

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Tommy Ryan... plained. "I asked him in for a cocktail but he said he must go on."

CHAPTER VII

THE first question Mike Donovan put to Ling, the Chinese butler, when he got home from the South Wednesday evening was about Dan.

"My boy in?" he asked, as Ling helped take the bags out of the car.

"No, sir." Ling never failed to answer directly but he always gave the impression of knowing more than he told.

"I like servants that won't talk," was his reply whenever Katie complained.

As a matter of fact he would have condoned anything short of murder that either Ling or the other Chinese servants did.

Tonight, stepping from the car to the house, Mike glanced toward 5th Avenue. His eyes brightened at sight of the restless traffic, the hurrying people and the twinkling lights.

"Give me New York every time," he said, half to himself. "I'm on home ground here. Know what's ahead of me."

"Yes, sir," said Ling. But his tone was sad and his face troubled. Mike eyed him. "Something on your mind?"

Mike looked questioningly at Ling. "I mean today."

"No, sir. He not home today."

"What?"

"No, sir. Messah Dan gone since yesterday."

Irritably Mike turned down the hall to his bedroom. "But where is he now?" he shouted.

Ling's impassive expression didn't change. "I not know, sir." His voice was hopeless.

Mike picked up his hat and coat. "His girl can tell me," he roared.

At 7 o'clock Mike was ringing James Martin's doorbell.

"Sorry, sir, but Mr. Martin isn't in," said the butler. "Would you like to see Miss Lynn?"

plained. "I asked him in for a cocktail but he said he must go on. A very important question had to be settled later in the day. He said he had already made up his mind but the other person had not. I suppose it was some business deal."

"There, there, my dear," he said. "I've been over-excited myself. Dan's all right. He's probably with some of the lads he knew in college. Don't you worry. We'll all have a big celebration tomorrow night. A special dinner in honor of the happy occasion."

IT was after 8 when he returned home. Too upset to ride, he walked, thinking of Dan all the way. Perhaps the boy would pay more attention to business after he married and settled down.

"Well, Ling, any news?"

"Something happen, Mr. Dan." Ling's laconic tones were heavy with excitement.

Mike stared at him, his teeth biting into the cigar. "What do you mean?" He spoke harshly.

"Police phone." The knuckles of Ling's yellow hands whitened as he interlocked his fingers.

Mike dropped his cigar. "My God, don't keep me guessing this too long. Where is he?"

Ling leaned over methodically.

picked up Mike's cigar and rested it on an ash tray. "Cop calling, he say. Old Slip on Front Street." He repeated the words sing-song fashion. "First Precinct. Messah Dan in jail."

If the time ever arises when there is a question as to the solvency or credit of the federal government, the people have become so accustomed to resting on governmental support that, should that support fail, it is within the realm of possibility that insurrection might occur.

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Exasperation spread over Donovan's fat face. "She's the one I wanted to see in the first place. He glared at the butler. "I suppose my boy is here, too?"

The servant shook his head and led Mike into the drawing room. "No, sir. Miss Lynn is alone."

There was a querulous note in Lynda's voice as she greeted Mike a few minutes later.

"Oh, Mr. Donovan, I'm so glad to see you, but where is Dan?" She flounced down beside him on the tapestried sofa.

"What do you ask me for?" he bellowed. "You're the one who should know."

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



FORMER KING

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'HORIZONTAL' and 'VERTICAL' words.

