West Wind Drift

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY

The steemship Dordine scaled from South American port to the United Sets with 759 possengers. It was to sees a gain. Algorithm of the Start of the United Start of the United Start of the United Start of the Start of

work as I dance—very, oh, so very d while I am at ze task—but with quent periods of rest. So I do not ar out myself too soen. It is the only work for an hour, rest for ten utes—relax and forget—and you will how well it goes. Why do you come? It to talk about the baby?"
Yes, it is, Madame Obosky. I have to ask you to use your influence her. Mr. Percival. You—"
But I have no influence with Mr. civali," interrupted the other, star-

not."
How dare you say that? I do not to marry that man. I do not want narry him, I say."
How interesting. You surprise me, s Clinton. It appears, then, that our

What do you mean by that?"
I leave it to your imagination—and effection. Listen! We may as well friends. You do not wish to admit seen to yourself, but you are in love in him. So am I. The difference been us is that I realize I can get may without him, and still be happy, am not jealous, my dear. If I were, sould hate you—and I do not. He is yow with you. You know it perfectly, because you are not a fool, He is in love with me. No more am I a

gravithout him, and still be happy, and not pelocitally my divide a most perfectly and not perfectly and not perfectly as you with you. You know it perfectly a most into you with me. No more am I is not my the most into with me. No more am I is not my the most into we with me. No more am I is not my the most into we with me. No more am I is not my the most into we with me. No more am I is not my the most into we with me. No more am I is not my the most into we with me. No more am I is not my the most into you are not of the however, are you afraid of me? "A me you are you afraid of me?" are you afraid of me? "A me you are out on the me. "I do not a me. "You are affair guite more not." You do not on the me. "I was a more to you affair to discuss, Man and the word on the west of the west of the west of the word on the word of the west of the word of th

like the name Doraine-we all do. at we resent is Mr. Percival's pre-

ption in—you one more thing. Do permit Mr. Percivail to address your gration meeting tonight, for if you and he smiles zat nice, good-hued smile and tells the ladies zat he is y to have displease them, and zat he o blame entirely for the blunder—! Zat will be the end!" i am not so sure of that," said Ruth, ere are some very determined women mg us, Madame Obosky." A faint appeared between her eyes, however line acknowledging doubt and uncertity. "And you will not join us in the last?"

No." said Olga, shaking her head. "I

It was the noon hour. Scores of men were resting in the shade of the huts as she strode briskly past. They all smiled cheerily, but there was good humored mockery in their smiles. Here and there

cheerily, but there was good humored mockery in their smiles. Here and there were groups of women talking earnestly, excitedly.

Abel Landover was leaning in his doorway, watching her approach. His eyes gleamed. She was very beautiful, she was very desirable. She had been in his mind for months—this fine, strong, thoroughbred daughter of a thoroughbred gentleman. His sleeves were rolled up, his throat was bare; his strong, deeply lined face was as brown as a berry; if anything, his cold gray eyes were harder and more penetrating than in the days when they looked out from a whiter countenance. He was a strong, dominant figure despite the estate to which he had fallen—a silent, sinister figure that might well have been desoribed as "The Thinker." For he was always thinking.

"I understand you tackled the boss' this morning. Ruth," he said as she came up.

"I daresay the news is all over the

studied the throng of women in dour silence.

"I understand the farmers are praying for rain." remarked Mr. Mott, sniffing the air with considerable satisfaction.

"It would do no end of good," said Captain Trigger, without taking his eyes from the chattering mass below.

Mr. Codge, the purser, joined them.

"What are they waiting for?" he asked. "Why don't they call the meeting to order?"

"They did that half an hour ago," said Mr. Mott. "Good Lord, man, can't you hear them talking? Have you no ears at all?"

"But they're all talking at once."

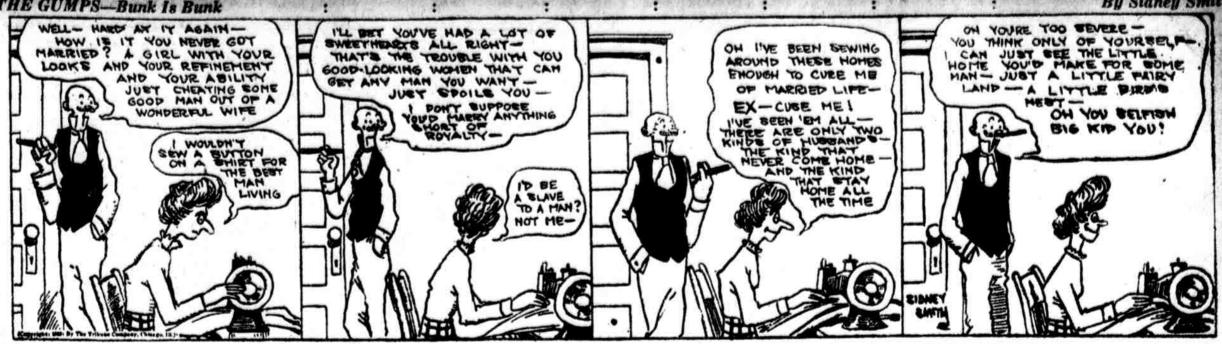
"And why shouldn't they?" demanded the first officer. "It's their meeting, isn't it?"

"I met Miss Clinton as I was coming alp. She was going to her room. I saked her how the meeting was getting along. I don't believe she understood might."

"I guess she understood you, all right," said Mr. Mott, again wniffing thair, "Seems to me it's getting a little rearer, Captain Trigger. There's a little breeze coming up, too."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS-Bunk Is Bunk

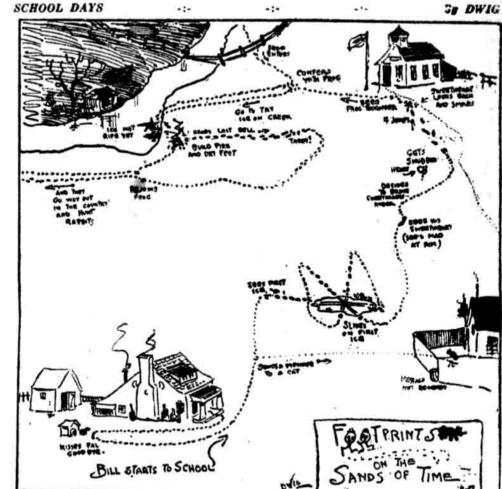


SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Ring the Liberty Bell By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. THIS MORNING I L THAT'S THE WAY TO HAND GEE IT'S GREAT TO KNOW DID YOU -AND FURTHERMORE DON'T YOU WE WOMEN HAVE OUR RIGHT THAT FRESH BILL CLERK MAKE MY DESK A PARKING PLACE DELIBERATELY WALKED HEAR ME THE GREASED SLIDE, CAM! PLACE IN THE WORLD! AINT IT TELL HIM ? BESIDES - (ETC) RIGHT THROUGH THE AND TREAT THESE MEN ROUGH WONERFUL NOW WE'RE MEN'S SMOKING CAR! I SAY! WE SHOWED EM EQUAL AN' EVERYTHING ? WE'LL ELECTION SHOW EM!



The young lady across the way says the company wants to raise the price of natural gas from thirty to sixty cents a thousand feet and she'll venture to say a good many of the feet aren't more than eight or nine inches long, either.





PETEY-These Things Do Happen









