

STORM DRIFT

by Ethel M. Dell

READ THIS FIRST:

Captain Tiggie Turner, returning to England from India, finds pretty Viola Norman on shipboard, deserted by her husband and friendless. After frustrating her attempt at suicide, he learns she is to become a mother. He introduces her to friends of his on board, the Rutherford family, who later ask Viola to stop with them when they reach England. During a talk about Viola's future on deck Turner suddenly kisses her passionately when the steamer lurches and she is thrown into his arms. Tiggie is filled with self-reproach and next day sends Viola a note of apology. She replies she is not angry but when Tiggie confronts Viola two days later, she says she cannot accept his financial aid now. Turner finally persuades Viola to let him help her with the understanding she will pay him back, as they near England. After saying good-by to Viola and the Rutherford family, Tiggie goes across England to the home of his sister, Janet, where her husband, Harvey Grieron, greets him. Harvey takes Tiggie to his studio and shows him one painting in particular. He shows him another of a dancing girl and Tiggie is amazed when he recognizes it as Viola. Harvey told him he had found her in a cabaret on the continent. Tiggie grows morose as the weeks go by and he hears nothing from Viola. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 19

IT SEEMED scarcely possible to Tiggie's tormented spirit that the agony he endured could be within himself alone. Surely, wherever she was, there must be some responsive chord in her hidden soul that felt his far-flung longing and stirred in answer! Surely in those dreadful dreams that marred his rest she could not be utterly remote from him and unaware! It seemed incredible that this thing could be confined to one struggling entity alone. For she had needed him so desperately. The thought of her helplessness was perpetually with him. But for that, he believed, he could have borne his torment more easily. He could not rid himself of the idea that her need still existed, and that she would not let him know.

On that first day in Harvey's studio he had been confident that only a few days would elapse before he heard from her. But time had passed since then, and day followed day without the appearance of any letter from her. Yet he could not persuade himself that her need for help was past. Besides—besides—she had promised to write, and even though she might not know how much he longed to hear, she could not break her promise. So day by day he argued within himself while faith and hope gradually dwindled together.

That Harvey was in any way counting upon him to produce a subject for his next picture he was not aware, Harvey having shrewdly decided that this was a fact better suppressed. Already the effect which those crude, unfinished studies had made upon him was fading, and he did not seek to revive it. He preferred to keep his memory of her untouched by any other influence. A chance resemblance held no last but appeal for him. Harvey could not portray with any accuracy that which he had never seen, and he was glad that the matter had apparently passed from the artist's mind. He could not have borne any further reference to her. She had promised to write—she had promised to write! Why did no letter come?

And then one morning Harvey took him by surprise. "I'm going up to town," he said. "Care to come?"

"What! For the day?" queried Tiggie.

Harvey's face wore its implacable smile. "And for the night also; perhaps two nights, perhaps three!" He paused. "Perhaps a whole week!"

Tiggie considered the proposition. It had its attractions. "Where are we going to stay?" he asked.

Harvey made an airy gesture. "At an inexpensive hotel in the Fulham road. If you don't like it, we can always sleep on the Embankment."

"What about Janet?" said Tiggie.

Harvey's smile broadened. "Janet

will continue to feed the chickens three times a day until our return." As this statement sounded extremely probable, Tiggie let it pass unchallenged. He could have found it in his heart to be sorry for Janet had she been less absorbed in her own tasks. As things were, he was fully conscious that sympathy would be wasted.

"All right," he said after further brief consideration. "I'll come."

It was something of a compliment to be asked to accompany Harvey on one of his madcap expeditions when what he picturesquely described as "the devil-dance" was beginning to take hold of him. There were very few whom he could endure at such times. It would be interesting to watch developments. In fact, anything would be interesting after these terrible weeks of stagnation and fruitless waiting.

Harvey received his decision with obvious satisfaction. He was counting the notes in his pocketbook. "Well, I'm off this afternoon," he said. "So you'd better get ready. Train at two-thirty! Oh, by the way, here's a letter for you! I forgot to mention it before. It got into my pile by mistake two days ago."

He tossed an envelope across to Tiggie without further ceremony and turning, left the room.

Tiggie took the letter, mildly indignant. It was addressed in a clerical hand, and there was a typewritten missive inside. There was also an enclosure in the form of a cheque which was pinned to the letter.

"What on earth..." said Tiggie, and began to read.

Dear Sir [the letter ran], We have pleasure in enclosing herewith a cheque for 20 pounds, being as we understand, the amount of the loan advanced by you to our client, Mrs. Viola Norman. Kindly acknowledge receipt and confirm that this is in settlement of all obligations.

O. P. GRIERSON & CO.,
Solicitors.

A clerk's initials were scrawled against the name.

