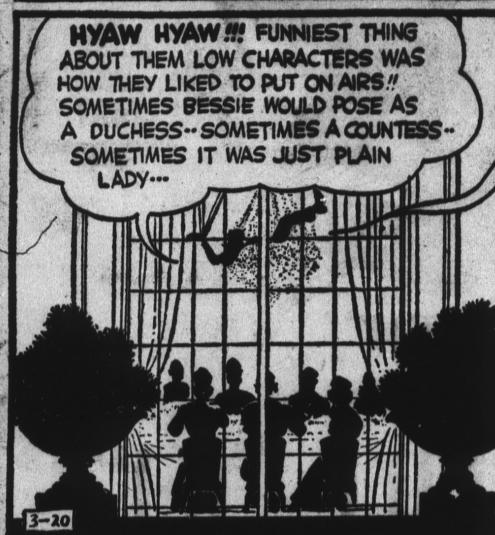


## ABIE AN' SLATS



By Raeburn Van Buren



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## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## With Major Hoople

## OUT OUR WAY



By J.R. Williams

3-20

By Al Capp

## LIL' ABNER



By Al Capp

## NANCY



By Fred Harman

## RED RYDER



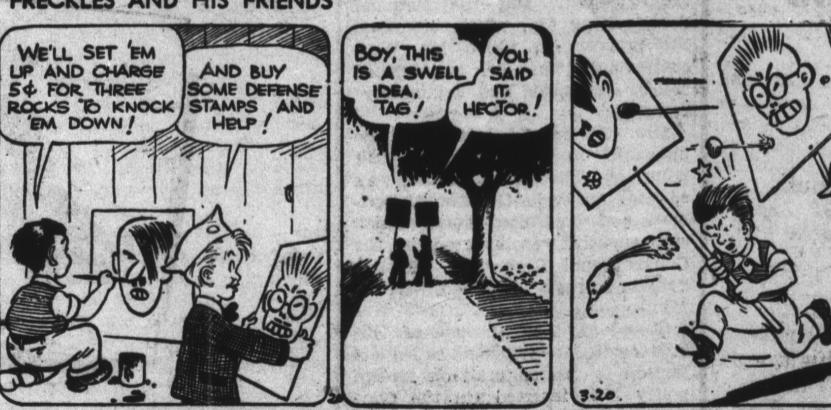
By Fred Harman

## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



By Fred Harman

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Fred Harman

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Fred Harman

## ALLEY OOP



By Fred Harman

## Serial Story—

## Kings Row

By Henry Bellaman



"Well, what of it? Where?"

"She's just a standin' in them willow bushes down there."

"What's she doing down there, the poor woman?"

"She's just a standin' there and when I come by she seen me and she kinder moaned at me and tore off a lot of them leaves and threw 'em on the ground and stomped on 'em. I got scared, and I run home."

The woman turned from her washtub and dried her hands on her apron.

"I'll go down there and see if I can get her home. I guess she's near crazy."

"You mean I was."

"Are. You take things too hard. You've let this Benny Singer thing flatten you out."

"I think I'll go to Europe, sir. Zurich—"

"More work? Well, if that's what you want. Right away?"

"Yes."

"Free as that?" Dr. Nolan smiled, but he looked gravely after Parris as the door closed.

Parris decided he'd look up Anna in Dusseldorf. Maybe Herr Bendorff in Bavaria. He could do exactly as he pleased because it didn't make any difference to anyone. For the first time he felt a little depressed about it.

Tonight the asylum sounds, sudden screams and shouts that thrust through the murmurous buildings, flicked his nerves like a lash. He walked slowly down to see Drake and Randy.

Drake had a lapboard across the bed and the wide table beside it was covered with papers.

"Business this time of night?"

Drake nodded. "We're getting rich."

"Good."

"We're starting a building and loan association, Parris." Randy was excited. "We're putting you in as silent partner. You don't have to do anything, but we want it fixed up properly—legally."

"Still talking about that Tower money?"

"Please, Parris—" Randy's expression was intent. Her eyes were telling him that he must consent, that this was final compensation, to Drake, for the money Parris had given them.

"All right. Fix it any way you want to. I don't know the first thing about business of any kind."

He told them that Dr. Nolan had insisted on a vacation.

"Are you going to be away long?"

Drake's voice came hesitatingly.

"Dr. Nolan says six months."

"Gee, I'm glad for you."

Parris looked curiously at Drake, and then at Randy. He wanted very much to know if it mattered to them whether he went or stayed.

Back at the hospital gate, he circled the grounds and came out on Carrier St. In the second story room of a house at the end of the block there was a bright light. Vera Lichinsky sat at the window, her arms resting on the sash. Moonlight fell full on her face, and whitened it to a stony pallor.

Parris returned just in time to meet an early, disagreeable winter. The town was drab and shabby-looking. He shuddered with distaste at the sight.

His work at the hospital was waiting, the entire staff rejoicing over

the state's appropriation for extensive new buildings. A huge tract of land had been bought for a farm and vegetable garden. Dr. Nolan was full of plans.

Randy had lost her father while he was away and was quiet and sober in the one visit Parris had with her and Drake in the first few days after his return. They were "something exciting to tell him" but said it must wait.

It was appraised and the price found reasonable. There's something behind this, of course. Has anybody on that paper got a grudge against you for anything at all?"

"Not that I know of. I haven't many friends, that's a fact, but I thought I had no enemies at all."

"You're evidently mistaken. Well, we'll see after a while what's hidden in the woodpile."

"Shouldn't I make a denial right away?"

"No. Let's find out who's after you, and why."

The undertone of irony and bitterness was strange and surprising coming from Dr. Nolan.

"You know this—this, what's his name? Fulmer Green?"

"Since childhood."

"What's he like?"

"Braggart, bully, coward, and liar. He made a circus out of the Singer trial and hanged the boy to enhance his position as prosecuting attorney."

"Green got anything against you?"

"Not that I know of. Couldn't imagine anything from that quarter."

"Queer, isn't it?"

"Dr. Nolan, you gave me my post here—pretty much on faith. You've made it an interesting one for me—I hate to make any kind of trouble for you."

"Stuff. Give you your report because we had a first-rate report on the one from Seiss in Vienna. You're a good man at your job. Trouble!"

"Fiddlesticks."

Parris related in detail the story of his friendship with Drake, the gift or loan of the Tower money, the slow rehabilitation of Drake through being made to feel important and successful, and then the conversation with Drake and Randy just before Parris left for Europe.

"I signed some sort of papers, power of attorney among them. I had never heard of the proposed purchase of this land before I left, and I know that they—I suppose I have to say 'we'—that we didn't own it when I left."

Dr. Nolan sat very still in his chair until Parris had finished.

"I knew all of that, Dr. Mitchell."

"YOU KNEW IT?"

"Here's the story, Dr. Mitchell. The suggestion that we attempt this purchase and expansion was made by Senator Depass. You were already in Europe—had been there for a month or more. I inquired right away about this property. We had actually talked once

about the state's appropriation for extensive new buildings. A huge tract of land had been bought for a farm and vegetable garden. Dr. Nolan was full of plans.

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