

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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YESTERDAY, Marie tries to recapture her lost romance with Tommy, but she thought of Dan as intruding. Tommy is far from being romantic anyway. Marie is angry when she reads a starting newspaper account of Dan's fight with Tommy.

CHAPTER XIII

DAN couldn't make head nor tail of his father's phone call. That, in heaven's name, did he mean, Dan asked himself over and over, when he yelled, "You'll not marry that blithering barge-man's daughter if I kin live to prevent it?"

Dan was still in the glow of the reconciliation and his father had before Mike Donovan left, when the telephone call came. Dan knew enough not to question Mike when he was in a mood like that. He also knew that no matter what his father said, he was going to marry Marie La Porte.

Instead of going out he waited for Mike to come back, fretfully nursing his souvenirs of last night's fight. He wanted to learn what had happened to make him change his mind so violently about Marie. When he didn't return he phoned the office, but Mike wasn't there. Then he phoned Varnet's, but they told him Marie had gone for the day. He could stand this no longer. Grabbing his hat and coat, he dashed for the door.

"I don't know when I'll be back," he called to an astonished Ling. Easing his hat on to avoid the bruises, he hailed a taxi. "Pier Six, East River," he told the driver. Impatiently he watched the street signs as the car sped south. "We're only at 50th. Step on it."

"We'll either land in the morgue or jail, sir," the cabman answered. "If I go any faster."

WITH a grudging nod Dan settled back in the car, his thoughts leaping ahead. He would see Marie at the barge, they would be married tonight. After all, what was the use of waiting when you'd found the girl you wanted. He loved her so!

"Here we are, sir." The driver's words interrupted his thoughts. "Not so bad. We made that in 20 minutes."

Dan handed him a \$5 bill. "Keep the change!" He jumped out of the car and raced down the pier, that stopped short. He didn't even know which barge it was that Marie's father owned. She had taken him to it last night, but it had been dark and he hadn't paid any attention to his surroundings.

"Where does Marie go to a barge live?" he inquired of an old fellow sitting on the rim of the pier. "The man stared at him with

astonished eyes. This was the second time today he had been asked to direct the way to the La Porte barge. Something must be up. Bat La Porte had been fit to be tied over the first caller. Would he treat this second guy in the same fashion?"

"That's the barge," the old man said, thumbing at the Molly. "You can't miss her. She's got the whitest sides and the brightest green shutters of any boat tied up here." He looked dubiously at Dan's battered face. "But Bat La Porte isn't in the best of temper today. If yer errand can wait, I advise ye to postpone it. Mrs. Bat had to haul her man in when the last visitor left. Bat wanted to kill 'im."

Dan nodded his thanks but ignored the advice. He was thoroughly enjoying the spring sunshine and the quaint colony of barges. As he strolled toward the Molly he idly wondered whom it was that Bat had been in such a stew over.

Perhaps it was Tommy Ryan, back again to see Marie. He squared his jaw and moved with more determination. Even if he wasn't around and didn't love Marie, he thought, he'd hate to see her waste her life on a guy like that Tommy Ryan—why, he was nothing but a big lump of beef. He couldn't possibly appreciate anything as fine and beautiful as Marie.

The tide was rising and the Molly's deck lay above the pier. Clearing the level between it and the dock, he strode across to the hatchway. It was open. "Is Marie in?" he called down. "This is Dan Donovan."

AT his question an apparent earthquake took place in the La Porte cabin. A chair overturned, something that sounded like a table with dishes on it crashed. He heard an exasperated woman's voice, which he recognized as Mrs. La Porte's. "Bat, what in the name of the Lord are you doing now?"

"Deed you hear that, Nanette?" Bat demanded, jumping from his chair and pushing everything about him aside in an effort to clear the distance to the hatchway in one step. "That racketeer Donovan's boy is here now. The idiot!"

He bounded up the tiny flight of steps, poking his head through the hatchway into Dan's face. "Get off this boat," he screamed. "Your papa tells me Marie isn't good enough for you."

"But, Mr. La Porte," protested

Dan, "Dad couldn't mean that, especially when I—"

"Don't you say another word," yelled Bat, shaking a fist under Dan's bruised nose. "Your papa, he say my girl has no social standin' because she live on a barge. I'll tell you right now, she better than you—a waster. Now get out!"

Mrs. La Porte pushed her way past her husband, a spot of color on each high cheek-bone. Shoving Bat's face aside, she turned to Dan. "Why did you want to see my girl?"

"Because I want to marry her."

TENSE with emotion, Bat picked up his wife and sat her down in a chair close to the hatchway. "You keep quiet," he ordered. "These is my business now." He looked up at Dan. "So you want to marry my girl. Well, sir, if it is any consolation to you, he snapped his fingers in Dan's face. "My daughter will never marry you. As I have made mention before, she will marry one of her own kind when the time comes."

Already a wreck from last night's fight and ordeal in jail, and his father's phone call, Dan lost what vestige of control he had. "I won't believe that unless Marie tells me herself. Certainly not you," he shouted.

