

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY Lynda Martin, spoiled and pampered daughter of a "too-indulgent" father, straggled to have Dan see her new evening gown. They go to Yarnette's. Marie models the dress. Then she is struck by her beauty. That night, as Marie leaves the Shoppes, Dan is waiting for her.

CHAPTER IV

MIKE DONOVAN stood on the deck of his houseboat, The Katherine, staring out toward Edisto Island. The warm March sun found a bright reflection in the green river water. Ashore, the fronds of palms swayed lazily in the gentle spring breeze and from the fields came the sound of Negroes shouting at their mules.

Mike leaned over the rail as a small group of men and women appeared on Whiney's dock, laughing and talking.

"The whole batch of them are getting into the launch now, Katie," he yelled down to his wife. "Don't be slow."

"All right, Michael, all right!" (It was Michael, not Mike, when company was coming). "I'll be dressed in a minute, and for Heaven's sake, don't call me Katie before those people."

Mike adjusted his commodore's cap and hurried toward the companionway to superintend the arrival of his luncheon guests. The Tom Sherwoods and the Frank Murrys, who owned winter homes on the South Carolina sea island, were the reason for the party. Sherwood and Murray both served on boards of companies in which Mike owned the controlling stock. They were bringing their wives and house-guests with them today.

A FAT, bald-headed Irishman of 65, Mike Donovan was eccentric, exuberant and delightfully ingenuous. Rich enough to own the biggest steam yacht afloat, he stubbornly clung to his old-fashioned houseboat, because he had set his mind, when he was a kid living in Brooklyn, on owning such a boat as soon as he could make the money. Whole flocks of them used to anchor in Sheepshead Bay inlets during the summertime. They had red and white striped awnings over the decks and Swiss curtains at the windows. The interior decorator Katie hired wouldn't let Mike have them on this boat.

His passion for the sea showed in his clothes. Today, in addition to his commodore's cap—he held that office in the Oceanbreeze Yacht Club—he wore a bright blue jacket trimmed with shining brass buttons and new white flannel trousers. He hadn't sat down since Taki, his Chinese valet, helped him into them at 10 that morning. He wore his white shoes as if they were a little too tight and he'd just put them on for the first time.

Mrs. Donovan poked her head out, as the distant put-put of the launch sounded over the water.

"I'm here, Mike." When she was excited, she lapsed into the familiar "Mike."

"Go back," he answered. "It's proper for the Misses to receive in the salon on a boat."

She liked to be in good time, but today she had been late because she couldn't make up her mind what to put on. This indecision ruffled her. She was naturally methodical. Sitting carefully down on one of the chintz-upholstered lounge chairs, she smoothed her pink flannel dress beneath her and tilted her white felt hat to the left.

She must have been pretty when she was a girl because her natural good looks still showed through artificial concessions to beauty. But she never sought to conceal the fact that she dyed her hair (it was the new honey yellow with nice gold hints) and she was frank about liking plenty of rouge and lipstick. She said it gave her animation. She thought she ruled her husband, but he had his own ideas on the subject.

Her body tensed as the launch stopped and she heard Mike shout, "Hello, folks. Welcome to the Katherine. Come aboard and meet Katie."

"How do you do," Tom Sherwood was saying. "Mrs. Donovan, my wife and our house-guests, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley James. You already know Mr. and Mrs. Murray. These are the Percy Thorntons who're staying with them."

Nervously she shook hands. "I'm so glad you could come. Shall we have cocktails here or on deck?" "It's too damned fine weather to stay indoors," put in Mike. He punched a button over the fireplace. "Taki," to the Chinese boy who made a noiseless appearance, "bring the drinks on the back porch." He winked at Sherwood. "That's all it really is."

On deck Frank Murray joined Mrs. Donovan. "What's this I hear about your boy and Lynda Martin?" he inquired, sipping his Martini. "She's a pretty kid and her father's got lots of dough. Not that Dan needs any," he laughed. "But that would be a pretty good business merger—shipping and groceries. Mike could corner the South American fruit and coffee trade of James Martin and Company."

If there was sarcasm in Mr. Murray's tones, Mrs. Donovan did not notice it.

