

# West Wind Drift

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

THIS STARTS THE STORY  
 Captain Trigger commands the  
 steamer Doraine, whose disappearance  
 while bound from a South American  
 port to the United States with 750  
 passengers a mystery to the  
 world. After the vessel leaves  
 port Algonac, Michigan, Captain  
 Trigger, the chief engineer as a  
 stowaway. The captain questions him  
 as to how he boarded the vessel and  
 is informed that he came aboard as a  
 coal passer. He wants to return to the  
 United States, and explains that rob-  
 bers have taken all his money. The  
 captain also learns that two deck-  
 hands have leaped from the ship and  
 he suspects a plot to wreck the vessel.  
 Perival is put to work under guard.  
 Next morning the wireless operator  
 reports his transmitter out of order.  
 Passengers are nervous and uneasy.  
 Some carry around their jewels for  
 safety and a banker "studied his belt  
 to its capacity with bank notes and  
 gold."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES  
 CHILEAN ladies and Chilean gentlemen,  
 Brazilian ladies and pompous  
 Brazilian gentlemen, among Argentinians,  
 lady Castilians, garrulous Portuguese and  
 lefty English gentlemen and supercilious  
 English ladies, friendly and irrepressible  
 Americans—all of them swinging their  
 sea legs with new found abandon—clat-  
 tered solidly around the wind swept cir-  
 cuit. New faces appeared in the process-  
 ion, new voices were raised with en-  
 ergy, new figures sprang into existence  
 with majestic rapidity.  
 It seemed to Perival that the popula-  
 tion doubled and tripled and quadrupled  
 with every throb of the powerful engines.  
 He saw his "bunkies" of the night before  
 —the man who was trying so hard to  
 die and couldn't—he saw him plunging  
 along with the throng, pale but valiant,  
 feverishly glaring at every one who  
 smoked.

A small group of American nurses,  
 some young and pretty, others young  
 and homely, but all of them brightly  
 and clear-eyed—nine of them, in fact—  
 tramped by in "columns of three."  
 Perival's guard put his hand in  
 their direction after they had passed,  
 and volunteered this bit of information:  
 "Formulated, then, the girls was. Come  
 all the way down from New York six  
 months ago. Promised double pay and  
 plenty of work in the American colony.  
 Here as crabs, all of 'em. They got double  
 pay, all right, all right, but there was  
 some mismanagement as to what single  
 pay was to be start of with. Single  
 pay turned out to be just whatever  
 suited the people that employed 'em,  
 and they were nearly nine miles away  
 from God and up against it, so  
 they're boatin' it back home to volunteer  
 for service in France. I heard one of 'em  
 say she could save more money workin'  
 for nothin' in France than she could earn  
 in a year down here at double pay."  
 "What'd you say your name was, young  
 fellow?"

"Perival."  
 "I mean your last name."  
 "That's it."  
 "Come on! Nobody ever had a last  
 name like that."  
 "You ought to hear what my first  
 name is—and my middle one, too. You  
 said a little while ago you never seen  
 any one of my size with bigger and  
 harder muscles. Well, if you knew what  
 my full name is, old man, you'd never  
 stand why I began developing them—  
 I've got a lot more, too, that you can't  
 see when I first began developin'."  
 "What is your other name," inquired  
 the sailor curiously.

"Algonac Adams," said Perival.  
 The sailor was silent for a moment,  
 thinking of the proper thing to say. Then  
 he said:  
 "You're dead right. It takes a heap  
 of muscle to protect a name like that."  
 Three women stopped in front of the  
 two men. Perival kept his eyes lowered.  
 "Why—why, auntie—I know him,"  
 fell from the lips of one of the trio.  
 There was not only surprise in her voice  
 but a trace of awe as well.  
 The swabber looked up quickly. He  
 found himself gazing straight into the  
 eyes of the speaker. Her lips were  
 parted, her head was bent slightly for-  
 ward, her eyes expressed utter incredulity  
 and bewilderment. Her mouth opened  
 an elderly lady and a bespectacled young  
 woman who carried an armload of  
 steamer rugs, stared not at him, but  
 at the girl who had delivered this startling  
 announcement.

"I mean I—that is, I may be mis-  
 taken," stammered the latter, suddenly  
 averting her eyes. A wave of crimson  
 swept over her face.  
 "Undoubtedly," exclaimed the elderly  
 lady with great positiveness. Turning to  
 inspect the object under discussion, she  
 sustained a shock that caused her to  
 stiffen and draw in her breath quickly.  
 "Perival was smiling in a most friend-  
 ly and encouraging manner. He went  
 farther and lifted his disreputable white  
 canvas hat.  
 "Oh, goodness!" exclaimed the young  
 lady in a sort of panic. "Are you—is it  
 really you, Mr. Perival?"

