

The Girl Who Had No Chance

By MARION RUBINCAM

Chapter 57.

THE SHADOWS TURN BLACK.

That very evening, Ruth had a telegram from Gabrielle Cartez, announcing that she was coming to Marktown and would be there in the morning and come to Ruth's office. A casual correspondence had been carried on between these two, but Ruth had had no letter for weeks.

And next morning about 10 o'clock, the office door opened and in came Gaby with two suitcases, to catch hold of Ruth and gush over her will all the little actress' enthusiasm.

"Darlin', I'm so glad to see you, and how well you're looking," she said, and released Ruth to look at her and find out whether this last statement was true or not.

Without pausing for breath, she explained that she was on her way to St. Louis to join a new company.

"A decent part at last, and two songs to myself and a good salary which I'm going to save," she announced. "I'd asked for the part and been turned down, and the girl they took was awful, so they fired her and sent a telegram to me."

"And as I wasn't needed until Thursday, I just decided to start two days ahead of time and stop off and look up you. You aren't much off my route, I'll go from here to Pittsburgh."

"If you knew how glad I am to see you—" Ruth began.

"Darlin', you're joy to my eyes. But you do look thin!"

A client strolled into the office, and Ruth had to wait until she had sent Gaby home and reached there herself, before she heard more news.

"Where does your show go after it leaves St. Louis?" she asked, when they were settled after dinner by the living room fire.

"Oh, we come east, and play the winter in New York. It's musical comedy, but it will be a success. They're giving it a long try out on the road before bringing it in Broadway."

"Then you'll go back to the apartment?"

"The one you saw? Well, no—that is, you see, Emily will be at home soon, and she'll need the furniture she loaned us—and I'm making enough to afford a place of my own."

"And Myra?" Ruth asked, keeping her voice perfectly steady.

"Myra? Oh, Myra." Gaby pretended she had to settle the cushions more comfortably, moving about restlessly in her chair. "She'll go—some place, I suppose."

"Where?"

"Now darlin', don't ask me what she's—"

"I'm glad you left the apartment a few days earlier to see me. It left more room for Myra's visitors, too. But why didn't you stay on for the ceremony?"

"Now, Ruth dear, what are you talking about?"

Ruth faced the fire, she dared not look around. Gaby was clever in many ways, but she thought it stupid of her to try in this way, to hide the true situation, and then, as she started to ask directly, the door opened and Langley Williams came in.

So the evening passed pleasantly enough, except that Ruth was not able to find out what she wanted to know. And when the man left, Gaby turned eagerly.

"What a perfectly fine chap! Ruth, he's in love with you."

"Nonsense," Ruth answered irritably. "He's not in love with me or anyone. He has a career to make, and women have no place in his life. I have a career to make. At least, I have money to make, and men have no place in my life."

"Where have I heard such words before?" The little actress rolled up her eyes and pulled her pretty face into a droll expression. "Darling, they fall bardest when they start off by talking that way."

"What way? I am telling the truth. I've known Langley a long time now. We've worked together on a factory improvement plan of his and we've taken walks together, all over the country here, and he's never been a bit sentimental. That's why I liked him, if you want to know."

"Well, why don't you fall in love with him? He'd fall for you in a minute. I can see you, you never gave him an ounce of encouragement."

"Gaby!" Ruth's tone silenced the other girl.

The fire died down, and Ruth stirred its red embers. Then she turned suddenly.

"Why didn't you stay on in New York for the wedding tomorrow?"

"It isn't until Wednesday, and I have to be in rehearsal then."

Ruth turned back to the fire. She had the truth at last—though she almost knew it when she saw Mr. and Mrs. Weed leaving for the station.

Gaby put out a hand—a slim white hand with too many rings on it.

"Dear, it's the best thing. Myra wasn't worth your old affection for her, and Tim wasn't worthy of you in any way. Believe me, Ruth, the best man for you to fall in love with is Lang—"

"Don't!" Ruth's voice was scarcely audible. She sat facing the fire still, her face set, her hands held tightly together. Gaby said something about going early to bed and left her alone.

And for a long time Ruth sat there, while the living room grew chilly and the embers became a dull red. It was to happen at last—Myra and Tim were to be married, in less than two days. After that, it would be almost wicked for her to think about Tim—yet he had kissed her goodbye a year ago before this very fireplace. Why was it that if he could so soon cease to love her, she could not stop loving him? She held her hand against her neck, her fingers working nervously. After all, what was the use—of anything? Life was only work—and struggle—and more work.

