

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Both Dan and Tommy Hiss are on hand at Albany to welcome the Molly. They race back to New York when they learn the barge sprung a leak. Dan hurries to Varnet's, asks to see Marie. She refuses. Varnet sees her.

CHAPTER XVIII

PEOPLE stared at Marie as she walked through the streets. She had left Varnet's in tears, not so much because she had lost her job but because she had hurt Dan. She was caught in a web she saw no way of breaking.

But she would not have minded so much, she told herself, had she been the only one to be hurt. But the droop of Dan's shoulders as he stood in Varnet's, told her he was suffering, too. This was almost more than she could bear.

Blindly she walked down the West Side subway steps and boarded a southbound train. Force of habit prompted her to go home. She tried, vainly, to keep back her tears. A sympathetic woman, imagining that only a death could cause Marie's grief, moved aside to let the girl into a corner seat.

"I know, I've lost dear ones too," the woman said. "The first shock is the hardest."

Marie wiped her eyes. Dan might as well be dead. She would never see him again. She recalled her last glimpse of him, standing alone and bewildered in the salon. After Varnet had screamed at her that she was fired, Marie had put on her street clothes, prepared to go. Before she left, she took one last look at the salon. It was then that she had seen Dan, trying to understand why she refused to see him.

MEMORIES of yesterday, on the barge at Poughkeepsie, were still with her. The kindness of her father and mother. It was as if she had been a child again. She could not cause them, especially her father, more trouble. But she did not like Dan and Marie doubted if she could ever win her father's approval.

Marie took off her hat and rested her head against the car window. The anxiety of the last few days had left its mark. Trouble had washed the color from her cheeks, deepened the shadows under her eyes. But she remained, in spite of all this, an extraordinarily lovely girl.

People in the car stared, sympathetically, at her slender, blue-eyed figure, her heart-shaped face and dark curls. Marie did not notice them. She was trying to figure what had prompted her attempt to flood the Molly. And yet, she decided, as she left the subway, if she had it to do all over again she would probably do the same thing.

An east wind whipped her skirt around her legs as she walked along, still thinking of yesterday. Frankly miserable the moment she opened the valve, she had watched her father try vainly to stop the flow of water into the barge. Why did the valve have to break at that moment? It had worked easily when she opened it. She could see Bat, cursing, as he struggled to close it.

Then he had rushed below, grabbing packing as he went. But the damage had been done. The Molly was half filled, wallowing along. The valve was jammed open and the barge would have to be pumped out before the valve could be repaired.

Bat had hailed the captain of the tug and slowly the little fleet had turned, headed back to New York. This was what Marie had hoped would happen and yet when it actually became a fact her conscience rebelled.

A flush of shame colored her cheeks now. She had not been brought up on a barge for nothing. She knew what it meant for her father to give up—to fail to deliver his cargo. But stronger than her regret had been her mad desire to see Dan, to forget everything, and to try to make him forget Lynda Martin.

Now, none of that mattered. She had burned her bridges.

"HELLO, Marie. Where's Tommy?" A barge kid hailed her as she crossed the pier. She smiled wanly. "I don't know, Bobby." Fate seemed to be closing in on her. Even the children associated her with Tommy. She saw her father growing less antagonistic toward the trucker. With Tommy his anger was on the surface. With Dan, it was far deeper. What had caused this? "A fellow in a rented Tux was ookin' for you Marie," Bobby hinted. Marie looked questioningly at him. "What do you mean?" "He was here this afternoon. A guy took his picture, too."

"Stop your nonsense," she said, and climbed the steps to the barge. Mrs. La Forte stuck her head out at the sound of footsteps. "Marie, what are you doing home at this hour?"

"Oh, Mamma!" Marie broke into tears. "I am so unhappy, I don't know what to do. No one can help me."

Mrs. La Forte hovered over Marie as if she were a baby again. She brought cold water for her eyes. She put tender arms around her shoulders and talked soothingly.

"Say nothing now," she begged. "Wait until you feel better. It is his barge. Your father must move ashore. You are too grown a stay here any longer."

She cast a vindictive glance around the neat cabin. "It is the one thing your father and I have disagreed on. When you grew up wanted you to have a chance like other girls."

"Oh, Mamma," wailed Marie. "It isn't the barge. It's life, and here is nothing I can do about it. And I've lost my job!"

"What's life?" Bat's big voice boomed. But he forgot his question when he saw Marie's tears. "My baby, you're crying, and I've been planning such a nice thing for you. Don't worry about that job."

He held up the society page of the evening paper. "You're going to have a party just like that." He pointed to a story in the first column.

Mrs. La Forte gulped. "Have you lost your mind? We can't have it here on the barge."

"No. But if these Miss Lynda Martin can have a coming-out party, my daughter can."

He laid a finger on Lynda's

picture. "Here is Saturday night. Yours shall be also. I have it all arranged." The leak of the barge had evidently been completely swept out of his mind by this new idea. "Where's the party going to be?" inquired Marie. "Kelly's dance hall." (To Be Continued)

Hitler wants to be a painter. His first ambition is to paint London red with incendiary bombs.

Spanked Wife Has The Last Laugh



Mrs. Valerie Porter, who was spanked by her husband in argument over his enlistment in British army, smiles cheerfully as she leaves London court. Reason: She won \$14,000 settlement from hubby's parents, who she claimed in suit, caused him to leave her.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



ALL THE MAJOR CAN RAISE IS AN ECHO

RED RYDER



2-21

BY FRED HARMAN



2-21

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



"Was it a nice party, baby?" "Ooh, swell! We didn't hafta play games or anything."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



2-21-40

BY HAROLD GRAY

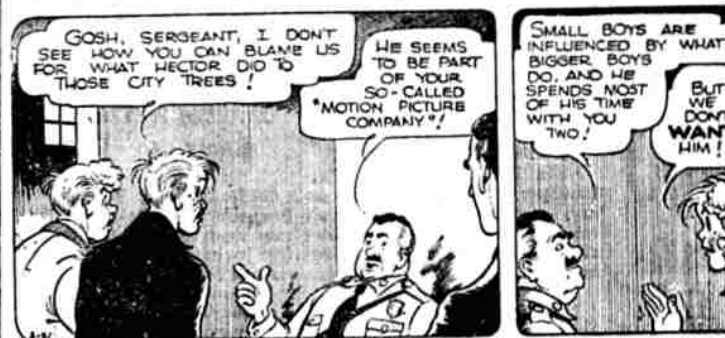


HAROLD GRAY

BRITISH QUEEN

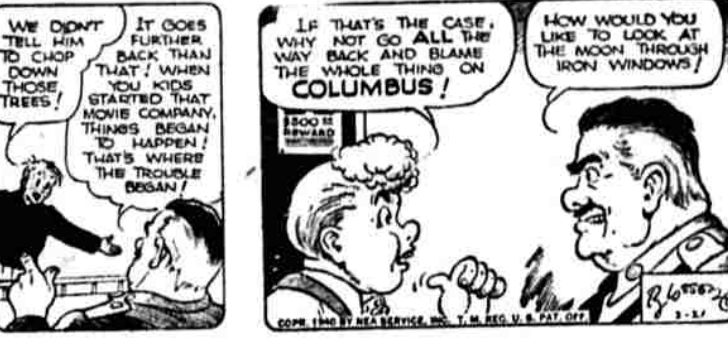
Word puzzle section with horizontal and vertical clues and a crossword grid.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



2-21

BY BLOSSER



2-21

WASH TUBBS



2-21

BY CRANE



2-21

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



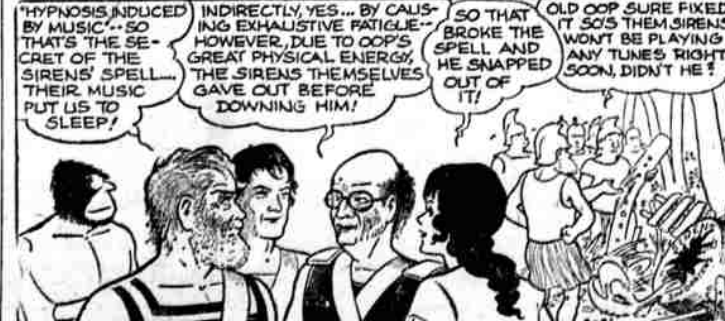
2-21

BY MARTIN



2-21

ALLEY OOP



2-21

BY V. T. HAMLIN



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