

Too Much Efficiency

By E. J. Rath

BEGIN HERE TODAY

John W. Brooke, hardware magnate and widower hires an efficiency engineer to take charge of his household for a period of two months which he expects to spend away from home. He fails to inform his children, Constance, William and Alice, about his plans.

H. Hedge, assigned to the job, breaks the news to William and his sister. He takes immediate charge and informs all concerned that he means business. Constance calls her father's attorney's but it assured that Hedge is bona fide. She is told that communication with her father is forbidden except in a matter of life or death.

Hedge, in the presence of Constance asks William his age and occupation. William admits 20 years but no occupation. Constance attempts to explain.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"He tried the hardware business with father," said Constance defensively, "but—well, he wasn't suited for it."

If Billy was suffering from a certain amount of superficial discomfort, his sister was suffering shame. She dropped her gaze for a moment and compressed her lips tightly.

"All right; I'll find him something to do."

Billy straightened up in his chair and thrust out his chin.

"Is that so?" he said in fine contempt. "I didn't read anything in the orders about that."

"You were charged by your father to obey me, weren't you?"

"Oh, perhaps."

"And if your father were here, and he ordered you to go to work you would, wouldn't you?"

"That's different."

"Not one bit different. For all necessary purposes, I'm your father. And I consider it necessary for you to work. That settles that."

The efficiency man said these awful words without any display of heat, which made them seem the more awful. They fell upon Billy like an icy avalanche. And Constance, hateful as this strange man was to her and filled with a resolve never to submit to his bidding, was somehow unable to fling herself to the aid of her brother. He was on treacherous ground, unable to fight a good fight.

"Ever keep books or card indexes?" asked Hedge.

Billy shook his head.

"I can teach you. Ever run a typewriter?"

"No!"

"You'll learn—in time. What can you do anything?"

"He—he can run an automobile," said Constance hastily.

She was not particularly proud of the answer, after it was out; she was afraid it was not impressive. But it was true. Billy could run an automobile wonderfully. He had been arrested eight times and his license had been revoked twice.

"Good idea; guess I will, Connie." The expert driver got out of his leather chair and moved toward the door.

"Very well; run your automobile—today," said the efficiency man significantly. "But don't forget when you come back that you're my clerk."

"Clerk!"

"You're getting it. Good morning." Billy paused long enough to think of a reply—long enough yet without achieving one. Instead, he asked a question.

"I say, Connie, lend me a ten-spot will you?"

"Sorry, Billy; I'm broke."

H. Hedge did not volunteer either a ten-spot or a nickel, and Billy stalked from the room. Two minutes later a yellow roadster buzzed out of the Brooke courtyard. It was the kind of roadster that is unnecessarily and unbelievably close to the ground, like a dachshund. It had wire wheels, a throaty exhaust, and in order to drive it you had to lie on your back. Billy was great at that.

"While I have the matter in mind," said H. Hedge, addressing Constance "tell me how far it is to Alice's school."

"Six or seven blocks," answered Constance carelessly.

"I imagine it was something like that. Hereafter, Alice will walk to school. It is good exercise, and the fresh air will clear her mind for her studies."

Constance was about to retort hotly when, with a gesture, he abruptly dismissed the subject.

"Here," he said placing his hand upon a small pile of flat volumes, "is a set of books. Until your brother is familiar with the work, I'll take care of them. They are book-keeping books. A complete set of household accounts will be kept, with a separate account for each department. It's the loose-leaf system, of course."

Just why it was "of course" Constance did not know; she was not familiar with loose-leaf systems.

"I have, here," he continued indicating, "a set of daily report cards; in fact, two sets. The set for the servants is buff-colored, that for members of the family white. On these, cards will be reported daily all matters of concern to the household. Servant will report as to what duties they have performed during the day, in what manner, et cetera, as well

as what things have been left unperformed. In this way we shall soon systematize the work and establish a proper schedule of hours."

Constance smiled faintly. There was a vision in her mind of Giovanni, the furnace man, making out his report.

"The report cards for the family will contain brief memoranda of what each member has done during the day, a statement of conduct, of personal expenses, et cetera, together with any suggestions for the improvement of conditions or criticisms of the work of employees."

