

His Stenographer

by DALE DRUMMOND

CHAPTER IV.

Good and Bad Men.

I TOLD Mrs. Clark all about what had happened. She looked at me queerly and said:

"It's too bad, but I am afraid you will find plenty of such men in New York. Of course, there is plenty of good men, too," she hastened to say, "so don't get scared."

"I'm not frightened a bit," I told her. Nevertheless, I did not look for work all the next day. I hadn't slept, and I felt nervous and disinclined to talk to any one. So I brushed my own suit thoroughly, washed out, in the washbowl, any soiled clothes I had, then took a long walk. I found a lovely park and sat on a bench and watched the children playing. When I went back I felt better. My courage had returned. I think it was the sight of the children.

Once more I started out bright and early to look for work. Once more luck was with me. Before night I had a place. This time with a concern that employed several girls. I felt that I should be safe here. I think I should have been afraid to go into another office like the one I had left. My experience with Mr. Barrett had made me cautious, it had also given me the idea, a very wrong one I now know, that most men were bad, and were ready to take advantage of any girl.

I have to laugh when I recall how I used to put all men into two classes. Business men, I mean. They were either plain good or plain bad. The good ones I decided were either very old or very young.

I worked very hard in this place, we all did. I soon found that here a girl was as safe as in her own home. But she must work and work hard.

"Regular slave-drivers," one girl said to me in speaking of the firm.

"It doesn't make any difference to me how hard I work if they treat

me right," I replied, "and they certainly are square here."

"Yes, they're square enough, but they work you to death. You'll find it out if you stay here long enough. Most of the girls get sick and have to quit."

I only laughed. I was strong and well. Hard work couldn't frighten me; neither could her warning.

At the end of a year in this place I was getting \$8.50 a week. I had paid mother, and was saving for a fall suit. The clothes I had brought from home were about all gone, and I was beginning to look shabby.

I had met and became friendly with a girl who lunched in the same cheap place that I did. She urged me to change my rooming house and live where she did. It was nearer the subway, and in other respects a little more desirable, so I finally consented and took a little room across the hall from her. This house, too, was patronized principally by working girls—and those out of work. The landlady's name was Fagin.

Carrie Newton was getting \$10 a week, but she had been working for nearly five years, although she was no older than I was. We were both just 20 when we met.

One day Carrie brought another girl home with her. They were at one time in the same office for a couple of weeks and had met in the street. Betty Conners was younger, only 17. Her money was gone. Carrie explained, and she had been unable to get work. She had lost her position about two weeks before.

We were very busy at the office. It was late when I got home. I was always tired, too, and after doing the little things necessary if I were to look neat, cooking my supper and clearing it away. I was so tired I usually went directly to bed.

My room at Mrs. Fagin's was a little brighter than the one at Mrs. Clark's had been, and was only up

three flights. I used to wonder if I wouldn't have had to sleep on the stairs if I had to go up that other flight. Yet I was as well as I was when I left home. I never had headaches or complained as did many of the girls.

Just as soon as I had paid mother back I rented a typewriter and no matter how tired I was I worked an hour every night. Carrie understood that I would not be disturbed when I was working, so I saw very little of her after Betty came; as they went out together and spent many of the long summer evenings in the park.

But what little I had seen of Betty interested me. I had liked her at once; and I knew she was good for Carrie, who was inclined to be a little moody if things weren't to her liking.

I heard only occasionally from home. They were all too busy to write, so Saddle told me on a postcard. Then one day she sent me a paper. The banker's son had married. It seemed he had been engaged a long time to some rich man's daughter he had met when he was in college. My face burned as I realized afresh that never, even at first, had he intended to be honest with me. Then a wave of thankfulness went over me as I thought that he at any rate knew I was trying to do what was right, that I was a good girl.

I had the paper in my hand when Carrie called me to step in her room. Betty also added her plea, and so without waiting to take off my things I joined the girls.

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STATE NEWS.

Why He Served on Jury.

Dr. Bridges, editor of the Presbyterian Standard, published in Charlotte, has had his first experience on a jury and in his paper he gives this reason for serving. "We have just served for the first time on a jury. We were disposed to plead legal exemption, but the judge asked us to waive the exemption, and use the opportunity to serve the community. This seemed a reasonable request and feeling indebted to the community, we consented."—Winston Sentinel.

Patent Medicine Man Fined.

The case in federal court against the officers, directors and stockholders of the Bristol Chemical company and the Southern Root and Herb company, which bid fair to consume several days, ended rather suddenly when an agreed verdict of not guilty of conspiracy was returned. The charge was that the defendants had conspired a ship in interstate shipments adulterated birch oil. As a result of the agreed verdict six of the defendants pleaded guilty of a misdemeanor in adulterating birch oil. These six defendants paid in \$2,000 in settlement of their cases.—Salisbury Post.

Death of Editor Underwood.

