

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Hargetown is all agog with talk of Marie's coming out party. But Marie can't stand it. As she leaves the house, she tells Dan that she won't come to his party.

CHAPTER XXII

DAN DONOVAN'S decision not to see Marie La Porte again came after he talked with his mother Saturday morning. Although he laughed at her, and teased her and saw through all of her silly ways, he adored her. If he had been asked, he might have said he cared for her even more than he did for his father, perhaps because she was such a transparent, lovable fraud. She needed protection. Until yesterday, he had never caused her any unhappiness.

He formulated his plans for the day as he shaved. He would have breakfast with his mother; his father had probably gone to the office. He would go to the florist and order the best corsage money could buy for Lynda, but first he must find out what she was going to wear. Hang it all, he knew what she was wearing. He had seen the very dress on Marie.

At thought of Marie, the old ache came back. What had the girl done to him? He couldn't get her out of his mind night or day. He was glad for the interruption of a knock.

"Madame Donovan would be happy if you came to her sitting room for breakfast." It was Susette, speaking in precise English.

"O. K., be right down," sung out Dan.

Thinking of Marie, even for a few moments, as he first saw her made him feel brighter.

ON the way to his mother's apartment he wondered how she was. She probably had a hangover and a good one, to put it in plain English, after that awful straight whisky she took last night. Well, you had to hand it to the old girl, at least she swallowed it.

He would take his cue from her, if she spoke about it, he would ask her how she felt, otherwise not a word. Even he and his father had avoided mentioning it last evening.

"Gee, it's good to have you back, Katie," Dan breezed in and kissed his mother.

She was sitting up on a blue satin chaise longue, set in the bay window of her sitting room. The pink taffeta window curtains were half drawn to shut out the gray, stormy day. A fire burned cheerfully in the little gilt grate.

Mrs. Donovan drew her soft pink wool bed-jacket more closely about her shoulders. "Tell me frankly, Dan," she asked, "was I drunk last night?"

"Why, do you feel as if you had been?"

She put her hand to her head. "Yes, I've got the worst hangover in the world."

She reached out for his hand. "You know I would never admit this to your father for anything, but you understand."

He squeezed her hand. "I'll mix something to chase that morning-after-feeling away," he said.

"No, don't go." Her voice grew even more affectionate. "Danny, dear, did I dream it, or did I really see that awful picture of you in the paper with that wretched story about your love?" she stumbled over the word—"for some model?"

"It was true, Mother." Dan answered quietly.

Mrs. Donovan looked at him. "Now, I know what made me think that glass of whisky. I didn't know what I was doing. The whole thing was such a shock."

"Oh, Mother, please don't." Dan knelt beside her. "You break my heart when you talk like that."

She held up her hand. "There we won't say anything more about it. I won't ask you any questions. We'll put the whole horrible incident behind us."

She sat up and patted her pillows. "Now what kind of flowers are you going to get Lynda for tonight?"

He rose and drew a chair up near the chaise longue.

"I haven't decided. She's wearing a black satin with lots of frills. I think. Big puffy sleeves, bouffant skirt. I'll let the florist work on that combination."

Mrs. Donovan looked at him curiously, as Ling came in with a breakfast table and placed it between them.

"I've never heard you describe a dress so accurately before. How did you happen to know exactly what Lynda was wearing?"

"Oh, I saw it at Varnet's. She had a preview staged for me."

Katie Donovan said nothing.

DAN walked into a flower shop shortly before noon.

"I want some flowers for a girl who's going to wear a black satin dress," he told the clerk.

"Formal, I take it?"

"I suppose so."

"May I ask if it's a large party we might be supplying other ladies with flowers and we wouldn't want to duplicate."

Dan told him he thought it would be rather big.

"Mrs. William Martin is giving it," he added, strolling about the store. He liked flower shops. A nosegay of tiny red roses with a heart of forget-me-nots in the center, attracted him.

The clerk hurried forward. "What about these yellow orchids, sir. Expensive, but—"

"Fine," said Dan, absent-mindedly reaching in his pocket. "How much?"

"Thirty dollars, sir. They're the only three in New York. And to whom shall I send them?"

"Of course the name does help. Miss Lynda Martin."

The clerk bowed obsequiously. "That's going to be quite a party, I understand. The owner of this shop is supervising the decorations."

Dan was back looking at the nosegay of red roses. They made him think of Marie. He left them, reluctantly, in the window.

What a weak-kneed sap he'd been, he told himself, as he walked out of the flower shop. No more intention of seeing Marie La Porte again than he had of flying to China and yet, here he was hinking of buying presents for her. He might send them to her anonymously, that's what he'd do, down through the years and she'd never know where they came from. Crossing 57th street, he turned north on Madison avenue. Another ache in his heart, the last time he'd been on this block was with Marie. A gust of wind and snow blinded his eyes. Head bent, he bumped squarely into a girl just in front of him.

SHE turned to protest. It was Marie. "Oh, Dan," she cried. "I've been looking for you, and wanting to find you so."

He put his arms around her. "My darling."

People passing, smiled and hurried on.

"I came on this block because we'd been here. She drew away. 'But this will be the last time we'll meet. I can't see you again. Papa would kill me if he knew I was with you now.'"

He tucked her arm through his and turned her about. "I won't argue," he said. "We can settle that later, but I want you to come back with me to a flower shop. There's a little bunch of red roses in the window that looks just like you."

She ran to keep up with him.

In Marital Row



Maxine Tidwell Trimble who says she is Wife No. 3 of Floyd C. Trimble of Seattle, asks annulment of her marriage on grounds Trimble had two wives when he married her. Trimble says Wives No. 1 and 2 neglected to divorce previous husbands when he married them. And now, who's married to whom—let any?

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Mac! I don't believe you're even trying!"

PROVERB MAKER

HORIZONTAL

1 American

2 of Colonial times

3 Benjamin

4 He was a

5 or author

6 Constellation

7 Postage

8 No

9 Torpid

10 Age

11 100 square rods (pl.)

12 Dry

13 Epochs

14 Go on

15 (music)

16 Liveliness

17 Measure

18 To redact

19 Unaccented part of foot

20 To revolve

21 Romances

22 Steaks

23 Attempt

24 Neuter pronoun

25 Portuguese money

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MICHAEL ROMANITO

COO REIMAN WIR

BORN AGATE EDIT

UNDER ART ANISE

STELLATED

HAG

PRINCE

RUT

BORTAL

SPY

LIREY SMITH EVER

LA OUTER

BALKANS

REGENCY

41 Onward

42 Unit

43 Railroad

44 Therefore

45 Maple shrub

46 Long inlet

47 Horny plates

48 Wastes time

49 Kind of vinegar

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53 Eminent

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