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WHERE IS YOUR PEP? !" THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

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

Spencer Trumbull, in order to of another brass-buttoned hero. be near his girl in the Adiron-And then almost before he knew dacks instead of taking a it, she was in her seat. He steaded | self again, as the ship righted. 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 back of her chair, clinging deshis place under the eye and care of Keeler, a male nurse, who apart in the aisle. is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trumbull's father's physician. Trask

starts abourd 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 inter-

ested invalid despite her

dragon of an aunt, Miss Grimm.

Meanwhile, Keeler makes him-

self a hero to Sidney Sands, a

girl in the second cabin, con-

cealing his dentity. Trask

breaks bounds and meets Sid-

ney, daughter of an absent-

minded professor, who has

missed the boat, leaving her to

continue his scientific observa-

tions of the weather. His

chievement leads to an expos-

ing 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 sky, as he peered upward

was a mixture of slaty green, dirty

just a stupendous blast of wind, al ternately slackening and accelerat

ing, until it managed, with vicious cunning, to buffet the Gulf Stream with full fury as the roll of the seas

The docks were awash with foam

and treacherous as the icy rivers of

The Gulf was flinging the tropic fury of a hurricane against the steel sides of the ship, playing a gigantic game of cat and mouse, as

it pawed her back and forth amid

Trask, a brass-buttoned jacket

clinging with uncomfortable tight-

ness to his figure, a napsin over ats eft forearm, steadied himself

against the precarious support of a

swivel chair that was bolted to the

shockingly inadequate for the task.

Given a fair chance, they might clear a six-foot bar, but in this

turmoil they were as weak and upcertain as those of a year-old child.

For that matter, his fellow wait-

ers were in little better case. They

also clung to the backs of chairs, fervently hoping that there would

be no daring candidates for a break

fast amid the racks that confined

clattering chinaware on the tables. "Worst I ever saw!" Trask heard

He did not dream of disputing the statement. It was by far the

upon the ship during the hours of

his sleep hewildered and awed him.

He had gone to bed with a white

moon looking down upon a sea that

was scarcely ruffled in a lazy Southern breeze. He had been awakened

to look upon the face of a raging

Neptune, with a sea whipped into

a fury that drove the blood from his

Aided by the Storm.

What seemed impossible was

happening. The wind was clutching

deep into the sea, drawing it bodily

into green hills, furrowing it again into dark valleys, shunting it

at terrific speed into white ava-

lanches, now lifting it into solid masses of flying water and foam,

now beiching it with thundering im-

pact upon the decks of the sway-

All this had come in the space of

Yet the walters were at their posts, representing the discipline,

even the nonchalance of the ship-

and Trask was one of them. At first he tried to stiffen his figure against

covered this was useless. Then he

tried to melt himself into the fury-

to become a part of it, to yield him-

self to the mood of the hurricane.

Just how he managed to reach his

post at the table he did not clear-

thither without crawling on at

"Glass is under twenty-eight," he

It signified nothing particular to

Trask. What the barometer might

say mattered little to him; it was

what the sea and the wind and the

Three hardy passengers stagger-

ed into the saloon, groping for sup-

port as they made their perilous

way to their places. One of them was

a woman. She was half-way to her seat when she glanced out at the face of the morning. Tightening her lips, she turned and recled back to-

ward the door of escape. Trask saw

After that came other stragglers. two at his own, table. . They were

more frightened than hungry; the sight of the table racks visibly af-

fected them. Thank Heaven, they

were on the other side of his

shockingly helpless.

heard a voice whisper.

ship did that signified.

her no more.

cheeks as he looked upon it.

door and tried to find his sea legs. He realized that they were

and water, now and again bearing torrents that rushed forward and aft with the velocity of mountain streams, white with, eddies, cold

white and motley drab; it was

sick-looking sky, symptomatic

something ominously in in

heavens. No rain came out of

canted her toward it.

the Labrador country.

the frothy sea ridges.

the vessel reaches Kex West.

grip on her chair. Was it possible set his resolution grimly to she had forgotten! "Not Henry!" he half shouted, the ship turned over.

leaning over her shoulder .-She turned and glanced at him. It was a swift glance, but it com prehended his blue uniform, brass buttons and the napkin that lay across his arm.

menry. Grapefruit, William!" Trask stood swaying, dazed. In the midst of a hurricane the thing was grotesque.

