

A QUESTION OF FAIRNESS

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A few of this week's offerings

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The Girl Who Had No Chance

(Continued from Page Ten)

girl who curled up on the sofa at parties and wore such stunning gowns?

Myra was getting fat—no, Myra was fat, for all the fact that she only 22. She was the type, Ruth thought—that was it. She would settle down in her home, mind her baby, look after her husband, and take on flesh.

When they sat down at the dinner table, the most self-possessed of the three was the always placid Myra. She sat on one side, Ruth on the other, and Tim between them.

Then Ruth began to see why it was that Myra managed her house so easily. The soup was canned, opened and heated, the roast was the only difficult part of the meal, the vegetables were canned, the salad and all the other delicacies came from the delicatessen shops, and even the dessert had been bought ready-made.

"We could afford a nicer apartment in a better neighborhood, only food costs so much. You can't think what delicatessen stores charge!" Myra said once, and that gave the secret away. Ruth thought some days later that Myra might economize by buying raw materials and cooking them, but then she thought nothing except that in some curious way she was not quite at home in this little flat and with these old friends.

"I'll just leave the dishes go until tomorrow," Myra said easily, after the meal was over. "Now, thought Ruth, we can settle down and have a cozy old time."

No Corns



The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

Blue-jay

news has been a little more cheerful the last few days. I felt last week as though I had to go over myself and take a hand, things seemed so desperate.

"I wasn't reading the war news," Tim answered, perhaps a little sulky because Myra had forbidden him to read. "There's a boxing match on, they're training. I was just wondering how Joe the Hitter was coming on."

"He might read the war news and improve his mind," Myra answered, puckering up her lips with a little bit of virtue. "It's not our war," Tim answered easily. "And we'll never get into it. Why worry?"

"I think it is our war, though," Ruth answered thoughtfully. "I'm not so sure we won't get into it. Most of the things we're making in the factories are already built for the war, and we're planning things on an extensive scale—because, though we're only naking for foreign governments now, we may have to make to our own."

"Well, you won't catch me going to do it into it," Tim answered cheerfully, opening the evening paper to the sporting page. "Any way, they won't ask me because I have a wife and a large and husky son to support. Haven't I?" He leaned over from his chair towards Myra and kissed her, and she smiled back into his face—the sweet smile that made her so very pretty.

Ruth felt as though something had cut her sharply—it was not unpleasant as she lay thinking about the evening, it was Tim's new attitude towards life. She and Langley had followed the news of the day with eagerness. Langley brought up to her letters addressed to him from foreign countries and when a French officer in his smart horizon blue uniform had come to look over some work for his government, it was Langley's greatest joy to go about with him. They had a map of the battlefields and stuck little pins in to show where the armies advanced and retreated—this occupied all day long. I meet lots of new people there—she ran over some names.

"They live in that imitation castle five miles from town, they're great swells," Tim commented once. Ruth slightly resented this name applied to a man of great influence who was working with her on the new town.

"I'm not exactly a stenographer," Ruth answered, wondering how she could begin to explain her ideas, her accomplishments, her dreams and ambitions, when there was so much to tell about them. "You see," she began again, thinking she might start at the beginning and so make it understandable to Myra. "You see when I got home from New York before, I was a little lonesome, nothing seemed to happen in Market town."

"I should think you would be lonesome in that hole," Myra broke in contemptuously, "especially as you ran around so much in the city."

Ruth remembered how practically all the good times she had had before were due to Gaby and not to Myra, but she said nothing. "So I started a club—just our old crowd and a few other nice people, and we gave a dance and formed some committees."

"Yes, the new Club. Mother wrote about it," Tim said. "The Club went along splendidly. Then I had an idea about turning a vacant lot by a factory into a place for the factory children to play, because those streets are so dirty and there are so many loaded trucks going through, there are often accidents."

"You were working in the factory," Tim put in again. "Yes, then I had an idea we might turn the vacant lots in Market town into playgrounds for all the children. In other words, give them a place away from the streets with play things, swings and gymnastic apparatus, and a woman to teach them organized play. And I thought we ought to have a park for grown-ups—one of the children's playgrounds, with band concerts—something pretty in the centre of the town."

I bought some, but not much as I hadn't any money, and we floated a bond issue, and—well, we began building model houses. Myra you should see them. We build the houses in artistic styles round a hollow square; they are so pretty to look at and they don't cost much more. Inside the square it's like a garden and all the people share it."

She stopped. Myra looked plainly bored, Tim was glancing stealthily at the sporting page of his paper.

DETAILS Chapter 89 The fact that her hostess looked bored and her host was giving her only part of his attention, acted like an icy bath upon the warmth of Ruth's enthusiasm.

