

The Girl Who Had No Chance  
By MARION RUBINCAMChapter 54.  
A CONTRAST.

The next day, which was the third in Ruth's stay in the city, she attended to a great deal more of the work assigned her by the committee, and managed to be through in time to meet the young man with the small moustache for tea, as she had promised. "Having tea," as she expressed it, "was the most exciting thing that could have happened." She decided that when she got home she would have tea served to her as soon as she came in from her work, and then have dinner a little later. In the city, they seemed to dine at extraordinary hours—eight and even half past eight. The girl smiled as she passed the crowded dining room of the hotel. At home, she was often thinking of going to bed when these people were beginning dinner!

But the two things that seemed to her the greatest marks of leisure and luxury were—having tea, and her white satin negligee. And this afternoon, she spent a pleasant hour talking to the young chap who wanted to know a great deal about her work and who seemed to admire her immensely. And then she went to her apartment. It was 6 o'clock, and she was very tired. The excitement of the city, the party the night before, the work she had done that day, had completely exhausted her. She looked forward to a whole evening by herself. Besides, there were all the boxes of purchases to be undone.

One takes easily to luxury. Ruth had a lazy, warm bath, and put on the negligee she had purchased a few days before. Its gleaming white satin draped her figure, and gave her a slimness and a grace she never suspected. And there was a little blue here and there—she noticed suddenly that her eyes were quite blue and of a very pretty shade. She let down her hair, and went to her little boudoir to read the evening paper and to rest awhile.

"Shall you have dinner up here? I myself will serve it," the little French maid offered. And Ruth nodded, delighted at the idea.

"I must make out a list of things for Miss Vance to buy for me," she said, while the maid arranged the big tray on a low table by the couch. "I must have a boudoir cap, mustn't I, Marie?"

The maid nodded.

"And some perfumes," she said, eager to help make up the list. "You have no powder, no rouge, no smelling salts—"

"But I never faint, I don't need that," Ruth protested, writing out her list. The maid paused.

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"But I never faint, I don't need that," Ruth protested, writing out her list. The maid paused.

"Still, you should have them. And bath salts, and—" she ran off a dozen articles, some of them strange to the unsophisticated girl from the little town. Ruth wrote them down; she wanted at least to know what all these things were. And she added a bath robe, gloves, a handbag, blouses, and various other items to her ever-growing list.

A telegram came up to her. "Off for a vacation, too," it read. "Going to Chicago, Langley."

To Chicago—that's where the girl lived, the girl who had taken so much of Langley's belief, and who had embittered him for years! A little chilly feeling went through her. Suppose after all, he should see that girl and find he still loved her? He protested but did not any more, but—

Ruth lay back on the couch thinking about it. She had thought of Langley as the sort who only loved once. He had loved her now. But, after all, hadn't this strange girl taken the best of his devotion? Could he give to the second love all he had given to the first? Could he love the second woman as he loved the first?

She decided he could not, and lay for a long time thinking of this and feeling very unhappy about it. She wanted to love Langley in many ways she did love him. They were very good friends, so very companionable. She thought of the young man she had taken tea with—good looking, charming, intelligent, brave, adventurous, with an easy air that seemed to give him command of the world. Yet, fascinating as he was—he was not the type she would ever care about.

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## Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson:

I am 21 years old, have dark brown hair and brown eyes. I would like to get acquainted with some girl in Richmond, who like myself, has no chums. One whom I could love as a sister. I have no brothers or sisters. I know a good many girls but they all have chums. I want a girl who has no chums. I have a machine and she and I could go many places together. I come to Richmond every Saturday. If some good girl writes to you, please give me the address.

LONESOME GIRL.

Dear Mrs. Thompson:

I am a girl of 15 years and have a boy friend. He told my brother he likes me more than any other girl. I have grown to love him. A girl who is a good friend of this boy, has told him untruths about me, and he believes what she says. How could I make him believe what my friend said was not true?

M. W. B.

You are entirely too young to be in love with a boy, and so need not worry what others say about you. provided they are not telling the truth. She will soon discover that lies contradict lies.

Dear Mrs. Thompson:

I have made my own way since I was 14 years old, but I am not able to make friends with girls. One boy who formerly took me out driving in his automobile now says his father doesn't want him to use the machine, but I see him in it. How can I get a girl chum? Would you work where you can get the most pay or where you are treated best?

DISCOURAGED.

It is difficult to tell you how to make friends. Perhaps you are to blame for not having friends. You cannot have friends unless you have qualities which others admire and are yourself friendly. No one can tell you where you should work unless all circumstances are known. Usually a person is happiest where he is treated best, irrespective of wages.

H. J. E.—The best advice that can be given to you, is to attend strictly to your own affairs and to return home to attend to your business. There are plenty of fine girls in the United States. You have no right, legal or moral, to fall in love with another man's wife.

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