

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER
BY HELEN WORDENCOPYRIGHT, 1940,
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YESTERDAY, Mike goes back to the hotel. He hopes to find some way to ease Dan's grief. He meets Tommy Ryan and they burst in on Dan together. Dan throws Tommy out when the trucker declares Mike should marry him. The barge captain turns on Mike. Donovan tells him the affair is not finished yet.

CHAPTER XX

KATIE DONOVAN rang the front doorbell furiously. Where was Ling? Where was everybody? Here she had arrived ahead of time to surprise the family and none of them were here. She fished in her purse for a key, but couldn't find it. While she was still rummaging, Ling opened the door.

"I've been ringing 10 minutes," she exclaimed. "You and Henry, nodding to the chauffeur, 'bring in my bags.'"

As a matter of fact she had been at the door less than three minutes when Ling opened it, but he made allowances. He had learned to take Mrs. Donovan philosophically.

"Your telegram came, Messah Donovan out," he explained. "His office hear from the Captain. They have Henry meet you."

"Where's my son?" Mrs. Donovan demanded, taking off her gloves and casting a critical eye around the entrance hall as if suspecting that half the furniture might have been spirited away during her absence.

"Messah Dan, he upstairs," answered Ling laconically. "He resting."

Ling didn't add that Dan had been out all night and that when he did return at half-past four he still had on his dinner clothes. Nor did he mention Dan's picture in the evening newspaper, on the table beneath Mrs. Donovan's purse.

"Poor boy," Mrs. Donovan's voice was tender. "He wears himself out." She picked up her purse and the paper and, starting toward the elevator, glanced absent-mindedly at the headlines. "Carry my things up to my room," she began, still looking at the headlines, "and tell Susette to unpack—"

"Good heavens, what's this!" Dan Donovan kept lowering his head for beautiful model. Oh—

She flopped down on a chair "Call Dan! Call Susette. I'm going to faint." Ling scampered off, returning a moment later with a glass of whisky and a wet towel. "Let me see the paper again," murmured Mrs. Donovan, weakly. "Better drink first," cautioned Ling.

In his excitement, he had poured Katie Donovan a whole tumbler of whisky. Ordinarily, she didn't take more than one cocktail or liqueur because it always went to her head. But she gulped half the glass of whisky down, as she read in detail the story about Dan, and the rest of the drink when she flung the paper to the floor.

"That's bad, that's bad," she kept repeating indistinctly, as the liquor began to take effect. "Dan keeps vigil. What vigil?"

By the time Dan and the maid got there, Katie was drunk. "Mother!" Dan took one look at her. "You're as tight as a tick." He turned angrily to Ling. "What in thunder happened?"

"She read piece 'bout you in paper. I have her drink. She took it—two swallows," Ling stammered.

Mrs. Donovan shook her finger at Dan. "Don't keep vigil, my boy, don't keep vigil!" She swayed uncertainly on the chair. "Let's sing that."

Dan held his aching head in his hands. What were the Donovans coming to? No matter which way he looked at it, the fault was his. Susette pressed a cold cloth against Katie's forehead.

"Get a cup of black coffee," he barked to Ling. "Strong."

"And a quart of tomato juice," added Dan. He glanced at his own reflection in a mirror, a disheveled figure in his blue silk robe, hair rumpled, dabs of court plaster spotting his face. "Well we can't let her stay here," he eyed his mother. She was singing. If you could call it that.

"Watch it," he cautioned. "She's going out." He caught her as she swayed, then sagged, a lump of lead in his arms.

"You take her feet," he directed Susette. "I'll manage her head and shoulders. If we can get her to the elevator—"

They were almost in front of the elevator when Mike walked in. "What in the name of the saints!" he exclaimed at sight of his wife, supported by Dan and Susette.

Katie opened her eyes. "Hello Mike, me darlin'. Whoopee!" Mike stared incredulously. "Why, Katie Donovan," he said reproachfully. "You're as drunk as a lord."

"And it's all my fault," Dad. Dan's tone was hopeless. Mike ran across to help Dan. On the way he picked up the evening paper from the floor, absent-mindedly stuffing it in his pocket. "We'll get her to bed," he told Dan sharply, "then I'll see the story."

But he didn't follow his own advice. "When did she get back?" he yawned as he and Dan and Susette struggled into the elevator with Katie.

as quietly as possible. The best thing in the world for her is sleep," Dan started toward the door, Dan with him.