She stopped a moment, then very faintly finished what she happened to be saying about the plans for the factory town.

There was a silence. "But you're stenographer for the Committee then?" Myra asked. She had laid aside whatever darning she had been doing.

"No, I'm treasurer of the Civic Committee, among other things," Ruth said. "And I'm chairman of another committee that sees to the public parks in the town. I'm a partner in a real estate firm in the town too; it used to be a tiny place, and I was a stenographer there. I suppose that's what you mean."

"In spite of the recent display of boredom, Ruth was again growing enthusiastic. Myra was looking a little more interested, now that the personal part had come up. "Well, of course, you're dressing grand," she said. "I suppose your father must have left some money when he died, or you sold your house and you were buying some good clothes now you're in the city."

"Poor father! He left nothing but bills," Ruth said. "But the bills are paid. As for the house, I thought once we would have to mortgage it for years of unpaid taxes. But that's all paid up now. I'm sending Mother a weekly allowance, and the money I spent on clothes here was my own saved up."

"What did you get?" Ruth tried to remember, and Myra's eyes brightened as she listened. "I'd like to get some dresses from Wayne again," she said, mentioning the name of the most expensive dressmaking establishment in the city. "Finally buys there all the time; she'd give her old things to me as she used to, but Tim won't let me take what he calls 'cast-offs'." She gave Tim a sweet glance from her gray eyes. It was apparent that Myra liked being ordered about.

"And of course, you can't buy those things on \$40 a week," she went on. "That's a lot of money for a man Tim's age to make, but it is costing something awful to live, since the war."

Ruth said nothing. Presently Myra asked: "Are you staying at the same boarding house you were at the other time you came to the city?" Ruth shook her head.

"No, I have a suite of rooms at a hotel." She mentioned its name. "A suite? Did you inherit a million?" Tim had dropped his sporty language.

"No, but you see, the Committee hired it and is paying for it, and my other expenses, I have to see to. So many people, and they say I must make a good impression."

"Still, you must be making money," Myra pursued the subject with great interest, though Ruth was getting very uncomfortable and wanted to talk other things. "How much do you make?" "I don't know." There was a note of impatience in the girl's voice. What could she say—after the confession that Tim was only up to \$40? Then she decided to tell them the whole truth.



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MASTER MASON Cut Plug Smoking

"It's only my car. I told the man to spend a restful hour talking with that lady—who, for a wonder, was alone for the afternoon."

A CONFESSION Chapter 90 So Ruth twisted and turned in the bed, trying to get to sleep, but somehow so nervously upset by the evening that sleep was not possible. She heard the clock that she could see in the Tower at Madison Square strike the third hour before she fell asleep. And next day she was Saturday evening in his night out. There were letters from the Committee with new instructions and (there were appointments she had to keep. She went through her work mechanically; then, knowing she must call upon Mrs. Cooper, she drove up there around tea time and

so. All she answered was—"If marriage binds, it's a failure. I think both people should feel free to come and go as they choose. I think if I had only one day a week and I dared go free, I'd want to go all the other days and stay home that one!" Myra looked, her little placid, shallow sweet laugh. "You're so different, Ruth! Don't get contrary and hard because you are being a successful business woman." She finished her dessert, and took her coffee curled up in a corner of the big sofa. "This reminds me of Emily's," she said. "We always ate from the tea table by the sofa, and I sat on my feet as I do now. Ruth, I want to talk to you."

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DISILLUSIONMENT

Chapter 88

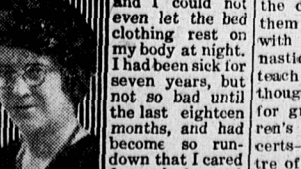
That night, lying in her luxurious little bedroom at the hotel, Ruth thought over the things said during the evening. Parts of the conversation came back to her—she could not sleep, and gave it up once, turning on the reading light on the tiny table and hunting through her suitcase for a book to read. But even this she gave up, having no interest in the pages, so she turned out the light and lay looking into the dark and thinking.

Tim had fingered a bit with the evening paper, once he opened it, but catching a look from Myra, he laid it down—like a well-trained husband.

"Do read it," Ruth begged him then "Myra and I can talk. The war is all there was left. I would not consent to that, so my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel ten years younger. Life is full of hope. I do all my housework and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house, and when my two little girls reach womanhood I intend to teach them to take it. I am never too busy to tell some suffering sister of my help, and you can use my name and letter to spread the good news of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine."—Mrs. L. M. COFFMAN, R. E. 2, Sidell, Ill.

MRS. COFFMAN ILL SEVEN YEARS

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