

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY, Mike Donovan hurried to jail, and Dan, battered and bloody, in night court. "The judge dismisses the case," Marie arrives in time to hear Mike convicted. She thinks Dan has been kidding her. When Tommy Ryan approaches, she goes with him.

CHAPTER X

CERTAIN now that Dan intended to marry Lynda Martin, Marie was furious. Her thoughts, mingled emotions of anger, hurt pride and growing love, boiled within her as she crowded into the employees' elevator at Varnet's. Thursday morning, when Tommy Ryan took her home the night before she had left him at South street, too sick at heart to argue further with her father about Tommy or Dan.

This morning her feelings were so mixed that she would have declared she loved neither boy. She said as much to Evelyn Marlow, one of the models, when Evelyn kidded her about Dan Donovan waiting for her at the employees' door the night before.

"I don't care if I never see another man again," she told Evelyn, as the girls changed in the dressing room from street clothes to model slips. "They're more trouble than they're worth."

Evelyn laughed. She had china blue eyes, a doll-like face, and a good-natured disability in all human beings. "You're telling me," she asked. "Listen, kid, no guy's worth anything but what you can get out of him."

Evelyn was blond and pink and white, handsome in a showy way, with a hint of the blousiness which would come later. As she talked, Marie thought of the men who waited for Evelyn at the employees' door. They had sleek, well-fitted looks, but they were puffy under the eyes and their mouths were mean. Marie had felt undressed when they stared at her.

"Mrs. William Martin wants a dress in a hurry for that party she's giving Saturday night," said Varnet, bustling in. "She's not satisfied with the gown she was going to wear."

As usual, Varnet was dressed in the height of fashion. In his tweed four-in-hand was a scarf pin with a gold horse's head on it and on the little finger of his left hand, a lapis-lazuli ring with a crest cut in it. He gave a slight cough and eyed the girls. "I want the one who looks the way Mrs. Martin might if she were 50 years younger, to model the collection."

The girls tittered. Varnet frowned. "Now you mustn't laugh. This is really a very serious matter. Marie, you modeled for Lynda Martin, but I'm afraid I'll have to take you for her aunt, too. You're the type. Put on that white mink with the crystal fringe."

IN spite of his remark about her age, Varnet was one of Mrs. Martin's staunchest admirers. She had family, money, and the right friends. She also had the rudeness born of self-assurance. She could and did call Varnet a snob to his face. Coming from her, he liked it.

He watched hopefully as Marie walked slowly into the salon. Except that she was a trifle paler than usual and the fact that her dark eyes had a shadowy look to them, Marie showed no trace of the previous night's excitement. The white gown gave her a stately air that had been missing in the flirtatious scarlet satin she had worn for Lynda. She held herself with great dignity as she swept back and forth in front of Mrs. Martin. But beneath her reserve you could see she was nervous.

"That is your gown, definitely," Mrs. Martin said. "And when you look at that girl, you are looking at yourself in that dress. She is your type."

Marie's hand shook as she spread her train. She associated Mrs. Martin with the ache in her heart for Dan.

Mrs. Martin stared critically at her. "The effect isn't bad," she conceded. "I want something dramatic, Varnet. I expect to announce my niece's engagement to young Donovan Saturday night."

At Mrs. Martin's words, Marie burst into tears. Varnet and his customer stared at her in utter bewilderment.

"Oh, it's nothing," cried Marie. "I'm—I'm just not feeling very well."

Varnet rushed around her, clucking like a mother hen. "For goodness sake, pull yourself together," he kept saying over and over, as a phonograph record would if it ran on a single groove.

Mrs. Martin determined to take the situation lightly, was making it worse by raising her eyebrows and saying she really couldn't understand what it was all about. Frantically, Varnet signaled for a saleswoman to lead Marie out.

"It's nothing but a case of nerves, my dear Mrs. Martin," he soothed. "Now, did you like that gown as well as I?" He chattered on, sitting down beside her on the settee. In another moment, Kay Thayer, a tall, statuesque brunet, was modeling the dress which Marie had shown.

"You needn't have done that," said Mrs. Martin, mollified by Varnet's solicitous manner. "Yes, I'll take the dress. But I must say the experience has been rather upsetting. I do hope the girl is all right."

She rose. "Dear me, we never know how the other half lives. Do you suppose she is hungry?"

Varnet shook his head. "She's all right. I'll send her home at noon. Her father is quite well-off. I understand. He owns several barges. She and her parents live on one."

"How extraordinary," murmured Mrs. Martin, fastening her fur. "Well, we all enjoy our different little circles. Now, Varnet, you will have the dress ready by Saturday night, won't you?"

MEANWHILE Marie was trying to forget Mrs. Martin's words. Evelyn Marlow had given her a drink of water and Kay Thayer was fanning her.

"Take it easy, kid," Evelyn was saying. "I only wish I had a swig of Scotch for you, that would put you on your feet."

Marie wiped her eyes. "I'm a crazy fool."

"Phone for you, Miss La Porte," Katie, the stock girl, stuck her head in the door.

"I don't want to talk to anyone."

"What'll I tell 'em?"

