

The Girl Who Had No Chance

By MARION RUBINCAM

Chapter 53.
DEVELOPMENTS.

Langley Williams was tall, very tall indeed—his height, made apparently greater because of his extreme slimness. Ruth thought him quite the tallest man she had ever seen. Later she found that the thick crop of straight yellow hair which was brushed straight back from his forehead added an inch or two to his height.

That was all the girl was conscious of at a first impression. Later she discovered that he had grey eyes, which were not very large, a mouth that closed firmly, but that was rather homely in shape; a jaw that was firmer than the mouth, and a great many lines in his face. Just now, as he smiled, she did not notice this stubbornness of either mouth or chin.

Langley Williams had had a hard life and his face showed it. He would know more things about a man he had just met than most people would find out after weeks of acquaintance. He knew practically nothing about women, men rarely deceived him, women always could, and one woman once—

But meantime Ruth was speaking again.

"Tim said he was sending you to see about a—a room." Her cheeks flushed suddenly, and she wondered why she should feel embarrassed with him, talking about a simple business arrangement such as renting a room, when she had no such ideas with anyone else!

"Well, yes, that was partly it." He was standing on the step below her, but she still felt that she was looking up at him. "I expected to get here a long time ago, but I only arrived yesterday and I'm stopping at—well, they call it a hotel."

Ruth laughed. She knew the Main Street Hotel was a joke, even in the town, for its badness.

"But Turner was also good enough to give me a letter of introduction to you, and to a few other people here."

"We are always glad to see any friend of Tim's," Ruth answered mechanically, and added, "Won't he come in?"

He shook his head and said it was dinner time, but that he would come again with the letter, if she would allow him.

"But there isn't a vacant room," Ruth said, moved by a sudden impulse she could not explain. She mentioned a house where he might be made comfortable, and with that he went off.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil looked up when the girl came in, wondering at her long delay. She explained that the man Tim had written about had come for a room.

"But I said we had none," she went on. "I don't know why, because we need the money and there's plenty of rooms to rent. Only, somehow I did not want a friend of Tim's to be—well, to board—to—"

"I know, my dear. It puts one in a curious position," Duncan O'Neil answered. And Ruth, grateful that he could understand the idea she could not explain, said nothing more about it.

The next day Ruth received a note from Langley Williams. It said:

"Thanks for your suggestion about a place to live. I'm already fixed very nicely there. This is the letter of introduction Turner gave me. May I come around some evening next week?"

Ruth opened the other note, hating herself for the agitation that the sight of Tim's writing caused. It was only the conventional wording of such notes, and it was dated some time back. Ruth dropped it in the fire as soon as she could, and sent the new arrival a brief letter saying she would be glad to see him the following Wednesday.

But she was not very much interested. Mr. Williams, it appeared, was making a stir among her friends, as any stranger, particularly a man, would be bound to, in such a small place.

Mrs. Weed, it seemed, had him to dinner, and knew a great deal about him.

"He's very charming," she told Ruth. "He's been all over the world, worked his way mostly. He's been

on tramp steamers—whatever they are, and he's walked when he hadn't money. He's been in the mines in South America, and, oh, dear, he's been all over."

Ruth began to be interested then. Here was someone who would tell her, at least, about the places she wanted to see!

"He's an efficiency man. He goes into places, factories mostly, and goes over their books, and through their works, and watches their people. Then he tells them which are the best workers and which aren't, and why, and what to do to the place to make it pay better. It all sounds so very interesting." Mrs. Weed quite enthused at it.

That meant he would come to the factory where she was! Her cheeks flushed suddenly, and she wondered why she should feel embarrassed with him, talking about a simple business arrangement such as renting a room, when she had no such ideas with anyone else!

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"I'll get there yet, but it's slow," she said to her mother.

"Tomorrow—'Great Plans.'

Heart Problems

PICNICS

Spring is calling youth to the woods. Picnics and outings are under way. Love and happiness seem very close and to be had for the asking.

There are certain laws in life which must be remembered in the spring time of the year just as much as in the cooler seasons when reason rather than impulse governs conduct. Love and happiness must be earned just as much as anything else in life that is worth while.

It is generally supposed that a chaperon is necessary when boys and girls go to the woods. Personally, I wonder how much good the chaperon does unless it is to add propriety. When there is a chaperon, gossips give their sanction and feel that everything is all right and there is no reason for questioning the conduct of the young people. When there is no chaperon, certain class of people, looking for the unclean in life, begin wondering what happened on the little expedition into the woods, and they spread their imaginations by talking the matter over with friends. Everything depends upon the moral fiber of the youth. Some can be trusted with or without a chaperon, while others will work mischief in either case.

Thoughtfulness also is necessary to the successful outing. Only too often one girl feels more interest in her friend's escort than in her own, and she utterly spoils the happiness of the friend by her selfish coquetry. Then, too, a boy very often forgets that he has taken a girl with him, and he neglects her, forgetting to show her

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Leonora Stafford at the corps' session Thursday afternoon and because of Mrs. Stafford's inability to attend Mrs. Falk will go as the Richmond delegate.

A large delegation is expected to attend from the local corps. Mrs. Laura Paxton, president of the Richmond corps, and Mrs. Lillie Myers, past state secretary of the Indiana division of the Women's Relief corps, will be among those going.

MEN'S BIBLE CLASS HOST AT DINNER FOR WOMEN SHELBYVILLE, Ind., April 29.—Members of the men's Bible class of the First Christian church were hosts

at a dinner for the women's Bible class of the church last evening. The men pre-
pared and served the dinner.

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