## West Wind Drift

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON Copyright, 1920, by George Barr McCutcheon

ON a bright still morning in October the Doraine sailed from a South American port and turned her glistening nose to the northeast. All told, there were some 750 souls on board; and there were stores that filled her holds from end to end-grain, foodstuffs, metals, chemicals, rubber, and certa'n sinister things of war. Her passenger list contained the names of men who had schieved distinction in world affairsin finance, in business, in diplomacy, in war, besides that less subtle pursuit adventure-men from both hemispheres

Into the path traversed by the lowly caravel steamed the towering Dorane, pointing her gleaming nose to the north and east.

She was never seen again.
Out from the lairs of the great American the control of the contr

of South America: A visit to an unsentimental land whose traditions if any were cherished at all, went no farther han yesterday and were to be succeeded by fresh ones tomorrow. At least, such was the belief of the Latin who still dozed superciliously in the glory of any long dead ancestors. Not having Paris, or London or Madrid, or Rome as the Mesca of his dreams, his pilgrimage now sarried him to the infidel realities of the north—to Washington, New York, New Orleans, Newport, and Atlantic City! He ad the money for travel, so why stay it home? He had the money to waste, so why not disapate? He had the thirst for sin, so why famish?

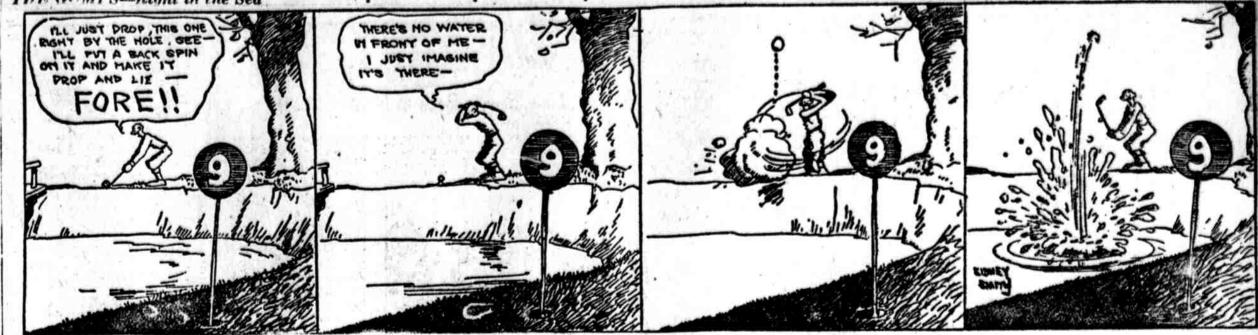
There were lovely women on board, and children with and without the golder poon; there were men whose names were known on both sides of the Atlantic City.

in finance, in business, in diplomacy, in war, besides that less subtle pursuit adventure—men from both hemispheres from all continents. It was a cosmopolition company that sailed out to sea that placed day, bound for a port 6900 miles away. Her departure, heavy laden, from the South American port was groperly recorded in the then secret an naile of a great nation; the world at large, however, was none the wiser. For those were the days when sly underseed monsters of German descent were prowing about the oceans, taking toil of human and the company that sailed the summan of the spreading bay slid the big steamer; abreast the curving coast line she drove her way for leagues and leagues, and then swept boildy into the vast Atlantic desert.

For hundred years ago and more, Fortigo Vespucci had sailed this undowns outhern sea in his doughty caravel; he had wallowed and rocked for months over a course that the Doraine was asked to cover in the wink of an eye by comparison. Up from the south he had come in an age when the seash had cover no less strange than the laid he touched from time to time; the blue waste of sky and sea as boundless then as now; the west wind der tas agree and unfailured the wind for the sailed were no less strange than the laid he comparison. Up from the south he had come in an age when the seash had cover in the wink of an eye by comparison. Up from the south he had dorne in an age when the seash had cover in the wink of an eye by comparison. Up from the south he had come in an age when the seash had cover in the wink of a transparent to the wink of an eye by comparison. Up from the south he had cover in the wink of the sailed were no less strange than the laid he comparison. The mighty Doraine was not alone; the sailed was a follosome playn, dancing to the must of a thousand winds, buffeted today, becamed tomorrow, but always a mail on the face of the waters. Four hundred years ago Vespucci and hile of the play that the wind the way the sailed wind the sailed were they for the play the play

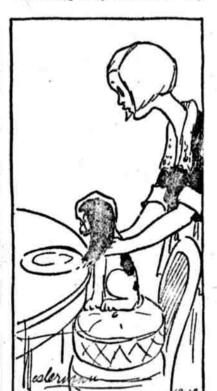
The fate of the ship was as much of a surveyr to the German admirally as it any any to the German admirally as it and the set of the pusied world. And so it was of the pusied world. And so it was of the pusied world. And so it was not be bread Atlantic and was nover heard from the heart of the pusied world. The admiral has a survey has been and the heart of the fate of the fa

THE GUMPS-Right in the Sea



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG—On "Voting Intelligently" : Convertent, 1980, by Public Ledger Co. HOW MANY SENATORS ARE THERE? BOSS, YOURE ALL CAN YOU TELL -ER- YOU SEE AND THEY'VE ER - YES - YES -WHAT DATE DID THE WAR START? IT'S THIS WAY-PRIMED ON THE ISSUES SO BUSY NOW -ME EVEN TWO LET YOU VOTE ARE WE STILL AT WAR ? THIS ELECTION. I'VE ER-ER-?? OF THE SOME TIME -GOT SOME MORE 3.33 WHO IS IN , AND WHO IS FOR YEARS! FOURTEEN POINTS? QUESTIONS TO ASK SO WE GIRLS CAN NOT IN, THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS? " VOTE INTELLIGENTLY -E-HAYWARD-23

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her brother has been kept in the backfield so far, but she hopes he'll make the regular team next THE BLOCKING OF THIS PARTICULAR FORWARD PASS - By FONTAINE FOX



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG WAY, 6000 MORNING, CHARLE! FISHING POLE TO THES INTERESTING WONT YOU COME WALK TO SCHOOL WITH ME ? CHECKMATE

PETEY—The Kid's Right



"CAP" STUBBS—A Modest Violet—Almost



By Edwina WHOLE BUNCH

Bu Sidney Smith

