● SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Marie models a beautiful evening gown for Lynda Martin, is astonished at the society girl's careless spending. Marie hates living on a barge, wishes her father would move into the city, but old Baptiste La Porte won't hear of leaving his barges. En route home, Marie meets Tommy Ryan running away from a fight between truckers and bargemen.

CHAPTER II

TOMMY RYAN insisted on walking back to the barge with Marie, though she begged him not to. Mingled with his protective feeling toward her, was a growing resentment against her father, Baptiste La Porte.

"Your Dad needn't think he has a corner on all the freight in New York," he told Marie, as she wiped the blood from his nose, "just because he owns a couple of barges."

"Six barges to be exact, Tommy," she corrected. "And whether they carry freight or not means his living. He'd die if the trucks got all his business. He's at the end of his road, you're at the beginning of yours. You can't blame him for objecting. But it's not personal."

"I call this sock in the jaw darned personal."

"He was hitting the entire trucking industry, not just you. It's only because you drive a truck that he resents you."

Tommy dug his hands in his pockets, refusing to answer. Not more than 25, he already had a massive look and one day would be beefy. His broad, youthful face, even by the pier arc-light, was red and weather-beaten. The sullen droop to his mouth increased with returning anger.

"What's he going to do when we get married? I'm certainly not giving up my truck." He kicked a protruding slab of pavement.

"Nobody asked you to." Marie sighed. "We don't have to cross bridges before we come to them, do we?"

Impulsively she caught his hand. "We are at the Molly. Come aboard. Pop's probably forgotten all about the fight."

He drew back. "Not tonight. I'm still sore, if he isn't. I just wanted to make sure you were safe."

Marie laughed. "As if I were ever afraid here. Remember when we were kids together and used to race each other up and down this pier on skates spring nights like this?"

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SHE glanced at the sky. The fog had lifted and clouds, wind-driven, were scudding across the full moon. To the east stretched the Brooklyn Bridge, strung with its bangle of twinkling yellow lights. The jagged skyline of New York pierced the heavens to the west and north, breaking into a rosy-glare where Broadway interrupted. The dock itself was deserted. The barge boats, roped together like so many logs, bobbed cork fashion with the rising tide, sometimes scraping the pier with their sides, as a boat passed. Lamps gleamed from their cabins. Smoke drifted lazily up on the evening air. Occasionally the smell of coffee and frying bacon floated toward Marie and Tommy.

"Some difference between this and your life up there," said Tommy, jerking his head in the direction of midtown New York. "Ever sorry you've gotta leave off being a model in that ritzy store and come back here?" He drew her to him.

"Don't be silly." She sidestepped his arms. "What happened to the fight? I heard shouting, then I saw you running and now everybody's gone."

"The other guys hopped their trucks. Mike's parked down at the Battery." He paced nervously back and forth. "The bargemen, led by your old man, had underbid us on a big phosphate job. We didn't like it."

He had edged up until he was abreast of the Molly. Marie had followed, still pleading with him to come aboard. Their arguments were interrupted by the scraping of the hatch.

Baptiste La Porte stuck an angry head out. "Mon Dieu! What's all theese conversation? Marie, eet is not you! With that Tommee Ryan? Tell him to leave at once!"

La Porte banged the hatch shut and scrambled over the barge toward the pier, cursing Tommy freely in French as he went. Whenever he was deeply moved he lapsed into 'Cadian patois. On the lean side, with the rangy body of a North woodsman, his face was long and lean. Neither his mustache nor black hair had a streak of gray in it. Though grotesque, he was not without dignity.

"You say you love my daughter, Marie," he shouted at Tommy, "and yet you would take the very bread from her father."

Marie leaped between the two men. "Go on, Tommy," she cried, as he sprang forward. "Pop doesn't know what he's doing."

Frantically she leaped on the deck of the Molly, shoving her father back toward the hatchway. Tommy turned and swung sharply back down the pier.

"Don't worry, Marie, I wouldn't hit your old man. But I'll tell you one thing, Bat La Porte, this is a free country. I've just as much right to be on this pier as you, or to truck what freight I can get. You don't own the world."

Bat made a scornful gesture. "Come, Marie. I'm not listening to that fellow any more."

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MARIE didn't answer. The cabin into which the two stepped down was small but clean. An oil lamp cast a friendly light over the supper table. The floor was covered with black and white linoleum, the wood walls were painted yellow and white Swiss curtains draped the three windows.

At the opposite end of the room was an alcove with a blue-denim covered studio couch in it which Marie used. A rocking chair stood beneath a corner lamp and three straight chairs were drawn up to the table. To the right was the bedroom where Baptiste and his wife slept. This side was the kitchen. Mrs. La Porte bent over the coal stove. A little tremor passed through her substantial frame, but she didn't look around.

"Bat, I wish you'd keep that hatch closed. Were you fighting with Tommy Ryan again?" She jabbed the bacon. "Marie has little enough in her life as it is, living on this old barge, without keepin' Tommy from seein' her. She's young and growin' and she's never known anything else in life but canalboats!"

Bat said nothing. Marie walked across to the alcove and hung her hat and coat up in the closet.

"Don't worry, Mom." Her lips trembled. "Let's talk about something else, I'm dog tired."

Bat settled down in the rocker and reached for his pipe. "Ets not the barge, but these young men like Tommy Ryan, which make you weary. What you need is a nize, long sail to Canada. The ice is breakin' and we'll be pullin' out soon."

Mrs. La Porte banged the oven door. "I've lived on a barge twenty years," she said with increased exasperation. "And I've learned that the men are the only ones who get any fun out of this life. It's scrub, wash, and cook for the women. I want Marie to have something more than that."

She picked up the evening paper and stuck it under Bat's nose. It had been opened at the society page. She pointed to the picture of a girl. "Look at her, Lynda Martin. She has all the advantages in the world, and yet she is not any better than your daughter. But she hasn't a stubborn father."

A knock on the hatchway deflected Bat's retort. "Come in," he called. "Why it's Jerry McGuire," he exclaimed as a cop stuck his head through the opening.

"I want to have a talk with you, Bat," he said.

(To Be Continued)

Mrs. Roosevelt urges lecturers to be sure to find a way of ending their speeches. In most cases, within the first five minutes, we might add.

WON'T RUN—Louis Bromfield (above), author and Democrat, withdrew as candidate for congress from 17th Ohio district saying previous commitments interfered.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Sick! If she had to work, she'd find out life ain't no bed of neuroses."

NURSERY TALE PRINCESS

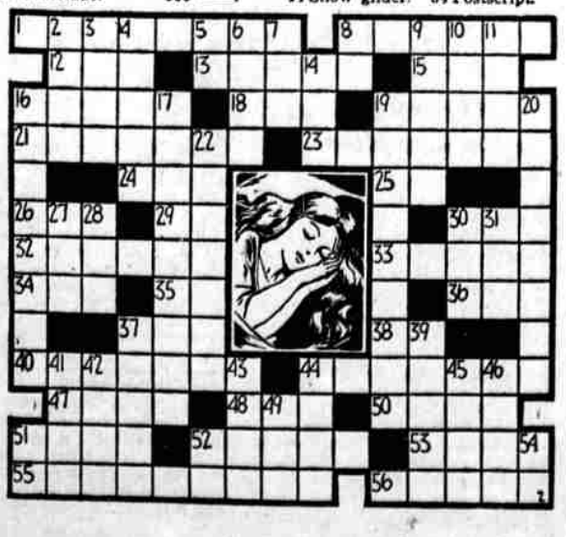
HORIZONTAL

1, 8 Beautiful slumbering princess.
12 Weapon.
13 Uproar.
15 Blood money.
16 To eschew.
18 Writing fluid.
19 Premium for a loan.
21 Spendthrift.
23 To place by itself.
24 Tree fluid.
25 Natural power.
26 Cognizance.
29 3.1416.
30 Away.
32 Eludes.
33 To enlist.
34 Fiber knots.
35 Right.
36 Self.
37 Sesame.
38 Lava.
40 Adjudged.
44 Servitude.
47 Inlets.
48 Indian.
50 To stab.
51 Courtesy titles.
52 Old-womanish.
53 To harvest.
55 She was —— or bewitched by a wicked fairy.
56 She slept for 100 ——.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

2 Fluid rock.
3 God of love.
4 Sends forth.
5 Into.
6 Shred of waste silk.
7 Cotton picker.
8 To exist.
9 Cold.
10 Measure
11 Tipster.
14 Snow glider.
16 She was —— by a prince whom she married.
17 Curtain hangings.
19 Weapon which rebounds.
20 Love of self.
22 Letter.
27 Night before.
28 Pile of fabric.
30 Native metal.
31 Haze.
37 Rubbish.
39 To worship.
41 Ireland.
42 Circular arrangement.
43 Do not.
44 Courageous.
45 Region.
46 Trappings.
49 Cravat.
51 Southeast.
52 Form of "a."
54 Postscript.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP BY V. T. HAMLIN