THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH Copyright, 1926, by G. Howard Watt.



Trask indifferently. "You're good to me if you can do a hundred in and backed abruptly into Trumbull, room. Trask's merriment was for it. A hundred'll do, so long as even time. I can't-not when I'm | who was standing before a mirror, puzzle to his pallid friend, who had time for that hurse?" everything else is paid. . . All you, I can't even toddle a yard in frowning at his image. The image not recovered from the shock of a There was a knock at the door "Mr. Trumbull?" he asked in

ed for Track's hand.

see me through." doing foolish things. But this time I'm going to do 'em in your name. Look out for me, Spence! Suppose I

get lost at sea? Then you're a dead anxiously. man-or worse than that, because ff you ever show up again I know make a reputation for you! I'm go- ship!" he shouted. "What do you didn't look it up." I am, son!" "I'll take it. You behaved better

than I did in the old days." I'm likely to do to it!"

"Do you call being sick a Spence!" chance?"

"But I'm not." don't your nurse'll be wise to you.' chair if I have to go out on Fifta that he had crossed his river he was leg." surprisingly satisfied with himself.

"Oh, I'll seem to be sick," he said. "I'll give you your money's worth, Spence, I'll be the sickest strede to the window. The club young highbrow that ever shipped fronted on 5th avenue, and he looka first-class passenger. I suppose ed down into a street already sunit's first-class, isn't it? Sure. I'd for- lit, though it was not yet 7 o'clock. gotten that it had been engaged for He gazed at the world and laughed. you. I'll play it to the limit, son. Maybe I'll overplay it."

Stage Settings.

with a symptom of alarm. "Oh. I won't overplay it until she sails," added Trask reassuring-"But after that-well, just wait till the news begins to come home.

enjoyment in the prospect. Mo- to the bed where Trumbull lay mentarily he had forgotten the asleep. thousand-and expenses.

surprised himself even more than It did Trumbull. Why not? He a job. Here was a thousandfoundation of a career; it wasn't the cornerstone of a reputation. But it was better than haunting inhospitable offices, or reading want ads, or wondering why the world did not

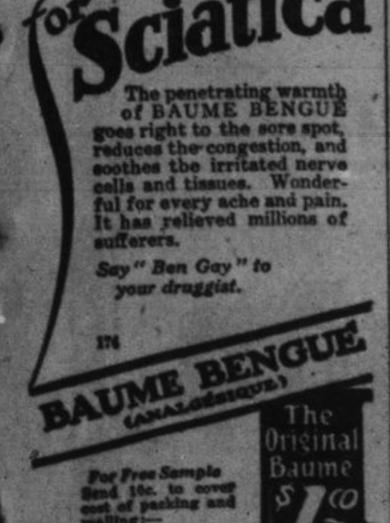
"I'll need some scenery," he said

you look a part the more stage stuff you require. I don't look sick. Therefore I need an invalid setting. want a shawl."

"I said it. A shawl. All invalids wear 'em. A nice warm, woolly shawl. I want several steamer rugs -plenty. Oh. I'm going . through with this now, Spence! And I want a wheel chair."

"A wheel chair?" "Cut out the echo, son. I said what I wanted, I can't walk, you

"But I walk all right!" "Maybe, But when I'm you, why,



"Oh, that's all right," answered | right. It doesn't make any difference | He started the chair going again, a year. I'm not only a wreck; I'm and its maker collided, bumping seven-o'clock awakening. Spencer Trumbull displayed his just a reminiscence. I'm the living heads against the smooth glass, first sign of animation. He hauled mummy of a gilded young man. I'm "Good Lord, Bill," cried the af- this thing, Bill," Trumbull caution bull. himself out of his chair and reach- the ghost of a once iron bound con- flicted one. "What the blazes are ed. "You can't burlesque it. You've stitution, now sadly undermined by you doing?" "Old Reliable Bill!" he exclaim- the electrolysis of the White Way. "Threw her into reverse by mis- illusion. ed with enthusiasm. "I knew you'd I'm going aboard that ship on take," gurgled Trask. "Beg pardon. "Watch me. I could play Hamlet man," suggested Trask. "It's nearly a searching quality in his gray eyes self-reliance, mingled in a person-

back into his leather chair and was know. Now, watch me." staring incredulously.

"You're not going to get me in perilously around a chair, and wrong, are you, Bill?" he inquired charged once more in the direction "No chance. Why, I'm going to Practice that stuff aboard

ing to make you the sickest youth think this is? A rink?" worth: I'm likely to throw in ex- room. tras. You'll be the Main High "I never had a thousand-and Priest of the Ancient Order of In- himself to the motionless vehicle, affectation. I wish you'd cut it out Trask merely winked. expenses and a nurse," said Trask vallds before I get through. You'll "You may not have a hundred and and walk aboard." significantly. "I never had a chance have all the degrees that were ever forty-inch wheelbase, and your Trask shook his head in so- was announced. He entered softly, thing but sinister; his mouth—and tions, sir. I might say, sir, that those to cut loose and burn up something. patented, with five pounds added. turning radius may be somewhat lemnity. Not that I'm kicking; it was good You'll be a front runner from the abrupt, but I'll get the hang of you "It's my anchor," he explained. of hesitancy, closed the door behind some. loose with a chance, and see what jumps ahead of the field. Now that I'm in it, I'll make you famous,

"I say, Bill, you know-" "Shush! It's settled. Now let's get "You'll have to seem to be. If you down to details. I'll get that wheel Trask grinned contentedly. Now Avenue and let a bus run over my

Breakers Ahead.

Trask leaped out of his bed and "A nervous wreck!" he exclaimed.

