

—By Al Capp

Serial Story—

Kings Row

By Henry Bellaman

THE STORY—Deplorable, Paris Mitchell is in a terrible condition with Dr. Tower, now mystery, wonders why Tower keeps daughter Cassandra so close to home. His best friend, Drake McHugh, talks belligerently of plans to marry Louise Gordon, daughter of town's leading physician. Paris thinks often of childhood sweetheart Renée; plans, at suggestion of overseas agent, to study treatment of mental ill when he gets to Vienna. Madame von Ein, his adored grandmother of Paris, hasn't long to live. He does not know it. Other characters: half-wit Benny Singer, hired by Madame after lawyer Skiffington saves him from jail after bullying by Fuller Green's gang; tomboy Randy Mongolian; femme Dr. Gordon.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MADAME VON EIN sat by the fire. It was late, and Paris had gone upstairs to study. She knew that Anna was in the kitchen waiting for her to go to bed. Tonight Anna would have to be patient.

The room was warm, though the fire was low now. The sound of the wind rose and fell in long sighs and howls. Madame wanted to think. She shook her head. No, she didn't want to think. She tried very hard to be reminiscent, but it was not successful. The uneventful years of her girlhood; a first marriage and the birth of Paris' mother; the second marriage to the picturesque but unstable Franz von Ein; his death; her own first struggle; the ensuing poverty; the deaths of Paris' father and mother—how many deaths one counted in a lifetime!—and these happiest years of all her life with Paris to watch over. Now—this time—this day was more important, and more interesting.

Then she dozed . . . yes, and because she liked to see the wind moving the tops of the maple trees. . . .

She called Anna.

Anna turned to the fire and raked the ashes from beneath the grate. "Yes, Madame?"

"Well, now, Anna, I was just wondering what would become of you when—when I'm not here any more?"

"O, Madame—"

"Have you any money, Anna?"

"Yes, Madame. I have saved everything. I—shall—should be able to take care of myself. But who will look after Paris?"

Madame drew her shoulders together a little as though a chill draft struck her. "He will have to look after himself, Anna. He's a good boy—I suppose."

"Paris is a good boy," Anna spoke with undoubting emphasis. "I hope so, Anna, I hope so. I think he is some kind of a gentleman. I shouldn't expect him to be an angel—or want him to be."

"Has Dr. Gordon said—?"

"He gives me one for you, Madame. "What can I do for you, Madame?"

"Nothing, Anna. Just go on as if everything were the same as always. I don't want Paris to be disturbed—"

"He doesn't know about this?"

"He must not know, Anna. We must be as gay as possible, plan things, and appear to be happy. His studies—I want him to do very well. Now, go to bed."

"You are not going to bed yourself?"

"Not yet."

"Then I will wait. I'll just set some bread. Might as well have tomorrow."

What was Paris like, deeper than the surface? What did he dream of, look forward to? What did he desire?

LATER ANNA laid her firm, shiny hand under Madame's elbow, and the two women went slowly up the stairs.

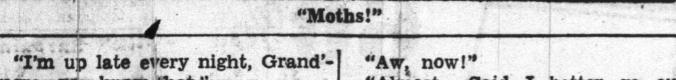
Paris came to his door, frowning against the light of the unshaded lamp Anna carried. Madame shook her head. "You are up late." "So are you, both of you."

"You are studying at this time of night?"

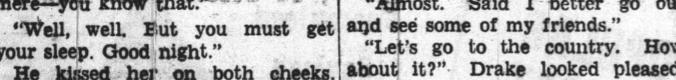
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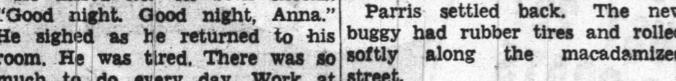
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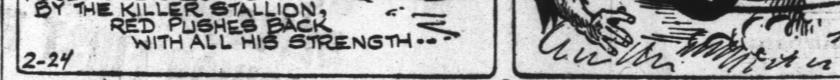
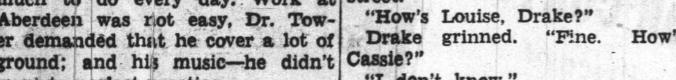
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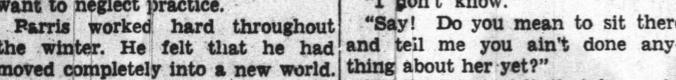
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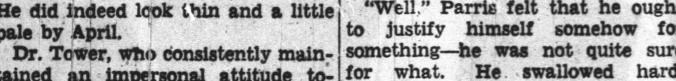
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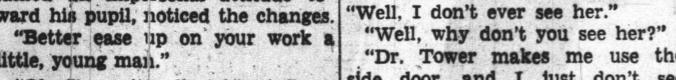
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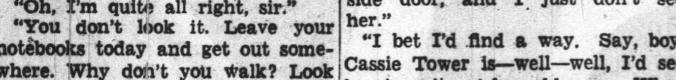
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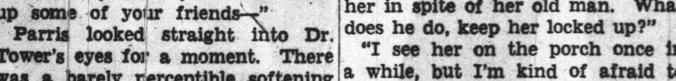
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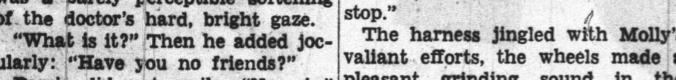
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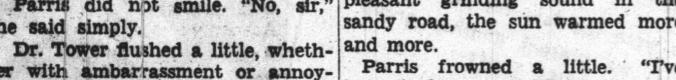
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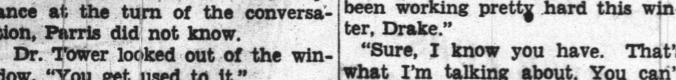
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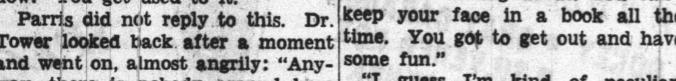
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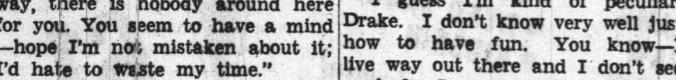
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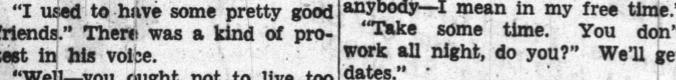
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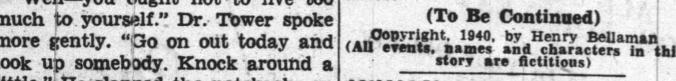
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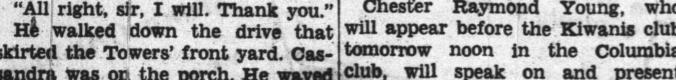
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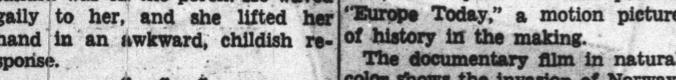
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