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Spencer Trumbull, son of a wealthy father, is ordered to take a sea voyage to Galveston for his health when he'd rather go to the Adirondacks because of the presence there of a certain girl. So he hires his old college and war-days chum, Billy Trask, to make the sea trip in his place and promises him one thousand dollars and expenses if he takes his place under the eye and care of a male nurse, who is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trumbull's father's physician, and by his impersonation ward off any displeasure which said stern father might see fit to visit on a defiant and disobedient son. Trask starts aboard the steamship Gulf Stream in a wheel chair, and no sooner is pushed on deck by Keeler, his nurse, than he holds a girl at the rail—the "goddess," he dubs her.

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"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH

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Keeler was becoming increasingly restless. "May I change my clothes now, sir?" "You'll never change them. If I have anything to say about it, you're a joy. Who is she?"

"It's like this, Mr. Trumbull. The suit is wearing needed mending and pressing, sir. It was rather shabby, as maybe you noticed. So I took the chance while you were on deck to send it down to the ship's valet. And all I had to wear was this, sir."

"That's it, sir; absolutely." "But that doesn't explain where you ever accumulated such a beautiful make-up, Keeler. It fascinates me."

"Would you mind waiting while I change, Mr. Trumbull?" Keeler made a step in the direction of the adjoining stateroom, but was halted by a peremptory command.

"Don't change, I beg of you. You are magnificent, just as you are. Who's your tailor?" "Please, sir, would you mind letting up on me? I'm sorry you saw me this way! It won't happen again."

"But I was hoping it was permanent, Keeler. Ordinarily you remind me too much of an undertaker. This makes you positively human. You must have been a gay boy in your time, Keeler." Keeler disclaimed the distinction with a shrug.

"You seemed dressed for a party. Do you ever go to parties, Keeler?" "I've no time for them, sir. I'll get your milk now, if you please."

"Wait, Keeler. Let's talk. It's doing me worlds of good, just to look at you. Can you dance?" Keeler's face wore a shocked expression.

"I never thought of such a thing, Mr. Trumbull." "Really? You never danced?" "Never, sir."

"Keeler, you are a liar." Trask said—very pleasantly; he accompanied the words with a good-natured smile. Keeler stiffened visibly, but he was more offended than angry.

"You surprise me, sir!" "Who's the little girl with the brown hair, Keeler?"

The figure of the nurse crumpled. There was a chair near by and he sat in it despondently. His eyes were down east, and it was several seconds before he rallied them to meet the gaze of Trask.

"You saw me, then, sir?" he ventured. "Who is the lady?"

"I had that very great pleasure," acknowledged Trask. "What's the name of that forward and back step, with the little side twist?" Keeler's hands fumbled with each other.

"But, chiefly, who is the lady?" "She's a second-cabin passenger, sir. You'd not be interested." "I'm immensely interested. What's her name?"

"I don't know, sir." "How did you discover her?" "So I went down after I'd changed my clothes. You see, Mr. Trumbull, down there it's different from up here. The first cabin people seem to be working under a pull all the time, sir. They don't let go. They're exclusive. Now, down in the second cabin they run things the other way. Everybody's having a good time. They play games and they dance and they just take things as they come. It's the way I like, sir. There's no trouble to get acquainted down there. They take you at your face value, sir."

"Is that the way they took you?" inquired Trask, re-inspecting Keeler's raiment. "Yes, sir; at face value," said Keeler, a little proudly. "Anybody's welcome—provided he's a gentleman, Mr. Trumbull."

"And this lady who dances only a degree better than yourself? Did she take you at face value?" "Miss Sands?"

"The Travelling Alone." "I see that the name comes rather readily," observed Trask, grinning. "I danced with her three times, sir. She's a very interesting young lady. She did me the honor, Mr. Trumbull, to say that I danced very well."

"She didn't go far enough," protested Trask. "She ought to have said that you danced like a bare-legged Russian."

Keeler flushed again, but acknowledged the compliment. "Is she also accompanied by a dragon?" asked Trask.

"She seems, sir, to be traveling quite alone. At least, I met nobody with her. But down in the second cabin, Mr. Trumbull, such things are all right."

"Don't be a snob, Keeler. Of course they're all right! I wish to heaven there were no dragons in the first cabin. Well, go on."

"Why, that's about all, sir. I found that my time was up, so I hurried back. I am sorry you were here ahead of me. I hadn't figured to say anything about the matter, sir."

"So I observe. But it happened that Miss Kent wheeled me over so that I could watch the dancing."

"And she saw me?" asked Keeler breathlessly. "I don't believe she recognized you."

"I certainly hope not." "What difference would it make?" "I—I wouldn't wish to embarrass you, sir."

Trask threw away his cigarette with an impatient gesture. "Keeler," he said, "there are times when you make me positively disgusted with your hypocrisy. I don't like your funeral pose. I like you better when you are dancing with Miss Sands. In fact, I believe I should like to dance with her myself."

Keeler was startled. "But that's impossible, sir."