Mr. Perival glanced inquiringly at his  
 guard.  
 "That's his name, miss," said that  
 young man, and then he turned to the  
 three women, who were gazing at him  
 as if he were a new planet in the firmament.  
 "I'm sorry you're not to allow any one  
 to speak to you like that."  
 "Are you crazy, Ruth?" cried the older  
 lady agitated. "It's the stowaway every  
 one is talking about. The one who tried  
 to blow up the ship."  
 The young lady returned Perival's  
 smile—rather a dim, uncertain ef-  
 fort to be sure, but still a smile—and  
 murmured something about night before  
 last at the Algonac Grand.

"What are you saying, Ruth? Do you  
 mean to say you met this man at the Al-  
 gonac Grand?"  
 "Yes, Aunt Julia," said the other  
 wrinkling her pretty forehead in per-  
 plexity. "He danced with me."  
 "He—you danced with him?" gasped  
 the horrified Aunt Julia.  
 "Don't you remember? Phil Morton in-  
 troduced him to us. I—I can't believe  
 my eyes."  
 "I can't believe mine," snapped the  
 older woman, who never saw this fellow  
 before in her life. The idea of Phil Morton  
 having a friend like you. You are mis-  
 taken. Any one who goes to the Algonac  
 Grand is bound to be a stowaway."  
 "Just the same," said her niece, stub-  
 bornly, "I did dance with him, and  
 who's more I danced more than once  
 with him. Didn't I, Mr. Perival?"  
 Mr. Perival, still beaming, again  
 looked at the sailor appealingly.  
 "You can tell it to me," said the latter,  
 turning to the right and left  
 before making the concession.  
 Looking straight into the sailor's eyes,  
 Perival said:

"Yes, Miss Clinton. I had four dances  
 with you—and a lemon squash."  
 "Wait a moment, Aunt Julia," pro-  
 tested the young lady, holding back.  
 "Would you mind telling me, Mr. Perival,  
 how you happen to be here and in this  
 plight? You didn't mention sailing  
 on the Doraine."  
 Mr. Perival, to the sailor: "Neither  
 did you, Miss Clinton. You certainly are  
 no more surprised than I am."  
 "Why are you so bored as a stow-  
 away? Phil Morton told me you belong  
 to an old Baltimore family and had all  
 kinds of—that is, you were quite well  
 off."  
 Mr. Perival, to the sailor: "Please  
 don't blush, Miss Clinton. Money isn't every-  
 thing. I seem to be able to get along  
 without it. Later on, I hope to have the  
 opportunity to explain just why."  
 "That'll do," interrupted the sailor.  
 "Free come the captain's eye in sight  
 around the corner of the deck building  
 with Chief Engineer Gray and the second offi-  
 cer."  
 "I don't know what to make of you,"  
 said Miss Clinton, sorely puzzled. "You  
 seem so awfully jolly the other night,  
 and now just look at you now."  
 She moved away, followed by the be-  
 spectacled young woman and the steamer  
 rug, greeted the sudden yank  
 Perival managed to keep an eye on her  
 till she turned the corner. Then he  
 sighed.

