

## ABIE AN' SLATS



—By Rasburn Van Buren

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



With Major Hoople

## OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

## Serial Story

## Kings Row

By Henry Bellaman

**THE STORY:** Schoolmates in small-town Kings Row are orphans. Francis Mitchell, 12, who adores his French grandmother, Madame Venet, his piano-mata, Renée, daughter of an Elmer evergreen "all boy," Drake McHugh; tomboy Randy Monaghan; beautiful Cassandra Tover, whose reclusive doctor father is town mystery; Louis Gordon, though he's a townie; and Tom Gordon, furious at social snub from Mrs. Gordon, takes Cassie out of school. Other characters: lawyer Skeffington, editor Miles Jackson. Social stratification in Kings Row is sharp.

## CHAPTER FIVE

THEY CAME to the end of the line of cars. Drake walked backward and squinted along the rails.

"Hello, Drake! Hello, Parris!" It was Randy Monaghan hanging over the tall fence at the top of the embankment.

Drake answered gaily. "Hello there. What you doin' up there?"

"I'm just where I live. What you all doin'?"

Drake spoke quickly. "We're goin' down to Elroy's icehouse."

"What for?"

"Nothin' much. Swing on the rings, maybe."

"It's cool down there."

"All right," she said. "You go on. I'll catch up with you."

Drake and Parris walked slowly. "Why didn't she come right along with us?" Parris asked.

Drake looked at him and grinned.

"Fraid of her old man, I guess."

"Why?"

"Say, you don't know much, do you? I guess her old man knows better to let Randy go round with these tough kids down here. She's kinder tough, too. You ought to hear her cus..."

They opened a heavy door and jumped down on a great pile of sandust. The air was damp and cool. It was dark, too, after the sandust.

"Gee, most of the ice is gone. See how low it's gettin'?" Drake seized the two rings and swung far out from the tall heap. He let go and landed on his feet, half-buried in the loose dry sandust.

Some one banged on the door.

"Let me in! Drake!"

"It's Randy. Push on the door."

Randy climbed over the high sill and dropped down.

She struggled up to the rings.

"Can you skin the cat?"

"Sure!" Drake scoffed. "But I bet you can't."

She executed thefeat and landed upright.

"Pretty good."

"I can do the double roll on the par'lel bars," too."

"Doggone," Drake exclaimed.

"Where'd you learn to do it?"

"Jake Elroy showed me. He can do a lot of things. Come on, Parris, you try."

"I don't think I could do that right away. I can skin the cat, though."

"Let's see you. Take off your shoes and stockings and your coat. What you so dressed up for?"

Paris' first effort was not successful. He fell on his back with a thump. Randy laughed.

"You got to bring yourself up better, then shoot your legs down quick."

"WITH HER encouragement and advice Paris made rapid progress, but the double roll was beyond him."

"Try again." She considered his effort seriously. "You could do it pretty soon. I'm tired now. Let's set down and rest."

The trio dropped down panting. Randy stood on her head as a final gesture.

Soon Randy arose. "I better be goin'. I'll get Hall Columbia if they catch me out here with you all."

They retraced their way along the railroad track.

Randy ran up the embankment.

"By, you all."

"I'm comin' down this way again sometimes," Drake said.

"All right," she answered carelessly. "It's a free country."

Paris trudged toward home. He was tired and his feet felt heavy. He felt strangely happy. He felt that he was a closer friend of Drake's than he had ever been before. It would be exciting to see him often. And Randy, too.

## FUNNY BUSINESS



—By Henry Bellaman

## LIL' ABNER



NANCY



NOVELTY SHOP



NANCY + SLUGGO DETKTF AGENCY

—By Ernie Bushmiller

RED RYDER



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



LISKA HAS BEEN WORRIED, COMMANDER. NOT THAT YOU ARE SAFELY RETURNED SHE WILL BE RELIEVED

—By Fred Harman



—By Fred Harman

LATER:



—By Fred Harman

INSTEAD OF YOU MAKING FOOL OF THE AMERICAN, LISKA, HE MAKE A FOOL OF YOU! IS NO MESSAGE! HE LIE! HE TRICK US!

—By Fred Harman

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Fred Harman



—By Fred Harman



—By Fred Harman

ALLEY OOP



—By Fred Harman

I AINT SCARED, AN' THEM FLYIN' DINOSAURS AINT SAFE TO MESS AROUND WITH...

—By Fred Harman

AN' AS KING OF MOO, IT'S MY BUSINESS TO PROTECT MY SUBJECTS, BUT IT'S NOT EXPOSE THEM TO DANGER...

—By Fred Harman

MAMPH! FAT CHANCE! IF THEY THEMSELVES COULD CHOOSE TO CARRY ON...

—By Fred Harman

THERE--SEE HOW WRONG YOU WERE! NARAY A ONE OF YOUR BRAVE MOOVINS TURNED BACK...

—By Fred Harman

HOOH! BRAVE MOOVINS TURNED BACK...

—By Fred Harman