"While I'm in chair—yes. But if I ever get out of this thing you can't tell what will happen. You like the second cabin, do you?" "It's certainly the life," murmured Keeler fervently. "And now may I have a moment to change, sir?"

"Go ahead and change. Make a graveyard of yourself, if you want to."

Keeler disappeared into the next room, while Trask relaxed into profound thought. He was not concerning himself with the problem of his perplexing nurse. His mind was wholly on the affairs of the second cabin.

There was life there—life, light and laughter. He had seen with his own eyes. He had scanned the lower deck closely for grouchy old gentlemen, but saw none. Not even an Aunt Mehetabel showed herself in the merry company. Of course, there was no goddess there; she belonged to the first cabin. But there are times when a man needs a change, just as Keeler said—even a change from a goddess.

"The Germ of an Idea." Lucille Kent, in her sweet, solicitous way, captivated him. It was pleasant to be ministered to. It was flattering to be pushed about the deck by the prettiest girl aboard, to have her read to him, to watch her look anxiously into his eyes and ask if he were perfectly comfortable. There was not a shadow of disloyalty in his mind; yet he was a little hurt and surprised to find himself wondering whether he would care to be fussed over all his life.

A reasonable, even a considerable amount of sympathy occurred to him as a welcome innovation. Yet sympathy raised to the ninth degree might—

Yes, he admitted reluctantly, it might. He wished now he had met the goddess under other circumstances. Perhaps he could not have enlisted her interest at all; yet Trask would have taken his chances on that. He did not regard Miss Kent's obsession as incurable. But it was too late to throw off the mask now. He was doomed to play the role for which he had cast himself. Here he would be known only as the man in the wheel chair.

Yes, as he gloomily contemplated his fate, the germ of an idea entered his mind. He sat very still and closed his eyes for fear it would escape him. The germ rooted; it grew; it became a baby thought. He stirred involuntarily, rose part way from his chair, then dropped back, remembering Keeler in the next stateroom.

The thought waxed rapidly now, growing, expanding, infusing itself with all the vigor of his imagination.

"Why not?" he demanded, aloud. (To Be Continued.)

RADIO

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20.

KDKA (309.1) Pittsburgh. 6.15 p.m.—KDKA String Quartet. 7.35—Stockman-Farmer report. 7.45—University of Pittsburgh. 8—Concert. 9—"The Brasburn Farms' Special." 9.30—The R. V. R. Trio.

WJZ (437) New York. 7 p.m.—Commodore Dinner Orchestra. 7.50—Major L. D. Gardner. 8—Imperial Imps. 8.30—Deuber Hampden Watchmakers. 9—E. A. White Hour. 10.30—Astor Orchestra.

WEAF (492) New York, N.Y. 10.40 a.m. to 1.15 p.m.—Betty Crocker; Evelyn Chellberg, soprano; talk; Rolfe's orchestra. 4 to 7.30 p.m.—Soprano; pianist; talk; ukulele solos; Janssen's orchestra; dinner music; synagogue services; concert by the United States Army band. 8—Salon concert. 8.30—Davis Saxophone Octet. 9—Ipaas Troubadours. 9.30—Moment musicale. 11.30—Ben Bernie and his orchestra.

WGY (379.5) Schenectady, N.Y. 6.20 p.m.—"Book of Knowledge" programme. 7.30—Eastman Orchestra, Rochester. 8.15—Musical programme.

WRE (333.1) Springfield, Mass. 6.15 p.m.—Lenox Ensemble. 6.30—Musical Mirth Makers. 7.05—Copley Plaza Orchestra. 7.30—Radio Nature League. 8—Saxophone programme. 8.30—John Gruher, pianist. 9—The "Barstomers." 9.30—"Blue Jackets."

WTAM (889.4) Cleveland, O. 6.15 p.m.—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians. 8—Public Auditorium programme. 11—Horwitz Collegian Serenaders.

WSAI (326) Cincinnati, Ohio. 8 p.m.—Bosworth Artist Series. 8.30—Davis Saxophone Octette. 10—Smith Brothers' Programme. 10.30—Congress String Quartet.

WLV (422.3) Cincinnati, O. 4 p.m.—Shut-in programme. 7—Robert Visconti's Orchestra. 7.40—"The Pink of Programmes." 10—"The Pink of Programmes." 11—Organ recital.

KYW (536) Chicago. 6 p.m.—The Bedtime story. 6.30—Congress dinner concert. 7—American family hour. 8.30—Congress musical programme. 9.10.30—Edison Classical concert. 10.30.12—Congress carnival.

WOC (484) Davenport, Ia. 5.45-8 p.m.—Chimes Concert. 9-9.30—Musical programme. 9.30-10.30—Musical programme.

WCOO (416.4) Minneapolis. 5.15 p.m.—Children's Hour. 8—New York programme. 8.30—St. Paul String Trio. 9—New York programme. 9.30—Imperial Male Quartet. 10.30—Marigold Ballroom Orchestra. 11.30—Organ Recital. Complete radio programmes sold at Canada Radio Stores.

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