The town regrets to learn of the death of W. I. Underwood, editor of the Greensboro Patriot. For many months this sad news has been expected, yet when it comes it causes regret. Mr. Underwood was one of the well-known newspaper men of North Carolina and had it not been for the ravages of tuberculosis would have been much stronger. He was cut down in his early manhood and to his sorrowing relatives the sympathy of the town goes out.

Growing More Wheat.

A trip through Union county reveals the fact that more wheat is growing in this section than has been known for many years. The scarcity of flour has aroused Union farmers to action along the wheat-growing line and this county is destined to develop into a noted wheat country.—Marshville Times.

Telephone Bugs at Work.

After remaining idle for several weeks the telephone "bug" has again made its appearance. As usual the operations of the bug were far from a practical joke, being instead troublesome and causing a great deal of worry. Recently ladies of the city were to prepare a luncheon for campaign committees. The "bug" called up Mrs. E. R. Leyburn, who was in charge, saying it was Mrs. Q. K. Rawls. The "bug" advised Mrs. Leyburn that she (Mrs. Rawls) would be on hand to make the coffee. At the time Mrs. Rawls was ill and could not be present. The "bug" also called other ladies of the city during the ensuing week. Manager J. L. Conrad, of the telephone company, is renewing his efforts to ascertain the guilty party or parties.—Durham Sun.

Rich in Hotels.

With one hotel undergoing \$40,000 in repairs, another costing \$300,000 getting ready for occupancy by fall, and a \$150,000 one on blue print, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—Greensboro Record.

Oppose Court House Repairs.

At the October term of Superior court the grand jury recommended some very extensive repairs to the court house building at Southport. A new front was recommended to be put on the building, colonial style, with steps to the front from all sides, a single front stairway, and taking out the present gallery. The woodwork and plastering was to be renewed and painted, new seats were to be put in, and several minor details carried out, which would practically give Southport a modern court house. It appears that the board or county commissioners has asked for bids to have work done to the building along this line, and now the people out in the county are kicking, as petitions largely signed are being circulated, asking the board to withhold for an indefinite time any remodeling, etc.—Brunswick County News.

WITH THE EDITORS

Concord Tribune: It hardly seems possible that prospective war gardeners need to be warned again this year against German propaganda aimed at their back yard gardens. Yet the government is issuing warnings to combat this very evil. Any one familiar with American government methods knows that his own little vegetable patch is not going to be confiscated. His peas and beans and carrots and other garden triumphs will help to win the war by furnishing his own family with some of the necessities of life through the coming summer and winter, too, if his wife cans some of the garden products. But still the rumor that the food administration is going to confiscate home vegetable spreads and really alarms some people and discourages others, among our foreign-born population.

High Point Telegram: U. S. District Judge Van Fleet, of San Francisco, has trimmed three German whelps to suit our taste. There never was a viler nest of conspirators than the German consulate at San Francisco. Not only was revolution in India seriously promoted but there's no question but in that office plans were promoted for dynamiting of public and private works, and other schemes for wholesale murder. Judge Van Fleet gave Bopp, von Brinckman and von Shack, the leaders, all the law allows—two years in prison and \$10,000 fine. The punishment hardly fits the crime, but there's some cheer in seeing our internal enemies get the limit, even if the limit is too low.

Asheville Times: The enemies of the Germans in this country knew that the Germans would be given the credit for the disloyal Socialist votes in Wisconsin and elsewhere, so they went and voted the Socialist ticket, and thus brought dishonor on the thoroughly loyal Germans—Chicago Abendpost. Let the loyal Germans show their colors. Americans will meet them in the open.

Greensboro News: Evidence of Germany's pressing need for man power to replace the fearful losses in the present offensive is seen in the sending to the battlefield, as reported in an Associated Press dispatch, of boys of the classes of 1919 and 1920 with only eight weeks' training. The German high command may yet literally rob the cradle and the grave before it is brought to a realization of the futility of trying to crush the allied armies.

New Bern Sun-Journal: The government has fixed the price on hides, says a dispatch from Washington. That being the case, a lot of folks now know exactly what they are worth.

The New Bernian: The New York Times usually speaks with authority when it discusses business affairs. Now it records the encouraging thought that prices seemed to have reached the apex in their advance and from now on they must come down. There have been reasons for some price increases. But too generally the large producing agencies have been making profits out of all proportion to capital invested, cost of raw material or demand of labor. Uncle Sam has felt the pinch of the high prices. And it is because he objects to paying them that there is hope for the rest of us.

Greensboro Record: This seems now to be the only solution. Men, and then men, and then more men. The Germans never believed we would enter the war in earnest, and to let them know for a fact that five million American soldiers were coming would do more to secure the lasting peace we want than anything else. Because those five million men would annihilate Germany, and complete annihilation is necessary to destroy militarism.