"What was that," he inquired curiously, "about this being all your fault?"

The two turned down the hall to the study.

"I guess it was my fault, Dad," Dan flopped into a chair. "Mother saw a picture of me in that newspaper you've got in your pocket now. That must have started her."

Mike still had his overcoat on. He reached for the paper and slid the coat off.

"H'm," he said. "So you've been keepin' waterfront vigils I see, and in your Tuxedo too. I don't wonder yer mother gulped a glass of whisky."

He lit a cigar and paced the floor. "I can't have a boy of mine makin' a ninny out of himself," he said gruffly. "Your mother evidently doesn't think much of it either." He looked at him sharply.

"What you goin' to do, break her heart? She has her mind set on your marryin' another girl."

"Gee, Dad, I don't blame you for anything you do or say. I've got you into such a mess."

THE phone rang. Mike could never let a phone ring if he was within reach of it. He always oast the servants to it, no matter how they struggled, to get there first.

"Hello," he boomed. "Well, Mrs. Martin!" He lowered his voice. "And how are you this fine day? What's that, will Mrs. Donovan be back in time for the party tomorrow night?" He looked helplessly at Dan.

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Martin," he stammered. "Sure she will. What's that, Dan is to bring Lynda to

he Plaza first for dinner? The joy'll be there!" He put the receiver down carefully. "Now will the saints tell me what have I done?" Dan got up. There was despair in his voice. "Don't worry, Dad. I'll not disgrace you any more." (To Be Continued)



SPRING SIGN—Silver fox is still a favorite for spring boleros designed by Dein-Bacher and worn by Soprano Sara McCabe. Short top hairs emphasize square shoulders.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"And when they were engaged, he gave her the loveliest old ring—a perfectly huge diamond with a curse on it."

INTELLIGENT BEAST

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured equine animal
- 5 Venomous snake
- 8 Up to
- 12 Sooner than
- 13 Naming, incidentally
- 14 Bustle
- 15 Leg
- 17 Label
- 18 Small island
- 20 Intellectual
- 22 River
- 24 Revives
- 27 Remorse
- 31 Enamel
- 32 Spread of an arch
- 35 Made an error
- 37 To dress in
- 38 Utterance
- 39 It belongs to the
- 40 Young pigeon
- 41 Assessment
- 42 And
- 43 Ocean

Answer to Previous Puzzle

WASHINGTON
ORANGE ALMA
NAME JAMES
TED ARENA
CELESTIAL
BIDE EARE
NEMESIS SPATULA
EVEN CASTLE EMIT
RA RELEASE NO
AD SURVEYOR
LEAKS EKE GARD
ELAPSE E SAW
ELAPSE E VERNON

VERTICAL

- 1 Behold
- 16 Mountain
- 19 Senior
- 20 The female of this animal
- 21 Race track circuit
- 22 To harden
- 23 Its neck hairs
- 25 Boy
- 26 Wayside hotel
- 28 To impel
- 29 Oak
- 30 Female fowl
- 32 To soak up
- 33 Fruit pastries
- 34 Land measure
- 36 Imprisonment
- 38 A caustic
- 40 Gems
- 41 Goes hungry
- 44 Enraged
- 47 Skillet
- 48 Collection of facts
- 49 Humor
- 51 Owed
- 52 Fish
- 53 Fiber knots



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



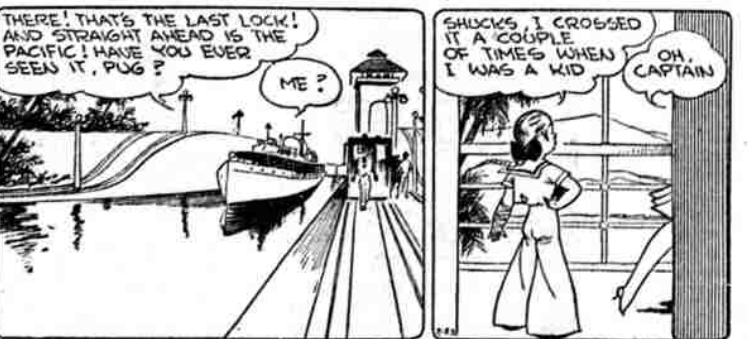
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSOP



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