The captain halted in front of him.  
 Are you acquainted with Mrs. Spot-

ford and her niece, Perival? he in-  
 quired.  
 "Miss Clinton has done me the honor  
 to remember meeting the night before  
 last at the Algonac Grand, sir. Mrs.  
 Spotford is a very nice woman."  
 "I see," said Captain Trigger re-  
 flectively. "You will report at once to  
 Mr. Gray. He will give you a less public  
 job, as you call it. 'You don't like the hat  
 you're wearing. Nor the shirt. Nor the  
 boots.'"  
 "Thank you, sir."  
 "And, by the way, Perival, as soon  
 as you are fitted out, I want you to  
 stroll through the second cabin  
 and, if possible, identify the two stew-  
 ards who came to No. 12. Let me see,  
 was it during the day or at night?"  
 "Some time during the night, sir.  
 Eleventh or half past, I should say."  
 "An hour later he reported to Captain  
 Trigger. "I have seen all of the stew-  
 ards, sir, according to Mr. Codge, and I  
 do not recognize any of them as the men  
 who came to No. 12. I had a fairly good  
 view of them, too, from beneath the  
 lower berth. They spoke in a language  
 I did not understand."  
 "Do you understand German?"  
 "No, sir. I know it when I hear it,  
 however. It was the man who was  
 with me. I may have been wrong, but I  
 came to the conclusion that they were  
 German. I saw them in the first cabin  
 brought in two suitcases and left them  
 when they went out. I—"  
 Captain Trigger brought his clenched  
 fist down on the table with a resounding,  
 emphatic bang.  
 "Now we have it! That Chicago de-  
 tective is right, by gad!"  
 He turned to the small group of offi-  
 cers clustered behind him. "Fresh alarm,  
 real consternation and, I should say, the  
 eyes of every man of them."  
 "Then, then, that means our search  
 isn't over," Mr. Gray started up.  
 "It does! Every inch of this ship,  
 every-damned inch of it, from stem to  
 stern. Overlook nothing, Mr. Mort. Don't  
 delay a second."  
 Perival was alone with the agitated  
 captain in an instant later. Trigger's eyes  
 were rather wild and bloodshot. The  
 younger man's face blanched. He knew  
 now that the danger was real. He wait-  
 ed for the captain to speak.  
 "Perival, the two men you saw in 12  
 were not alone. They were the men  
 who jumped overboard. You tell me  
 they left two bags there when they went  
 out of the room. Well, they were not  
 there this morning when the regular  
 steward went into the room. They have  
 disappeared. But the contents of those  
 bags are still somewhere on board this  
 ship. And if they are not found in time,  
 by gad, sir, we will all be in kingdom  
 come before we know it!"

The Bombs Let Go  
 THE first explosion occurred at eleven  
 minutes past 6. The chart house and  
 part of the bridge were blown to pieces.  
 The dull, splintering noise of the  
 rapid succession, proving beyond ques-  
 tion that the bombs were set to explode  
 in the most vital parts of the ship. Two  
 were taken from the lower hold, one at  
 each end of the vessel, and two more  
 were found close to the carefully pro-  
 tected section of the vessel's side, rather  
 insignificant but deadly shipment  
 of high explosives was stored.  
 The discovery of the four bombs and  
 their immediate consignment to the sea  
 saved the ship from being blown to bits.  
 With another hour to spare, it is more  
 than probable the remaining four would  
 have been found, notwithstanding the  
 amazing cleverness with which they  
 were hidden, so thorough and so dogged  
 was the search.

Confusion, terror, stupefaction, and  
 bewilderment followed the successive  
 blasts. The decks were strewn with  
 people prostrated by the violent upheav-  
 ings, and many of these were hurled  
 overboard. Stunned, dazed, bewil-  
 dered, those who were able to do so  
 scrambled to their feet only to be hurled  
 down again and again. Shrieks, groans,  
 prayers and curses filled the brief,  
 ghastly scenes between the muffled de-  
 tonations. The great vessel surged and  
 rolled and plunged like a tortured ant  
 of the day.

The splintering of wood, the rending  
 of plates, the shattering of glass, and  
 above all this horrid turmoil the mighty  
 roaring and hissing of steam! And the  
 wild, gurgling cries of the frantic un-  
 fortunate who had leaped into the sea.  
 Out of the chaos with incredible swift-  
 ness came the paralysis of despair, and  
 out of that slowly but surely groped the  
 faint glimmer of hope. The men who  
 were falling overboard of the men who  
 got down to the sea in ships. Hoarse  
 commands lifted above the groans and  
 prayers, and strong but shrew figures  
 sprang with mechanical precision to the  
 posts allotted them. Lifeboats were  
 lowered into the sea that glistened with  
 the sizzling rays of an  
 untrodden sun, low-lying at the end

of the day.  
 Fire broke out in several places.  
 Down into the bowels of the ship  
 plunged the chosen complement  
 reserved for just such an emergency  
 as this. The men who remained  
 above the hissing of steam and the  
 first feeble crackling of flame rose to  
 the surface of the sea. The man at  
 his post at the base of the demolished  
 bridge.  
 "Right, men! Fight! Fight! There  
 are dying men below! Stand by! Fight  
 for them!"  
 He was bloody and almost unrecog-  
 nizable as he stood there clutching a  
 stanchion for support. His legs were  
 rigid, his body ached, but his spirit  
 was as firm as the star that had  
 guided him for fifty years through the  
 trackless wastes.

