

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY, modeling a gown for Lynda's aunt, Marie breaks into tears when Dan's engagement is mentioned. She pleads with Dan to call, she refuses to talk to him. At noon she meets Tommy. He agrees to take the afternoon off, celebrate with him. She agrees, desiring that Dan means anything to her.

CHAPTER XI

DAN had put in the most miserable night of his life after he and his father came home from the West Side court. In vain he had tried to tell Mike that Lynda Martin meant nothing to him.

"You can't go back on a poor girl like that, Dan," Mike had said firmly, as they walked in the front door. Ling's enthusiastic greeting had prevented Dan from answering at the time, but as soon as they reached the upstairs living room he had told his father quite emphatically that he was not going to marry Lynda Martin, not if she were the last girl in the world.

"And who, then, might you be referring to?" inquired Mike. He stood in the middle of the room, red-faced, bluff and jovial. "When you wired your mother and meself that you had found the girl you were goin' to marry?"

"Marie La Porte," Dan replied promptly. "She models clothes at Varnet's. Her father owns a couple of barges."

"What the devil do you mean?" Mike stared at him with his round, blue eyes. And then the storm broke.

The caustic comments about the fight on the barge pier and Dan's failure to knock Tommy Ryan out were so much tea-table chit-chat, compared to the Jovian rage that Mike indulged in now. He grew very white and when he talked he sounded as if somebody had seized him by the windpipe. Thick brogue clogged his excited speech.

"Not a cent of my money shall ye have if ye marry that girl!" he cried. Dan lit a cigaret and leaned gingerly against the fireplace. He was still sore from the blows Tommy had landed. "Very well, father. You've often said it was about time I did something to earn my living."

Mike tried another line. "It's not alone the money you'll be missin'." His voice had the emotion that only the Irish can muster. "But ye'll be breakin' your mother's heart."

Dan spoke quietly. "After all, I'm marrying the girl, not mother."

Mike paced angrily back and forth. "A bargeman's daughter! Have ye gone mad, boy?"

Dan smiled. "I believe her father owns the honorary title of Captain. At least I heard him referred to once or twice this evening by that prefix."

Mike morted. "A common canal boatman for your father-in-law! As if any child of his could be good enough for a son of mine."

Dan laughed. "That's very funny, Dad. As a matter of fact, Bat La Porte doesn't think I'm good enough for his daughter. He is as much as said so tonight."

"Where does this illustrious family live?"

"On the barge Molly, down at Pier 6."

Mike threw himself heavily into a chair. "Have ye no pride left?"

After that he refused to talk with Dan any more. His big body sagged forward, suddenly old. In vain Dan and Ling tried to coax him to eat a sandwich or have a drink. He simply shook his head and continued to sit by the fire. He was still sitting there when Dan went to bed.

ONCE in bed, Dan began to realize how sore and bruised he really was from the fight. Every bone in his body ached separately. His head throbbed and his eyes pained him. Harder to bear than the physical pain, however, and even his feet ached, was his uncertainty about Marie. He loved her so much that he didn't see how she could possibly not love him, and yet, that might very easily be.

A jealous fear clutched his heart as he thought that tonight, when he ran so frantically out on the pier, her concern was not for him, but Tommy Ryan. Thinking of this, he wondered how he could live till morning to talk to Marie and find out for himself about her feelings for him.

Early as it was when Dan arose, Mike had already dressed and breakfasted. As they met in the hall, Mike put an affectionate arm about his son's shoulder. His tone was kind.

"We'll forget last night, laddie. If ye want to marry the girl, I'll not oppose ye, though I still claim the right to stick to my own opinion." His rough voice trembled a little. "But ye know, ye're me own boy."

Dan didn't speak for a moment. He couldn't. He just pressed his father's hand. Finally he said, "Where are you going so early, Dad?"

Mike's voice became gruff again. "I've a little matter of my own I want to settle. I'm one to clean up business as I go. I like to be certain of my ground. I'll be telling ye about it in detail later."

With that he was gone. Half an hour later he was asking a straggle leaning against a pile head on Pier 6 where the barge Molly might be.

"Yonder," replied the man, pointing. "You can spot it easy enough. It's the only barge down here that's got a fresh coat of paint. See its white sides and green shutters?" He leveled an index finger. "And there's Bat La Porte himself, on deck."

MIKE approached the Molly amiably enough, but his tone nettled Bat when he introduced himself as Michael Donovan. Bat thought it condescending.

"And why do you want to be seeing La Porte?" he demanded. Mike lost his temper. "I want

later he was calling Dan. "I take back all I said this morning," he roared into the phone. "Ye'll not marry that blithering bargeman's girl if I kin live to prevent it!" (To Be Continued)

the stars for their autographs. The boys are getting a little impatient about the president's silence on the third term issue. All the candidates seem to have that feeling that someone is looking over their shoulders and chuckling.

Desert mice, in captivity, go for months without water, with no food except dry nuts, and apparently suffer no discomforts.

McReynolds, at 78, Won't Retire



Justice James C. McReynolds, oldest member of the U. S. Supreme Court and last of the "conservatives," was born in Washington on his recent 78th birthday. His friends say he will not retire until after next election.

MRS. LA PORTE, hearing the racket, had hurried up on deck. Desperately she caught Bat by the coat tails. "Will you never stop fighting?" she cried, pulling him back toward the hatchway. On the pier Mike danced up and down with rage. "Your girl has no social standing," he yelled. "She lives on a barge."

With superhuman effort, Mrs. La Porte had dragged Bat to the hatchway. "My girl is good enough for anybody," Bat shouted. His conversation was abruptly cut off. Mrs. La Porte had yanked him in. The hatchway was banged shut.

Mike gave a derisive laugh and stamped off the pier. Five minutes

Hold Everything!



"Here's my income tax return ahead of time... just deduct the amount from the social security I paid last year!"

DIRECTOR OF RELIEF

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers. Includes a small portrait of a man.

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OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



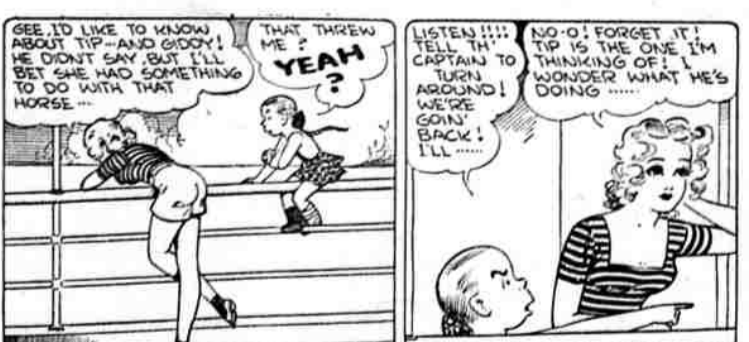
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



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

