

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY: Dan determined to go through with his engagement to Lynda for his mother's sake. He buys Lynda orchids. But a little money of roses reminds him of Marie. He bumps into a girl in the storm. It is Marie.

CHAPTER XXIII

MRS. WILLIAM MARTIN had asked Katie Donovan to meet her at the Colony at 1.

"There are so many things I want to talk over with you, my dear," she told Katie. "We won't have a chance tonight. I'm terribly glad you're back."

Mrs. Donovan was flattered by the intimate note in the phone call. She felt as if she had already been admitted to the Martin family circle. She knew from past snubs that it wasn't easy to crash.

With great care she dressed for luncheon. Susette had helped her into three different costumes before she settled on her black crepe and black Persian lamb coat. Instinctively, she knew they toned her down. Instead of her diamond bracelets she wore pearls. If Mike had seen her he would probably have asked where the funeral was, especially when she fitted on that queer peaked black hat with the long veil. But then, she knew it was smart, hadn't she paid \$50 for it at Varnet's?

You couldn't make a mistake with Varnet's clothes. He dressed everybody in society. A Varnet custom-made was like a court uniform. It got you by in the right places.

A chattering lot of fashionably dressed women were already jamming the lounge when Mrs. Donovan walked in a few minutes before 1. Mrs. Martin had not yet arrived.

But Katie didn't mind waiting. She liked to watch the people many of whom she recognized from their pictures in the papers. Mrs. Birdie Matson was beginning to show the wear and tear of five husbands, she thought, surreptitiously studying the flamboyant woman sitting beside her. Across from them was Mrs. Matson's first husband. He was looking so naturally to his former wife. Jean, the owner of the Colony, nodded affably at Mrs. Donovan.

"We've missed you," he said. "Yes, I've been South," Katie answered, pleased to be noticed by Jean and yet careful of overfamiliarity. "I came back on the boat," she added.

In her heart, Katie knew that Jean knew the social standing of the Donovans was not so secure as their finances. But today she thought he would be more impressed. To be seen publicly with Mrs. William Martin sent one's social stock soaring.

A STIR at the door, heralded Mrs. Martin's arrival. Wherever she appeared, there was always a commotion. Her dress, her manner and her voice, commanded attention.

"My dear Mrs. Donovan," she cried, bearing down under full sail on Katie.

She was dressed today in heavy black satin with a great deal of jet gleaming at the throat and her mink coat and a mink hat made her look like a Russian general. Those waiting in the lounge looked pleasantly self-conscious as she passed, glad to be at the Colony on the day she was lunching there.

"We have your same table, Mrs. Martin," Jean nodded, then signaled to a waiter. "Madame is sitting in the front, the one marked reserved."

He directed the small cavalcade of waiters, busboys and attendants to draw the chairs back, fill the glasses with ice and put a special bouquet of spring flowers on the table.

"We'll order and then talk," Mrs. Martin said, accepting the homage. She sat opposite Katie, nodding to this and that person, sipping up her longnettes the better to identify those about her.

"There's Mrs. Morgan," she murmured, bowing to an extraordinarily thin old lady whose wrinkled parchment throat was held in place by a black velvet band.

"I'm expecting you at my party tonight," she called.

Mrs. Morgan nodded, the plumes waving on her Queen of Spades hat. "I'm looking forward to it with great pleasure. I hear your beautiful niece is the inspiration."

By the time Mrs. Martin had spoken to the different people around her, it developed that practically everybody in the restaurant would be at the party. The Robilards, the Jamess, the Kissams and the Leonard Finches were all coming.

Mrs. Martin fixed her longnettes on Mrs. Donovan.

"I hope you like smoked salmon and fillet of sole," she said. "I always order them in England. This is the only place in New York where they're half decent."

Katie murmured that she liked them very much. She was going to be a lady if it killed her.

"And now," said Mrs. Martin, sweeping aside the knives and forks which the waiters had so carefully laid in front of them, "she can get down to business."

She was not one to side-step the issue. "James Martin and Will my husband, need your husband's help and co-operation—in a business way—" She eyed Katie benevolently, paused a moment, then spoke slowly and deliberately. "The short-cut to this union would be a marriage between your son and James's daughter. What could be more all-powerful than the merging of these two families?"