Tiggie read the letter carefully to the end, turned back and noted the address in the Temple, and thereafter sat quite motionless for many tense seconds. The blood had gone out of his face. It came slowly back, mounting gradually to his forehead till the veins swelled out in cords. The hand that held the letter was clenched.

He spoke at last, very quietly, almost under his breath. "No, I'm damned!"—he said—"I'm damned if I'll put up with this!"

He opened his hand again with the words and smoothed out the letter with care. Then he returned it with its enclosure to its envelope and placed it in an inner pocket.

"No, I'm damned," he said again, even more deliberately, "I'm damned if I will."

It was not often that Tiggie indulged in strong language, and when he did, it usually meant something.

Janet's reception of their decision to go to town for a few days was characteristic. "Best thing possible!" she declared. "I'm about as busy as I can be just now. I'll give me a little time to get things into shape. Do you good too," she added to Tiggie. "There's no sense in hanging about here getting bored with life."

Tiggie was inclined to agree with her, and there was no denying that he had been very bored of late, though he did not blame her or her surroundings for that. She accompanied them to the station to see them into the train. Time was too precious for that. With a wave of the hand and a jerk of the clutch she was off again, and they were left to their own devices.

"Good sort—Janet!" said Harvey. "She is a mighty good sort," said Tiggie, with a somewhat unreasoning feeling that he ought to be indignant on her behalf.

Harvey grinned a little. "She's got some fairly sound ideas about men," he said, "which, after all, is what most women spend their lives in vain trying to achieve."

Tiggie did not trouble to dispute this, for it seemed apparent that Janet knew how to hold her own and that was all that mattered. The train came in, and he got into it with

a sigh of relief. Everyone to their taste, of course, but he for one was very glad to be leaving Colham behind.

The journey up to London was varied by two changes involving lengthy waits at wayside stations at which Harvey dined considerably.

"There are times," he said, "when the country exasperates me—its smug inefficiency and complete satisfaction with the mediocre. But of course in other moods one groups these shortcomings under the general term of charming simplicity. I notice that you are braced to endure with patience."

"You see, I've come from India," said Tiggie. "One has to there."

"I should say it comes naturally to you," observed Harvey.

But when they reached the terminus at last, Tiggie displayed a most unexpected activity. "Don't wait for me! I've got to get on the telephone," he said. "You go on! I'll join you later."

"What the dickens do you want the 'phone for?" questioned Harvey in astonishment.

"Business," said Tiggie tersely, grabbing his suitcase. "I may not turn up at all. Don't worry if I don't! I'll let you know."

He would have gone with the words, but Harvey caught him by the arm. "Damn it, man! You can't clear off like this. We've come up mainly for your sake though you may not realize it. If you fade out now I shall go to pieces—get drunk—and probably end up at Vine street."

Tiggie stopped short. There was a ring of sincerity in Harvey's voice that could not be ignored though it did not make his interference any the more welcome.

"Oh, we've come up for my sake, have we?" he said. "All right. You can come along and wait if you like. But I must get this call through at once."

"You're a funny devil," said Harvey, though he spoke with relief. "I never expected you to take the bit between your teeth and bolt."

"Live and learn!" said Tiggie tritely.

He encoined himself in a telephone box and left Harvey to wander about outside.

He had to wait a few minutes, for his call, but it came at length and in response to his brief demand for Mr. Grieron a voice asked his name and presently informed him that Mr. Grieron would speak to him immediately.

Then after a further pause another voice accosted him. "Is that Captain Turner?"

"Speaking," said Tiggie. "Are you Mr. Grieron?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

The voice had a curt snap to it which caused Tiggie to stiffen almost involuntarily.

He answered with a certain precision that sounded grim. "I want a word with you, please. Can I have it if I come round at once?"

His almost expected the answer though he could not have said why. "Afraid not—I'm just off—office closing."

"I can be round in a few minutes," said Tiggie.

"No good." The answer held finally, and Tiggie stiffened a little more. "I've got a train to catch."

"Dash it!" said Tiggie. "Well, look here! I've had your letter, and I want Mrs. Norman's address. She's a client of yours."

"Sorry! We don't give away addresses." The voice was even curter than before; it sounded almost insulting. "That's all, is it?"

Tiggie braced himself to thrust out a figurative foot before the door could be closed upon him. "No, it's not all. Hold on! I've something else to discuss. When can I see you tomorrow?"

"I can't discuss Mrs. Norman's affairs with anyone," came the uncompromising reply.

"Dash it!" ejaculated Tiggie again. "You can't refuse me a business interview. You can call me a client too if you like."

He heard a sound like a sardonic laugh cut short. There was a momentary pause, then the voice spoke again. "Very well, I'll see you tomorrow at 10. Sorry I must go now. Good-by!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

of the freshman class at Columbia college, to promote freshman dances. Stags Eat Refreshments. Since stags are not permitted to attend university functions, it fills an important place in the school program. Stags, say faculty members, introduce elements out of the hands of the faculty chaperones. And besides, they too often prematurely devour all of the refreshments.

