

THE DAILY NOVELLETTE  
His Chance

By SYLVIA DINSMOOR HELL  
The world seemed so dim and empty to Eleanor Grey as she looked out of her window into the little western city which was so strange to her. The busy people thronged along the streets, indifferent to any one but themselves and their own. The same steady throng which Eleanor had watched for so many, many weary days. If it would only change! The monotony was wearing on her.

She looked over the tops of strange buildings, across strange lanes until at last—ah! Here was something that was familiar. How she had learned to love the blue sky! Sometimes it was filled with fleecy white clouds which reminded her of her childhood days, so light and carefree had she been; then the white clouds faded away and a beautiful sunset dawned in her young life. But the sunset had not lasted long; too soon it gave way to a terrible storm.

She wondered if he, too, were watching the sky. The same sky covered them both, the same old moon and the same glittering stars shone on both. Yes, in these, at least, she had something in common with him.

Wearily, she turned to her desk and took up her pen to write. It was an effort to write that letter, and as she read it, it seemed to take all her strength to keep to her resolution to send it. She read it half aloud to herself.

"Dear Bob—Probably you were somewhat surprised when you learned that I had left town. I had a very good position offered me and it was best for me to accept it.

"While I lived in that dear old town I had more good times with you than I could possibly have had with any one else. I shall always think of it as the best time of my life, and I will remember it always.

"You will probably never see me again and it is best that you shouldn't. The days here are long and lonely. I am among entire strangers, but I don't want to get acquainted, for it would only help to renew all the pain and sorrow that I have endured.

"Please forget me! Think of this last year as an empty page in the book of your life. It is easy to forget.

She carefully folded the letter, but she noticed that her fingers trembled as she did so. How nervous she was getting! She gave the letter to a woman who was going to a distant city where she could mail it. In this way Bob could not possibly find out where she was.

As she thought of Bob again, something seemed to remind her of that awful afternoon when Bob's father had called.

He had told her how Bob's future depended almost wholly on the girl whom he should marry. She must be a social favorite, have influential friends, belong to the "elite" and be willing to be "nice" to people simply for the sake of gaining political ends. Could she, Eleanor Grey, be or do any of those things?

Then had come the final straw. "You love him, you say, Miss Grey?" he said in his moderate, impressive manner. "If you love him, go away where he won't see you. Give him his chance in life. If he marries you, he will be forever hampered. The noblest way for you to prove your love for him is to do as I ask. It is easy to forget. You will find some one else and so will he."

And so Eleanor had done as he requested, and now she found herself in this strange, lonely city.

With a gesture of despair she threw herself on her bed to sob out the sorrow that was in her heart. A fierce storm had arisen, but the tumult within was as nothing to the tumult within.

She lay there a long time and when she arose she was conscious that the life had been overborne by the influence of one who is ever present in trouble.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "give me the strength to forget him! Give me the strength to make successful the life which I am to live. Please, dear God, be with me in all this work which I shall do to benefit mankind. Forgive me if I have been sinful in thinking

of my own trouble, instead of those of suffering humanity."

Robert Traynor felt a cooling hand on his forehead, and soft fingers pressed his wrist as they sought his pulse. As he turned unsteadily in his hospital bed he discovered that it was a very charming young nurse who was attending to him. His brain seemed clouded for a moment, then, "Eleanor!" he breathed.

Eleanor's face slowly went white. "The doctors didn't expect you to regain consciousness, or at least only as you were brought into my section I thought it best to attend you until you got on your feet, day after tomorrow," she explained.

"Why do you wish to avoid me?" he asked, noticing how much the nurse's uniform became her.

"Chance," she answered, as she smoothed the bed clothes where he had rumpled them in his excitement. "I never had any chance with you."

"Oh, I didn't mean that kind of a chance. I meant your chance socially and politically. Your father told me that it was a hindrance to you, so that is why I went away."

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35 Per Cent Increase  
over the 1920 scale. Except at the older ages the Fidelity's new dividends will be approximately ten per cent greater than the dividends allowed previous to the devastating influenza epidemic, which drew so heavily upon the surplus funds of all life companies.  
Over and above these dividends the Company still shows an increase of 15.66 per cent. in its contingency reserve, or surplus.  
The Fidelity is a purely mutual company, conducted solely in the interests of its policyholders. It has no stock or proprietary interests. Operating under the supervision of forty State governments, with 83,345 policies in force, for a total of \$203,980,056 insurance, the Fidelity stands out as one of Philadelphia's leading financial institutions.  
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When mother takes baby out in his carriage in cool weather her hands do get uncomfortably cold. Let her make one of these CARriage HANDLE MUFFS and she need not fear that discomfort. Make a flat cushion padded with cotton or feathers about 12x18 inches. Cover one side with fur or velvet. Stitch securely a row of snap fasteners along the fourteen-inch sides. When ready to take baby for her ride, lay the cushion over the handle of the carriage, close the fasteners, and your CARriage HANDLE MUFF is ready to keep your hands snugly warm. (You really can use the muff without the carriage, too.) FLORA

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"Socially and politically." Bosh! I want just one chance, Eleanor, just one chance to win you. That's the chance I want. Will you give it to me?"  
Just as Dr. Page entered the room he heard Eleanor saying to her patient "Yes, you may have a chance."  
"Well, I should say he had all right," said Dr. Page. "Just look at his eyes."  
"I guess he isn't going to stay in this place much longer. I knew his chances were good all the time."  
"I wish I had," answered Bob.  
Next complete novelette—Ann Macnair  
Dr. F. H. Green to Speak  
Dr. F. H. Green, head master of Pennington Seminary, will lecture on "getting along," tonight in the Sunday School Auditorium of the First Church of the Brethren, Dauphin and Carle streets. Dr. Green was formerly of the West Chester Normal School.

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