"Why of course," she said, with

"Well?' sue demanded abruptly, steadiest. as he made no move. "Am I to be He was close to the swinging course, it was a joke—but she was fore they are shirred," she

William! the chair. A long, steep hill stretch- ped from his mind. He visualized gritted his teeth. ed before him. The girl calmir nothing but half a grapefruit, pack- She picked up the menu and caromed along the aisle, Trask was "Thank you. My coffee and rolls, braced herself against the edge of ed solidly about with ice. the table. There was a quiver of Why, of course she must have it! the racks played an anvil cherus, looking after him. Yet, instinctive-

table! They were the special charges | steel plates and frames, a groaning of cabinet work, a racking throb of engines. The hill began to level it-

"I am waiting for my breakfast," said Sidney sharply.

"Ah-certainly!" Trask turned, released his hold and made his way between the Sidney studied her menu with tables in a series of perilous zig-

her forks and knives and spoons | She wanted grapefruit! It was abwere chasing each other in a mad surd-impossible-it was a dream. dance among the racks seemed not of course. But she wanted grapeto distract her attention in the fruit; The Gulf Stream was fighting for life in a tropic cyclone, with the "You may bring me grapetruit, odds, likely enough, against her Henry," she said, without looking But Sidney Sands wanted grape-

Trask gulped and took a fresh Well, she should have it! Trask task. She should have grapefruit, if

He sprawled against a table, clung to it for several seconds, then dived headlong for an fron pillar, which marked another step on the journey. He glanced back. She was still sitting there, her swivel chair tipped at a threatening angle, her a slight nod. "It's William-not feet swinging clear of the floor. But he noted that she sat tight and

Twice during the return journey point of delivering the grapefruit to a stout gentleman-upside down on the top of his bald head. He retrieved it by marvelous legerdemain. Again he almost gave it to a lady-in her lap. But he clutched it grimly, juggled it for a instant and restored it to its plate. At last he was within a yard of her.

The Gulf Stream dived hideously. So did Trask. He hit the carpeted floor, slid, rolled over and staggered to his feet.

William Hamilton Trask had played football on the Harverd scrub. He still had the grapefruit. "Thank you, William," she said

placidly, as she picked up a spoon. She ate very daintily, it the Gulf Stream never rose from a fearful lunge into a hollow between two great seas. Trask would have bee conscious of nothing except a small lady in blue, diligently and deftly excavating the several compartments of a grapefruit. It was obvious that she enjoyed it. Her whole attention was devoted to it, yet she ate leisurely.

Occasionally she glanced through an opposite porthole, but if terrifying aspect of the sea caused her any uneasiness she gave no sign of it. Nor did she appear to be conscious of the presence of her waiter who stood braced for the next leap of the floor beneath his feet.

She had called him "William!" Of all the human folk in the ding, as one orders a servant! True, | she inquired. cabin, she seemed the surest and she had been gracious, yet peremptory. But he was taking orders! Of vening. He waited for another lurch bewildered him. He confessed to The Guif Stream reeled ominous- of the ship and took it on the run. himself that she had him "going." ly-over, over-over! Trask clung to The matter of a hurricane had slip- Laughing at him, beyond doubt! He f

studied it again. The silverware in mercifully unconscious that she was William."

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ut it did not distract her.

"Shirred eggs. William." Trask gasped. Eggs! He had man | tered: ged a grapefruit-but eggs! "No eggs" he shouted at her. She looked up with a little frown.

"What has happened to the eggs?"

doors now, only a clear space infer- maddeningly serious about it. She calmly, "Bring me shirred eggs." been worse. "But--"

"Shirred eggs!" himself for the journey. As he variety of steps.

"The little devil! They anathematized him in the kitchen when he presented his or-

der. It was not a good day for shirring eggs. But Trask stood doggedly by his guns. He was ready to "It is necessary to 'bust' eggs be- thrash a cook, if need be; or to shire said the eggs himself, which would have

He Castle-walked amazingly on! the return trip. Even Keeler could He drew a deep breath and braced not have achieved such a glittering



Once More ~ Thanksgiving

NCE more the fruitful season of Fall returnsonce more the golden harvest has been garnered. From East to West the yellow fields have poured forth their treasure, and Canada unites in its annual pæan of thanksgiving.

In full measure nature has bestowed her gifts upon the people of Canada. The abundant crops attest her lavishness - our part now to convert her generous yields into foods that build sturdy Canadians.

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So in these hours of thanksgiving The Quaker Oats Company fitly joins with Canadians in their joyous festival.

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