Tea dances are held by the faculty, at which students are expected to meet members of the opposite sex and strike up an acquaintanceship. But that plan is not entirely satisfactory, so the dating bureau fills the bill. And it is functioning nicely, though it does not have the official sanction of the university officials.

Life is the process of reaching forward to a better form of itself.

"Never A Dull Moment" At Columbia University As Intra-College Data Bureau Provides Partners

Students Cite Specifications—And Find Ideal Companion

By LEVON E. HORTON, Central Press Writer

New York, Feb. 15.—"I want a good-looking, shapely blonde with plenty of life and verve. And I want one that can dance too."

It's a musical comedy director talking, you say. Or a Park Avenue playboy planning a night club tour. Well, you're wrong both times. It's just a young man from Koekek, Iowa, of gregarious intent and nature, planning an evening out at Columbia University.

Very Scientific

How does he do it? Well, that's easy. He applies to the Intra-College Dating Bureau, an organization set up for the exclusive use of young men and women who tire of their own company.

It's all done very scientifically. Through the social directors of the women's dormitories, girls file their names with the dating bureau, located in John Jay Hall, the men's dormitory. The bureau is under the direction of Pon W. Boardman, president of the Student Board, and Henry P. DeVries, chairman of the "Dean's Drag."

These two young men compile lists of the girls, paying particular attention to type and temperament.

Have Soothing Types

For those who prefer blondes, there is a comprehensive list of fair-haired young ladies. If a young male student is skittery around that variety of feminine pulchritude, there is an equally attractive list of available brunettes.

If the male applicant for companionship possesses a sensitive ear and fights shy of young ladies with a penchant for abundant conversation, there are available a wide assortment of meek and mild companions who are likely to be entirely soothing to the nerves. And, of course, if the young Don Juan wants to be the life of the party, he makes his choice from a list of vivacious damsels.

A vital factor, too, which is exer-



cised in the selection of girls, is the matter of height. When the bureau was in its infancy, some little trouble ensued over that matter. Short men were dated with tall girls and tall men with short girls. But now the young man cites his height specifications and they are met by the obliging bureau managers. Then there is also the matter of age to be considered.

List "Pretty Girls."

A maximum of protection is afforded the girls when their qualifications are revealed to the men. Only the dating organization officials know the names of the girls. They are selected by numbers and not until the applicant has stated his preference is he given the name of his choice. He then is permitted either to write her formally and request her company on such and such an evening, or if he is

more informal, telephone her for a date.

"The bureau really works out very satisfactorily," according to DeVries. "Most of the men who apply are acceptable to use and to the girls also, and since we list only pretty girls, the boys are generally pleased with their dates."

"The whole spirit of the university dormitories has changed during the past year," he went on. "The social directors are more lenient and they recognize that a student isn't happy with all work and no play. They become lonely, especially the out-of-towners, to whom we cater. We don't bother with New Yorkers, since they are at home here and know people."

The dating bureau functions principally on the occasion of big parties at the university. It was inaugurated last year by Winston Hurd, president

Socialist Revolt Crushed In Vienna; Continues Outside

(Continued from Page One.)

ments, and with bayonets fixed, they operated systematically, moving slowly through the section like the pieces on a chess board, cleaning up desultory opposition square by square.

The majority of the men who previously had fought from the windows of the Goethe Hof retreated across the ice of surrounding canals and fled to the countryside, where it was assumed they sought to join their more successful brothers in arms.

It was indicated that the government will try to move through the villages where Socialists are still fighting in the same mopping up process that is being carried on in Vienna—then concentrate its armed forces for a campaign against Linz, where Socialists apparently are in control.

Another Socialist was sentenced to death by courtmartial today. He is the third to be condemned to the gallows since the outbreak of civil war.

Wife Preservers

It's a wise mother-in-law who remembers she was once a daughter-in-law.

Suicide Brewer

Despair at the fear that the illness which held him in its grip for the past several weeks was incurable is believed to have driven August Busch, Sr., 68-year-old head of the internationally-known brewing family, to commit suicide at his St. Louis, Mo., home. (Central Press)

Agriculture Fund Restored To State

(Continued from Page One.)

The news of the presidential restoration was contained in bulletins from Washington. The order does not appear to affect salaries, but had it not been made it is probable that a

GROCERY STORES, FISH DEALERS and others can save money on their wrapping paper by buying old papers for 10c per bundle at the Dispatch office. Also fine for kindling fires. 19-42.

A Capital Breakfast

Breakfast Tastes Differ In Various Parts of the World

In England it's kippers with bacon and eggs.
In Continental Europe it's rolls and coffee.
In other parts of the world other breakfast foods are served.

BUT IN CAROLINA IT'S WAFFLES!

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