

The Girl Who Had No Chance

(Continued from page 10)

in the world. I appeared that somewhere in this 15 story building punctuated with windows and balconies was what Cousin Emily called "home" Myra gasped, but followed obediently up the elevator.

"We're supposed to have breakfast in the restaurant downstairs," Cousin Emily said, "but a few dollars a month persuades one of the waiters to bring it up to me. Then I can eat in her negligee when I'm ready. It's such a nuisance to dress before breakfast isn't it?"

"Yes, isn't it?" answered Myra, who was going to learn rapidly.

THE GAY PARTY

Chapter 22

When Cousin Emily laid aside her wrap and took off her hat and veil, Myra saw that indeed she was in a glass or whatever her real age might be. She tried to count it up in her head—Myra had been 10 when Cousin Emily had come to visit them; she was almost 19 now, that made then that their Cousin was 28 or so—yes, that made her about 36 now.

Myra turned around again to look but Emily had fluffed her hair before a mirror, powdered her nose, and turned about—no, no, no! Look! But the strong light from the window showed lines around her mouth—and lines, to Myra meant age.

"Come to your room," the woman said, and led the way down the three or four hall ways, that's how Myra first saw the girl she tried to describe to Ruth. She felt as though she were stepping into a flowered hat box, or into a closet. Brought up where space was cheap and big houses the fashion, the girl had no idea a room could be so tiny!

"Now, off with your things and be comfortable. Do you want to wash? Here's the bath."

The shining plumbing was a delight to Myra, and the rows of bottles painted with gay flowers that lined the glass shelves, fascinated her for weeks. Emily had such a variety of perfumes, powders, soaps, lip sticks, toilet vinegars, salts, ammonias, and goodness knows what else!

"Breakfast!" she heard in a clear, bright voice. So she went back to the living room. In some marvelous fashion, Emily had slipped from her street dress into a loose velvet and chiffon negligee, and she was now curled up in a corner of her enormous sofa with a low table before her. A waiter had brought up breakfast and placed it on this, with the coffee bubbling in a little copper percolator and eggs in a leather-covered engagement book.

Myra sat into a low chair, and ate with relish. Her appetite was still with her. In fact, she afterwards said, it never deserted her.

"Now!" Emily leaned back with a sigh of pure content. "Tell me about everything. Your mother—"

"WHAT YOUR HUSBAND NEEDS"

"One night my husband came home looking so ill and worn that I thought he would faint. I knew there had been something wrong with him for some time, but I could not get him to tell me what it was. Finally he confessed he was tired and sore all over. I made him go to bed. Next morning he insisted upon going to work although he was anything but well. I knew that his trouble was partly due to worry because for some months before he had been out of work. This put us so heavily in debt that the grocer and butcher refused to give us more credit. It was being out of work that worried my husband. He wouldn't eat because he was afraid there would not be enough food for the children. We were so poor that we had to keep the children from school because they had no clothes. I knew that if I could only get my husband strong and well again everything would be all right. He is a carpenter by trade and when in good health earns good wages and he is always sober and industrious. But I knew that it was impossible for any man to do good work when he was ill and worried. I decided to speak to our old family doctor, who had retired from practice. When I explained how we were situated he gladly offered to do all he could to help us, although he didn't like to interfere with the new doctor's practice. Finally he said, 'What your husband needs is a good tonic and I know of nothing better than Carnol.' I thought that if our old family doctor recommends Carnol it must be all right. On my way home I got a bottle and before the first bottle had been used, my husband was a changed man. After he had taken four bottles his appetite returned, he had more energy, that tired look in his eyes disappeared and what is most important his wages have been more than doubled and he is now superintendent of the wood working shop in which he formerly worked as a carpenter. Thanks to Carnol our troubles are over and we are once more a happy and contented family."

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money.

For Sale by Hughes Druggists

Saves Home Baking

Ask for luscious raisin pie—fresh and juicy—at your grocer's or a neighborhood bake shop. Just telephone for one to try.

Once taste it and you'll agree that there's no longer any need to bake at home.

Serve tonight for dinner. Let your men folk decide.

Made with delicious

Sun-Maid Raisins

Had Your Iron Today?

said she was sending letters with you."

So one day began and so all the other days began.

Myra slipped easily into this new life. She stayed up gloriously late at night, and when her healthful home training made her sleepy at midnight, she made herself comfortable on the sofa or in the bed.

Emily took a cool shower morning and night, and in the late afternoon, she took a hot shower morning and night.

And then, perhaps at noon, perhaps in the afternoon, the two set off for the day's rounds.

"Well, shop today," Emily would say when nothing else was in prospect.

So they would go downtown on top of a bus—Myra always a bit surprised that a river and trees and a park should exist in this amazing city. They would wander about the fashionable Fifth Avenue shops, or sit in the exquisite little salons of the very select places, while mannequins paraded before them, wearing dresses that dazzled the girl from Market Street.

