

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY, Dan and Marie have a delightful party, but Marie realizes that she can never break through to Dan's level of society.

CHAPTER XXV

THE success of the William Martin party could be measured by the number of photographers and newspaper reporters congregated outside the great mansion at 88th Street and Fifth Avenue.

Suddenly there was a shout, "Here come the Donovans, father, mother, Dan himself and Lynda Martin!"

Lights blazed. Lenses clicked. Mike took Dan by one arm and Katie by the other.

"Let's give 'em a break," he said, pausing on the white stone steps with his son and wife.

"How's this boy?" Dan, you bring Lynda in closer."

The crowd on the sidewalk, and by this time it was a big one, parted as a Rolls-Royce town car drew up.

"How vulgar," exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, hobnobbing out with the aid of a footman.

"Actually posing for their pictures."

Lynda jerked her arm away from Dan's. "She's right. We never should have done that."

MIKE broke in. "What's that, Lynda, my dear?" His voice, usually gentle when he spoke to her, had become gruff.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand, Mr. Donovan," Lynda snapped.

"You just happened to make me out a little idiot. It's not your fault. I should have known better."

Those who knew Mike Donovan well, recognized trouble ahead when he spoke quietly.

"I was just putting myself in the place of the photographers, Lynda," he answered quietly.

"A picture of me is going to help them, they can have it."

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL DONOVAN. A footman in knee-breeches, standing at the top of the red-velvet carpeted marble stairs, boomed out the names of Mike and Katie.

They both started self-consciously, then walked uncertainly into the grand ballroom where Mrs. Martin and her husband were receiving.

When Lynda and Dan appeared, she made them join her and their "Uncle William" as she referred to her husband.

"Why doesn't your uncle kick—," muttered Dan, to Lynda, after they had shaken hands with the hundred couple, "or at least break and run!"

"I don't see why he should," answered Lynda stiffly.

"Well, I do. Come on let's dance."

Before she could protest he had whirled her out on the floor. "Oh, this is a waltz. I hate waltzes," she cried.

"Never mind," he said. "The next one will be a tango."

"And I hate to tango," she fussed. "I'm not the type."

Someone cut in. Dan didn't even know the boy, but he surrendered Lynda gladly enough.

She wasn't the type! At last he knew she wasn't. He snored her second he had criticized his hat and coat from the custody of surprised footman and was out on Fifth Avenue, hailing a taxi.

"Pier Six, East River!" He hopped in. His mind was made up. His mother and father, much as he loved them, Lynda, as much as he regretted hurting her, nothing mattered but Marie. This time, no matter what happened, he was never going to let her out of his sight again.

EVERYBODY'S over at Kelly's Dance Hall, sir," the hot dog stand man told Dan at Pier Six. "I'm going 'er as soon as I close."

Dan raced up the steep stairs to the dance hall.

Dan advanced hesitatingly to a barn-like room jammed with people, many dancing, others crowding around Bat and Mrs. La Porte, and near them, Marie, strikingly beautiful in a simple blue crepe dress. A blaring band roared out a waltz.

As Dan watched, he saw Marie dance away with Tommy Ryan. A woman shrieked. Dan heard loud, angry voices. The band stopped suddenly. The crowd surged toward Bat. Dan glimpsed him, pulling off his coat, shouting angrily. And the object of Bat's rage was—Mike Donovan!

"I know me boy is here!" Mike was shouting.

Marie darted across the room to her father's side. "Papa! Papa! Will you never stop this fighting?"

A grimy workman came up the stairs, edged his way to Bat. "There's nothing wrong with that waltz, La Porte."

Bat pushed him aside. "I know that all the time. I pay you to repair, not to explain."

Marie eyed her father. He had known, then. How this old bargeman loved her. To give up his cargo, at that moment on the barge, Bat had surrendered his daughter's future into her own hands.

"I had to make you turn back to New York, papa," she explained. Bat turned to her, forgetting Donovan for an instant. "I know, baby," he said tenderly. "Why? Because you wanted to marry Tommy Ryan?"

"No, because I want to be near Dan Donovan!"

"Do you think that a boy like that can really care for you—a barge captain's daughter?"

Marie nodded. "But he won't marry you—" Bat warned.

reached Marie's side. "That's just what I intend to do!"

"No ye won't!" Mike bellowed, recovering from the shock. "I'll disherit you! Not one penny of me money shall ye have!"

"That doesn't matter. I can get along without your money," Dan said in an even voice, loud enough for all to hear.

