

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY Dan visits with Marie's parents aboard the barge. When they catch sight of Tommy Ryan, Marie's father, Dan goes out to fight. Marie wants to stop the fight but Dan prevents her. Finally Dan tries to stop the fight. A policeman arrives, hauls both of them to jail.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN Mike Donovan heard his son was in jail, he dropped into the nearest chair.

"It's all right," he told Ling. "Just give me a moment to get hold of myself."

The Chinese servant scurried off for a glass of brandy. Mike thought aloud as he sipped it: "Doesn't matter what the lad's in for, we've got to get him out quickly and quietly." He handed the empty glass to Ling. "It isn't the first time I've faced trouble. Call me a taxi."

Ling suggested having the Donovan chauffeur bring the car, but Mike shook his head.

"No. I don't want anyone to know about this. I'm not even going to call me lawyer till I learn the trouble."

The phone rang as he stepped toward the door.

"For you, sir," Ling said. "Missy Martin."

"Hello, Lynda," Mike tried to be cheerful. "Dan's all right. He's just been at a friend's house. He'll call you when he gets home. Goodbye."

Directing the taxi driver to drop him on the corner of Pearl and Wall streets, he settled back in the cab. The man might be a local fellow. He wasn't going to have him gossiping about the neighborhood about taking old Donovan to a police station.

IT was after 9 when the cab deposited him a block from his destination. Mike knew the district better than any other section of New York. His office was only a square from the First Precinct police station. His ships were berthed at South street just a few blocks above the barge terminal.

A sharp wind cut his face. He jammed his old-fashioned square black derby tight on his head. Rain again tomorrow, he thought. He wondered where the Katherine was now. He had told the captain to bring the Donovan houseboat up by easy stages to New York. Maybe Katie was seasick.

As his wife came to his mind he pictured her anguish if she knew their boy was in jail. His own misery increased as the green lights of the First Precinct brought him sharply back to reality. Fiercely, he shoved the police station door open and marched up to the high desk.

"I'd like to see my boy."

The police sergeant looked up. "And who might you be?" he inquired mildly.

"Michael Donovan. Here's my card."

Respectfully, the police officer reached for the square of white paper. The name of Donovan was powerful along the waterfront. Mike's money and influence were well known. At sound of Mike's voice detectives and policemen turned inquisitive heads. Slowly the sergeant ran his finger through the day book.

"Daniel Donovan and Tommy Ryan picked up for disturbing the peace at 8 p. m. on Pier 6 by Patrolman Jeremiah McGuire."

Closing the book, he looked down at Mike through steel-rimmed spectacles. "Your boy's gone to night court, Mr. Donovan. Put into plain English, he was pinched for fightin' on the barge pier. If ye bustle, ye might get up in time to hear him state his case. The address is 314 West 54th street."

"Who won that fight?"

"Neither side." The sergeant's gray eyes twinkled. "Patrolman McGuire interfered."

At the night court Mike was told Dan and Tommy Ryan and a bunch of drunks had arrived in the patrol wagon from the old ship station house half an hour earlier. The court attendant jerked a thumb toward the wire netting which enclosed the benches where the prisoners sat. "I guess your boy's there now."

Mike stared at the rag, tag, and bobtail assortment of human beings. Fine company for his son to be in! His relief was rapidly turning into anger. Sitting in a front row bench, he beat a furious tattoo on the floor with his cane. Dan, his head, his hands, had not seen him. At the friendly advice of the court attendant, Mike did not call his lawyer.

"Better wait. The judge may dismiss the case. Neither party looks as if they'd like to continue the fight," the man advised. "If you get a lawyer, you're liable to make a mountain out of a mole-hill."

The attendant ran an eye down the complaints the policemen had handed in. "You don't happen to be THE Mike Donovan, do you?"

Mike nodded, gruffly pleased. "Then lie low. The reporters will play this up if they find you're here. Quiet, the judge is calling for them now." He moved toward the bar.

Mike shifted restlessly. "Well, I'd have tagged myself a liar," he mumbled to himself. "If I'd said the day would ever come when I didn't know me own son. But I say it now."

He stared as Dan was brought before the judge, left eye closed, a gash on his forehead, another on his cheek, and a large lump on his chin. The blood had clotted and dried. His white shirt was torn and dirty, his tie gone and a coat sleeve had been ripped up. Unable to stand it, Mike jumped up. "Oh, Dad," Dan cried as his father hurried forward. "What a

mess I've got you into! But I'm not through with this sap yet." He clenched his fists.

All eyes in the crowded court were on the pair. A couple of district reporters lounging near the clerk's desk glanced at them speculatively.

