

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Dan practically kidnaps Marie, takes her to LaPorte's for cocktails. She finds herself strangely attracted to this unpredictable young man. When she starts home he insists upon accompanying her.

CHAPTER VI

BAT LA PORTE put down his pipe and reached for his hat. "I hear strange noises on the dock," he told his wife. "You're always hearing funny sounds," she protested. "First you suspect Tommy Ryan and now I don't know what you imagine."

He growled. "I still suspect Tommy Ryan. Jerry McGuire tipped me off." Shuffling across the linoleum-covered floor, he lifted the hatchway. "What time is Marie coming?" His voice began fading as his head disappeared through the hatchway.

"About 7. It's half-past five," Mrs. LaPorte stepped toward the kitchen. "What do you want for supper?"

Bat never heard the question. He was too occupied by another problem. A shadowy group of figures swarmed about the trucks parked close to a dark-bodied barge. As Bat peered through the growing twilight, the figures resolved themselves into the forms of men. The only two he recognized were Tommy and a fellow named Derry, who pinch-hit as pilot on motor barges. If there was one thing Bat hated worse than a truck, it was a motor barge.

Bat let out a yell and cleared the distance between the deck of the Molly and the dock with one leap. "What stuff is this that you cowards are loading?" he screamed. "I say cowards and I mean it. You wait till dark to do your dirty work."

He moved menacingly toward the trucks, fists clenched. Tommy dropped a box he had been lifting from a truck.

"It's no use, Bat," he said, not unkindly. "You're outnumbered. If you'd gone a little easier on me last night, I might not have done this."

Bat's face twisted with anger. "You're stealing the cargo meant for my boat tomorrow."

Tommy spoke up sharply. "Go easy on that word 'stealing.' I prefer 'skiffing.' We're trucking it from the West Side. The guys that ordered the stuff will get it lot quicker than if you'd toted it for them."

Bat sprang at Tommy. "You try to steal my cargo the way you would my daughter."

"Careful, Bat. I haven't lost my temper yet. I might be mean if I did." He half-turned toward the sack he had put down, then stopped. "All of which gives me an idea. This cargo of phosphate means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

Bat shrugged his shoulders. "What do my private feelings count for?" His continued antagonism was apparent.

"Only this," Tommy spoke eagerly. "I'll call the fellows off this deal and let you pack the phosphate on the Molly if you'll bury the past and give Marie me your blessing."

"Are you out of your mind?" shrieked Bat. "The fellow doesn't live who's good enough for my Marie. I'd rather see her dead than married to you."

Lowering his head, bull-like, he grabbed Tommy round the middle and prepared to throw him bodily off the dock.

Tommy gave a yell. The other men dropped their loads and ran toward the two, shouting.

THE noise of the fight had aroused other barge people. Heads poked out of hatchways from boats on both sides of the dock.

"Bat LaPorte needs help," cried a big Irishman on a barge nearest the fray. "It's them damned truckmen again."

"And they're stealing my cargo and trying to load it on a pirate barge," roared Bat, falling back as Tommy pried himself loose.

All the old rivalry between the canalboat people and the truckmen flared up again. It had been seething ever since ice had begun to break in the river. Now, the feud, which dated back to the World War when trucking started cutting in on barge-hauling, was on in earnest. Last night's skirmish was as nothing compared to the battle this evening.

In the confusion Tommy and his men finished loading the pirate barge. It slipped silently out while Bat and the other bargemen were still fighting. Bat turned in time to see its black hull disappear down the river under its own power.

"We're all fools," he bellowed. "They finished loading that cargo while we were fighting these idiots."

Bat prepared to fling at them every word of abuse he knew in French as well as English. But before he could form a single phrase, the truckers fled down South Street. The cause was apparent. A police siren shrieked. For a few moments it seemed to be heading straight for Pier 6, then it grew fainter and finally faded entirely.

BAT felt of his left eye. It was swollen shut. He lumbered toward the Molly. If it weren't for his black eye he might have recognized Marie turning into the pier from South Street. He might have wondered who the fellow was with her. He also might have wondered why she was arguing with him.

Dan grabbed her by both arms. "Are you this fellow's girl?" Marie turned her back on Tommy. "Please go, I beg you," she pleaded with Dan. "I'm afraid you'll be hurt."

Tommy, hands in his pockets and cap pulled down over his eyes, stood silently by, a sinister figure in the half-light from above. Dan gripped Marie's arm till she winced. "Do you belong to this man?"

"No, but for God's sake go," she begged. "Leave this girl alone," Dan said, turning to Tommy, "and that goes for all time. I know you won't mind."

"But I do mind," Tommy's tones had an edge. "I take orders from no one, least of all from a guy like you."

He swung a fist upward. "Tommy," Marie screamed. "You're acting like a caveman." Dan dodged and laughed. "I don't fight before ladies. See you later."

HALF-HYSTERICAL, Marie caught Dan by the hand and led him toward the Molly, with but one idea in mind, to get him out of Tommy's reach.

"Here's my home," she said. "Will you come aboard and meet my people?"

The tide was going out and the barge was far below the dock level. Marie jumped to the Molly's deck. Dan followed her toward the hatchway. It was shoved back. Bat's head appeared in the opening.

"I've got company, pop," Marie called.

Bat turned one eye on Dan. His other eye was swollen shut. "Bring him in and let's look him over."

As Dan and Marie disappeared down the hatchway with Bat, Tommy Ryan left the sheltering truck and walked slowly toward the Baptiste barge. (To Be Continued)

Stalin is more interested in maintaining himself in power than in protecting the interests of Russia.—Alexander Barmine, former soviet diplomat.



TIP FOR TOTS—Little Daryl Thornton in New York shows young misses across the nation what's what in styles for tiny tots. She wears a Swiss tango orandy with Peter Pan collar of Val lace. Dress has novel suspender effect.

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



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



FLAPPER FANNY



FRAIL POETESS

HORIZONTAL: Answer to Previous Puzzle. 1 Noted poetess, Elizabeth. 14 Kind of theater. 15 Hind. 16 Loom bar. 17 To stop up. 18 Artificial stream. 20 Large. 21 Skirt edge. 22 Figure. 24 To undermine. 26 Half an em. 27 Heart. 28 Alleged force. 30 Toward. 31 To cleave. 33 Wattle tree. 35 Deposited. 36 Spar. 37 House cat. 39 Modern. 40 Stand still. 42 Giant king. 44 Affirmative vote. 45 Backless chair. 49 Dinners. 52 Acidity. 53 To love. 56 Lacerations. 58 Genus of frogs. 59 Devil. 60 Surface measure. 61 She was an woman by birth. 62 Her was the poet Robert Browning. 12 Nullifies. 13 Grain. 18 Healed. 19 Musical note. 21 Her was frail. 22 Neither. 23 Tennis stroke. 25 Her stood the test of time. 27 To yield. 29 Cupola. 32 Side bone. 34 Uncooked. 38 Also. 39 Born. 41 Ancient Italian people. 43 Tumbler. 44 Quaking. 46 To lift with tongs. 47 Spoken. 48 Folding bed. 50 Arabian. 51 Italian coin. 52 Common verb. 54 Burmese knife. 55 Hurrah! 57 Sorrowful.