Some afternoons there was a matinee, or a movie, and often there were teas at the homes of Emily's woman friends—women like herself who talked rapidly in language strange to Myra, laughed shrilly, and wore amazing gowns.

But the evenings were the great times!

From the time Emily curled up on the sofa in the morning, if she had a low table before her, a waiter began to ring. Engagements were made for the day, or for the whole week, Emily marking them down punctiliously in her red leather-covered engagement book.

For one always keeps an engagement book, Myra.

"I'm careless and forgetful in most things, but not in that," Emily would say in a tone of self-defense.

Usually coming in three about 6 o'clock from tea or the theatre or shopping, she would fling herself down on the couch, throw out her hands, and look up at Myra with a comical smile.

"Oh, to be young and 18!" she would cry. "Myra, you look like a baby and I your grandmother."

Darling, run some hot water into the tub, like an angel, while I get off these smothering clothes. I'll take up the serious question of this evening when I've had my bath."

A long time afterwards she would emerge from the bathroom, as fresh as a child newly awakened from sleep. By this time Myra knew the long process of cold cream, rub water with salt in it, cool rinses, rub down with toilet vinegar, ice packs on the face, and a final spraying with perfume, toilet water and powder, that made this woman of 36 come forth like a radiant young goddess of energy.

"I feel glorious," she would call over her shoulder to Myra. "Let's have a party, a real gay party. I'll wear my rose colored sequins, or the gray chiffon. Ted and Mark will be here at eight, and we'll dine with them. Darling, tell Well dearie! Mrs. part of which stayed in her mind."

"I'm so glad Tim finally came to the city," it said. "I like having Cousin Emily's friends to run about with but they're all so much older than I am, especially the men. They're very nice to me, but they think I'm a kid and treat me in a sort of condescending manner. But I'll show them! Still, it is nice to have someone around who is specially for me, if you know what I mean by that! Well, I'm Tim."

"Tim's made a great hit with Cousin Emily. Generally she likes only older men—she's 38 really, though you wouldn't think it, and a friend of hers said once when I was around, 'If I looked as young as you do, I'd pick out only young men to go around with.'"

Emily laughed and answered, "The gray hairs make my youthfulness show up in contrast. I guess there's something in that, only I don't want gray haired escorts to make me look younger. I look young enough."

"Anyways, it was nice to have Tim. Emily's had him been here most every day he's been home or tea, which is about three times a week, and to some of the parties where we danced. Tim didn't like 'have about and not paying his share, he said, but Emily fixed it up so he thinks there was only one host, instead of, as usual, the men splitting up the check—"

The letter ran along in this fashion for another page or so, when in contrast to it, came a letter from Tim—

"I think about you a lot. It's pretty lonesome sometimes. I've seen Myra, of course, and that red-headed cousin of hers. I should say if Myra wants to imitate anyone, as she seems to, she might pick that of far more value to her than all the money in the world! So she thought, as she read this new letter from him.

"Sarah's home is in a town, I might as well call it a village, quite a bit smaller than Market town—yet with such a different atmosphere! There is a college near here small as colleges go, and not fashionable, but it gives a tone to the life here that we at home sadly lack."

"Your young friend Turner would call it 'highbrow.' I am afraid, but I fancy that you would enjoy it more than our present home. I am trying to get some tutoring, helped by Sarah's brother who is a teacher at the college; and if I do or may say when do, I shall if possible, send for you, so you may have part of the winter here. That would make me feel less selfish than I do now."

Though she was alone, Ruth made a protesting sound. Selfish! She might as well be able to send him to a place smaller than was happy—and obviously he was.

"You would be popular here, for you have depth and learning, and a sense of the real things of life. You have also the same appreciation of fun, and the highness of heart that they have. I am afraid our boys and girls at home lay too much emphasis on the fun, and care little for the more substantial qualities. Personally I have found that with eveninging. The contrast with the new faces, the warm air and the new faces, is making another man of me."

Several pages of description followed, so that Ruth had a clear picture of her Aunt Sarah's little frame house quite overshadowed by the big, colorful, fashionable college with its professors, sub-professors and students, and of the rather enviable life they all lived together.

One can get along by oneself, with enough books—for a time, her father told after all, there is a stimulator that comes from contact with other and larger minds that even books cannot give. I never realized before that I was bored—actually bored with life in our little town. That night he talked to you now and then about the city, and to throw yourself away on one of the young men at home. They are nice enough, those who come to the house, but not nice enough for you."

You have in you an immense reserve, a great force. It is something I can feel in you—even out. Mother feels it. It will lead you to great heights, if you develop it properly. But to do so you must get out into a broader environment, among your own sort of people."

"In other words dear Daughter, I must cease being a selfish burden, taking all you have had to give, and must help you to the broader environment I know you need."

There was more to the letter, but Ruth sat for a long time thinking. Was that why she was not happy at home? Liking over her childhood, she realized that she had not been particularly happy—

not from the time when she began growing up at home over the depression and her father's invalidism, or whether it was because she was growing up among people with different tastes, she could not tell. But after all, the letter said, she had come back to her as days of study and things when she and her father read some particularly fascinating book.

