

## The Girl Who Had No Chance

By MARION RUBINCAM

Chapter 3.  
THEIR PLANS

The commencement went off as all such affairs do. It was a matter of proud interest to the family and friends of the graduating class and a matter of intense excitement to the girls and boys who took part in the exercises and who received their diplomas. To the rest of the audience the whole thing was probably rather a bore.

To Ruth O'Neil, however, the whole day was an all too brief period of unalloyed joy, for Ruth was the winner of the great prize of the school—a hundred dollar bill which was given to the one boy or girl whose scholarship showed the greatest promise. There were other and lesser prizes, but this one had inspired pupils of the Market High School to burn up any amount of midnight oil. It was supposed to help defray the winner's expenses at college, but actually it had no strings attached to it. It was simply given and no one knew exactly until the graduation day itself who was to receive it.

So there it was in Ruth's hand—the greatest honor that had ever come to her, the largest amount of money she had ever seen. Myra, whose conscience still hurt her a little because of the incident with Tim, was the first to congratulate Ruth when the ceremonies were over.

"I'm so glad you got it," she said. "I knew you would, for no one else in the class deserved it as much as you."

Ruth said nothing, but kissed her even more for what she considered Myra's great unselfishness.

Then after the "exercises" were over, there was a general scattering for dinner—and a meeting again in the school assembly room, where the Graduation Dance was to take place. This large room bore a little resemblance to the hall where the pupils had gathered for many years as the hands of willing workers could make it. Red, white and blue bunting was everywhere, flags had been borrowed from every home and great jars of June flowers made the whole place as gay and festive as anyone could wish. To Ruth and Myra, charmingly unostentatious products of the small town, no hall had ever been so magnificent.

"If it weren't for you I shouldn't have any partner tonight," Myra said, as the two girls met once more in the dressing room—for ordinary occasions, the French teacher's classroom.

Myra by this time was feeling quite virtuous for having released Tim. "I shouldn't think you'd mind, since you have such a lovely dress," Ruth answered, thinking she was consoling. She never glanced at her own frock—the graduation dress which was to do duty as "best" for a long time—but instead, took in all the details of Myra's expensive blue satin.

Myra fluffed out her golden hair, admiring its luster as brought out by the color of her dress. She turned and

twisted before the mirror, a rather adorable peacock of a girl. Ruth's eyes shown with honest appreciation as she watched her.

"You can buy heaps of clothes with your prize money," Myra suggested. "You ought to wear blue, it would bring out your eyes so."

"Myra!" Ruth cried at this. "Do you know what we're going to do with that hundred dollars? It's supposed to go toward college expenses if the person who wins it goes to college."

"They always have," came from Myra.

"Well, I can't. Besides, I'll have to work."

"Ruth!" The exclamation came from Myra before she could stop it. Life had been so very easy for her, and for Ruth the future had been always indefinite. She knew they were poor, but she had not guessed yet how poor.

"Yes," she answered, serenely. "I'll have to work. But, of course, there's no chance to do much in a small town like this and there's no chance anywhere unless you are trained."

"You can teach—"

"Not at any salary or in any good school without a college education."

"You might be a librarian—"

"That takes training, too, did you know? But a business woman who has had a little training can do most anything."

Ruth ended it vaguely. "Business" to her was a beautifully large term that somehow means wheels revolving rapidly and neatly blue-served girls who went swiftly and efficiently around offices full of filing cabinets.

"You wanted to go to the city?" "The city" meant New York to both of them—to take up something this winter. Well, I'll go along with you and I'll take a business course—steno-graphy or something—in one of the schools."

"Ruth! Will you? How wonderful!" Myra spun about, a swirl of gleaming satin. Other girls, prinking before the glass, glanced at these two curiously.

"Mother will send me money when my hundred runs out. It won't be much, of course, but enough to keep me there awhile. And I'll work hard so as to learn a lot in a short time—then get a position there and make my fortune."

The last was said with a laugh. Ruth turned to the door of the big hall. "Come!" she called back. "Here's Tim waiting. He's to have the first dance with you and I'll sit out."

Tomorrow—The Summer's Night.

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## Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of 17 and attend public dances. Is it proper to dance with a gentleman without an introduction?

Also, it is proper to let a young man I have met at the dance escort me home?

B. I. C.

You should not dance with men to whom you have not been introduced. Do not attend dances alone. You should have an escort there so that there will be no question about your getting home all right. I realize that many girls go to dances and let any one who happens to ask take them home. Such a thing is not wise, however.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of 17 and have been keeping company with a boy my own age, who in my estimation is the dearest boy in the world. We have been keeping steady company for over nine months and are truly fond of each other.

I am living with relatives who like this boy very much, but at times they say rather unkind things although I am so fond of him. I must admit that he has no ambition to learn a trade and so the whole thing is that the objection lies in that matter. I am repeatedly reminded that I couldn't marry a man without a trade.

Sunday I was with this boy and through a trifling quarrel I brought the subject up in a cruel way to him. He stood my speaking so heartlessly to him for fully half an hour and then he broke down.

He is so fond of me, and so what should I do? We are only 17 and have no silly ideas and have no desire to be married at 17 or even 18, but we are so happy in each other's company. It is useless for me to persuade him to

put his mind to a trade. He has no ambition, so that is useless.

AN ADMIRER.

You are too young to take matters so seriously. I would advise you to enjoy each other in a friendly way and not think about the future. Time will settle your difficulty and before you are old enough to marry the boy will have chosen some definite work.

The unskilled workman nowadays stands very little show of coping with the skilled workman. Ambition is certainly necessary to success and it is to be hoped that the boy will wake up to the fact before it is too late. I wonder if he realizes how little the average office man makes in comparison to the man with his profession or trade.

The use of "Uncle Sam" to typify the United States was first employed in Troy, N. Y., in 1812.

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A COLD OR CATARRH

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Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid.—Advertisement.

Gas Mask Protects  
Wearer Against Fumes

(By Associated Press)

WASHINGTON, March 2.—A gas mask that will protect its wearer against practically any gas, smoke or fume is being developed by the bureau of mines was announced today. Several deaths have been reported to the bureau recently as a result of using war gas masks to fight fires in smoke filled rooms, holds of ships and cellars and other conditions, where the density was much greater than they were intended to withstand.

## PLEADS FOR CHRISTIANS

(By Associated Press)

LONDON, March 2.—Monsignor Giuseppe Cepetelli patriarch of Constantinople has arrived in London to

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Baldness can be prevented easier than it can be cured. Stop falling hair dandruff and prevent baldness by using Parisian Sage, best for the hair. Quigley's Drug Stores sell it with guarantee of money back if not satisfactory.—Advertisement.

plead the cause of Christians in the near east before the representatives of allied nations, now gathered in this city.

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Exquisite new Spring fashions, fine quality all-wool fabrics, beautiful silk linings, all perfectly finished.

STYLES: Tailored models, flare models, blouse models, box models.

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