

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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CHAPTER I
MARIE LA PORTE was putting on her hat to go home when Paul Varnet stuck his head in the dressing room.

Marie, standing rebelliously by, watched Lynda as Varnet led her to the elevator.

Once back in the familiar surroundings of the canal boat neighborhood, she was at home.

Suddenly, angry shouts filled the air. Marie drew into the protecting shadow of a silent warehouse as a man darted out from Pier 6.

"It doesn't matter," she called. "I'd just as soon be here as home."

Her whole soul was in revolt as she moodily dropped her hat on a chair and began undoing her dress.

Tommy Ryan could never afford to take her. Besides, he had to run his truck. When you're head of a one-man business you can't leave it, he always told her.

She walked slowly out to the show room. Another minute and she was parading back and forth in front of Lynda Martin.

The eyes of the two girls met and clashed. There was curiosity in Marie's dark ones.

Just 17, Lynda was the only child of James Martin, the newly rich grocery chain store head.

"Lynda's pretty," Marie thought. "But what a discontented face!

Lynda thought, "She may be beautiful, but what a life, always showing off clothes you never get a chance to wear."

Varnet took credit for discovering Marie's beauty, but it was really John Powers, head of the agency which supplied Varnet with models, who had picked her.

Varnet strolled casually across the white plush covered floor.

Lynda raised a petulant face. "I didn't know till this afternoon that I was going to the particular dinner I want this dress for.

"Of course not," Varnet drew up a chair beside her. "This is my only for my salon. I see you in a mysterious, provocative, filmy black. Then the dress will justify its name, 'Adventure.' There's just enough of the little girl in it for you.

Lynda's blue eyes widened. "Why that's just what Dan Donovan said he was always looking for and never finding—adventure. He's going with me to this party."

She glanced at her watch. "Oh, dear, I'm late. It's after 7." She got up hastily. "You have my measurements, Varnet. When do I come for a fitting?"

chief and wiped it off, then pushed his cap back and mopped his forehead. "Why, Tommy Ryan! Marie demanded sharply, "what in Heaven's name are you running from?"

News and Herald Want-Ads get results.

Goes to Finland as War Observer



Capt. Robert M. Losey, U. S. Army flyer, has been assigned to Helsinki, Finland, as military attache to report on air developments in Russo-Finnish war.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



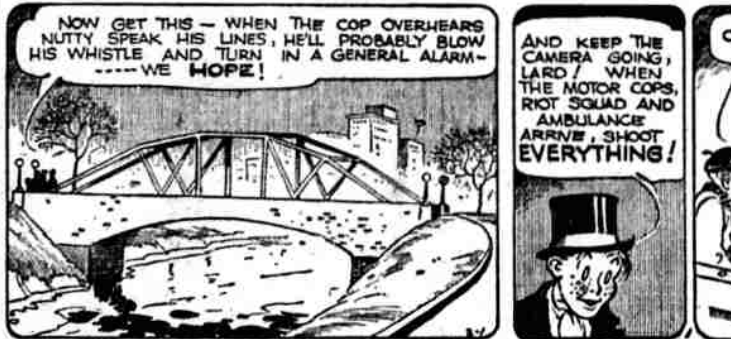
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



PIONEER AERONAUT

Word puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

