

ABBEY 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—Orphaned Parris Mitchell is reading medicine with Dr. Tower, town mystery, wonders why Tower keeps daughter Cassandra so close to home. His best friend, Drake McHugh, talks boyishly of plans to marry Louise Gordon, daughter of town's leading physician. Parris thinks often of childhood sweetheart Renee, plans, at suggestion of overcast Tom Carr, to study treatment of mental ills when he goes to Vienna. Madame von Elm, adored grandmother of Parris, hasn't long to live. He does not know it. Other characters: half-wit Benny Singer, hired by Madame after lawyer Skelington saves him from jail after bullying by Fallmer Green's gang; teeny-bop Beauty Monaghan; fearsome Dr. Gordon.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MADAME VON ELM sat by the fire. It was late, and Parris had gone upstairs to study. She knew that Anna was in the kitchen waiting for her to go to bed. To-night 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 Parris; mother; the second marriage to the picturesque but unstable Franz von Elm; his death; her own first struggle; the ensuing poverty; the deaths of Parris' father and mother—how many deaths one counted in a lifetime!—and these—these happiest years of all her life with Parris 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—I'm not here any more?"

"O, Madame—" "Have you any money, Anna?" "Yes, Madame. I have saved everything. I—I shall—should be able to take care of myself. But who will look after Parris?"

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."

"Parris 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 year, or two." "What can I do for you, Madame, quickly?"

"Nothing, Anna. Just go on as if everything were the same as always. I don't want Parris 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 get some bread. Might as well bake tomorrow."

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

FUNNY BUSINESS



"I'm up late every night, Grandmere—you know that."

"Well, well. But you must get your sleep. Good night."

He kissed her on both cheeks. "Good night. Good night, Anna."

He sighed as he returned to his room. He was tired. There was so much to do every day. Work at Aberdeen was not easy. Dr. Tower demanded that he cover a lot of ground; and his music—he didn't want to neglect practice.

Parris worked hard throughout the winter. He felt that he had moved completely into a new world. He did indeed look thin and a little pale by April.

Dr. Tower, who consistently maintained an impersonal attitude toward his pupil, noticed the changes. "Better ease up on your work a little, young man."

"Oh, I'm quite all right, sir." "You don't look it. Leave your notebooks today and get out somewhere. Why don't you walk? Look up some of your friends."

Parris looked straight into Dr. Tower's eyes for a moment. There was a barely perceptible softening of the doctor's hard, bright gaze.

"What is it?" Then he added jocularly: "Have you no friends?"

Parris did not smile. "No, sir," he said simply.

Dr. Tower flushed a little, whether with embarrassment or annoyance at the couple of the conversation, Parris did not know.

Dr. Tower looked out of the window. "You get used to it."

Parris did not reply to this. Dr. Tower looked back after a moment and went on, almost angrily: "Anyway, there is nobody around here for you. You seem to have a mind—hope I'm not mistaken about it; I'd hate to waste my time."

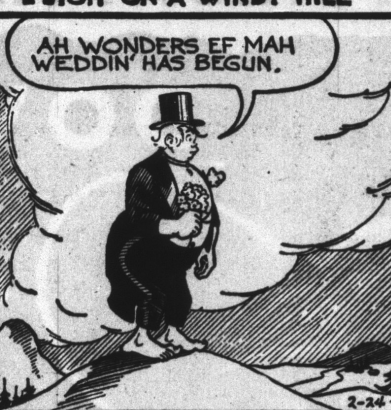
"I used to have some pretty good friends." There was a kind of protest in his voice.

"Well, you ought not to live too much to yourself." Dr. Tower spoke more gently. "Go on out today and look up somebody. Knock around a little."

He slapped the notebooks on the table. "Forget this and your piano for a couple of days, out classes, get some air."

"All right, sir, I will. Thank you." He walked down the drive that skirted the Towers front yard. Cassandra was on the porch. He waved gaily to her, and she lifted her hand in an awkward, childish response.

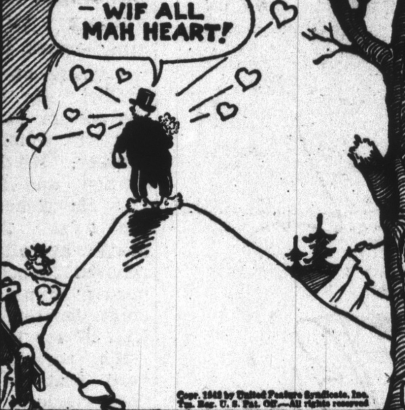
LIL' ABNER



HIGH ON A WINDY HILL



NANCY



RED RYDER



WASHINGTON TUBES II