"Anything you like."

In another moment Katie was back. "He says he knows you're here and to tell you his name is Daniel Donovan."

The other models stared at Marie expectantly. She flung the evening slippers she was taking off across the floor. "Tell him I've gone for the day."

Still smarting under what she felt was Dan's deliberate deceit, she continued to work. Once or twice, during the morning, Varnet apprehensively asked her if she didn't think she ought to go home, but she told him she'd rather stay at the shop.

"If you feel shaky at noon, don't come back," he cautioned her before she went to lunch. She remembered this when she went out. Tommy Ryan was waiting for her on the street.

"Any chance of your getting off?" he asked gruffly.

"Why?"

"Oh, I thought we might make a holiday of it. Sort of a reunion, if you like to call it that."

He glanced at the blue sky. "It's a nice day. Maybe we might go boat-ridin' in the park."

She laughed. It was the first time she'd done it that day. "Tommy! As if you didn't have

some back," he cautioned her before she went to lunch. She remembered this when she went out. Tommy Ryan was waiting for her on the street.

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In areas where bears hibernate, most of them are denned up by late December. When they begin their fast period, they are covered with a thick layer of fat just under the skin, and they still are fairly fat when they emerge in the spring. But food is scarce then, and they lose weight rapidly.

Uncomfortable



Red Williams, prize recruit of 1939, wore a necktie for first time when he joined Red Sox a year ago. This is how the young outfielder felt in formal attire at Boston baseball writers' dinner.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Let's decide when we get home whether they're wolf tracks—all I wanta know now is, are they comin' or goin'?"

GREAT EMANCIPATOR

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured is U. S. A. President Abraham

7 He was a self-educated (pl.)

12 Average

13 Silkworm

15 Roof edge

16 Dress

17 Strain

19 Fruit

21 Self

22 Barbarians

24 Monkey

25 Toward

28 Slum

29 Swellings

28 Spain

29 Oceans

30 Ready

32 32 weeks (pl.)

33 Wet

34 Sand

36 Explosive sound

37 Soul

39 Stir

40 Half an em.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1 ISAAC
2 ACRE
3 ISAC
4 HAD
5 DRI
6 LLOP
7 NEWTON
8 BONNET
9 UP
10 PER
11 SEW
12 AL
13 OADE
14 COE
15 AGON
16 ALLOY
17 OD
18 ALA
19 HEON
20 TO
21 DREAM
22 SID
23 FOOT
24 DAGER
25 LONE
26 EMEUS
27 SET
28 TARE
29 MATH
30 MATHEMATICIAN

VERTICAL

41 Pint

42 Rubber tree

44 And

45 Fish

46 Splits

48 Snow runner

51 Muse of

53 Manner of walking

54 Departments

56 Draft animals

57 The great issue of his time

58 He lived in a log — as a boy

16 His most famous speech, "The — Address."

17 Marriage notice

18 Lair

20 His fame or — increased after death

22 Seashores

23 Headlong scamper

26 Earth

27 Eating utensil

29 To sink

31 Point

35 Child

38 Assumed name

41 Thin metal plate

43 Bad

45 Cab

47 Greek letter

48 Courtesy title

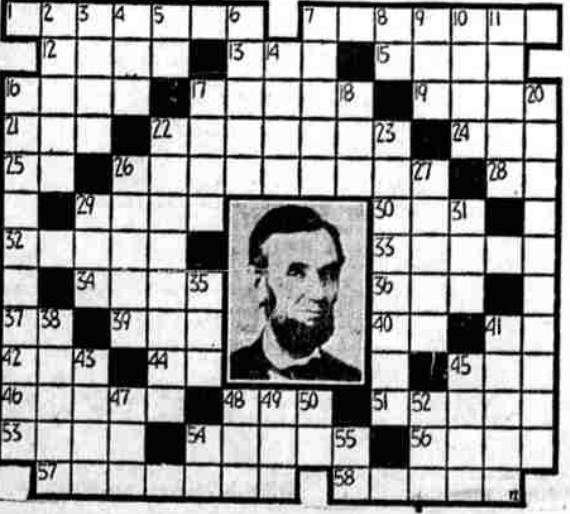
49 Lock opener

50 Within

52 To steal

54 Myself

55 South Carolina



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



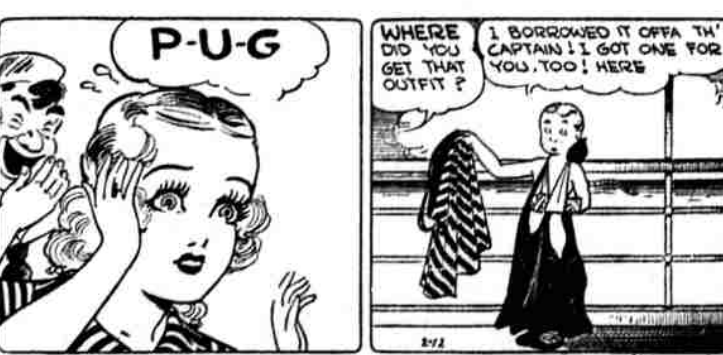
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



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

