• SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Dan sets out to find Marie, has a bitter word battle with Hat on board the Molly. Dan's calm announcement that he wants to marry Marie infuriates her father. Then, suddenly alarmed by Marie's absence from work, Hat tries to enlist Dan's help in finding her. But Dan is already far down the pier.

CHAPTER XIV

LYNDA MARTIN got up in time to have breakfast with her father Thursday morning.

"Anything wrong, baby?" he inquired when he saw her sweeping into the breakfast room, a vision in a foam green chiffon negligee. "We haven't had breakfast together since Christmas."

She smiled and kissed him. "Stop teasing me. I just felt like having a nice early morning visit with you." She sat down in a chair opposite him. "You're such a busy man, I never have a chance to really talk with you."

James Martin beamed. He was very fond of his only child, and it pleased him to have her want to be with him.

"How would you like a little holiday with me? I've got to go to South America on a business trip in a couple of weeks."

Like so many American men of his type, Martin had a matter-of-fact, well-cared for face, a little too self-indulgent, perhaps, about the small, shrewd blue eyes, but generally benign. Fifty-five, he delighted in telling the men under him in the vast grocery chain store company which he headed, that he still felt like a kid of 21.

As a boy he had boxed in amateur bantam bouts at the Athletic Club. He still belonged to the Athletic Club though Lynda and his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Martin, were always trying to persuade him to shift his patronage to the Racquet and Tennis. Ordinarily indulgent, as far as Lynda was concerned, he drew the line there. He never felt quite at ease with the Racquet and Tennis Club fellows, although, as he often told himself, he could buy and sell them all out, half a dozen times, and never miss the money.

Lynda poured a generous amount of cream over a crystal dish of hothouse raspberries the butler set before her. "Ordinarily I'd love to go with you Daddy," she hesitated prettily, "but right now, well—I'll tell you a little later."

He looked at her sharply. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing." She sprinkled the raspberries with powdered sugar. "Mr. Donovan was here last night and you weren't in."

Amazement spread over Martin's face. "Mike Donovan—what did he want?"

"Oh, he was just calling." Lynda smiled. "What do you think of his son?"

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EVER since Mike Donovan had told her the night before that his son, Dan, intended to ask her to be his wife, Lynda had been walking on air. While her first impulse was to rush and tell her father, her second was to hold back.

But meanwhile she wanted the way paved. She was not entirely certain how her father felt about the Donovans. She knew he had been on the opposing side in several business deals with Mike. She also knew that the Martins were a pace ahead of the Donovans socially. Still, Mike Donovan was a very rich man, perhaps even richer than her father.

"What do you think of Dan Donovan, Daddy?" she repeated.

But Mr. Martin did not hear. The phone was ringing.

"For you, sir," said the butler, "your office is calling."

He hurried out of the room.

"I asked you what you thought of Dan Donovan, Daddy," she pouted when he returned, "and you didn't answer."

"Oh, yes. Well he's all right, I guess," Martin answered abstractedly. "Sorry, pet, I have to rush off sooner than I expected." He gulped his coffee. "We'll talk about young Donovan another time."

Lynda finished her breakfast and went back to bed but she could not rest. She had slept little the night before thinking of Dan. She wanted to believe, more than anything else in the world that Dan would marry her and yet, in her heart of hearts, she doubted the truth of his father's words. Tossing on her bed, she dug her beautiful long-pointed fingernails into the palms of her little hands. Maybe Dan didn't want to marry her, but after all he might not have much to say about it. His father was on her side, which was something. A tap on the door broke in on her thoughts.

"What is it?" she called.

"Mr. Donovan, Miss Lynda," the butler said.

"Mr. Daniel Donovan?" She jumped out of bed.

"No, his father, Mr. Michael Donovan."

The corners of her mouth turned down, then up again. "Very well, Perkins. Tell him I'll see him in a few minutes." She rang for her maid.

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WAITING for Lynda, Mike Donovan paced the floor fretfully, formulating his plans. Not yet fully recovered from the quarrel he and Bat had on the barge pier, he mumbled to himself every few minues, "His girl not good enough for my boy. Well, we'll see."

His first impulse when he left the pier was to go back home and tell Dan what he thought of a girl who had a father like Bat La Porte. But he changed his mind. Instead he gave Dan the benefit of his opinion over the phone, then hurried on to see Lynda.

He was so excited that he hardly knew what he would say when he did find her except to repeat that he wanted Dan to marry her, but now, schemes were formulating in his mind. He would not only give his approval of the match but he would help Lynda and Dan.

Mike held out his hand as Lynda entered the room. "You and I are becoming pretty good friends, my dear."

Looking pale and helpless in a soft blue crepe, she put both her hands in his. "I'm so glad you've come. Tell me about Dan.'