There was Tim, of course.

Again the warm glow ran through her at thought of him. But Tim was different—she had never simply did not appreciate him. Tim was always speeding to a broader environment—and when he had made good there, which would be soon, he would send for her to come to him. Surely then she would have a holding answer, father could wait for her—a chance to develop herself intellectually, contact with "her sort" of people—and Tim and all Tim's love.

It was only a question of waiting.

"And meantime," she told Mrs. Belding, who had also read the letter, "meantime, I have to stay home in Market town, and I have to make my fortune. I can't go away to do it so I'm holding answers."

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VITAMINES

essential, health-building factors, have always been in cod-liver oil and account for its helpfulness in overcoming malnutrition.

Scott's Emulsion

should be taken for a reasonable length of time daily, to enable its rich, vitamin-nourishing virtues to help refresh, energize and build up the body.

your fortune here, good luck to you," Mrs. Belding said.

Ruth laughed again. "Wait and see," she answered.

Driven by the idea that she must find some way to fill up her great empty house she began again looking about her.

She had followed out Mrs. Weed's suggestion of asking the four teachers if they wanted to make an apartment out of the top couple of the South end rooms that the old couple from the South had occupied. Her mother had let her know then for \$10 a month since the two were idle and the money was at least that much again.

But Mrs. Weed shook her head.

"Too little, even for this small place," she said. "And if you give your kitchen privileges you can't expect more. If they want you to give them meals, I'd say \$12 a week."

"Ruth asked. It seemed in those days like a large sum—and it seemed larger the more she thought about it. How was it that her mother had rented the place for so little, when her mother was an efficient woman when Mrs. Weed was not?"

The answer to this question occurred to her, too. Mrs. Weed was used to spending fair sums of money for everything she bought. Whereas, Mrs. O'Neil had dealt in pennies for so many years, that her judgments as to values and been warped. She was able to give but a trifle.

"Think I'd split the difference," Mrs. Belding advised. And Ruth thought that a good idea.

So, in the end the four teachers agreed to come and pay \$20 a month for their food and use of the kitchen, and they agreed on a sum to cover the cost of the coal they would consume, the gas and the oil stoves to keep the rooms warm.

But felt that at last she was on the way to making her fortune. The teachers would stay until school closed at least the rent was a gain of that much money, all she had to do was to keep their place clean and in order, and add a little mending to her laundry.

Ruth worked with a merry dance. The arrival of the four women took the sense of vast space and vast loneliness from the house, and their laughter and the sound of their voices from above cheered her a great deal, and she found it pleasant to pass time to talk to them about their work.

Besides, it was nice to be in the top of the house when she walked back to it in the evenings.

And all the time Tim was in the city working hard for her.

So, the month of November ran along, and December began. Even so there was a rush work to keep Ruth busy all the time. She found many hours a day to read and she had periodicals and books from the Free Library to draw on.

Twice a week she wrote to Tim, she little letters that tried to express her affection, and that were always afraid of expressing too much. And twice a week or oftener, she got from Tim brief notes saying he loved her more than anyone else, and telling her how hard he was working. Ruth kept these notes in a little old-fashioned tortoise shell box which she used to call her "treasure chest."

The first week in December brought no letter at all, eight days passed before she had word from him. Meantime there was a letter from Mrs. O'Neil, part of which stayed in her mind."

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FEAR Chapter 24

"Well, if you're goin' to make

FACE A SIGHT WITH PIMPLES

Large and Red, Itched and Burned. Cuticura Heals.

"My face was itchy and broke out with large, red pimples. They were scattered all over my face and itched and burned so that I scratched and caused them to grow larger. I could hardly sleep at night. They were a real torture and my face was a sight to see. The trouble lasted about three months. I was using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and the first treatment stopped the itching and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed. (Signed) Miss Ora Goulette, R. F. D. 4, Box 55, Barre, Vt., March 24, 1922.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum exclusively for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 445, P. O. Box 10, W. Mansfield, N. H.

Send for Free Booklet "How to Get Rid of Pimples."

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FOR THE WEEK

BIBLE THOUGHTS

will prove a priceless heritage in after years

FEBRUARY 18

A PENITENT PRAYER:—Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions and my sin is ever before me.—Psalm 51:2,3.

FEBRUARY 19

A DAILY PRAYER:—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.—Psalm 19:14.

FEBRUARY 20

LORD OVER ALL:—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power; for thou hast created all things and for thy pleasure they are and were made.—Revelation 4:11.

FEBRUARY 21

HOW TO GET AN INCREASE:—Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.—Psalm 67:5,6.

FEBRUARY 22

UNSHAKEN TRUST:—They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed; but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.—Psalm 125:1,2.

FEBRUARY 23

ETERNAL AND EVERLASTING SAFETY:—The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deuteronomy 33:27.

FEBRUARY 24