

"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH

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About 600 strokes per second was made by the winds of a ty.

Spencer Trumbull, in order to be near his girl in the Adirondacks instead of taking a health trip, hires his old college and war-days chum, Billy Trask, to make the sea trip in his place and promises him \$1,000 and expenses if he takes his place under the eye and care of Keeler, a male nurse, who is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trumbull's father's physician. Trask starts aboard the Gulf Stream in a wheel chair, and no sooner is pushed on deck by Keeler than he beholds a girl at the rail—the "goddess," he dubs her. She is Miss Kent, a society girl with a mania for nursing, who takes at once to the interested invalid, despite her dragon of an aunt, Miss Grimm. Meanwhile, Keeler makes himself a hero to Sidney Sands, a girl in the second cabin, concealing his identity. Trask breaks bounds and meets Sidney, daughter of an absent-minded professor, who has missed the boat, leaving her to continue his scientific observations of the weather. His achievement leads to an exposing of Trask, which Keeler makes worse by stating to the captain that the invalid is really a mental case. The captain threatens to put them off when the vessel reaches Key West.

she held herself with a prim erectness. Trask noted these things with satisfaction; he liked her the better for them. He mentally thanked his stars that she did not storm, or weep, or display any of the customary agitation of an angry young woman. "Suppose," he said, "that you had been hired for \$1500 to perform a certain piece of work that, if unusual, was at least not dishonorable; was not of a nature calculated to damage any person, and that only took a fortnight of your time? Suppose you never saw so much money in your life as \$1500. Suppose you were out of a job when the offer was made. Would you accept it?" "I don't know," she answered. "Is this what you came to tell me?" "Part of it. Really, I think we'll be less conspicuous, Miss Sands, if we sit down. And I shall need at least half an hour."

Without reply, she went over to the deck chair he had offered and sat. He drew a second chair alongside, imitated her example and began his story. For several minutes Sidney Sands listened impassively. He had placed her where the moonlight partly illuminated her face and watched her intently as she spoke. It seemed at first to Trask that he might as well have poured his tale into the ear of a recording phonograph for all the response that it awakened directly at him, but for the greater part of the time her gaze was seaward. Yet he knew that she was listening intently. He had reached that chapter of his misfortunes dealing with the exploits of his runaway wheelchair, when he thought he detected the first outward display of emotion in her. It consisted merely in an almost imperceptible tightening of her lips.

A moment later there was a flickering of an eyelid. Two minutes after that she began drumming on the arm of her chair, following which she wrinkled her nose. She looked up at him as he related the mishap of the man who did not fall overboard, then quickly glanced away and began biting her under lip.

Presently Trask noticed she had averted her head and that the shoulder nearest him was shaking. "Please turn around, Miss Sands," he said. "I want your attention." She turned, and the tumult that had made her little figure quiver broke forth into unchecked laughter.

"Oh! Oh!" she gasped. "How perfectly exquisite!" "Then I am forgiven?" "I—I think so. Oh, dear! I mean of course—But go on—please!" "Let's shake hands on it first," he said gravely. She gave her hand frankly and he held it as long as the circumstances seemed to permit. "I felt sure you would not be adamant, when you understood the

facts," said Trask, feeling suddenly and strangely at peace with the whole world—even with the dragon. "Yes, yes; but—oh, go on! Tell me more—everything!"

He told her more, and as each fragment of the story fitted in with those fragments that were already in her possession, Sidney Sands gave way to a fresh paroxysm of mirth. Once she stood up in her excitement and seemed about to break into a wild dance of joy. Several times she clapped her hands. "And 'Captain Ferris'!" she exclaimed. "Tell me everything about him!"

Trask remembered what he could, even reciting the melancholy tale of Keeler's loves. Parts of it she listened to with a serious face and a puzzled wrinkling of her forehead. On one occasion she uttered what sounded like a little cry of real sympathy. But generally the laughter was too much for her. When he had finished, Trask leaned back in his chair and watched her.

"But there must be more of it!" she cried. "Haven't you really forgotten something? Tell me more!" "I'm afraid there is no more—yet."

She sprang from her chair, walked to the rail, rested her hands on it and looked out at sea. Then she turned and faced him, her face glowing, her eyes excited. "What a wonderful adventure!" she said in an awed tone. "And to think—I've been in it!" "You'd really call it an adventure?"

"Why, it's a great big adventure. Aren't you terribly excited over it yourself? Oh, please be enthusiastic!"

Trask laughed. The unabashed delight of the adventure girl was something he had never seen in a woman before. The sincerity of it was a revelation.

"And to think you told me once that you never had any adventures," she said reproachfully, "just at the very time you were living one!" "Perhaps it was because I don't know an adventure when I see one," he offered as an explanation.

"You will, after this," she nodded confidently. Then abruptly "Have you made your peace with Miss Kent?"

He shook his head. "But you should! She is a very distinguished-looking girl."

He glanced at her narrowly, but Sidney Sands never blinked. "She seems to have been very very kind to you," added Sidney.

"Are you laughing at me?" he demanded.

"I'm not so sure. But I wouldn't blame you. Anything, so long as you don't sympathize with me."

She glanced at him swiftly and he heard a soft laugh. "I've been puzzling over something," said Trask. "Why did you refuse to answer Captain Bloodgett's questions?"

"He made me angry."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Well—no."

"Do you mind telling me any others?"

She pursed her lips and did not answer immediately. Then she turned to him with an embarrassed smile.

(To Be Continued.)

RADIO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 6.

CKAC, (411) Montreal. 7 p.m.—Talk on the prevention of accidents.

7.15—Windsor Hotel dinner musical.

8.30—Studio concert.

10.30—Harold Leonard's Red Jackets from the Grill of the Windsor Hotel.

