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# The Girl Who Had No Chance

(Continued from Page Thirteen)

poor—but Myra didn't seem to mind that, so Ruth certainly wouldn't—had she married Tim. The phone rang and she got up to answer it, wondering with a start whether it was Tim. But it was Newell Cooper, calling to ask her to go to a concert with him that evening. And, glad to have an excuse not to finish the letter, she promised to go.

But the following Saturday afternoon Tim did call her up, and asked whether she would be home that evening.

"My night out, and I want to see you," he said. His voice, even over the phone, carried so much cheerfulness, so much joy and eagerness, that suddenly all her old wistfulness came back to her. She did want to see him.

"Can't you bring Myra?" she asked, her conventionalism taking precedence even over her desire to see Tim.

"No, she can't come, she always stays home Saturday's. Our agreement, you know. Can I see you?"

"Yes," Ruth answered, half glad, half frightened.

## THE STRANGE EVENING

Chapter 26

Ruth felt so nervous about seeing Tim in the evening that she could scarcely eat the dinner Marie served her in her room. Then she did something at which she always smiled when she thought it over in later years. All the conventionalism to which she had been trained told her it was wrong to see Tim, since he was married and since she still cared for him. All her common sense told her that this was the very thing she could do—for then she might become acquainted again with the real Tim, and she might learn whether it was love, or the remnants of a youthful illusion.

For Tim had changed greatly, and so had she—and she knew she must, for her future peace of mind. This she could not do while Myra was around to monopolize the talk.

But she was still so much afraid of the personal element, so much worried by the conventions—that she deliberately put on one of her old dresses that was not becoming and did her hair in the old-time way, instead of the softer, more becoming method that Marie had taught her. At least this was not making herself deliberately attractive, she thought.

Tim came about 8 o'clock. He had been at a boxing match that afternoon, and had gone to dinner with "the fellows," some of the men in the office, he explained, and he felt rather rumpled and mused.

"It's a shame to call on a lady when I'm so towieled," he apologized.

But Ruth smiled and said it was all right. She did not say that she liked to see his dark hair thrown about, in the old days Tim's careless dressing had been one of his charms. It made him so much more like a small boy, a quality that had always appealed strongly to Ruth.

"It's like the old days, isn't it?" Tim asked once. "Only we should have the open fire instead of steam radiators, and that rug with the hole in it, in place of your grand fixings here."

Ruth did not answer. The old evenings by the open fire were such a precious memory to her that it hurt to have them referred to in this casual cheerful manner.

"We used to read together at ten," she said finally, getting up and going to the table where some books lay. "Tim, have you read this? It's just out—I'm sending it home—to some friends—" this last came out after a slight hesitation.

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"Nope," Tim answered cheerfully. "I don't get much time to read."

"This will be the novel of the season," Ruth went on. "It's really worth while, I've some new-war books too—"

"You've got a lot of highbrow stuff here too," Tim had also gotten and stood now by the table.

"Maybe I ought to read more. Myra says that after I've had a full day in the office my head is too tired to read, so she takes me to movies. Sometimes I read a magazine through."

The talk dropped. The girl had never realized how great a part books had played in their lives at war as a topic—everyone talked little else, she found. Tim knew much less than she, and cared nothing. She tried the theatre—but Myra hated the trip down-town, so usually they went to movies, Tim answered. She made various other efforts—Tim had lost interest in her work at home, her own mind was full of it.

There were awkward silences. Eventually they red into a chat about people they knew, presently they were talking of themselves. This was the one thing Ruth wanted to avoid, but as she remembered it later, it seemed the only topic left, where she and Tim could meet on a common ground.

"I don't say much about your dark secrets," Ruth remarked once. "Got any you're looking so pretty and fashionable she's sure you've got all the beaux of the town."

"Beaux"—it was the one word Ruth hated more than any other—she hated it and the vulgar meaning attached to it. It seemed to imply all sorts of common things—"flirting" and "spooning," the deliberate fascination of any man for the sake of one's personal vanity.

"Flirting" and "spooning," the deliberate fascination of any man for the sake of one's personal vanity. Ruth suddenly found she did not want to hear what Myra knew. She sank down on the couch.

"Please go home, Tim," she said. "I know I'm rude to ask, but I don't feel well, I feel—very badly."

All apologies at once for not having noticed she looked ill. Tim put on his coat and said goodnight. Ruth went into her room before he was even out of the apartment. She slipped into her negligee, and pulled the pins from her hair, to ease her headache.

Her outer door opened and, thinking it was Marie, she went into the living room again. Tim stood in her doorway—his hand on the knob of the still open door.

## THE CRISIS

Chapter 27

Ruth, standing in the doorway with the white satin gown draped around her and her dark hair hanging down her back, could never know the charming picture she made. Not even the man, facing her from the other open door, took in the loveliness of her at first. In deed, both stood and stared at each other for an instant in unbelief.

Ruth spoke first. "How did you get back? I thought you'd gone!"

"I had," Tim began. "I guess I didn't shut the door. I was so upset—I came back to apologize to—"

He stopped. Through the open door at which he still stood, there came the sound of footsteps and the

soft whistling of one of the hotel servants. Instinctively, Ruth began to retreat into her other room. The awkward situation lasted only an instant. It was gone or come in. As he shut the door, the servant passed and went on down the outside corridor.

Ruth was still in amazement at the uncanny appearance of her departed visitor.

"But I don't see how—" "I did go," Tim interrupted. "I got as far as the elevators, then it came to me suddenly that you weren't ill at all—that you only said that as an excuse to get rid of me. And I remembered the mean thing I did say about Myra. So I came back to apologize!"

"Don't you think you owe the apology to your wife?" Ruth answered. "I don't see how—" "I got as far as the elevators, then it came to me suddenly that you weren't ill at all—that you only said that as an excuse to get rid of me. And I remembered the mean thing I did say about Myra. So I came back to apologize!"

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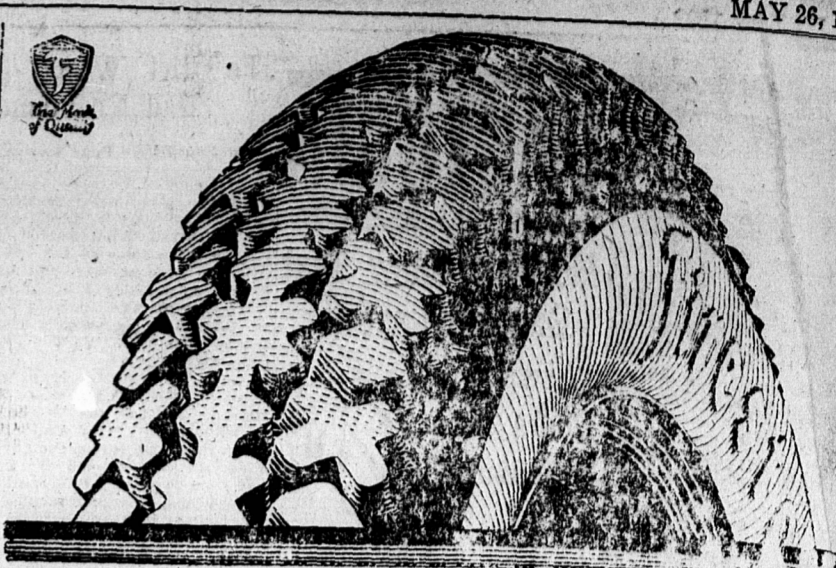
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