And while these doughty, desperate  
 spirits fought the fire and smoke with  
 every means at their command, down  
 into the suffocating depths of the ship,  
 braving not only the peril visible and  
 at hand but the prospect of annihila-  
 tion, the men who had been driven  
 into the sea by the force of the  
 high explosion, while these men  
 fought the fire, the sea was alive  
 with small white craft that bobbed in  
 the gleaming sunlight, lifeboats crowd-  
 ed to the gunwales, shuddering, bleak-  
 eyed men, women and children waiting  
 to pick up those who stayed behind,  
 and who inevitably would be driven  
 overboard by the relentless, conquering  
 flames.

Cruising about at a safe distance  
 from the menacing hull, these boats  
 managed to rescue a few of the beings  
 who had leaped overboard in the first  
 mad panic of fear, but many there were  
 who went down never to be seen again.  
 No boat was without its wounded  
 and its dead; no boat was without its  
 stricken, anxious-eyed survivors who  
 watched and prayed for the salvation of  
 loved ones left behind. With straining  
 eyes they searched the surface of the  
 sea, peered at the ocean from the  
 war and distant boats, stared at the scur-  
 rying figures on the decks of the smoking  
 steamer, always hoping, always  
 and always sobbing out the endless prayer.  
 As last, as the sun sank below the  
 blue-black horizon, exhausted, red-eyed,  
 gasping men struggled up from the  
 drenched, smothering interior of the  
 ship, and hurried themselves, not into  
 the sea, but prone upon the decks! They  
 had conquered! The scattered, vagrant  
 fires, attacked in their infancy, while  
 still in the creeping age, had been sub-  
 dued.  
 Darkness fell. A chill night air stole  
 out of the east, stealthily trailing the  
 sun. Will o' the wisp lights bespeaked  
 the sea, surrounding the black bulk that  
 the motionless in the center of the  
 lanterns in a score or more of small  
 boats bobbed fitfully in the gentle swell.  
 Presently lights appeared on board the  
 Doraine, one here, one there, then others  
 in twos and threes, some of them sta-  
 tionary, others moving slowly from place  
 to place. The lifeboats crept closer,  
 still closer. Then, out from the silent  
 bulk, came the voice of the first officer,  
 hoarse and unrecognizable, but sharp with  
 authority. Other voices repeated the com-  
 mands from various parts of the ship—  
 commands to the encircling will o' the  
 wisps.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

# THE GUMPS—Good-by, Main Spring



# SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Mr. Smithers Is Still Running for President



# The Young Lady Across the Way

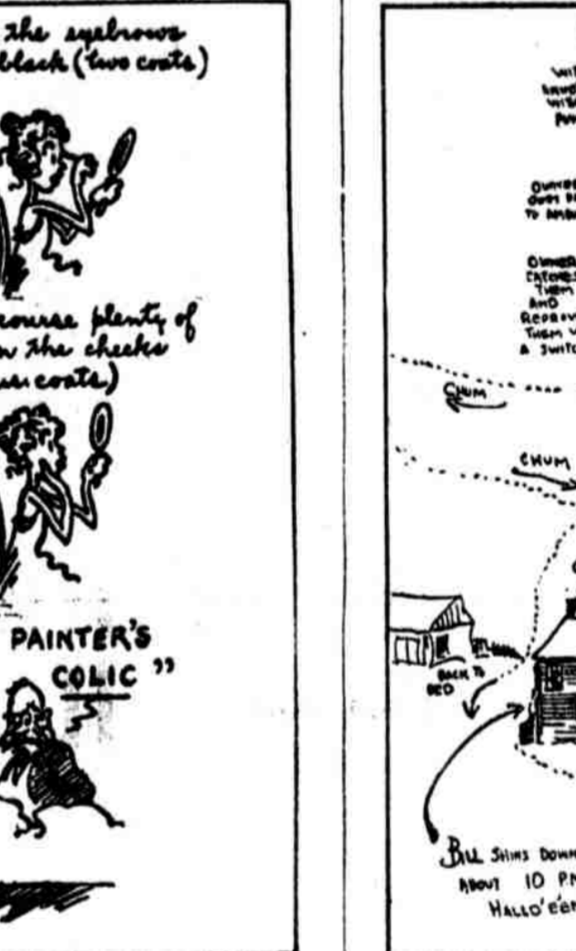


The young lady across the way says character counts in everything, and she always hates to hear that a promising young baseball player has got into fast company.

# It Takes a Strong Constitution to Be Fashionable Nowadays



# SCHOOL DAYS



Bill Shins down the street about 10 PM. Hullo! Gosh!

# PETEY—Now That Women Have the Vote



# "CAP" STUBBS—Well, Gee!