Tomorrow—Passing Days.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a wife of 19, and have one little boy whom I named after a friend of ours. My husband thought it all right at first.

but lately he has been telling me that I did it because I loved the friend. He gets drunk quite often and says some very cruel things that wound me deeply. I love him and I know he loves me, but he is jealous of a man that is just like a brother to both of us.

When he gets angry he says things before the friend that would shock any one else. The friend is really a kind and sensible young man who did love me once, but he only treats me as a friend now. I am deeply grieved at my husband's actions and feel mortified when he talks so. When he is drunk he beats my baby. I am troubled and feel hurt and sad and want you to advise me.

A WOUNDED HEART.

My sympathy is with your husband. It must be a very great strain on him to accept your old sweetheart as an ever welcome friend in the home.

Then, too, it was cause for your husband to be hurt when you named the boy after the friend instead of him.

There is only one course that will bring you happiness. Explain to the friend that sometimes it is difficult for you to have him in the home. Tell him that you have enjoyed his friendship, but you cannot let it come between you and your husband. I firmly believe that your husband will be in a more normal state of mind when he no longer meets the other man. He will probably stop drinking because his home will mean more to him. If the baby is not too old, I would suggest that you change the little one's name.

The father will care more for the child if he does not feel a bitter sting every time he calls his name.

Eastern Cuba Paralyzed

BY STRIKE ON RAILROADS.

HAVANA, Cuba, May 4.—Railroads throughout eastern Cuba are paralyzed by the strike of workers, and gunboats are being employed to move mail between Santiago and other points, which can be reached by water.

Sugar interests are embarrassed seriously by the walkout, and, so far as known, the strikers are standing firm.

Mediators appointed by the central government to reach a settlement of the trouble have arrived at Camaguey.

COMMISSIONERS AUTHORIZE PLANTING TREE MEMORIALS.

LAPORTE, Ind., May 4.—County commissioners Tuesday granted

Fresh Cottage Cheese

Old Virginia Fruit Cake

Pat-A-Cake Flour

Minuts Brew Bran Biscuits

Bran Cookies

Cake Flour

John M. Eggemeyer & Sons

Bee Hive Grocery—3 Phones

IT'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL FOR THESE REFUGEES OF KRONSTADT REVOLUTION



Russian refugees arriving in Finland from Kronstadt.

"The real losers in the Kronstadt revolt," is what this picture might be labeled. Above are three mothers and a father with children in arms arriving in Finland through the snow from Kronstadt, where the peasants tried to overthrow the rule of Lenin. These women were left without food or shelter when the revolt collapsed. With their babies they started for Finland in the hope of obtaining nourishment. The baby in the arms of the woman at the left was born on the trail.

Petition of Hamon Gray post of the county line as a memorial for war veterans. The trees will be planted fifty feet apart. About 3,000 trees will be needed, it is estimated.

Lloyd

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When you go to see the carriages, look at the handsome loom woven furniture too; all very reasonable in price. Ten thousand dealers sell Lloyd Loom Woven Products. If yours doesn't, write us for name of nearest one who does. Send for booklet.

The Lloyd Manufacturing Company
Dept. N, Menominee, Michigan



900 BODIES SHIPPED HOME.

ANTWERP, May 4.—The bodies of 900 American soldiers, killed in the war, brought here from cemeteries behind the fighting lines in France, were placed Tuesday on a steamer, enroute to the United States. Religious services are to be held here in their honor.

BARTON RE-ELECTED HEAD OF RAILWAY LABOR BOARD

CHICAGO, May 4.—Judge R. M. Barton of Nashville, Tenn., was re-elected chairman of the United States railroad labor board Tuesday for the coming year. Judge Barton is a member of the group representing the public.

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Canton Crepe
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Charmeuse
Georgettes

Dresses that were made to retail at prices from \$49.75 to \$75.00. On sale this week at a big saving—

\$29⁷⁵
to
\$39⁷⁵

Beaded and Ruffle effects, Basque models, Sport models, Plain-Tailored models for afternoon and street wear—all for your choosing AT A SACRIFICE PRICE. While they last \$29.75 to \$39.75

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