"Why do you come here looking for Marie at this time of day?" put in Mrs. La Porte suddenly. "Because she told me at Varnet's that she had gone."

"But Marie isn't here!" she protested. "What's happened to her?" She caught Bat's arm. "Did you hear that?" she screamed. "You've all nagged the poor girl so she's probably killed herself!"

She rocked back and forth in her chair sobbing. "Now don't get excited, Nanette," Bat coaxed, his rage of a few minutes before entirely gone. "We will find her. He patted her on the back. "The trouble is with these young fools."

His face brightened. "I have an idea. Maybe he knows more than we do."

He started up the steps again to the hatchway. "These young man will help me find her. Won't you, Mr. Donovan?"

But there was no answer. Dan had gone. Bat climbed out on deck, shading his eyes with his hands as he stared toward South street. There was Dan, racing down the pier. "Where you going?" Bat yelled. "To find Marie," Dan shouted back.

(To Be Continued)

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS



BRUCE CATTON IN WASHINGTON

BY BRUCE CATTON
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON—Sometimes this winter the Civil Aeronautics Authority will make a decision of vast importance to America's trans-Atlantic flying service.

In deciding whether to grant the new American Export Airlines' plea for a permit to operate an air service to Rome, CAA will in effect determine whether Pan-American Airlines is to retain a virtual monopoly in the trans-Atlantic field.

This outfit's big argument is that it has the money, the equipment, the experience and the personnel to give the nation all the service it needs. American Export argues that competition has been a good thing for domestic air service and would be equally good in the trans-Atlantic field.

Whether the decision goes, an expansion of air service to Europe is coming. Pan-American is in with a petition to boost its schedule to six trans-Atlantic flights a week and is shopping for \$5,000,000 worth of new planes. American Export has contracted for three new four-motor planes which can fly to Europe non-stop with loads double those now carried by continental sleeper planes.

Hearings have been concluded and a brief filed. The next and final step is up to CAA.

THERE was more than a simple desire for economy back of the House's refusal to give any money to the National Resources Planning Board.

The board wasn't liked by congressmen, who accused it of egg-beating on folks back home to demand expensive public works. They also didn't like its general brain-trust aura.

Jones County Man Announces For a Seat In Congress

Otis (Oat) Miller, former county judge of Jones County, and district attorney of Taylor, Jones and Fisher Counties, has announced his candidacy for congressman from the 17th congressional district.

In making his announcement Miller gave the 10 questions which will base his campaign. The 10 points are: 1. I am in favor of the preservation of states' rights.

2. I am opposed to the creation of a new section of the federal government.

3. I am in favor of the lives and to further the American control over federal police interests of our state.

4. I am in favor of 'nipping in the bud' the invidious practice of one state erecting 'business barriers' against another, such as Wisconsin, Minnesota and the dairy



Judge Otis (Oat) Miller, former county judge of Jones county and district attorney of Taylor, Jones and Fisher counties, who has announced as a candidate for congressman from the 17th district of Texas.

"OUT OUR WAY"

By Williams



ALLEY OOP

By Hamlin



RED RYDER

By Fred Harman



10. I am opposed to the 'vicious doctrine now in vogue in our country that as long as the government is running a gray train every town and community should sidetrack as many cars of the gray as possible. This false theory of spending will bankrupt the nation."

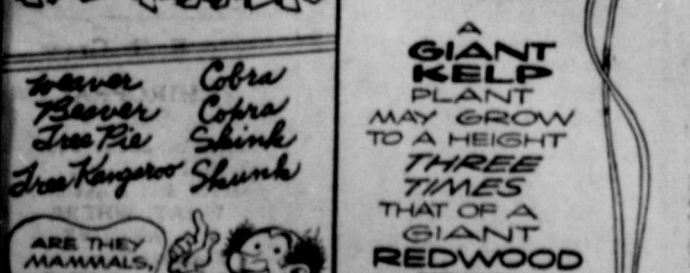
Patriotic Contest by Piggy Wiggly to Promote Americanism Offers Awards

A nationwide patriotic contest is being sponsored by independent, home-owned Piggy Wiggly stores all over the United States, Alaska and Hawaii. The ideal of this contest is to make each and everyone of us in this Land of Liberty realize the blessings which have been bestowed upon us. In reality, it is a toast—with the sparkling wine of Patriotism—to Freedom, Justice, and Tolerance, and to Government of the People BY the People.

This contest, conducted under the title, "I'm Glad I'm An American," will render America a true service: It will make us better citizens; it will make us more tolerant; it will make us more ready to cooperate for the common good and advancement of this blessed country, and it will make us grateful to our God and to our country for our material and spiritual welfare.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Weaver, bird; beaver, mammal; tree pie, bird; tree kangaroo, mammal; cobra, reptile; copra, plant; skink, reptile; skunk, mammal.



