

**RUTH FIELDING  
HOMEWARD BOUND; OR,  
A RED CROSS  
WORKER'S OCEAN PERILS**

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Ruth Fielding Homeward Bound; Or, A Red Cross Worker's Ocean Perils by Alice B. Emerson

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**ALICE B. EMERSON**

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HOMEWARD BOUND; OR,  
A RED CROSS  
WORKER'S OCEAN PERILS**





THERE WAS A GRAY, SWIFTLY STEAMING SHIP BEARING  
DOWN UPON THE ADMIRAL PEKHARD.  
*Ruth Fielding Homeward Bound.* Page 204

# Ruth Fielding Homeward Bound

OR

A RED CROSS WORKER'S  
OCEAN PERILS

BY

ALICE B. EMERSON

AUTHOR OF "RUTH FIELDING OF THE RED MILL," "RUTH  
FIELDING IN THE SADDLE," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED*



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BY ALICE B. EMERSON

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**RUTH FIELDING HOMEWARD BOUND**

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## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. TEA AND A TOAST . . . . .	1
II. SUCH A DREAM! . . . . .	10
III. IT'S ALL OVER! . . . . .	20
IV. TWO EXCITING THINGS . . . . .	29
V. THE SECRET . . . . .	38
VI. A NEW EXPERIENCE . . . . .	45
VII. THE ZEPPELIN . . . . .	52
VIII. AFLOAT . . . . .	60
IX. QUEER FOLKS . . . . .	68
X. WHAT WILL HAPPEN? . . . . .	76
XI. DEVELOPMENTS . . . . .	84
XII. THE MAN IN THE MOTOR BOAT . . . . .	93
XIII. IT COMES TO A HEAD . . . . .	101
XIV. A BATTLE IN THE AIR . . . . .	111
XV. ABANDONED . . . . .	121
XVI. ON THE EDGE OF TRAGEDY . . . . .	131
XVII. BOARDED . . . . .	140
XVIII. THE CONSPIRACY LAID BARE . . . . .	149
XIX. TOM CAMERON TAKES A HAND . . . . .	159
XX. THE STORM BREAKS . . . . .	166

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## CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXI.	THE WRECK . . . . .	172
XXII.	ADRIFT . . . . .	180
XXIII.	AT THE MOMENT OF NEED . . . . .	186
XXIV.	COUNTERPLOT . . . . .	196
XXV.	HOME AS FOUND . . . . .	205

# RUTH FIELDING HOMEWARD BOUND

## CHAPTER I

### TEA AND A TOAST

"AND you once said, Heavy Stone, that you did not believe a poilu *could* love a fat girl!"

Helen said it in something like awe. While Ruth's tea-urn bubbled cozily three pair of very bright eyes were bent above a tiny, iridescent spark which adorned the "heart finger" of the plumper girl's left hand.

There is something about an engagement diamond that makes it sparkle and twinkle more than any other diamond. You do not believe that? Wait until you wear one on the third finger of your left hand yourself!

These three girls, who owned all the rings and other jewelry that was good for them, continued to adore this newest of Jennie Stone's possessions until the tea water boiled over. Ruth Fielding arose with an exclamation of vexation, and corrected the height of the alcohol blaze and dropped in the "pinch" of tea.

It was mid-afternoon the hour when a cup of tea comforts the fagged nerves and inspires the waning spirit of womankind almost the world over. These three girls crowded into Ruth Fielding's little cell, even gave up the worship of the ring, to sip the tea which the hostess soon poured into the cups.

"The cups are nicked; no wonder," sighed Ruth. "They have traveled many hundreds of miles with me, girls. Think! I got them at Briarwood——"

"Dear old Briarwood Hall," murmured Jennie Stone.

"You're in a dreadfully sentimental mood, Jennie," declared Helen Cameron with some scorn. "Is that the way a diamond ring affects all engaged girls?"

"Oh, how fat I was in those days, girls! And how I did eat!" groaned the girl who had been known at boarding school as "Heavy Stone," and seldom by any other name among her mates.

"And you still continue to eat!" ejaculated Helen, the slimest of the three, and a very black-eyed girl with blue-black hair and a perfect complexion. She removed the tin wafer box from Jennie's reach.

"Those are not real eats," complained the girl with the diamond ring. "A million would not add a thousandth part of an ounce to my pounds."