Katie nodded. Discussion of business of any sort was beyond her depth, but she had sense enough to keep quiet. Mrs. Martin mistook her silence for scepticism.

"There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't be the first lady

in society," she said, gently patting Katie's hand.

Before Mrs. Donovan had a chance to reply, Mrs. Tom Sherwood interrupted.

"You must have raced us back," she exclaimed. "I pictured you still cruising north on the Katherine and here you are looking as if you'd already readjusted yourself to this frightful rush."

Katie smiled and explained she'd only arrived yesterday. It gave her great satisfaction to introduce Mrs. Sherwood to Mrs. Martin, for she still recalled that the former had been a bit patronizing on the boat that day and her husband came aboard with the Murphys for luncheon.

MRS. SHERWOOD had hardly left when Lynda came up to the table. "Oh, Auntie," she cried to Mrs. Martin. "Think of finding you and Mrs. Donovan here. May I join you?"

"Of course, my darling." But there was a tinge of regret in Mrs. Martin's tone. She had not yet finished her conversation with Katie.

A waiter hurried forward with a chair for Lynda. Another took her mink coat. From the service she got, the other guests, whether they recognized her or not, knew she was somebody.

"You and I don't need any introduction, do we, Mrs. Donovan?" Lynda smiled sweetly. "You're a very important person in my life."

A jostling behind her caused her to turn, frowning.

"This place is entirely too crowded," she began. But a petulant grimace followed the frown as she saw who was doing the pushing.

"Why, Dan Donovan—" she said.

The welcoming note in her voice gave way to disapproval. Dan was

followed by a girl. That forward girl, Lynda thought, who modeled her gown at Varnet's. Dan grinned, but he stared questioningly at his mother. "See you later?" he asked. Mrs. Donovan did not answer. (To Be Continued)

Toreador Queen Vamps the Bulls



Even Ferdinand might be tempted into the ring to parry thrusts with beautiful Conchita Cintron, Peruvian girl bullfighter, who at 17 is top ranker in one of the world's most dangerous sports.

FIGHT CANCELED

NEW YORK, Feb. 24 (AP)—Mike Jacobs today announced he had canceled the light heavyweight title fight scheduled for Miami, Fla., Wednesday between Champion Billy Conn and Gus Lesnevich. Jacobs said he had received word from Johnny Ray, Conn's manager, that the champion was suffering from boils.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Isn't this funny! We were just talking about you, officer not a minute ago."

MAID OF ORLEANS

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured

soldier girl.

9 She was a

French

heroine.

13 Brim.

14 To divide

into leaves.

16 Viscous fluid.

17 Circular

fortification.

19 Right-hand

page.

20 Laceration.

21 Orderliness.

23 Sixth of

a drachma.

26 East Indian

plant.

27 Rubber tree.

28 Vermont.

30 Was

victorious.

31 Of the thing.

32 Month.

33 Coin.

35 Pint.

36 Because.

37 Red cosmetic.

39 To escape.

41 Practice of

an ascetic

philosophy.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

FRANKLIN WRITER

JARA BROSE NAV

INERT ERA ACRES

VARID I AGES

NA ANIMATION KO

EDIT ARSIS SPIN

NOVELS MEATS

TRY IT BENJAMIN

ON ONE ARR SO

RACER FRANKLIN

SCUTA RIAN

ALLEGAR ANNEAL

STATESMAN CREAT

43 Loves to

excess.

44 Play on words

45 Genus of

herbs.

50 Her land was

at with

England.

51 Courtesy

title.

52 She was a

farm or

girl.

54 Boy.

56 Half an em.

57 Pantries.

59 Toward.

11 Animal

12 Grain.

15 Also.

18 To pack.

20 Part in a

drama.

21 Pleasing

to taste.

22 Runs away.

24 She was

at the stake

in Rouen.

25 Point records

of games.

29 Marching on.

32 Temperate.

34 To foreshow.

36 Deadly.

38 Cotton

machine.

40 Promise.

42 Encounters.

46 Rodent.

47 Customs.

48 Vehicle.

49 Indigo shrub.

51 To observe.

52 To deposit.

53 Golf device.

55 Drone bee.

57 To exist.

58 South Africa.

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