CNRO (484) Ottawa. 8 p.m.—Chateau Laurier Concert Orchestra.

9—Organ recital by Dr. Herbert Sanders and contralto solos by Miss Jeanne Seed.

11—Chateau Laurier dance orchestra.

CKCL (357) Toronto. 7 to 8 p.m.—The Melodie Men.

WGY (879.5) Schenectady, N.Y. 6.30 p.m.—Dinner programme.

7.30—Shea's Buffalo Hour.

10.30—Dance programme.

WGH (319) Buffalo, N.Y. 6.30 p.m.—Dinner music.

9—Fansteel Hour from WEA. New York.

12.45—Concert Ensemble.

KDKA (309.1) Pittsburgh. 6.15 and 8 p.m.—Westinghouse Band.

WEAF (402) New York. 5 to 12 p.m.—Dinner music; Hofman Orchestra; Tenor solos; Musical comedy hits; Balkite Hour. Walter Damrosch; WEAF Reverie; Casa Lopes Orchestra.

WIP (508) Philadelphia. 6.05 p.m.—Dinner music.

8—Sports corner.

8.15—Contralto solos and readings.

9—Piano recital.

9.30—Tenor and piano solos.

10.30—Dance music.

11.30—Organ recital.

WSAI (326) Cincinnati, Ohio. 8 p.m.—Playing Card Sextette.

9—Fansteel Hour from New York, featuring the New York Symphony Orchestra.

WOO (508.2) Philadelphia. 7.30 p.m.—Dinner dance music.

WBBM (226) Chicago. 8.45 to 9.15 p.m.—Jazz numbers; Club Bellaire Orchestra; Safety Play; Orchestral music; Harmony Team.

10.15—Organ recital. 11—Club Bellaire Orchestra. 11.15—Supper Club. 12 to 2 a.m.—The Nutty Club.

WGBS (816) New York. 7.45 p.m.—Royal Arcadians. 8—Vocal solos and duets. 9.30—Rambles through Erin with Gaelic artists. 10.30—Arrowhead Inn Dance Orchestra.

WRC (409) Washington. 7.30 p.m.—Hotel Washington Orchestra. "Rambles." 8.30—Original songs and piano solos.

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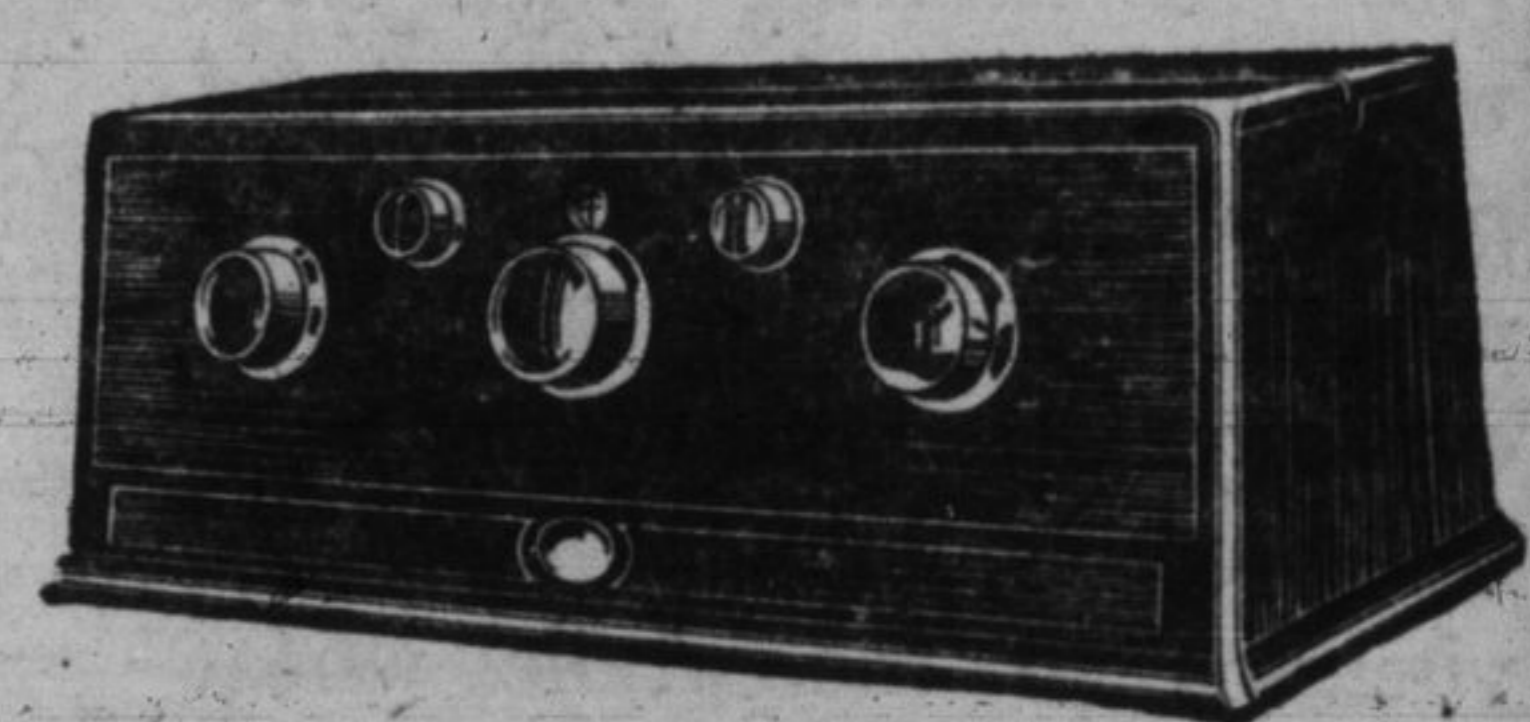
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