• SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Unable to find Marie, Dan agrees to his father's idea of a party with the Martins. Dan gets tight, but avoids mention of his engagement to Lynda. Later he goes to the dock, finds the Molly gone. He drives toward Albany.

CHAPTER XVII

DAN DONOVAN and Tommy Ryan turned obviously unfriendly backs on each other at the Albany docks. They had been waiting since early Friday morning for the La Porte barge, Molly, to dock. It was now 10 o'clock and the New York tug, with its brood of canal boats was still jockeying about in an effort to nose its brood through the opening of the locks.

Tommy reached for the megaphone the dockmaster held.

"Hi-yu, Molly," he bellowed.

No answer.

Without saying a word, Dan took the megaphone from Tommy's hands. "Hi-yu, Molly," he yelled.

Still no answer.

"Them barge captains must be deef and dumb," volunteered the dockmaster. He stared at Dan's tuxedo. "Keep yer shirt on and the boat yer lookin' fer will come in."

The two boys, ignoring his philosophical advice, paced nervously back and forth on the pier. Dan's right eye still showed the effects of Tommy's fist. His white dinner shirt was wilted and his hair straggling. Once or twice he glared at Tommy, but beyond that there was no sign of further hostilities.

Tommy, sure of his superior strength, remained magnificently indifferent. In spite of lack of sleep he felt cocky. Bat thought he could carry Marie off. Well he'd show him. Still in the glow of the day he had spent with Marie, he forgot the unpleasantness of the later evening. Marie didn't know what she was doing His assurance changed to disappointment, when he saw that the Molly was not among the barges being shoved in by the little tug

"Where's the Molly?" Dan spoke first.

"You mean Bat La Porte's barge?" roared the tugboat captain from his berth in the pilot house. "She developed a leak!"

Dan's face paled. "Where is she now?"

"Back in New York for all I know. Least she started in that direction."

Tommy wasted no further words on the dockmaster or tugboat captain. Jumping into his truck, he headed for the Albany Post Road Dan waited for the tug to come abreast of the docks. "Where do you think the Molly is now?" he asked.

"'Bout Spuyten Duyvil if she made time," was the laconic reply.

Dan was in his roadster and shifting the gears before the man had all the words out of his mouth.

"There's a road that follows the Hudson all the way down, isn't there?" he cried to the dockmaster.

"Yes, sir. You can't miss it if you keep the water in sight."

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LUCKILY for Dan's life, the highway was practically clear of traffic when he nosed the car into the river road, settled down in his seat and stepped on the gas.

It was a foggy morning and he hadn't slept all night, but that didn't bother him. In fact, he felt exhilarated. As long as he was in action he could deaden the hurt in his heart.

Occasionally, he glanced at the river, ribboning its leaden gray course between the rolling banks of the Hudson Valley. Save for an occasional small tramp steamer or flock of barges nosing northward behind their tug, the river was clear. The traffic would come further down. But it was past noon and he'd reached the Hendrick Hudson highway before he saw any tugs headed south and then, not one towed a barge. Had the Molly sunk, was it forced ashore further up or had it made the canal terminal, he asked himself.

It was after 4 when he parked his car by the hot dog stand at Pier Six.

"Back again, I see," commented the hot dog man, as Dan climbed out of his roadster. He eyed Dan's dinner coat and waved a hand in the general direction of the canal boats. "She got in early this morning."

Dan grinned, too relieved to see the Molly's green shutters to speak. "Everybody safe?" he finally inquired.

"Why not?" demanded the hot dog man.

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BUT Dan didn't answer. He was already runing to the La Porte barge. A crowd of children gathered on the dock near the Molly attracted by the noise he made as he hammered on the closed hatchway. Fascinated by his dinner clothes, they stared silently.

"Nobody home," a small boy ventured finally.

"Where are they?" yelled Dan

"Marie's gone to work. Her pa and ma left just after."

Dan reached in his pocket Frank relief spread over his face as he scrambled back. "You kids buy yourselves some lollypops," he cried. "If you see Marie La Porte before I do, tell her I've been looking for her."

He walked back to the hot dog stand. "Why did the Molly return?" he asked the man.

"Leak." He flipped a hot dog on the griddle. "Bat's mad as a wet hen. He's gone to get a repair crew."

Dan smiled. "And Marie's gone to work?"

The hot dog man became cautious. "I didn't ask."

As Dan was climbing into his roadster, a car whirled up and two men, one carrying a camera, jumped out.

"There's young Donovan himself, wearing a Tux at 4 in the afternoon," the photographer shouted, focusing his camera. Both ran toward Dan.

"This is luck, Mr. Donovan," the other began. "I'm Larkin of the Looking Glass. Is it true that you and Marie La Porte are . . ."

The camera clicked.

"What do you think?" Dan stepped on the gas.

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THE doorman at Varnet's looked twice but asked no questions as Dan, hatless and in dinner jacket, stalked through the main entrance at mid-afternoon.

"I want to see Miss La Porte," Dan told a bewildered floorwalker in the made-to-order department. "Tell her Mr. Daniel Donovan is here."

Mr. Bluet, who lived in terror of Varnet, fluttered back to his boss' office. "Mr. Donovan is here to see Miss La Porte," he stammered.

"Well, tell her, you fool." Varnet bobbd up. "You mean Mr. Daniel Donovan, I suppose. Don't keep him waiting."

Bluet scuttled down the corridor to the models' dressing room.

"Miss La Porte," he babbled. "Mr. Daniel Donovan wants to see you in the main salon."