He turned, carefully placed a cha'r in the centre of the room, walked Trumbull wrinkled his forehead away from it, took two quick steps forward and leaped over the back.

"And I can't walk," he chuckled "I'm going to be carried out on

Then he remembered Trumbull. You're liable to hear some sure- The room assigned to him adjoined enough stories about yourself, that of the youth who had been doomed to Gaveston. He passed Trask was now finding very keen through the open door and went over

"All aboard for Galveston!" he The sudden shift of viewpoint shouted, shaking the sleeper.

Trumbull sat up with a cry, rubbed his eyes and ewore mildly. "You scared the life out of me."

dollar one. It wasn't permanent, of he grumbled, "I thought I was realit didn't establish the ly going. What time is it?" 'Nearly 7." "A fine hour to wake a man!"

"Better for you if you walked at oftener," said Trask, with a grin. "Come, man; out with you. This need the services of an electrical is the happy day. This is when you engineer, or even a plain jitney go seafaring by proxy. Hurry up: that nurse'll be here by 9 o'clock."

In a Wheel Chair.

Trumbull made a sleepy protest. "She sails at 11," cried Trask. "If you don't climb into your clothes and see me through I'll beat it out of here and then you'll have to go Trumbull rolled out of bed, growl-

"Ring for the barber, Bill," he yawned. "And some breakfast." Trask whistled while he dressed. He was always cheerful in the morning, but to-day the world seemed garbed in a particular brightness. He was on the threshold of an adventure an adventure that paid

cash and expenses. There was an object in the room to which his eye frequently turned. and every time he looked at it he laughed. The patient wheel chair stood in a corner, motionless, yet ready. He went over to it and sat back among the cushions. Then he

started it going. Steering the craft bothered him for a minute; it had a way of turning sharp corners and doubling upon its own trail. Yet he managed to guide it through the doorway leading to Trumbull's room.

"Some roadster, Spence," he announced as he bowled across the centre of the floor and rammed a table. "Geared a little low, perhaps,

"I don't see why you insisted on hat thing," said Trumbull, gazing at it with an expression or appointe hostility. "You're only making

ore trouble for yourself." "Wrong, my boy. I couldn't do I couldn't play sick man for the space of a minute. But this thing gives me the atmosphere, the background. It puts the brakes on my natural impulses. I'm getting the hang of it pretty well, I think." WEAR-EVER ear-Ever Aluminum Kitchen Utensils

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They are breakfast in Trumbull's sir; I need that chair. It's to remind cupants, a scrutiny which he com- heavily knuckled.

got to play a real part; create a real

You ought to wear bumpers. Save in that wheel chair. Spence, I'm time." "You did, eh? Well, I'm always Spencer Trumbull had sagged you a whole lot in the traffic, you working up a positive affection for "Show Mr. Keeler up," said form of Billy Trask and then drift- master and servant at the same it. How long does it take to get to Trumbull. The chair raced forward, curved Galveston?"

of Trumbull, who dodged with a vell

You're taking a longer chance than that ever went down to the sea in Trask shot through the doorway ter-perfect with this jitney in a day. naut to a halt he sagged back limp- 30 years. There was an air of doctor didn't say anything about a ship—for a thousand and ex- again, scraping the varnish as he Am I supposed to run it myself, or ly, uttering an ostentatious sigh. | sturdiness in his build that be- that." penses. You'll get your money's passed and sprang out in his own does the nurse push me around?" "Don't forget, now," warned lied his meek poise. Something in "You'll do," he said, addressing grumbled Trumbull. "It's only an don't spill the beans!"

me that I'm sick. Isn't it almost pleted with an almost imperceptible

and a boy in uniform said that Mr. half whisper, "You mustn't be too gay about Keeler had called to see Mr. Trum-

"Keeler ?" "Yes, sir."

As the boy disappeared Trask "My name's Keeler." bolted into his own room and re- "From Dr. Van Norden. I'm call- Trask indifferently. turned, zig-zagging recklessly in the ing for the patient." perambulating chair. There was a "Oh, about a week, I guess. I rug across his knees. His face was a

"Maybe it's the strait-jacket The newcomer started. There was a queer mixture of dejection and

Again Trumbull pointed.

Trask was studying his keeper visage of woe, save for the light in through half-closed eyelids. He saw "Only a week? Why, I'll be let- his eyes. As he brought the Jugger- a man of middle height and perhaps pect to find you in a chair. The "You don't seed it at all," Trumbull. "And for Heaven's sake, his shoulders and the set of his it was necessary. What did he say head suggested combat. Yet his eyes about me, anyhow?" were friendly, even conciliatory; his Another knock and 'Mr. Keeler" round, smooth-shaven face was any- course, there were some instrucwith a step of caution rather than chin were firm, but not quarrel- thrags are-well-just matters be-

like a Miller Special before I get job without it. I might forget my- it. His first survey took note of the and at the ends of them were hands self and do the high hurdles. No. room itself, rather than of its oc- of a surprising size-hairy, knotty,

A Masterful Servant

The man was dressed funereally. Trumbull pointed to the figure in His black suit, his black tie and the the chair, and now, for the first derby that was still on his head time, the visitor appeared to notice seemed to proclaim him as a perthe four-wheeler and its occupant, son in mourning. His manner was

"Yes, sir. But-

Keeler paused uncertainly. "But what?" demanded Trask, "Well, you see, sir, I didn't ex-

"Probably forgot, or didn't think

"Er-nothing much, sir. Of tween us professional men." (To Be Continued.)

for me I didn't. But just turn me flag, and you'll breeze in twenty presently, and I'll make you step "I need it. I wouldn't undertake the him and stood with his back against. His arms hung almost to his knees." BEGINNING TOMORROW Many of the Records of Caruso McCormack

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