

ABBEY AN' SLATS

By Raeburn Van Buren

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Serial Story— Kings Row

By Henry Bellman

THE STORY—Schoolmaster in small town Kings Row are Paris Mitchell, who adores his French grandmother, Madame von Ein; pretty Anne, daughter of von Ein estate overseer; "all boy" Drake McHugh; tomboy Randy Monaghan; beautiful Cassandra Tower, who plays a party. Other characters: Freddy Vera Lichinsky—the and Paris study music with Her Berdoff; Anna, Madame's devoted maid.

CHAPTER THREE

At the northern end of Union St. stood Thurston St. George's red brick house. Thurston St. George was very old and very rich, greatly respected.

At the western extremity of Federal St., Aberdeen College lifted its pillared portico and looked straight across the town to the insane asylum three-quarters of a mile away. These were social boundaries.

The St. Georges, with the Sansones, the Curleys, the Gordons, and the Skeffingtons, made up a strong and influential social stronghold.

Young Hart Sansome was the mayor. Lucius Curley was president of the Barton County Bank, and Dr. Gordon was the leading physician.

Col. Isaac Skeffington was a lawyer—"the best defense lawyer in the state." Everyone knew Ike Skeffington, most people liked him, and a good many were genuinely afraid of his caustic tongue.

Col. Skeffington walked through his vegetable garden one morning, and came out on the sidewalk. He stopped and took off his tall hat with a near flourish.

"Good morning, Marie. How are you this fine morning?"

A basket phaeton, its cream-colored fringes swaying to the job trot of a small plump horse, came to a halt. Madame von Ein greeted the colonel cordially. He smiled at Paris.

"How are you, sonny?"

"Very well, sir, thank you."

"Fine boy you're raising, Marie. What are you going to make out of him?"

"Well, he wants to be a doctor."

"Doctor? What for, my boy?"

"I think I'd like it—sir."

"Nonsense. Working around with stinking pills and stuff. Have to get up in the middle of the night and go out to Godforsaken places because some old fool's got a belly-ache."

Madame laughed aloud. "It's a good profession, Isaac."

"Stuff! Make him a lawyer. He The old lawyer walked slowly up ought to be a smart one."

Walnut St.

In the middle of the next block he squinted narrowly at a dingy house set in the midst of tangled shrubbery and swarming vines.

A girl with copper-colored curls was standing at the decrepit gate.

"Good morning, sissy."

She looked at him without smiling. "My name is Cassandra," she said.

"Oh, ho! Is that so? You are Dr. Tower's little girl?"

"Yes, yes—sir."

"Fine crop of curly hair you've got, miss, fine color—like mine. Redheads have got spunk and character. Don't you ever forget it."

She smiled a little.

Dr. Tower came out as Col. Skeffington walked away.

FUNNY BUSINESS



ANSWER—Both. The words are synonymous.

might be studying or working at Dr. Tower was the town mystery. For several years now, Mrs. Tower could be seen every day, sitting inside her living room window. Col. Skeffington often said that Mrs. Tower looked as if she were afraid. "She's listening for something," he once remarked. "If that women doesn't end up in the lunatic asylum over there, I'll be surprised."

Several days after Cassandra had mentioned her party to Paris, some 35 children received invitations.

Louise Gordon showed her invitation to her mother, Louise was the only child of Dr. Henry Gordon. "I think I would prefer you didn't go," she said.

"Oh, but Mother—all everybody's going."

"Why don't you have a party of your own?"

"Honestly? Could I? But I want to go to Cassandra's party, too. Why can't I? Then I could invite her."

"You could have your party at the same time."

"But everybody's going to Cassandra's."

"Oh, I dare say there will be a lot of children who won't be going. You can find out. Suppose you use your father's telephone."

ALL OF that week there was much buzzing on the playground about the two parties. It was some- how understood that a kind of rivalry lay behind the important question.

Louise Gordon was certain of some 15 or so of Cassandra's guests. Her mother had undertaken to extend some of the invitations in her behalf.

