

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Marie tries to recapture her lost romance with Tommy, but the thought of Dan keeps intruding. Tommy is far from being romantic anyway. Marie is angry when she reads a glaring newspaper account of Dan's fight with Tommy.

CHAPTER XIII

DAN couldn't make head nor tail of his father's phone call. What, in heaven's name, did he mean, Dan asked himself over and over, when he yelled, "You'll not marry that blithering barmy daughter if I kin live to prevent it!"

Dan was still in the glow of the reconciliation he and his father had before Mike Donovan left, when the telephone call came. Dan knew enough not to question Mike when he was in a mood like that. He also knew that no matter what his father said, he was going to marry Marie La Porte.

Instead of going out he waited for Mike to come back, fretfully nursing his souvenirs of last night's fight. He wanted to learn what had happened to make him change his mind so violently about Marie. When he didn't return he phoned the office, but Mike wasn't there. Then he phoned Varnet's, but they told him Marie had gone for the day. He could stand this no longer. Grabbing his hat and coat, he dashed for the door.

"I don't know when I'll be back," he called to an astonished Ling.

Easing his hat on to avoid the bruises, he hailed a taxi. "Pies Six, East River," he told the driver. Impatiently he watched the street signs as the car sped south. "We're only at 50th. Step on it."

"We'll either land in the morgue or jail, sir," the cabman answered. "If I go any faster."

WITH a grudging nod Dan settled back in the car, his thoughts leaping ahead. He would see Marie at the barge, they would be married tonight. After all, what was the use of waiting when you'd found the girl you wanted. He loved her so!

"Here we are, sir." The driver's words interrupted his thoughts. "Not so bad. We made that in 20 minutes."

Dan handed him a \$5 bill. "Keep the change!" He jumped out of the cab and raced down the pier then stopped short. He didn't ever know which barge it was that Marie's father owned. She had taken him to it last night, but it had been dark and he hadn't paid any attention to his surroundings.

"Where does Marie La Porte live?" he inquired of an old fellow sitting on the rim of the pier.

The man stared at him with astonished eyes. This was the second time today he had been asked to direct the way to the La Porte barge. Something must be up. But La Porte had been fit to be tied over the first caller. Would he treat this second guy in the same fashion?

"That's the barge," the old man said, thumbing at the Molly. "Ye can't miss her. She's got the whitest sides and the brightest green shutters of any boat tied up here." He looked dubiously at Dan's battered face. "But Bat La Porte isn't in the best of temper today. If yer errand can wait, I advise ye to postpone it. Mrs. Bat had to haul her man in when the last visitor left. Bat wanted to kill 'im."

Dan nodded his thanks but ignored the advice. He was thoroughly enjoying the spring sunshine and the quaint colony of barges. As he strolled toward the Molly he idly wondered whom it was that Bat had been in such a stew over.

Perhaps it was Tommy Ryan, back again to see Marie. He squared his jaw and moved with more determination. Even if he wasn't around and didn't love Marie, he thought, he'd hate to see her waste her life on a guy like that Tommy Ryan—why, he was nothing but a big lump of beef. He couldn't possibly appreciate anything as fine and beautiful as Marie.

The tide was rising and the Molly's deck lay above the pier. Clearing the level between it and the dock, he strode across to the satchway. It was open.

"Is Marie La Porte in?" he called down. "This is Dan Donovan."

AT his question an apparent earthquake took place in the La Porte cabin. A chair overturned, something that sounded like a table with dishes on it crashed. He heard an exasperated woman's voice, which he recognized as Mrs. La Porte's. "Bat what in the name of the Lord are you doing now?"

"Dead you hear that, Nanette? Bat demanded, jumping from his chair and pushing everything about him aside in an effort to clear the distance to the hatchway in one step. "That racketeer Donovan's boy is here now. This is it!"

He bounded up the tiny flight of steps, poking his head through the hatchway into Dan's face. "Get off this boat," he screamed. "Your papa tells me Marie isn't good enough for you."

"But, Mr. La Porte," protested Dan, "Dad couldn't mean that, especially when I—"

"Don't you say another word," yelled Bat, shaking a fist under Dan's bruised nose. "Your papa, he say my girl has no social standin' because she live on a barge. I'll tell you right now, she better than you—a waster. Now get out!"

Mrs. La Porte pushed her way past her husband, a spot of color on each high cheek-bone. Shoving Bat's face aside, she turned to Dan.

"Why did you want to see my girl?"

"Because I want to marry her."

TENSE with emotion, Bat picked up his wife and sat her down in a chair close to the hatchway. "You keep quiet," he ordered. "These is my business now."

He looked up at Dan. "So you want to marry my girl. Well, sir, if it is any consolation to you," he snapped his fingers in Dan's face, "my daughter will never marry you. As I have made mention before, she will marry one of her own kind when the time comes."

