

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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CHAPTER V
I'M very lucky to have caught you," Dan said, piloting Marie through the hurrying throng that surged back and forth along 57th Street.

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"But I don't understand," she objected, as soon as she could get a word in. "I'm going home."

"No, you're not," he said. "You're coming with me to Larue's for a cocktail. Then, if you insist, I'll take you home; otherwise, I hope you'll have dinner with me."

He took long strides and he held her arm firmly. Tall, though she was, she had to walk fast to keep up with him.

"Please," she begged. "I'm all out of breath and I do want to have something to say about this."

Contently he slowed down. "I'm sorry. It's terribly selfish of me, but I was afraid I'd lose you if I didn't hang on tight and I hurried because I wanted to sit down and talk with you. There's so much to say. I don't want to seem to kidnap you, but you will come with me."

She felt shy and happy and proud. "Yes, I'll go. But I have to be home by 7."

He asked her where her home was but she changed the subject. She was sensitive about living on a barge. The girls at the store had teased her. She had her father's pride as well as his temper. She resented the curious questions people always put to her when she said her home was a canalboat.

She talked with vivacity as they headed toward Park Avenue, he watching her, seldom saying much himself, but the tone of his voice and his eyes showed his interest in her.

Occasionally people turned to look at them as they stepped along. They were obviously enjoying life and each other.

IT was a warm, early spring night. While the street lights were on, the pale green evening sky still held a faint golden glow. An old woman at Fifth Avenue held her tray of flowers up as Marie and Dan passed.

"Hold on," he said. "I want to get you a bunch of violets. I don't know much about clothes, but it seems to me they'd look pretty swell on that red suit of yours."

She laughed. "It isn't red, it's blue. But that's all the better for violets."

She pinned them on the lapel of her trim jacket suit as Dan gave the old woman a \$5 bill and told her to keep the change.

"You could have the whole tray of flowers for that, sir," gasped the old lady.

"Never mind, sell them again," he called over his shoulder, steering Marie across 5th Avenue against the lights.

"I've already learned three things about you," she laughed, dodging a taxi with him. "You're impulsive, you're extravagant and you like to take chances."

"Doesn't sound so good, does it?" he asked, as they swung into 18th Street. "But still I'm amenable to reason, at least my mother says I am. Dad doesn't think so."

He pushed the swinging door of Larue's. She entered. It was the first time she had ever been in the famous French restaurant, though she had often heard the other models talking about it. A pretty little hat-check girl with a silky brown hair styled forward and look Dan's coat and hat. Peter himself advanced, as Dan and Marie followed the headwaiter toward the cocktail lounge.

"Good evening, Mr. Donovan," he bowed. "It is nice to see you again. I have your regular table in the corner."

Dan interrupted. "This time I want the one on the opposite side. Peter, I want one where I've never sat before." He looked at Marie. "No old memories, just those that date from today."

MARIE smiled. She had not known Dan five hours and yet she felt she had known him all her life. He made her feel that he would tolerate no memories with which she was not connected. It was extraordinarily flattering.

As a reply she found herself comparing him to Tommy Ryan. Loyal, she struggled to remind herself that she was practically engaged to Tommy, that she had been his girl ever since they were kids. She couldn't go back on him.

"Lord, you look serious," exclaimed Dan, sitting down beside her on the rose leather cocktail banquette, and drawing the black onyx-topped cocktail table toward them. "Am I as bad as all that?"

"That's just the trouble," smiled Marie. "I think you're very charming."

"Keep on thinking so," he pleaded. The waiter interrupted with the wine card.

She slipped the Tom Collins he brought, but Dan neglected his Scotch and plain water while he fished in a pocket for his engagement book.

"What are you doing tomorrow night?" he demanded.

"Oh, I have a date," she hedged. "With whom?"

"I know. It's none of my business. But, gee, if you only knew how I felt." He struggled on, floundering like some high-school kid. "Well, to get back to the present, here's looking at you."

She touched her glass to his and laughed. "I don't know your last name but I think it's Donovan."

"Right," he said. "Not that it matters." His mouth quirked up at the corners. "Come to think of it, I don't know even your first name."

"Marie La Porte," he said, passing a cardboard stub to the hat-check girl. "I'm seeing you home."

"No, you're not," she set her chin firmly and started toward the door. "Goodbye and thanks for a nice time."

HE grabbed his hat and coat and ran after her. "You can't do this to me. I'm seeing you home, that is, if you're not married and the mother of seven."

He stuck his hat on his head and slipped into his coat as he walked. "Even then I think I'd take a chance. Now where do we go?"

He stared down at her. "But I live on a canalboat. I couldn't take you to my home," she protested, half-desperate.

"I don't see what difference that makes. My folks live on a houseboat."

She faced him with rebellious eyes. "Besides, I'm walking, not riding and I live five miles from here."

"That's o. k. by me. When do we start?" She turned on her heel and started down the street.

"You steer the course and I'll follow," he said, keeping pace with her.

(To Be Continued)



TENSE TIMES—Through London strides Sir William Seeds, British ambassador to Russia now "on furlough" from his post. It was reported that his departure from Moscow had nothing to do with troubled Russian-British relations.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



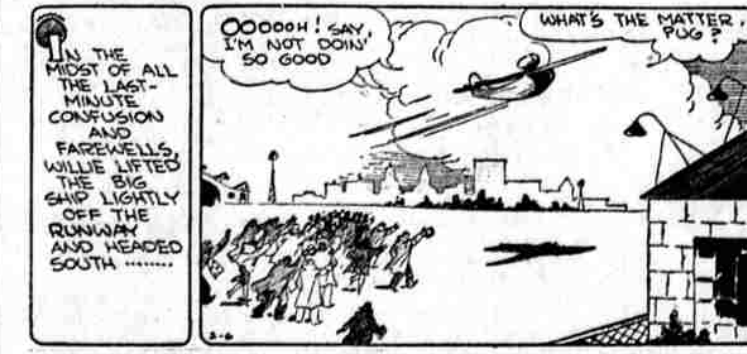
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



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



"Anything you want, sugar—roadster, coupe—just pick it out an' it's yours."

EMINENT CONDUCTOR

- Answer to Previous Puzzle
1 Talented orchestra conductor.
13 Hops kiln.
14 Stir.
15 Italian coin.
16 Sky color.
17 Musical draft.
19 Fat.
21 To soak fax.
22 Coquetted.
24 Born.
25 Bone.
26 Prescribed list of food.
27 Coin slit.
29 Spain.
30 Lost to view.
31 Railroad.
33 Unable to hear.
35 Senior.
36 To merit.
38 Laughable.
40 Inspired reverence.
41 Like.
42 Neither.
44 Southeast.
45 Kingly.
47 You.
49 Cravat.
51 Act of storing.
55 To decay.
57 Eccentric wheel.
59 Angry.
60 Epoch.
61 He is both an opera and conductor.
62 He conducts from without a music score.
17 Sleights.
18 Wringly fish.
20 Hanger-on.
22 Evergreen tree.
23 To accomplish.
26 To explain.
28 Diplomatic agreement.
30 Knave of clubs.
32 Uncooked.
34 Aurora.
37 Thing.
39 Wheel teeth.
43 Proportion.
45 Quantity of paper.
46 Ruined.
48 Therefore.
50 Frosty.
52 Beam.
53 Preposition.
54 Diamond.
56 Over.
58 Member of Parliament.
60 Form of "be."

