

• SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY, Mike Donovan calls on him, when he sees Dan is determined to marry Marie. He is equally determined by the idea. "Your son's not good enough for my daughter," he bellows at Mike. Finally, Mrs. La Porte stops the quarrel. Mike calls Dan. "You'll not marry that large man's girl if I can prevent it!"

CHAPTER XII

WHEN Marie La Porte turned into the 6th Street gate to Central Park with Tommy Ryan, she felt she had succeeded in putting Dan Donovan out of her mind. Her spirits rose. There was actually music in the air.

As a matter of fact it was only a street piano she heard, grinding out "The Sidewalks of New York." It brought back sunny spring afternoons when, holding tight to Tommy's hand, she had raced down South Street on roller skates.

The hurdy-gurdy revived early emotions. Ever since she'd been a little girl she had always thought she would grow up and marry Tommy Ryan. They never talked about it, even when they were old enough to, because Tommy wasn't the talking kind, but it had been understood. She remembered the sense of security it had given her to have life settled.

Everything seemed simple until Dan Donovan came along, or perhaps the change had occurred before that. Maybe going to work at Varnet's, wearing all those beautiful clothes and seeing the luxurious, easy life of the customers made her dissatisfied. Whatever it was she resented it—Varnet's, Dan and the whole complicated mess.

She glanced at Tommy. If anything, he was better looking than when she first thought she loved him. Tall, six feet and an inch or two, he was deep-chested and muscular. He had on his best blue suit, but she wished he hadn't picked a red necktie. His skin was too sun-burned for that. His yellow hair, dampened by perspiration, lay flat and smooth as he took off his felt hat and fanned his face. His hat was new. He handled it self-consciously. He would have been much more at ease in his old cap, rough shirt and pants, thought Marie. Then she chided herself for being over-critical. She slipped her hand in his.

"Let's pretend we're kids again Tommy, out for a good time. The only thing missing is our roller skates."

"You're not much more than a kid now, Marie, but I get you." He squeezed her hand. "What about a boat ride?"

She nodded, her brown eyes sparkling. Together, they raced down the hill to the boat house on the south side of the big lake, her dark curls flying in the breeze. Tommy was right, she was still a little girl. The round white collar of her blue dress made her seem far younger than 18.

THE boat house was crowded with customers. The prematurely warm weather had boomed business. They stopped at the hunch counter and had a hot dog, then joined the waiting line.

"Oh, Tommy," Marie cried. "We'll ride in a red boat and take popcorn and peanuts along. You can row and I'll sit back and feed the swans and admire you."

They climbed into a red row-boat she picked and drifted lazily around the lake, saying little but enjoying the sun, the fresh, warm spring air and the brightness of the yellow forsythia blooming on the banks. Occasionally Marie threw peanuts to the swans and ducks. The lapping of the water against the side of the boat relaxed her until she thought of Dan again and was hurt. She was thankful for the healing present.

"Tommy," she said. "Let's stop the clock right here. I don't want to go back to life." He smiled and pulled more down on the oars. He had taken off his coat and she could see his muscles flex beneath his white shirt. She felt the old thrill for him surge within her and she tried to hold it but it was gone when he spoke.

"Sounds silly to me. S'pose we did stop the clocks, the sun would still set, night would still come and I would still have to starve. My truck again in the mornin'. Which reminds me," he glanced at his watch. "We've got to turn this boat in by 5."

MARIE frowned. Now, if Tommy had been Dan—She drew herself up sharply. She mustn't think of Dan. He was going to marry Lydia Martin. He was out of her life. Tommy's words snapped her back.

"All right. Let's take the boat in and get at least one ride on the merry-go-round." She held up her hand. "Hear it playing that funny old music?"

"Why do you want to do those things we did when we were kids?"

"Because that was when we were the happiest together," she answered frankly. "Aren't you happy with me now?" He slapped the water savagely with the oars, making a resounding splash.

"Oh, Tommy, you're getting me wet!" He went on rowing. "You didn't answer my question."

She gazed thoughtfully at the tall buildings fringing the southern skyline, their white spires painted rose by the setting sun. "I suppose I'm happy, but in a different way."

a hurt. "Marie, let's get married tonight. We can go to Jersey City."

She drew away. "Please, Tommy, don't be serious today. Let's go on having fun. Here's the merry-go-round."

She ran ahead to the platform. "I want to ride the pink pony and get the brass ring. Remember the Sunday afternoon you pulled six a succession and the man who took the tickets would let you save only five rides?"

The lights were twinkling on the mall when they left Central Park. "Let's go to Diamond Jim's for dinner," Marie suggested. "Mrs. Atwood, that widow who owns those barges beyond the Molly, went there the other night with the Flannagans. She told Pop it was swell."

Tommy scowled. "O.K." We'll go to Diamond Jim's, but if this is going to be a holiday, don't bring your Dad into it."

She jerked his arm as they passed a newsstand. "Look, Tommy, there's your name and Dan's in a headline!"

TOGETHER they read, "Young Millionaire Dan Donovan Bluffs Truckster Tommy Ryan in Water-Front Bout Over Beautiful Model. Fight to Be Continued."

The girl in the case, Marie La Porte, wrote Varnet model, cocktailed yesterday at Larue's with Donovan."

Tommy clenched his fists. "So that's where you've been when I spotted you two last night!" "That's all past."

Tommy paid no attention. "Listen to this, 'Donovan's engagement to Lydia Martin, it is rumored, will be formally announced Saturday night at a blow-out Mrs. William Martin, aunt of the lucky girl, is giving in their honor.'" Triumphantly he caught

Marie's arm. "C'mon kid, stick to your own gang. Here's a bus. It'll take us to Times Square and Diamond Jim's."

"Yes, we'll celebrate," Marie said, but she was crying. (To Be Continued)



BIDDLE BID—In a shift by F.D.R., Judge Francis Biddle (above) was named U. S. solicitor general, to succeed Robt. Jackson, who in turn succeeds Atty. General Frank Murphy.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"He's too old to be yellin' 'Gimme nickel!' at people he doesn't even know. Why doncha teach him to say, 'Please?'"

TOKEN OF THE HEART

HORIZONTAL

1 Missive of today.

9 It is sent to a one.

12 A vein.

13 Water wheel.

15 All right.

16 To curve over.

17 Tempest.

18 Stalk.

20 Custom.

21 Uncloses.

22 Enemy.

23 Falsehood.

24 To apprehend.

25 Fair.

26 Bordered.

32 Grain.

33 To eject.

34 To arrogate.

35 Divided into four parts.

36 To add together.

37 Branches of learning.

38 Infidel.

39 To possess.

40 Glazed clay block.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HERBERT HOOVER

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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