Already a wreck from last night's fight and ordeal in jail, and with his father's phone call, Dan lost what vestige of control he had. "I won't believe that unless Marie tells me herself. Certainly not you," he shouted.

"Why do you come here looking for Marie at this time of day?" out in Mrs. La Porte suddenly.

"Because she told me at Varnet's that she had gone."

"Mrs. La Porte stared at him. 'But Marie isn't here!' she protested. 'What's happened to her?'"

She caught Bat's arm. "Did you hear that?" she screamed. "You've all nagged the poor girl so she's probably killed herself."

She rocked back and forth in her chair sobbing.

"Now don't get excited, Nanette," Bat coaxed, his rage of a few minutes before entirely gone. "We will find her. He patted her on the back. 'The trouble is with these young fools.'"

His face brightened. "I have an idea. Maybe he knows more than we do."

He started up the steps again to the hatchway. "These young men will help me find her. Won't you, Mr. Donovan?"

But there was no answer. Dan had gone. Bat climbed out on deck, shading his eyes with his hands as he stared toward South

street. There was Dan, racing down the pier.

"Where you goin'?" Bat yelled.

"To find Marie," Dan shouted back.

(To Be Continued)

JUDICIOUS PRECAUTION

OMAHA, Neb., (AP)—District Judge W. A. Day, with eight other men being initiated into an organization, sat on a bench wired for shocks.

"All in favor of the United States entering the war with Russia against Finland stand up," the chairman announced. Someone turned on the "juice" and all shot up except Judge Day. Spectators cheered his ability to "take it."

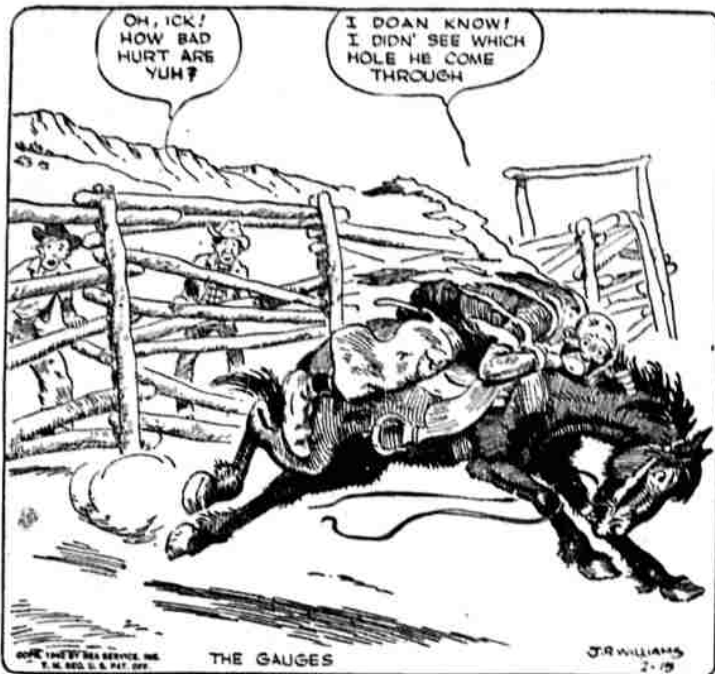
Explained the judge: "I had a rubber innertube sewed in my pants."



DOUBLE TROUBLE

Not only must Wm. Bluff (above), west coast labor leader, answer to income tax fraud charges, but Chicago authorities seek his return there to complete unfinished sentence on a 1922 pandering conviction.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



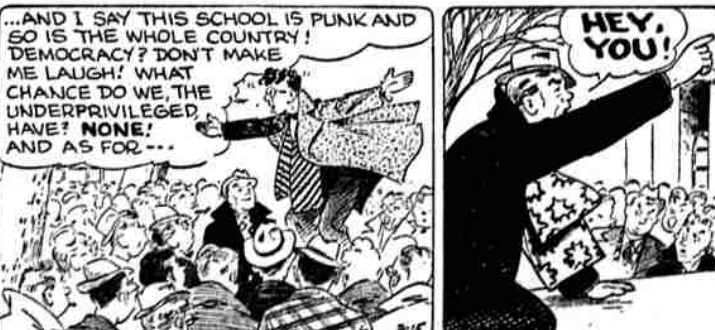
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



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



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"He oughta make a good spy. His sister says he's an awful tattle-tale."

BIBLICAL CHARACTER

HORIZONTAL

1 The wicked

7 She tried to

13 Showery.

14 Self.

16 To make

17 Thick shrub.

18 To ward off

20 To decay.

21 Revoked.

23 Nullified.

26 Half an em.

27 Ozone.

29 Small child.

30 Musical note.

31 Unit of work.

32 Peak.

34 Label.

36 Chamber.

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39 Indo-Chinese

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Answer to Previous Puzzle

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