Marie half sank on a chair. "Tell him I can't see him," she answered. Bluet hurried back to the salon.

"Well, well, where is she?" demanded Varnet.

"She says she can't see him," the floor-walker began.

Varnet rearranged his face and turned to Dan. "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Donovan."

In the models' dressing room he eyed Marie, his face white with anger. "You'll see Mr. Donovan or—"

There were tears on Marie's cheeks. She pressed her hand to her forehead. "You don't understand. My father—I can't . . ."

"Very well. You're fired. Get out."

(To Be Continued)

Swings the Gaff

Wilbur Shaw, two-time winner of 500-mile Indianapolis automobile race, seeks sailfish off Miami Beach, but heaves aboard a 45-pound sand shark.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Ooh, Clarice! You've got a real date for the party? . . . I mean, your mother doesn't know his mother?"

CANAL BUILDER

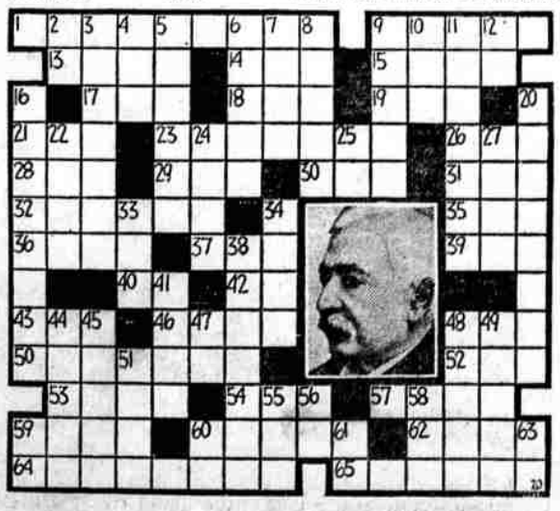
HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured canal builder, Ferdinand ——.
9 He was in charge of building the Suez ——.
13 At this place.
14 Born.
15 Astringent.
17 To wander about.
18 Father.
19 Ruby.
21 Ancient deity.
23 To flatter.
26 Roof finial.
28 To deposit.
29 Part of foot.
30 To bend the head.
31 Russian.
32 Ogled.
35 Part of circle.
36 Bones.
37 Girdle.
39 Lion.
40 Mother.
42 Dye.
43 Onager.
46 Serene.
48 Curse.
50 Winged shoes.
52 Social insect.
53 Prong.
54 Knot formed in ginning.
57 Market.
59 Suggestion.
60 Part of the ear.
62 Dormouse.
64 He was an —— by profession.
65 His native land.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

2 Exclamation.
3 Envoys.
4 Age.
5 Serious.
6 To endow.
7 To ring as a bell.
8 Auto body.
9 Imprisoned as a bird.
10 Malt drink.
11 Cardinal number.
12 Common verb.
16 He was also a statesman or ——.
20 His title, ——.
22 Regrets.
24 Flightless bird.
25 Toward.
27 Innocent.
33 Battering machine.
34 Photographic material.
38 Poise.
41 Land measure
44 Silk.
45 To hurl.
47 Sloth.
48 Nobleman.
49 Caper.
51 Person opposed.
55 Organ of hearing.
56 Plural.
58 Wing.
59 Pronoun.
60 Southeast.
61 Africa.
63 Note in scale.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS

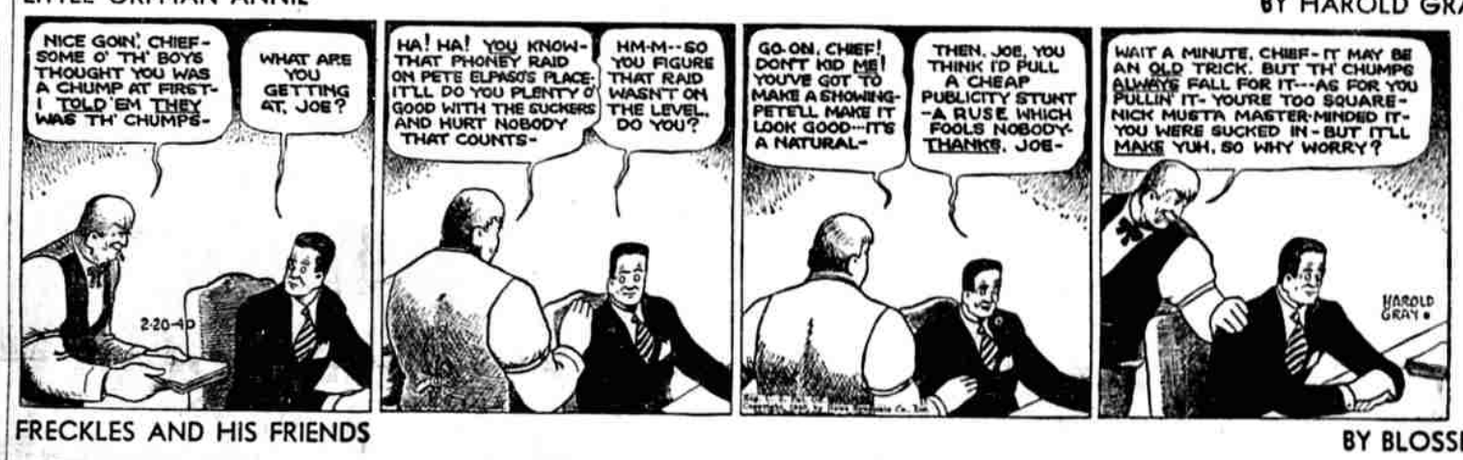
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

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

By Button