

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Marie returns home, after eluding Tommy. Her father is an overjoyed to have her back safely that he does not know. In the morning, Marie awakens to find the Molly heading for Three Rivers. She opens a valve.

CHAPTER XVI
DAN DONOVAN was growing angrier by the minute. Many things had happened to upset him. After a day's frantic search he still couldn't find Marie La Porte. That was bad enough, but the models at Varnet's had told him that even if he did find her, they didn't think she would see him.

"Marie was here this morning when you phoned," Kay Thayer had calmly remarked.

"She went off with Tommy Ryan," Evelyn Marlowe added, truthfully enough. "I saw her meet him when I went out to lunch."

Kay Thayer looked at him expectantly, hoping after this news that Dan would ask her for a date, but he just stood there in Varnet's glittering salon, saying nothing.

Evelyn patted him on the arm. "Cheer up, kid, you'll get over it," she said, not unkindly. "There are plenty more fish in the sea." She giggled. "So long. Don't forget my telephone number. Come on, Kay."

The two girls swished off their exotic, peacock-like figures in Varnet's gorgeous gowns.

A cold fury followed the hurt in Dan's heart. It was the first time he had even been crossed in his life and he didn't like it.

It never occurred to him that he could want for something and not have it. Now, he wanted Marie La Porte more than anything he had ever desired in his life and he couldn't have her.

As he swung east on 37th Street he qualified that statement. Perhaps, in time, he could have Marie. But deep down in his heart he knew that he didn't want her the way he thought. He wanted her to love him for himself, not for what he could buy her. And if she didn't want him this way—and she evidently didn't—he wouldn't have her, although it might kill him.

In such a mood, he fitted his key into the lock of the Donovan front door, furious with himself and fate.

"Your father wants to see you," Meeshah Dan. Ling told him, as he crossed the hall to the elevator. "He's in his own apartment."

He nodded and pressed the third floor button on the elevator indicator.

"I'm glad you've come, Dan," Mike exclaimed, looking up from his easy chair as Dan walked into the study. "I still mean what I said this morning over the phone."

Dan didn't speak, just sank down on the couch and lit a cigarette.

"I meant what I told you over the phone," Mike repeated. "No son of mine is going to marry a girl whose father calls him a waster." He snorted as he voiced the words. "Ignominy! He must think we're numskulls. Well, I'll show him." He rose and began strolling around the room.

"I wouldn't worry, father," Dan said up a protesting hand. "If Marie doesn't want me, I don't want her. She evidently doesn't; so that's that. What have you got on your mind?"

Mike stared in amazement at his son. "You're amenable to reason, I must say, lad. Well, you ask me honestly and I'll reply in like manner. I thought you and myself, Lynda Martin and her father, if he can come, might have a quiet dinner together tonight at the Ritz. After that, matters can take their course."

Dan said nothing for several minutes. Finally he spoke, despair in his voice. "I'll call Lynda. What time is the dinner?"

Mike's heart ached for his son. He knew what the boy was going through. He also knew that he could only help by not putting salt on the wound. Therefore he mentioned neither Marie nor Bat.

"I thought we might have cocktails here," he remarked, "then go on to dinner. I'd welcome the chance to get better acquainted with James Martin."

NONE of the effort which Lynda had exerted to produce her father showed when she and Mr. Martin strolled into the Donovan library at 7:30. He was trimly turned out in blue tie and dinner jacket and she wore an expensive, simple, long-sleeved evening dress.

"My dear fellow," cried Martin, holding out his hand to Mike, "I'm so glad you asked me."

He shook hands cordially enough with Dan and then reached feverishly for a dry Martini on the tray which Perkins passed. "I've had a hard day at the office," he apologized.

Lynda gave Mike an affectionate glance then slipped quietly to Dan's side. Appreciative of her silence, he lifted a cocktail from Perkins' tray and took a second at himself.

