long time ago. Ain't you?"

"No."

"Well, I've got to go." She turned with an air of serious decision.

"Hello, Parris." Cassandra Tower hung back from the other girls who were walking away.

Parris blushed.

"Hello, Cassie."

"Do you like Vera Lichinsky?"

"I—I don't know."

Cassandra smiled. "I heard you say today's your birthday. How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"I'm 13. Why don't you have a party?"

"I don't know."

"I'm going to have a party next Saturday. I'm going to invite you."

"I'd like to come."

She walked backward for a little way, smiling. Parris smiled, too.

HE WALKED slowly toward the stile which mounted the tall fence surrounding the school grounds. He did not see a little girl who stood outside watching him through the gap in the boards. She was smaller than Parris, and rather poorly dressed in a faded calico dress. She was extremely blond.

"Hello, Renee."

"Hello."

They proceeded without further speech along the road toward Parris' home. Renee lived on the von Eln place. Her father, Sven Gyllinsohn, was the overseer of the nurseries owned by Parris' grandmother.

As they neared home Renee spoke. "I'll be glad when school's out, won't you?"

"Yes."

"We'll go swimmin' then, won't we?"

"Uh huh," he answered.

"Up in our own pond?"

"Uh huh."

Parris Mitchell's mother had died when he was born, his father less than a year later. Since then he had been cared for by his maternal grandmother. She adored him, and he adored her.

His grandmother, Marie Arnaut von Eln, was wholly French. Her family came originally from Lorraine. She had been twice married, the second time to a wandering German aristocrat who had come to America to make a fortune. After various enterprises he had

FUNNY BUSINESS



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



bought lands at Kings Row because of some fancied similarity of the soil to that of his native German province. He built a house of foreign fashion, laid out elaborate grounds, and manufactured sufficient wine to drink himself to death.

Marie von Eln was a resourceful woman. She employed French and German labor and turned the vineyards into a nursery. It had prospered, and she was now, 20 years after her husband's death, accounted a wealthy woman.

MADAME von Eln spoke French or German by preference. Parris bore a striking resemblance to her.

She was waiting now for him to come home from school.

"Bon soir, grandmere!" He held her very tight and kissed her four times on each smooth cheek.

"Mon enfant." She held him off and put up her lorgnettes. He laughed.

"Are you hungry?"

"Of course."

Madame called, "Anna!" A short fat maid appeared. "Anna, das Kind hat Hunger." The maid smiled broadly. After the pie he went directly to his piano practice. Very slowly, very carefully, counting aloud as he practiced, he attacked the Bach

piece "in four flats." He began again at the beginning for the 10th time when his grandmother came to the door.

"Come with me—it is enough of this—and it is your birthday. I have a present for you."

PARRIS lay in bed listening to the little sounds of the night. He was very happy. His "belle, belle, belle grandmere!" He had heard Anna say that Madame was growing old. Old! Some day his grandmother would die—sooner than other boys' mothers who were much younger. Terror seized him. The maid smiled broadly. "Was willst du—Milch, Brod—eine Pastete?"

"Was fur Pastete gibst es, Anna?"

"Kirsch—ganz frisch."

(To Be Continued)

(All events, names and characters in this story are fictitious.)

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



L'I' ABNER



NANCY



RED RYDER



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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



THE RUBBER WINGS

—By Al Capp



—By Bushmiller



—By Fred Harman



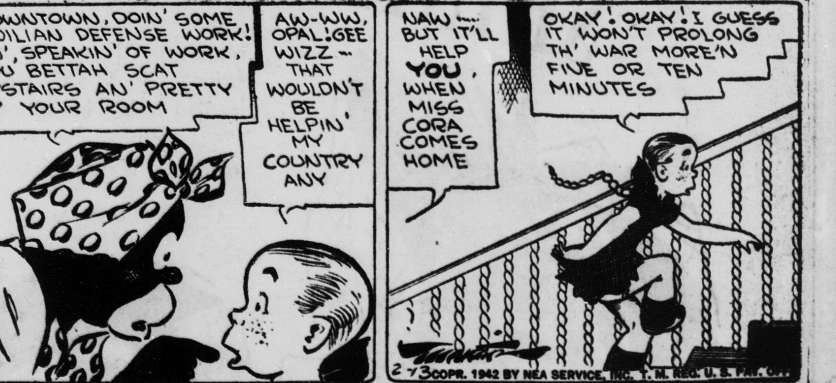
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