

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

COPYRIGHT, 1940, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Tommy and Nat clash again when Tommy accuses Marie home. Marie tries to argue her father out of his belligerent mood, with small success. Her mother wants Marie to have a chance for happiness—like Lynda Martin. A policeman arrives to see Dan.

CHAPTER III

THE telephone rang in Lynda Martin's library.

"Dorrit," she called, flinging down the morning paper, society side up, "will you answer that?"

It was noon. Lynda, not dressed for the day, had on a frothy pink chiffon negligee. Rose-tinted toenails showed provocatively through the gilt lacing of pink satin mules. She yawned.

"Are you at home, Ma'am?" An English maid looked out from the bed room.

"That depends on who it is," Dorrit picked up the receiver.

"Miss Martin's apartment. Might I ask the name?" Mr. Daniel Donovan!

Lynda nodded.

"Yes, sir. I'll call her."

She detached a removable telephone from the far end of the room and plugged it in at the baseboard nearest Lynda's chair.

"Hello, Dan," Lynda's voice was eager. "I hoped you'd call. Varnet's making me the most wonderful dress for the party. Want a preview? Meet you at the Colony for lunch? I'd love to, then we can go to Varnet's afterwards."

She hung up the receiver and raced toward her bedroom, calling Dorrit as she went.

THE bedroom, like the library, was a fitting frame for her fragile beauty. Her father had handed the 17-year-old girl a blank check when he bought the triplex apartment on 5th Avenue and said, "Go ahead, baby, decorating is a woman's job."

Lynda had immediately turned the 30 rooms over to Delavigne, New York's most fashionable decorator. Newspapers put the cost of old man Martin's home at \$100,000. Actually it set him back \$1,500,000. Lynda's private apartment was a copy of Marie Antonietti's chambers at Versailles. The graceful decorations with their poetic touches of pink and blue, enhanced her golden loveliness, but they could not change the petulant lines of her pretty mouth, for Lynda was a spoiled child.

Mrs. Martin died when she was six. Her training had been left in the hands of fashionable private school head mistresses and governesses. It was James Martin's theory that money would solve all problems. Everytime his daughter failed in her studies, he put her in a more expensive school. She left the last one just after her 16th birthday.

Once out of school her father resented her education completed. Indulgent but abstracted, he gave her an unlimited bank account and let her go her own way.

Just now, life revolved for her around Dan Donovan, the best catch, as far as money and looks went, in New York's younger crowd. He also had brains, but no one, not even himself, had discovered that yet. His trouble, like Lynda's, was too much money.

On the other hand, money had given him certain advantages, four years at Harvard, English clothes, graceful manners, and friends with expensive tastes. His father, Mike Donovan, liked to boast about these things. He liked to say that he was self-made, but he'd started his boy out with the best foot first.

"With your money and my brains and the training he's acquiring now, there's no telling where our boy will go," Dan's mother was constantly telling Mike.

Donovan, ignoring the initial dig, would reply, "You're right, Katie, there's no tellin' where he's goin' unless he settles down. Why, at his age I—"

That's as far as he got. Mrs. Donovan would either walk out or interrupt, but neither side ever gave in.

TODAY Dan's parents, could they have seen him, would have been seething with conflicting emotions. Mrs. Donovan would have been proud of Dan's acquaintances. Mr. Donovan would have spluttered because Dan was not spotted at Donovan & Company.

"Look around you," Dan could hear his father say. "Do you see a real man among these wasters, except perhaps yourself, and only because you're my son?"

Dan glanced in the mirror opposite his chair and wondered if he looked like a waster. Try as he would, he could never brush his red hair so it would stay flat. For another thing, his face was too freckled. He didn't have the sort of complexion that tanned smoothly. A week-end on his father's houseboat, off South Carolina, hadn't helped. Besides, there was a gaiety about nothing in particular in his green eyes which none of these birds around him had.

His self-analysis was interrupted by Mrs. William Martin, Lynda's aunt.

She tapped Dan on the arm. "My dear boy, I hear Lynda's bringing you to my little party Saturday. I'm so happy."

Mrs. Donovan, had she been present, would have beamed. Mrs. Martin had a definite place in society. If anything, it had been better before she married James Martin's brother, Will. But it might have been worse, her friends said, for Will did have money and he never forced himself on anyone.

"Yes, I'm meeting Lynda here for lunch," answered Dan, a bit self-consciously.

