

The Girl Who Had No Chance

By MARION RUBINCAM

Chapter 4. THE SUMMER'S RESULTS

June ended and a hot and humid July set in. Myra and Ruth spent many hours together in the afternoons, either out on the well-kept lawn of the Weed place, or in the shady, shabby garden at the O'Neils.

Ruth had piled up almost a shelf full of books she wanted to read, which she had not had time to read, in the last strenuous year at school. There were books or verse, some treasured volumes of Traversey and Dickens; there were some of the good modern novelists and a college book on psychology.

"Though why you want to go on studying now you're through school is beyond me," Myra declared, finding Ruth and the psychology in the hammock. "I think I'd always like to go on studying a little," Ruth mused, turning her book face down on a nearby table.

"You can't talk to me when you study," Myra pouted a little—a very pretty pout that drew up her soft, pink lips.

"Darling, I'd much rather talk to you than read. What shall we talk about?" Ruth was always the most accommodating of the two.

"About our plans—after this summer. See, I can't be idle either." She unrolled a piece of linen, hand-some and heavy, of an ivory white that meant perfect bleaching and of a lustre that meant perfect quality. "I've a dozen stamped towels and I think I'll embroider them this summer."

"Your mother will love them."

"Mother won't get them," Myra tossed her head. "These are for me—toward my trousseau, perhaps."

Ruth lay back in the hammock, her hands idle for the time, and admired the deft little scallop that Myra was embroidering. Maturity affects girls in such different ways. It brought to Ruth an increased sense of responsibility, it made her smile at tow-headed babies on the moon-lit corners of the porch with the boys who called and started her embroidering towels. Yet in each it was the working out of the domestic instinct.

Ruth jumped up presently, her usually serene blue eyes held a humorous smile.

"I've some towels to do, too," she said. "However, they're not gorgeous ones like yours. They're only some new dish towels to be hemmed."

"Now, then," Myra said as they settled to work, "about going to the city. Father says it's all right. He says I can go to an art school there—though he doesn't think much of my water color drawings! Cousin Emily will see that we have a nice place to live and will sort of look after us. And you—"

"I'm going to study stenography."

Plans were made rapidly—rapidly as only eighteen can plan, when all of a future can be settled casually in an afternoon. They would have a couple of rooms—an apartment, Myra called it, with a kitchen so they could cook—and there would be, it seemed, an endless succession of new and exciting guests and numberless theatres and parties.

"But we won't have money for that!" Ruth occasionally protested. "I'll be poor, at least."

"Well, so will I. At least, papa can't afford very much money."

But as the summer went on, Myra's enthusiasm waned. She came regularly to Ruth's place on all the days when Ruth was not at hers, and the number of her embroidered towels increased steadily. She came most regularly Saturday evenings, the evenings Tim always called on Ruth. But Ruth never noticed this. She liked Tim.

She never analyzed her feelings beyond that—she saw a great deal of him. And she was delighted to have Myra drop in, with one or more of Myra's devoted boys. Ruth was happiest when her home was filled with guests.

But by August Myra had concluded she didn't want to go to the city after all—she would, or could, give no reason.

"But I must," Ruth said. "There's a splendid business college there and I must earn money." Later she said: "Mother has rented our whole top floor to an old lady and gentleman—they come from the West and he's a chemist at the Rubber Works. They don't pay much, but it will help give her money to send me to the city. That's the only reason father let her do it. He feels awful—taking in roomers, he calls it."

But Myra would not go.

So the summer ran—almost to September. Ruth worked hard and was busy every minute of the time. Her father, Duncan O'Neil, had been more or less an invalid for years, an illness that gradually made him more and more helpless physically. But mentally he seemed, for Ruth to shine the brighter. He had always been dreamy and impractical, but her mother more than made up for that.

Her father required a bit of waiting on and since part of the house was taken, that meant a great deal of room work and extra sheets in the laundry, a Monday morning dread.

Then one Monday morning while Ruth was hanging out clothes, Myra appeared suddenly.

"I'm going with you to the city after all. I've just decided," Ruth turned joyfully to answer, but Mrs. O'Neil, in the kitchen, turned to her husband.

"Now, what made her change her mind like that?" she said, hinting at great mysteries.

Tomorrow—Tim.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am going with a girl of twenty who belongs to a different religion than I do. We are both deeply in love with each other. Both her people and mine are opposed to our getting married because we are of different religions.

My folks would like to have her join my church and her folks would like to see me join theirs. It is my desire to continue in my faith and so it is with her.