"Of course I can say nothing till those dear children speak for themselves," she said, but there was obvious pleasure in her manner at mention of such a match

for her boy. "Dan spent last week-end with us, but naturally we didn't question him."

"Well, I'm glad that's over," she said.

"I guess they had a good time," Mike chuckled. "They certainly drank enough champagne."

"Did you hear Frank Murray ask me about Dan and Lynda Martin?" There was a pleased expression on Mrs. Donovan's face.

"No," Mike lit a cigar and settled down on a leather side seat. "Think it's serious?" "I hope so. It would be a nice match. No money spared at that wedding." She gazed happily toward the blue sea, visible between the white strips of sand that defined an inlet. "Let's anchor here over night, Mike. It's so peaceful."

He pulled a large old-fashioned open-faced gold watch from his trouser pocket. "Can't do it, Katie. We've got to push on as soon as the launch returns. I'm leaving the boat at Charleston. Sherwood mentioned some things that show I'm needed at the office."

He got up. "Here's the launch now. We'll be starting right away."

"I'll tell Taki to pack your bags," Mrs. Donovan raised her voice above the noise of grinding pulleys as the launch was hoisted to the top deck. "Bill's brought us some mail."

She rose and strolled toward the saloon.

"Telegram for you, Mrs. Donovan," he said.

She reached for the yellow envelope, opening it eagerly.

"It's from Dan," she exclaimed.

"Oh, Mike, I'm so glad. It's all settled with him and Lynda." She began reading aloud, "Dear folks, I've found the girl I'm going to marry. Dan."

(To Be Continued)

They Step Up



PAUL PECK.



GORDON GARLAND.

FLAPPER FANNY

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By Sylvia



"If you want to teach him tricks, you'll have to have more patience—or more cookies."

BEAST OF BURDEN

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured beast of burden.
- 5 It is a — or crossbred animal.
- 10 Sailor.
- 13 Armor strap.
- 15 Backward.
- 17 Sugar sand.
- 18 To fail to hit.
- 19 Composition for two performers.
- 20 It is.
- 21 To gasp.
- 22 Thought.
- 23 Man's reading.
- 24 To yearn.
- 25 Afternoon.
- 26 Road.
- 27 To diversify.
- 28 To skip.
- 29 Actual happening.
- 30 Caribou.
- 31 Outspoken.
- 33 Skeleton of a structure.
- 34 Meek.
- 35 Pleased.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

FAIRBANKS SMILE

STOAT BELLS TIRE

APPEAR ANOAT TITLED

ADAPT WINES I

VA DOUGLAS DENNE

NO NOBELS SENSUNE

TR FAIRBANK DAY STEAM

UT BRACK YEARN DE

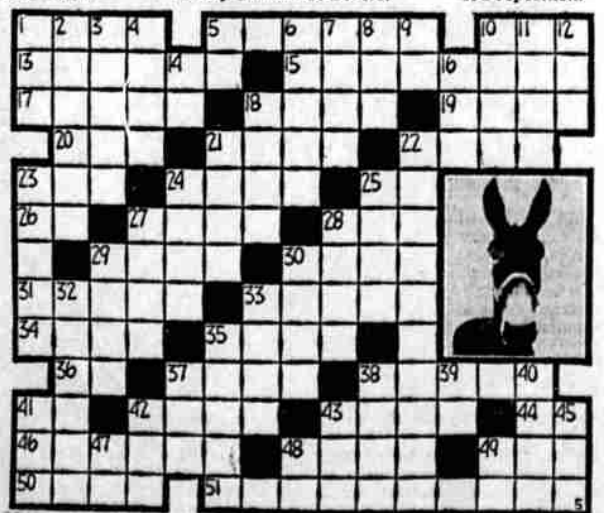
BOE HIVES BASEL

UTE AVAST LAVEL

ATHLETES SILENT

VERTICAL

- 1 Males.
- 2 Combined.
- 3 Classical language.
- 4 Does wrong.
- 5 Pronoun.
- 6 To fetch.
- 7 To slumber.
- 8 Contraction.
- 9 Doctor.
- 10 Genuine.
- 11 Toward sea.
- 12 To soak flax.
- 14 Myself.
- 16 Quiver.
- 18 Divers.



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