He drew up a chair near hers. "That's just why I'm here again," he began. "I want to give that little dinner tonight for you and Danny . . ."

A discreet cough interrupted them.

"The afternoon paper, Miss Lynda," Perkins handed it to her apologetically. "I didn't know but what you and Mr. Donovan would want to see it first."

She stared at the butler. "What on earth," she began, then stopped as her eyes caught the headlines. "Look, Mr. Donovan," she cried nervously. "This is about Dan."

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TOGETHER they read every word of the story of the fight between Dan and Tommy Ryan over Marie. Lynda reached for her handkerchief.

"Oh, this is too terrible," she exclaimed.

Mike's cheeks puffed up like a porpoise. "The damned scoundrels," he bellowed, "printing such things as this about my son. Where in thunderation did they get it?"

But as he talked he recalled the court attendant's warning of the night before. He also remembered the reporters standing near the judge's desk.

Lynda spoke sharply. "Then it isn't true?"

Mike choked. "I wouldn't say it all was."

Lynda buried her face in her handkerchief.

"There, there, my dear," Mike patted her on the shoulder. "I hope you'll stand by Dan."

Lynda nodded. "Yes, I will."

(To Be Continued)

Mothers-in-Law K. O. New Name

Mothers-in-law may not like to be joked about, but down in the Texas panhandle they'll have no other name. Answering New Yorkers who seek change to "kin mother," Mrs. L. O. Thompson of Amarillo, first president of National Mother-in-Law club, says she'll prove by the dictionary she's a "mother-in-law."

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Aw, I don't bother with shorthand. When the boss gets to dictatin' too fast I just give him a caramel."

MAP PUZZLE

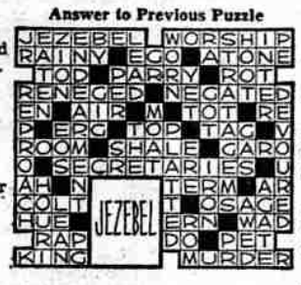
HORIZONTAL

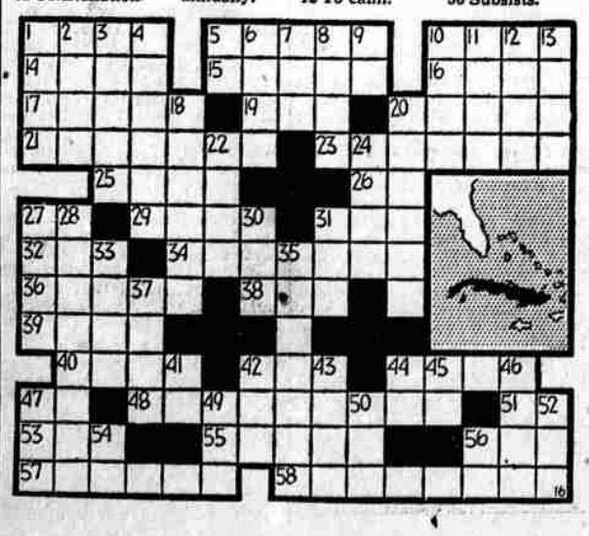
1 Map of large Atlantic island
5 Its chief crop.
10 The royal —— tree grows in this land.
14 Indigo shrub.
15 Apart.
16 Malarial fever
17 Drives.
19 Finish.
20 Resided.
21 Stricter.
23 To defraud.
25 Destructive fungus.
26 Giant king.
27 Spain.
29 Epical events.
31 Honey gathering insect.
32 To lick up.
34 Noble woman.
36 Foe.
38 Moist.
39 To apportion medicine.
40 Avenue.
42 Constellation
44 Market.
47 Egyptian deity
48 One who journeys.
51 Whirlwind.
53 Wine vessel.
55 Rental contract.
56 Electrified particle.
57 Capital of this island.
58 Vast number of —— visit it annually.

VERTICAL

1 Vehicles.
2 One.
3 Tolerates.
4 Tree.
5 South America.
6 One that uses.
7 Cotton picker.
8 Sums up.
9 Musical note.
10 Pledge for security.
11 Grew old.
12 To calm.
13 To measure.
18 Full of life.
20 To comprehend.
22 Tree yielding oil.
24 Sorrows.
27 Sleigh.
28 Complete view.
30 To stitch.
31 To wager.
33 This land's monetary unit.
35 Withdrawal.
37 Ham.
41 Doctor.
42 Farewell!
43 Too.
44 Form of "I."
45 Measure of area.
46 To honk.
47 Hurrah!
49 Wing.
50 Romanian coin.
52 Being.
54 Avenue.
56 Subsists.

Answer to Previous Puzzle





OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN