

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY, Marie walks home, miserable at what she has done. When she opened the valve in the Molly, it broke and she was forced to turn back, failed to deliver her cargo. At home she finds Bat with a new idea. He will give his Marie a coming-out party.

CHAPTER XIX

MIKE DONOVAN and Tommy Ryan collided in their rush to board the La Porte barge. It was 5 o'clock Friday afternoon. Mike had left Dan, completely broken, at home. He left because he could not stand it to see his boy suffer.

If Dan wanted this crazy girl, hang it, let him have her, in spite of what her father said. He must be an old fool anyway. There were more ways than one of hanging a goose. Mike Donovan hadn't engineered business deals for nothing.

Besides, since last night he had not been so sure his choice for Dan. Above everything, Mike hated a managing woman. All women were probably managers, but he liked them to be clever about it. A man didn't like to know he was being maneuvered about.

Lynda had revealed her tactics several times during last night's dinner and Mike resented it. Long before he'd decided to take James Martin home and give the two young people a chance, Lynda had attempted to achieve the same thing.

"Why didn't she come right out and say it?" mumbled Mike, chewing on a dry, black cigar as his car rolled down the East River drive.

It had taken a good deal of stifling of his pride for Mike to return to Pier Six, but once his mind was made up he didn't waste time with regrets. Where Dan was concerned, nothing was too hard.

Tommy was also prepared to eat crow. So grim was his determination he almost knocked Mike in the water when the two jumped to the deck of the Molly.

MRS. LA PORTE had been through so much this week that nothing surprised her.

"I suppose you want to see Mr. La Porte," she said apathetically, looking out the hatchway. She gave an equally impersonal nod to each man.

Bat turned a choleric red when he saw his visitors. Dropping the society page, which he had been studying in detail, he jumped to his feet.

"And now what do the two of you want?" "I don't know about this young fellow," said Mike, "but if I could sit I might explain my case better."

At the temper in Bat's voice Mike scowled, but he kept himself under control. He wasn't going to lose his temper if he could help it. He knew from experience that was no way to put through a deal. Taking the chair Mrs. La Porte put forward, he sat down.

"You go ahead," he remarked to Tommy. "I'll talk later." He had learned, too, that it was better to let the other fellows get their ideas out first.

Wary as a cat of strange ground, Bat stared suspiciously at the pair. "Did you come together or separately?" he inquired curiously. "Separately," answered Mike promptly, resting his hat on a shell while he loosened his coat.

At sound of the voices, Marie had stepped in from her alcove. Instinctively, she smiled at Mike. She liked his face.

"I take it, you're Marie La Porte." He rose from the chair. "I'm Dan's father. My boy has spoken of you." There was a twinkle in his eyes.

Doubtfully, Bat stepped aside to let Marie pass. He wasn't going to let any man outdo him in manners.

"Marie's got sense as well as rear!" he said. "The first she got from her mother and me. The second from Our Lady of the Rosary School down on the Battery. We're proud of our girl," he declared, almost defiantly.

Mike didn't argue the point. Nodding affably, he gave his chair to Marie and reached for another.

MRS. LA PORTE stirred uneasily. Tommy Ryan hadn't said a word. She felt, with these three men in one small cabin, that she and Marie were sitting on a volcano. She didn't like it.

Nervously, she glanced about thankful the place was in order. The books were neatly stacked on the stand near the radio, the curtains had been freshly washed and she had mopped the floor at noon. She fidgeted at sound of her husband's voice.

"Well, Thomas Ryan, what have you to say?" Tommy flushed red, twirled his nap in his hand and looked at the floor.

"I'd rather not say it now, with so many here." Bat snapped his thumb, enjoying Tommy's embarrassment. "Ees it something so very private?"

The boy leaped to his feet. "No, Bat, I guess it isn't. Everybody down here knows how I feel about Marie. You keep her poor girl down so, she doesn't know her own mind." His chest filled out and his chin set at a cocky angle.

"If she did, she'd marry me." Bat rose slowly from his chair. "You're telling me, her father, what is good for my daughter." His fist lightened.

Mrs. La Porte and Marie caught his arms. "Sit down, Papa," pleaded Marie. "Tommy's just a kid. He doesn't know what he's saying." Tommy swung around to Marie. "You'd make me out a liar, would you?" His mouth trembled.

"What do you suppose I sat up all night for, driving like a fool

Albany, if I didn't love you?"

MIKE, who'd been an interested listener, asked Mrs. La Porte if she would object if he lit a cigar. She shook her head. It was the first time a man had asked her such a question. Mike offered one to Tommy and Bat, but each was too occupied to do more than grunt a refusal.

Puffing on his cigar, Mike relaxed. He'd let the two fight it out. This interlude gave him a chance to study the girl Dan was determined to marry.

Mike found himself admiring her. She had a frank, more impulsive face than Lynda, and certainly she was prettier. "Nobody asked you to drive to Albany," put in Bat, glaring at Tommy. "You'd be a wreck if you went in that old truck of yours."

Tommy stuck his face in Bat's. "You leave my truck out of this. It took your derelict of a barge a day to cover the distance my truck made in two hours."

"Take him out, take him out," Bat yelled. "Why did you let him in here in the first place?" He pushed Tommy toward the hatchway. The boy made a lunge for him, Bat side-stepped and came back with a left. Tommy staggered up the steps.

"Now get out and stay out," yelled Bat. In his excitement, Mike had shewed his cigar to shreds. He grinned. "There was a time when I liked to fight too."

Bat returned to the group. Heaced Donovan. "And now, Mistaire Donovan," his tone was ominous. "What is our business?"

"Your girl and my boy..." Bat's black eyes snapped. "Last time I saw you, you said my girl was not good enough for your boy." He shook a fist under Mike's nose.

Mike spoke testily. "That was Wednesday. Good day, Mr. La Porte," he said shortly. "I may be seen 'ye again and I may not, it depends on future events." (To Be Continued)

Survey Last Link of Huge Highway



Surveys for the \$25,000,000 U. S.-Alaska link of the Pan-American highway will soon begin to bring the 13,000-mile peace roadway, mapped above, to completion.

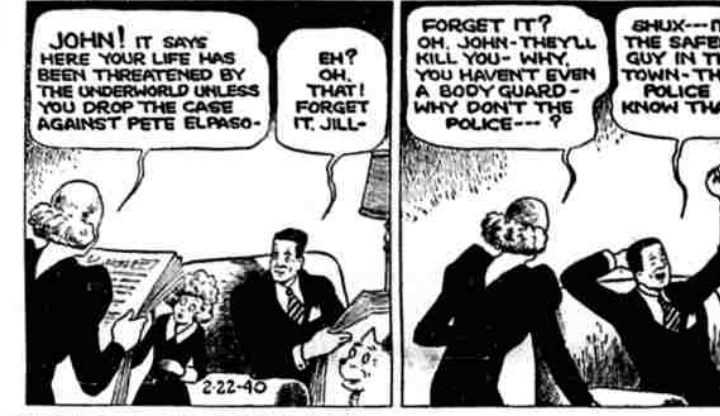
OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



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



"I don't care if opera is s'posed to be good—I don't like it even on a harmonica."

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

- Answer to Previous Puzzle
HORIZONTAL
1 Great man whose birthday is today.
10 Instrument.
11 Larval stage.
12 To dub.
13 Domesticates.
14 To scatter.
15 Amphitheater center.
16 To obtain.
17 Malt drink.
18 Sneaky.
20 Fish.
22 Spike of corn.
26 Reproductive justice.
30 Palette knife.
33 Opposite of odd.
34 Hereditary class.
36 To send forth.
37 Sun god.
38 To discharge.
40 Nay.
41 Advertisement.
42 As a young man he was a (pl.).
44 Half an em.
45 Drops.
47 To add to.
48 Footless animals.
50 Untruth.
51 Carmine.
52 Serrated tool.
53 To glide away.
54 Native.
49 To possess.
VERTICAL
6 Dazzling light.
7 Duration.
8 Foretokens.
9 Pertaining to the nose.
16 His military title.
17 Bronze.
19 Yes.
21 Beasts' home.
23 Gnawed.
24 Queer.
25 Conductors' sticks.
27 To elude.
28 Cake frosts.
29 Tray.
30 Remained.
31 Mexican dollar.
32 Wrinkled.
35 Searcher.
38 Tricks.
39 To rub out.
42 To hop.
43 Mast.
46 Wing.
49 To possess.