"Might be something to this," suggested one, shuffling forward to the little group in front of the judge's desk.

"I'm afraid you're not as much of a fighter as your old man was, Dannie," Mike shook his head and stared at Tommy's apparently undamaged face. "This boy knows how to take care of himself."

The clerk rapped for order. The judge listened, first to the account of Jerry McGuire, the policeman, then to the story of the two boys.

"Do either of you want to prefer charges?"

They shook their heads.

"Case dismissed. Next."

WHILE the judge was hearing the story of the fight, Marie La Porte had slipped into the courtroom. At the words, "Case dismissed," she started forward.

Just as she was about to take Dan's arm, his father spoke.

"Well, my boy, we'll let the unpleasant past bury itself and turn our faces toward a happier future."

He chuckled. "After that wire of yours, congratulations are in order."

Marie's face paled. She had a premonition of the words to follow. Each one etched itself separately on her mind.

"Your mother joins me. She thinks you've picked a fine girl."

Mike's tones grew affectionate. "I've already congratulated Lynda. We're celebratin' at a little party tomorrow night."

"But, Dad—"

Dan's tones were desperate.

Debutante Katherine Phillips reigns as queen of New Orleans' traditional Mardi Gras and will preside over grand ball which climaxes the fete.

Marie left the courtroom before they saw her.

"He was only stringing me along all the time," she told herself un-napily.

"Going my way?" She started at the sound of a man's voice behind her. It was Tommy Ryan.

"Yes," she said.

(To Be Continued)

Brunet Presides Over Mardi Gras



Debutante Katherine Phillips reigns as queen of New Orleans' traditional Mardi Gras and will preside over grand ball which climaxes the fete.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Well, it's about time you got here. I been waitin' for you since 10 degrees above."

SCIENTIST

HORIZONTAL

1. Author of law of gravitation, Sir

11 Land measure.

12 Fold of string.

13 Exercised.

14 Baby's cap.

16 Possessed.

17 Above.

18 Sooner than.

20 Doctor.

21 To embroider.

23 Morindin dye.

24 Therefore.

25 Repulsive dirt.

26 Advertisement.

31 Kilns.

33 Mine shaft.

34 Hideos giants.

37 Mixture of metals.

39 Alleged force.

41 Room recess.

43 Eternity.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



VERTICAL

2 Prepared lettuce.

3 Sour.

4 Common verb.

5 Tree.

7 To run away.

8 Was victorious.

10 Musical drama.

13 He was also famous by profession.

36 Matgrass.

38 To ogle.

40 Destiny.

42 Seraglio.

44 Ringworm.

46 Epic.

48 To relieve.

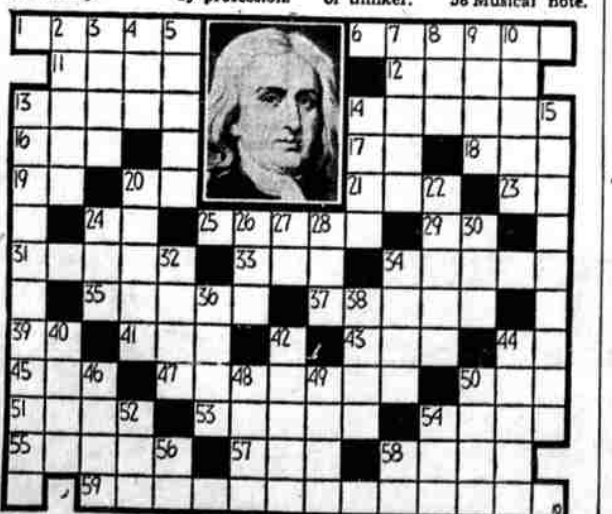
50 Spore masses.

52 Dyewood tree.

54 Varnish.

56 Street.

58 Musical note.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



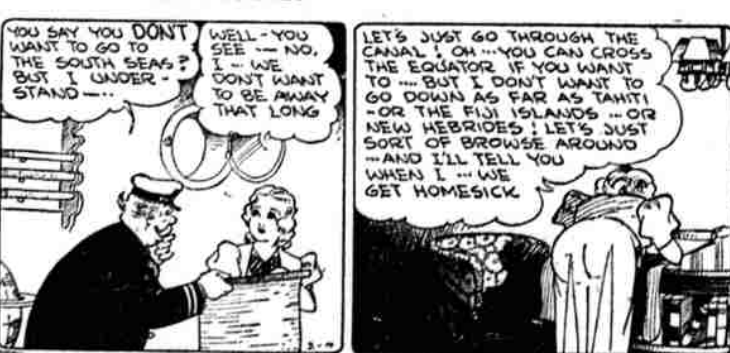
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



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

