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

Captain Trigger commands the steamer Doraine, whose disappearonce while bound from a South American port to the United States with 750 passengers was a mystery. After the vessel leaves port, Alperton Adonia Percival is brought before Captain Trigger as a standardy. The captain guestions him as to how he boarded Pe vessel and learns he came aboard as a cool passer. He wants to return to the United States, and explains that robbers have taken all his money. The captain also learns that two decknands have leaped from the ship and he suspects a plot to wreck the vessel. Percival is put to work under guard. Next morning the wireless operator reports his transmitter out of order. Passengers are nervous and some earry around their lewels for safety. While at work Percival is recognized by Ruth Clinton. She met him at a dance. Shortly after he is recognized by Ruth Clinton. She met him at a dance. Shortly after he is recognized by Ruth Clinton. She met him at a dance work previous wounded hands. Three days pass, and not a sail has been sighted. The ship weathers one of the terrific storms of the southern Atlantic, but springs a leak. Mme. Obosky, a beautiful young Russian, is very frank in her admiration of Percival She inquired about his wounded hands and whether Miss Clinton still dressed them. "Once a day," he replied "She's even plicker than a dry, Madame Obosky, Yes, bea. She believes we are going to die—every one of us. It takes pluck to keep going when vou've yet that sort of thing to Lee, doesn't it?"

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS STARTS THE STORY

afraid to stay in my stateroom. I like to be out in the open like zis. One has to be very, very brave, Mr. Percivali, to like in one's bed all alone and think that death is waiting, just outside the tilin little wails. Miss Cinton is spiendid, but she is not plucky. She is as 1 am: afraid of the darkness afraid to be alone, afraid to be where she cannot know and see all zat is happening. She has a woman's courage just as I have it—if you please. It is me courage that depends so much on the courage of others. You think I am hrave. I am brave because I am with trained, officient men. But if the captain were to—have you seen it. We braided brown hair had been coiled so hastily, so thoughtlessly that stray strands fell looks about her neck and cars to be blown gavly by the breeze across her check. Her blouse was open at the neck. Her blouse was open at the neck. Every vestive of the warm, soft color had left her face. She was deathly pale with enotion.

Percival was suddenly conscious of a mist bedimming his eyes.

Several people were grouped near them at the rail, listening to Nicklestick. The stoward joined them As it sensing his presence, Ruth turned suddenly and saw him.

"Oh!" she cried, tremulously. "Have—have you seen it was a part of the land.

Put have a provided brown hair had been coiled so hastily, so thoughtlessly that stray strands fell looks about her neck and cars to be blown gavly by the breeze across her check. Her blouse was open at the neck. Her blouse was open at the neck. Her blouse was open at the neck. Her blouse was open at the same had been coiled so hastily, so thoughtlessly that stray strands fell looks about her neck and cars to be blown gavly by the breeze across her check. Her blouse was open at the neck. Her blouse was open at the neck. Every vestive of the warm, soft color had left her face, She was deathly pale with the check. Her blouse was open at the neck and cars to be blown gavly by the breeze across her check. Her blouse was open at the neck and cars to be blown gavly by the

sarabator of the carbon where ship cannot have a several the corner to make the make of the corner of others. You think I am have be made of the corner of t

selves up to the portholes and peered out from their cells for the first time. "Where? Where?" ran the "Where? Where?" ran the wild, cager cry of the scurrying throng, and there was disappointment—bitter disappointment in their voices. They had be'n tricked. There was no land in sight? The glasses o' the ship's officers, clustered far forward, were directed toward some point off the starboard bow, but if there was land over there it was not visible to the naked eye. A junior engineer saluted Captain Trigger and left the group.

"There is land ahead—a long way off," he announced as he passed through the throng in the saloon deck.

L'p above the chamor of questions shouted from all sides as the crazed people flocked behind the messenger of hope, rose the voice of Morris Ehina.