Mrs. Martin nodded, pride in her bright black eyes, and moved on

at a gesture from the headwaiter. "Oh, Dan," Lynda's soft, childish voice sounded in his ear. "I am so sorry, but you know what the telephone is, or don't you. I simply couldn't get away sooner."

Dan squeezed her arm and guided her into lunch. "Never mind. You're here now."

AT half-past three, Varnet himself was bowing the pair to the main salon.

Lynda settled back in her chair and puffed on the cigarette Dan had lighted for her. "Varnet, I thought Mr. Donovan might get a sick out of seeing your place. He tells me he's never been here before."

Dan dropped his coat and hat on a nearby settee. "I'm not entirely without experience," he laughed, glancing toward the models. "I have been backstage at a couple of plays."

He drew his chair up beside Lynda. "We're ready. Where's the show?"

Varnet clapped his hands. The customers on the opposite side of the room to whom the models were showing the collection had gone. For the moment, no saleswoman was in sight.

At the sound of Varnet's signal, the enormous white velvet curtain at the far end of the room parted and Marie La Porte stepped slowly forward. She was wearing the gown Lynda had chosen. Her young body moved with passionate grace beneath sleek, shining black folds.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

Lynda gave Dan a bird-like glance, her face paling. "I wanted to try it on myself, Varnet," she said sharply. "The girl isn't exactly the type."

Marie paused. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like to put on the gown now," she suggested to Varnet. Entirely self-possessed,

she stepped forward.

she had not looked at Dan once, except for the first casual glance when she entered the room, and yet she was acutely aware of his eyes.

Dan leaned forward. "Don't change it. I have a good idea of the dress."

That night when Marie left work, Dan was waiting for her. (To Be Continued)



Vivian Wildman, Los Angeles photographic model, wants \$50,000 as result of losing her left eyebrow in an automobile accident. She also suffered a fractured foot in the crash, but that's secondary to the loss of the eyebrow.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



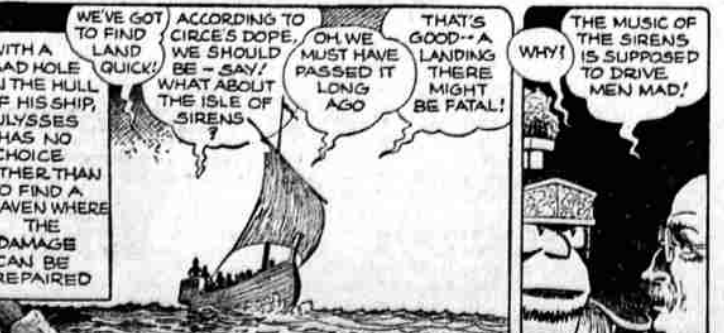
WASH TUBBS



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



"Fanny says I can't use lipstick until I'm sixteen!—gosh, by that time, I'll probably need it."

SHADOW STAR

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured, the late actor Douglas
- 9 His face was wreathed in a constant
- 13 Portico
- 14 Snaky fish
- 16 Wrath
- 17 In a vertical line
- 18 Small wild ox
- 19 Knotted
- 21 Thoroughly, proficient
- 22 Climbing plants
- 24 Go on (music)
- 26 Sand hill
- 27 Postscript
- 28 Type standard
- 29 Prescribes punishment
- 32 Nay
- 33 Measures of length
- 34 Old French measure

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

- 35 Translation
- 36 Twenty-four hours
- 37 Visible vapor
- 38 Note in Guido's scale
- 40 Of the thing
- 41 Pound
- 42 Axil leaf
- 43 To long
- 48 Instrument
- 50 Beer's homes
- 52 Relaxation
- 54 Indian
- 55 Cease
- 56 Farewell
- 57 He portrayed a heroic on the screen (pl.)
- 58 He was a great star of the screen
- 59 Snake
- 60 Shrub
- 61 Street
- 62 To roast
- 63 Tidy
- 64 Untidy
- 65 Minute object
- 66 Rainbow
- 67 Sheltered place
- 68 Holy men
- 69 His pictures were full of
- 70 To disguise
- 71 Born
- 72 Dejected
- 73 Procrastination
- 74 Punitive
- 75 Assuaging
- 76 Wood spirit
- 77 Billiard rod
- 78 Ocean
- 79 Reminders
- 80 As well
- 81 Roll of film
- 82 To jabber
- 83 Affirmative
- 84 Genuine
- 85 Wheel hub
- 86 Still
- 87 A duct
- 88 Measure