"We're having a fine wine, lad," he cautioned. "Don't stunt your palate for that."

Nothing but Dan's young constitution kept him from showing the effects of the other drinks on top of the early cocktails. The only immediate warning, which his father recognized, was an added courtliness of manner. He referred to James Martin with the solemnity of a judge. He paid elaborate but circumspect com-

pliments to Lynda and he directed the waiters in the grand manner. In spite of the combined maneuvers of Mike and Lynda, no mention of the engagement between herself and Dan was touched upon. Once Mike got to his feet and was about to lift his glass in a toast to the romance, out Dan, with the uncanny intuition of the very drunk, anticipated his father.

"To James Martin," he stammered to his feet and lifted his glass, "America's real benefactor."

Irritated, Lynda had also raised her glass. Bashfully, Martin remained seated. The Donovans were a good sort after all. He must see Mike and Dan more often.

Mike and Martin had winked at one another and said good night earlier in the evening. But as soon as he could, Dan deposited Lynda at her door. Too tight to clearly formulate his thoughts, he had but one idea in mind, to get to the barge, Molly. He had completely forgotten his resolution earlier in the day.

A PUZZLED taxi driver deposited him after 2, on Pier Six. Unsteadily Dan made his way to the place where the La Porte boat had been tied up the morning before. A strange barge, grimy and unkempt, bobbed at anchor in its place.

"Where's the Molly?" Dan yelled at a policeman leaning against the barge pier lamp-post. "Jerry McGuire untied his slight sloop. She pulled out at 12 o'clock," he said, "for Canada."

"Was Marie La Porte aboard?" "I'll say so. I saw her get on about 9 o'clock."

Dan sat down on the pier and held his head in his hands. "When will the Molly be back?" he inquired.

"In about three weeks or a month. Then trips are slow this time of year."

Within an hour, Dan's long roadster was purring along the highway to Albany. The cold night air cleared his befuddled brain as he drove through the darkness. He had but one idea—to get to Marie as soon as possible. (To Be Continued)

Peering Pelley Denies Dies Ties



William Dudley Pelley peers over his shoulder as Dies committee members pop questions at him. He denounced as forgeries letters that had linked him to Dies.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON JR. WILLIAMS 2-10

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



RED RYDER



BY HAROLD GRAY

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Let's ask your teacher to dinner." "Naah—just lunch. She gave me three C's and a D this month."

15TH CENTURY SAILOR

HORIZONTAL

1. Pictured 15th century sailor.
2. Gold quartz.
3. Sanskrit dialect.
4. Blue grass.
5. Throwing.
6. Drone.
7. Place of business.
8. To tip.
9. Headgear.
10. North America.
11. Neither.
12. All right.
13. Spain.
14. Diplomacy.
15. Agreement.
16. Flower leaf.
17. Distinctive theory.
18. Self.
19. Sweetmeat.
20. To guide.
21. Printer's measure.
22. To vaccinate.
23. Southeast.
24. Crafty.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

WODEN

WODEN ODIN
EBON GRACE
DOLIA ABATES
NETTED LITR
SEA AVE A
SP DAMPER WISDOM
ANOA TIL PL TAPE
YEARS SAL SEWER
ARROGANCE
HEAD ABATE MOAT
ALLIED PAVES ERNE
TITLED TREES DEAD

VERTICAL

1. Deer track.
2. Store.
3. He was a great ocean of his time (pl.).
4. Essay.
5. Malicious burning.
6. Wise men.
7. Mooly apple.
8. Respiratory organ of a fish.
9. Some.
10. Up to.
11. Eye tumor.
12. Baseball nine.
13. Military school student.
14. Nettle rash.
15. More crippled.
16. Slovak.
17. Organ of sight.
18. 50th Century plant.
19. Upstart.
20. Trifle.
21. Auto.
22. Period of time.
23. Form of "a."
24. Sun.
25. Centigram.
26. Musical note.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANF

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN