

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Mike Donovan arrived in New York. And Dan, who has been in the city for some time, has been making his home in the city. He has been making his home in the city. He has been making his home in the city.

CHAPTER VIII

MARIE LA PORTE'S hand shook as she brushed her brown curls before the tiny mirror which hung in the alcove that served as her bedroom aboard the La Porte barge. She was miserably unhappy. The very thing that had been trying to avoid had happened, just because Dan Donovan had insisted on coming to the barge. A shadow crossed her window. Tommy was still outside. He might kill Dan.

The casual conversation between Dan and her father and mother sifted through the blue denim curtain.

"Yes," Dan was saying, "my folks like water too. Dad's idea of a holiday is to have nothing to do but sit on the after-deck of his houseboat, smoke his pipe and think and sometimes, just sit." "Nanette, where is my pipe?" Bat asked his wife. Turning to Dan, he continued, "Your pop and I, we share tastes in common. I smoke and sit and think. 'Specially when we go to Canada summers." "Yes," Mrs. La Porte passed his pipe—"that is my husband's idea of Heaven. Those long trips—they are monotonous. No life for women."

She tried to talk easily to this strange boy Marie had brought home. Her curiosity, ordinarily strong, had been deadened by the earlier experience of the evening. She still saw the fight between the truckmen and the barge people. Their shouts still rang in her ears. "I'm glad Marie has that job uptown, modelling," she said. "At least that gets her away part of the time."

Bat disagreed amiably. "This is a peaceful life. Let me see my very existence," he protested. "Just like Marie, I was born and brought up on a canalboat. My father before me had been boats."

Happily forgetting his black eyes and bruises, he told of the quiet summers drifting along upstate canals beneath overhanging trees.

"If the weather is good, the run lasts ten days. We haul grain, phosphate, lumber, anything. The tugs, they take us up the Hudson to Albany, then through the locks to Canada. The people along the way have seen my daughter Marie grow up." His gaze rested affectionately on Marie as she entered the cabin. "They are my friends."

Marie sat down. "Pop's talking about the past. Trucking's cut in on the barge business now."

Even in her present anxious mood, she was certainly a most attractive girl. It was easy to see by Dan's expression that he thought so too.

"Yes," said Mrs. La Porte. "We're lucky if we have three sauls a summer, and tonight Bat's lost this phosphate cargo."

Bat scowled. "I'll make them pay for this."

Dan stared at him. "I don't want to be rude, but was that where you got your black eye?" "There was a dreadful fight before you and Marie came," Mrs. La Porte answered. "I thought Bat would be murdered."

Dan moved his chair close to Marie. "Then you're really not safe down here?"

"It's just a war between the truckmen and the bargemen."

A shadow darkened a cabin window. "That's Tommy Ryan again, papa," Marie spoke nervously.

"Was he the guy that stopped as out on the dock?" broke in Dan.

"Yes, and I wish to Heaven he would leave us alone."

Bat took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at Marie. He was relieved to hear her speak of Tommy in that tone.

"Then you don't want to marry that kid?"

"Did you think she did?" Dan's voice was desperate.

Bat looked at him shrewdly. "Why should you care, my fellow?"

Mrs. La Porte raised a restraining hand. "Bat! Do be quiet."

Striking a match, he lit his pipe again. "My dear boy, Marie sees not going to marry Tommy Ryan or anyone else just now. But when she does, I intend that her husband shall be a bargeman, like myself."

A SHADOW again fell across the cabin window. Bat sprang to his feet. "That idiot! Does he think he can police my boat these days?"

Dan reached for his hat and coat. "I'll settle that gasook."

He was on deck before Marie reached the hatchway.

"Let them fight," said Bat contentedly. "Maybe they will demolish each other, and then you'll be free of these monkeys."

He had locked the hatchway and tucked the key in his pocket by the time Marie reached it.

"Oh, you're cruel!" she shouted. "Let me out of here!" She beat her fists against Bat's broad chest.

"Have you gone mad, Marie? First you tell me that Tommy Ryan means nothing to you. Then you see them give your father a black eye. You cannot possibly save use from them after that."

"Now, you bring these strange boys, Dan what's his name in and I know you cannot have any attachment for him because you do not make his acquaintance long enough. Yet you cry when he and Tommy fight. Get is not any concern of ours."

Wiping her eyes, Marie walked toward her alcove. "They may be killing each other for all we know."

Mrs. La Porte ran to a window.

"The boy's been disturbin' the peace just the same as Tommy was. I don't care who his father is."

"Leave my father out of this," ordered Dan.

With a heavy heart, Marie watched the three disappear down the pier.

(To Be Continued)

The Flans know the business of fighting, while, among their adversaries, politics and purges stymie the officers in command, and blind submission dominates the men.—Louis Johnson, assistant secretary of war.

Germans consume 156.9 pounds of meat and 216 pints of beer per capita every year.



GOOBER GAL—Better add Emily Cross of Suffolk, Va., to the list of queens of the year. She's goober queen for peanut week, and isn't as cross as her name might imply.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"I can't remember which cream Fan told me to get--better just gimme some kind that doesn't do anything."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



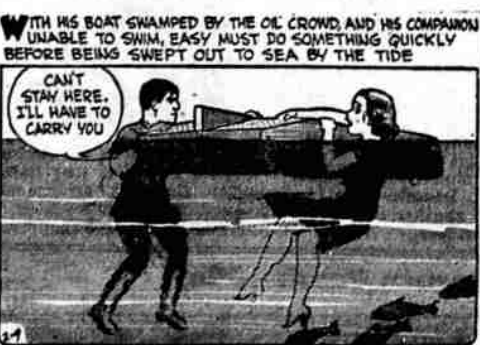
BY BLOSSER

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY CRANE

WASH TUBBS



BY MARTIN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Button



MARINE SHELLFISH

Answer to Previous Puzzle	
1 Pictured marine shellfish.	10 Jockey.
7 It belongs to the genus—	11 To combine.
13 Jewel.	12 To render stiff
14 Grinding tooth.	15 Roman coins.
16 Climbing plant.	23 It is on animals.
17 Century plant fiber.	24 Sounds of popping corns.
18 To rectify.	26 Witty reply.
19 Tunnel.	28 It is caught in —, or pots.
20 Fiber knots.	29 Venomous snake.
21 To erect.	31 Driving command.
22 To permit.	33 Exclamation.
23 Grazed.	34 Advertisement.
24 Wolfraimite.	39 To embarrass.
25 Spike of corn.	40 To force.
27 To rot fax.	42 Stretched tight.
29 Wholly.	43 Cogwheels.
30 Limb.	44 To ascend.
32 Separate incident.	46 Land right.
34 Asteriated stone.	48 Virginia willow.
	49 Huge mythical bird.
	51 Conducted.