Do you think it unwise for me to marry her just because our folks object on the grounds that mixed marriages often bring discord into the families?

SINCERELY,
There are so many causes for discord in families that if couples waited for perfect conditions we would have few marriages.

The fact that you are not of the same religion need make little difference if each is sufficiently broad-minded to let the other worship as he sees fit. Of course the subject of children should be discussed so that a future inharmonious need not arise on that score. One or the other will have to make a sacrifice.

It seems to me, however, that a girl of twenty is too young to marry. It is a question whether she is genuinely in love or whether she has a passing fancy. You and the girl will have to decide the problem for yourselves. I can merely say that a religious difference has brought great unhappiness to some couples, while it has not marred the happiness of others.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Will you please tell me what the seventh year wedding anniversary is?
M. R.

The seventh year is the woollen anniversary.

"H. L. M.": Thank you for your interest. It is, however, contrary to the policy of my column to give out addresses. Besides, the girl did not furnish me with her name and address when she wrote.

"The Hostess": I am sorry, but I do not answer questions concerning entertaining.

The Home Garden

In answer to an inquiry sent to the Purdue experiment station regarding tomato wilt, the following answer was received. As inquiries have already been made as to the best method of procedure, the answer is given in full.

"The fungus which causes tomato wilt will persist in the soil at least three years, so it is advisable not to go back to the infested field until after a period of three years. We can not say whether or not it will all have disappeared at that time. Probably there will be a small percentage of the disease showing up even after such a period of time, but experiments carried on in Louisiana indicate that after three years the disease is not serious."

It is well to guard against the introduction of the disease into other fields with diseased transplants. This means it would be well to use new locations for the plant beds if you grow your own plants, or to carefully inspect the plants if you purchase them from some one else. I am convinced that the Fusarium wilt of tomatoes is being introduced into clean soil every year by the use of diseased transplants."

Very truly yours,
M. W. Gardner,
Associate Botanist.

Brazilians keep pet anacondas, ten to 20 feet long, in their cellars, to destroy the rats and mice.

BABY BORN ON PEACE DAY

After Mother Had Been Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Salisbury, Mass.—"For seven years I had a female trouble and such bearing-down pains I could hardly do my housework. The doctor said, 'If you can have another baby it might be the best thing for you but I am afraid you cannot.' I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my baby was born on 'Peace Day'. If women would only take your Vegetable Compound they would have better health. I always recommend your Vegetable Compound to the neighbors."

Mrs. TRACY PATTEN, 2 Lincoln Ave., Salisbury, Massachusetts.

The experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation, as it is impossible for a weak, sickly wife to bring healthy children into the world.

Therefore if a woman is suffering from a displacement, backache, inflammation, ulceration, bearing-down pains, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" she should profit by Mrs. Patten's experience, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be restored.



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Hope for Bonus Passage

at Session is Given Up
WASHINGTON, March 3.—Hope of enactment at this session of the soldier bonus bill was abandoned today by its proponents.

POLICE AND BOMB SETTERS IN TILT AFTER 4 BLASTS
BARCELONA, March 3.—Considerable damage has been done by four bomb explosions in the vicinity of the electric plant. Shots were exchanged between the police and the persons placing the bombs. Police, during the day, raided a secret meeting of Syndicalists. Eleven arrests were made.

CAVE-IN CLOSES MINE.
PRINCETON, Ind., March 3.—A cave-in of fifty-eight feet of sand and gravel in the shaft of the Deep Vein Coal Company here will shut down the mine for thirty days officials say. A score of miners had just left the mine when the accident occurred. R. J. Smith, Terre Haute, is principal owner.

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URGENT BOSS TO MAKE RACE EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 3.—Benjamin Bosse, who is now serving his second term as mayor of Evansville, is urged to make the race again this year, in petitions that were circulated in all parts of the city and which, it is said, were signed liberally. Bosse is Democratic state chairman of Indiana and has been prominent in first district and state politics for a number of years. Recently he said he would not be a candidate this year.



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ana and has been prominent in first district and state politics for a number of years. Recently he said he would not be a candidate this year.

Another Season's Wear

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He was about to throw his old suit into the rag heap when his wife propounded a bright idea: "Why don't you send your suit to O'BRIEN—The CLEANER for a real Dry Cleaning? I'm sure we can save by doing so." The suit was Dry Cleaned and returned looking as good as new. Why not send your Dry Cleaning to us the next time? You'll be pleased and satisfied.

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