"You started from scratch. You and mother. Why can't Marie and I do the same?"

"You could be a bargeman," Marie ventured, proud of Dan.

But forgot his first quarrel, joined forces with his future son-in-law. "I don't see why not—You can work with me!" He glared belligerently at Mike.

"MIKE! MIKE! Do you know what you're saying?" The circle parted to let Kate Donovan through to her husband's side.

"Now, now Katie! Mike's voice soothed her. "Sure I know what I'm doing. I had to be certain Dan knew what HE was doing."

He moved over to his son, stuck out his hand. "Dannie, my boy! Ye've won. I'm proud of you, boy. And of me new daughter, too. If ye two want it, Mike went on, "Ye can have the Katherine for yer honeymoon!"

Bat's grin matched Mike's. "Just so it's not a truck!" he remarked. "What's that?" Tommy Ryan started a fist toward Bat's nose. But it never landed. Moving nimbly, Mike Donovan blocked the blow, then landed a haymaker flush on Ryan's chin.

"Throw him out," yelled George Fontaine. "Throw him out!" schooled Matt Flanagan, and together they grabbed Ryan, hustled him to the stairs.

MR. LA PORTE, Dan said. "Dad says we can turn the Katherine into a barge if we want to."

Mike chuckled. "I must admit, I've foreseen such a possibility, but what I want to say, if ye should ever want to go into the truckin' business to work with Donovan and La Porte, I might stake—"

But his last words were drowned out as the band blared out again. "Come on, Marie!" said Dan. (The End)



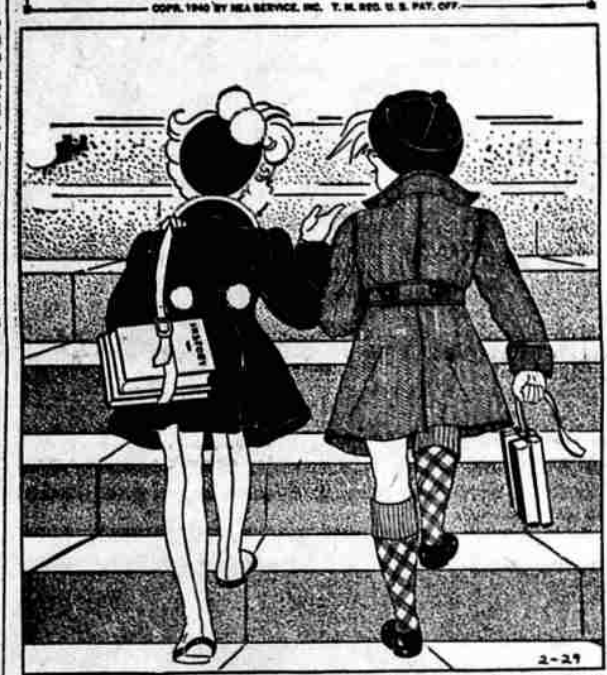
POOL—As French minister of armaments, Raoul Dautry (above) supervises France's end of arrangements with Britain pooling two nation's manufacturing resources.

As a man, I think the use of hatred, and of intolerance, and of evil stories, is plain wrong. As a man in active politics, I have an added dislike of that kind of tactics. — Postmaster-General James A. Farley.

Cold figures by a highway research board show that automobile drivers between 19 and 21 years of age kill 220 persons annually, per each 100,000 drivers; yet this group makes the best records in driving tests.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"If they had to put an extra day in the year, why couldn't they a-put it in durin' vacation?"

BROOMSTICK RIDER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



JAKE ISN'T INTERESTED IN THE MATCH RACE!

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



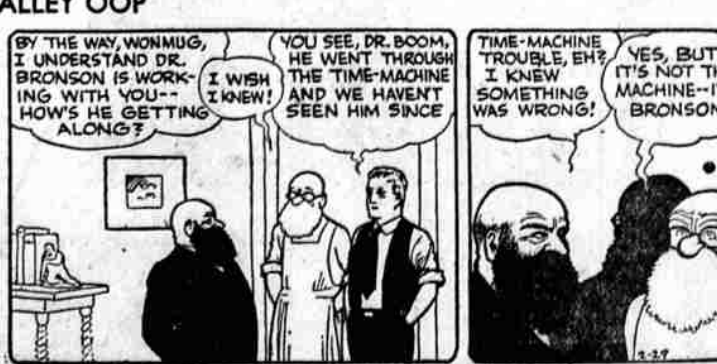
WASH TUBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



THE AVALANCHE

BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