Asheville Times: Not the record of the state, even though it is acknowledged that the history of the state is a magnificent record, but this time it is the record of the University of



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North Carolina. Last week in triangular debates, one with Virginia, and the other with Johns Hopkins, the debaters from North Carolina University won in both instances. This double victory starts a train of thought. Intercollegiate debating dates back 21 years to 1897. During those years Carolina has 32 out of 47 debates. Great is Carolina's record.

Change of Industrial Center. Grafters are said to have made at least \$500,000,000 in New York City during the past year. We had previously thought that Bethlehem, Pa., was the center of the steel industry.—Charlotte News.

Bob Bescher refused to sign with Milwaukee for the salary offered, de-

claring he could make more money driving a sprinkling cart. Louisville finally outbid the sprinkling cart and Bob signed with the Colonels.

With the exception of Powell all of the Braves' regulars are married, and therefore he it said the Braves' pastime proves the truth of the old saying that married life is an awful thing.

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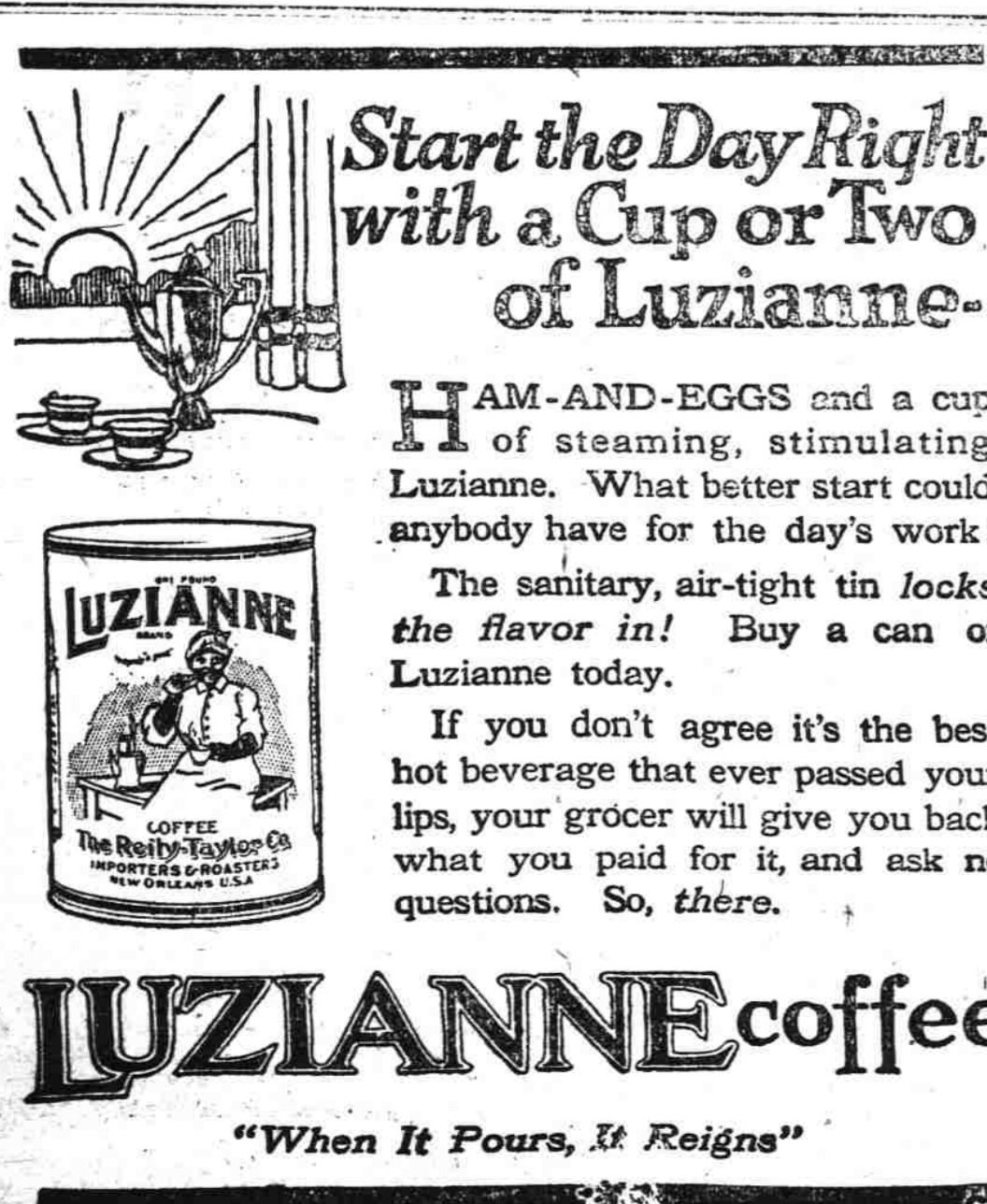
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