Society Notes

Missionary Society of Christian Church Meets With Mrs. Johnson

CLASSIFIED

13—FOR SALE, Miscellaneous
FOR SALE: Baby Chick, See R. J. Rains Poultry Co., The Dunn Hatchery, De Leon, Texas.
7—SPECIAL NOTICES
FOR RENT—furnished seven room modern house on Cherry Street. See or phone R. S. Balch, 61.
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GHOLSON HOTEL TAXI. Phone 261. SAM W. JONES.

home of Mrs. H. B. Johnson. Mrs. J. C. Carothers, vice-president, opened the meeting and introduced Mrs. B. S. Dudley who gave a stewardship paper on "Sharing Christ With Others." Mrs. J. J. Stewart was leader of the program which had for its subject "To Serve Humanity." The hymn "Blessed Be the Tie" was sung and scriptures from the 26th and 23rd chapters of Matthew were read. Mrs. J. C. Carothers offered the closing prayer. Those present for the meeting were: Meses. Carothers, Stewart, Dudley, Carl Clemmer, Dick Jones, E. T. Matthews, W. G. Foudren, Harry Warner and N. L. Peery.

land, February 20. Meses. J. L. Turner, I. N. Griffin and J. F. Warren were elected delegates. Mrs. J. L. Turner presided over the remaining business and heard reports from Meses. W. F. Croager, A. J. Ratliff, J. F. Warren, Don Minnick, P. O. Hatley and G. O. Strong. News from the "Missionary Bulletin" was given by Meses. J. L. Turner, J. F. Warren, P. O. Hatley and Vernon DeFebach. The Council opened with the song, "Lord Speak to Me." The call to worship was made by the leader, Mrs. W. F. Croager. In the meditation, Mrs. P. O. Hatley, stressed the fact that the life of Dr. Young J. Allen was that of "the person with a purpose."

singing of the hymn, "Praise Him, Praise Him." "I Reg'd It and I Am a Christian Now," was the subject of a discussion given by Betty Russell and Betty Jean Pugh told the story of "Betty and the Hospital Bible." After the singing of "Have Thine Own Way," the session was dismissed with prayer. Those present from Hodges addition were: Martha Hutchison, Gloria Howell, Louise Adkins, Reba Hutchison and Dorothy Ferris. Members from Cooper addition who attended were: Ida Frances Gregory, Mazy Frances Ingram, Clara Faye Russell, Edna Jean Morton, Betty Jean Pugh, Betty Lou Russell, Martha Lee Musick, and the sponsor, Mrs. W. A. Reuwer.

JANE WITHERS SHARES FUN WITH THE RITZ BROTHERS IN "PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES"



Jane Withers is the bravest little Ma' anselle in all France in "Pack Up Your Troubles," her latest 20th Century-Fox comedy, which brings her to the Arcadia Theatre today only in no less riotous company than those roisterous Ritz Brothers. Yes, the Ritzes are in the army now, so prepare to howl!

Just a Bit Personal

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Southers had as their guests for the weekend Miss Clovis Kemp and Miss Lucille Bratcher from the Baylor hospital in Dallas. Mrs. Lottie Davenport has as her guest, her niece, Mrs. Page Daxendale of Fort Worth.

Tom McCleskey has arrived from Weatherford to make his home in Ranger.

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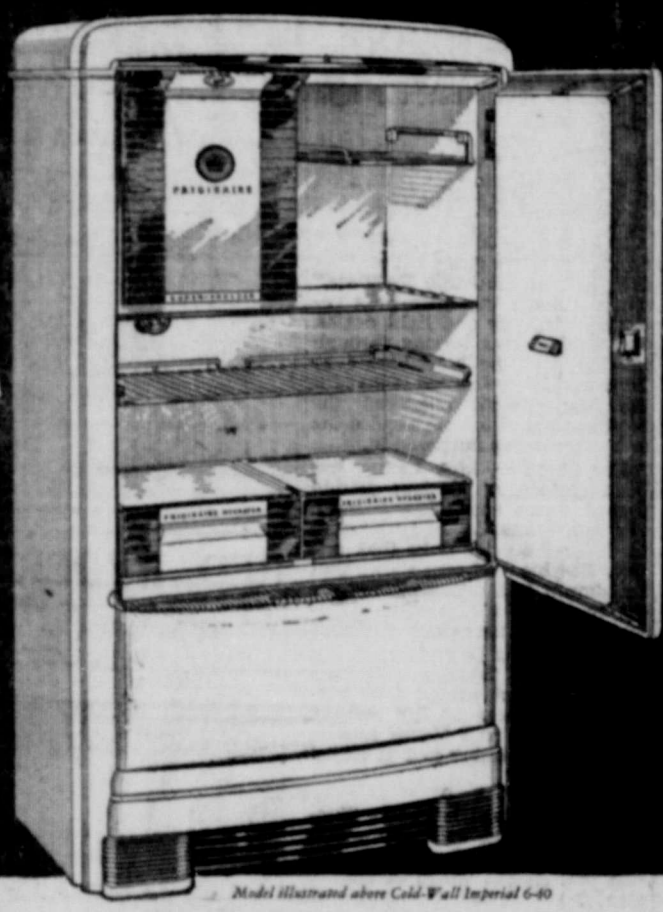
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