"Land ahoy! Ahoy-yoy-yoy!" he velled over and over again, his chin raised like that of a dog baying at the moon.

while at work Percival is recognized by Ruth Clinton. She met him at a dance. Shortly after he is recognized a series of explosions occur, killing forty-six of the crew and passangers. The ship remains affect, however, Both the coption and Percival were omong the injured. Ruth Clinton dresses. Percival's wounded hands, Three days pass, and not a sail has been sighted. The ship weathers one of the terrific storms of the southern Atlantic, but springs a leak. Mine. Obosky, a beautiful young Russian is very frank in her admiration of Percival She inquired about his wounded hands and wacher Miss Clinton still dressed them. Once a day, he replied. "She's even placker than are, wadame Obosky. Yes, beat of thing to be a down't till and the south of thing to be a down't till."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

HER gesture took in the dozen or more men within range of her vision. "It should take no more pluck to keep a woman going than a man, my friend. You do not call myself a coward. I am afraid to stay in my stateroom. I like to be out in the open like zie. One has to be very, very brave, Mr. Percival, to be very, very brave, Mr. Percival, to be very, very brave, Mr. Percival.

THE GUMPS-Oh, Well, Andy's Man Won

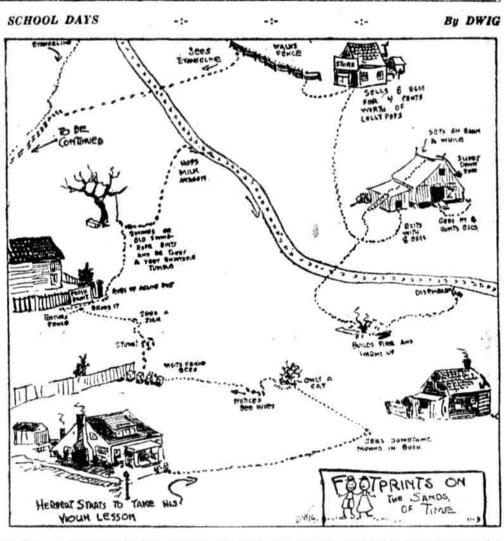


By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Oh, Mary! Conversat, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. 00-00 MARY! DON'T KID ME AINT HE CUTE WHEN HE KISSED LAST VIGHT HE HES A I SAW YOU LAST MISS OFLAGE THOUGH ? DIDJA MUST HAVE RUN OUT ME HE BLEW NIGHT COMING DEARIE IM SIMPLE MINDED OUT OF THE MOVIES! SEE THE CUTE OF MOUSTACHE WAX SOAP BUBBLES! WASA'T HE CUTE ? ALLRIGHT! SOME COUNT YOU ! LITTLE POINTED AN' USED SOAP! HE HAMMERS RIBBON IN A SILK HAD ALONG ! T HANDLE BARS ON HIS UPPER LIP ? FACTORY .



says as soon as the votes are counted and the result is definitely known people get good-natured again and all the amenities of the campaign are forgiven and for-





By Sidney 3

PETEY-The Finish By C. A. Voight COMING ALONG FINE -UM-LES SEE -- HOW - MY EYES ARE - AH. DERE TE SEE- NM-MABEL- OF COURSE ARE THE WORSE WITH EM-1851T MY I'M NOT QUITE USED TO -WHAT THE --HEW GLASSES I CAN'T READ 'EM YET -BUT, THEY'RE UNCLE PETEY! FINNISH HEWS. A THING " GONHA BE A BIG PAPER- 1 LOOK IMPROVEMENT FOR HEEM ALL OVER-

"CAP" STUBBS—Just "Cap's" Luck! By Edwina NO INTEED, SAMTY CAN'T PLAY UNTIL HE'S THROUGH PRACTICING FOR HIS MUSIC LESSON! WILLIAM CAN'T PLAY FOR AN HOUR YET-HE'S VARNISHING SOME KITCHEN CHAIRS YOUR YOUN TEACHER'S HERE FOR YOUR LESSE COME ON! CAP! OH KIN PLAY "CAP" NOW! I'M THROUGH

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Uni sl'o den the 'Br don stree

bers En when high armed. deliver The gill

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