"You mean to say," asked Constance slowly, "that you expect us—me—to make out one of these cards—every day?"

"Certainly. You will see the advantage of it later."

Constance relapsed into silence again.

"I have here," he resumed pleasantly, "a filing case and card-index system. In it all reports cards will be filed, after being properly classified. There will be a personal index as well as a subject index. All correspondence relating to household matters will be filed. There are certain other features of the general system of management that I shall put into effect, and which I can best explain as we come to them in actual practice. By the way, how old are you?"

Constance stiffened in her chair. Not that she cared—but the question was offensive.

"Why—I—you—"

"About twenty?" he suggested, studying her critically.

"You happen to be correct," she answered in a frozen tone.

To her horror the efficiency man reached a blank card from a small pile. It was neatly ruled in blue, with black printing on it and numerous white spaces. There was a round hole punched at the bottom.

H. Hedge picked up a pen, dipped it, and began to write. Although the



"You expect me to make out one of these cards every day?"

card was upside down to her, she could easily read the legible characters that he set down in one of the spaces. He had written "C. Brooke." Then came another line: "Age—20." He paused and looked up.

"Ever work?"

Constance stood up leaning forward. He did not seem to be aware of anything unusual in her demeanor. After pausing briefly for an answer he wrote down in a white space "No occupation."

"Unmarried, I suppose?" he asked.

"You unthinkable wretch!"

"Hardly an answer to my question," he suggested pleasantly.

Constance had placed both hands on the desk to steady herself and looked down at him. There was room for nothing but rage in her fine gray eyes.

"The servants will throw you out," she said in a shaking voice.

"If they attempt it, I will discharge the servants. I should regret to be compelled to do that."

"You—you—Oh, this is all so horrible! It's not true! It can't be!"

"But it's quite true, Miss Brooke."

She stood trembling, in spite of an effort to steady herself against the desk. For an instant her voice failed her.

"I tell you, I will not bear it! I will not endure this thing in my own home. My father would not have me endure it. You tell me that I shall do this, and I shall do that—you, an utter stranger! You order my servants about! You take possession of my—our—house as if it were your own. You insult my sister. You insult me! You would insult my brother if you dared!"

"I thought I had," murmured H. Hedge softly.

She did not hear him, perhaps because one of her tightly clenched fists was beating itself pink against the mahogany.

"I will never obey you! Never! Never!"

"You are appointed my secretary," he said with apparent irrelevance, at the same time making a note on a pad.

For answer, she flew into a tempest of tears and turned away, just in time to fling herself into the arms of Matilda, who had been listening outside the doorway until she could no longer restrain herself.

It was past two o'clock when Hedge glanced at his watch. Immediately he rang for the butler.

"When is lunch served?" he asked.

"It has been served—at one o'clock," replied Horace coldly.

"Why was I not notified?"

"Mr. Brooke never has his lunch at home, sir."

"Who had lunch?"

"Miss Brooke."

"Nobility else?"

"No, sir."

"Hereafter I wish to be called for lunch."

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me a sandwich and a glass of milk."

"Very well, sir."

NEXT CHAPTER: The "children" plot revolt.

SAYS JUDGE SHAW VOICES REAL NEED

(Greensboro News.)

"What difference is there in the moral knowledge of a boy 15 years and 11 months old and a boy 16 years and one month old?" asks Judge Shaw, deploring the fact that there is no place to send youths over 16 except to convict camps, where they associate with the hardened sinners. Of course the moral knowledge of the boy depends on his training and environment, in part at least; and the 16-year limit was fixed because there isn't room in the training schools for all the youthful offenders—not even those under 16. And the preference is naturally given to boys under that age. Those over 16, being more mature, more experienced, should know better, and generally do.

Of course Judge Shaw and most other folks know this, but it is well to keep all the facts in mind as we go along. His honor is pleading for some sort of reformatory institution, some other place than the chain gang, for youths between the age of 16 and 21. We have issued many millions of dollars of bonds to pave roads, the average cost of a mile of paved road is \$33,000. Mentioning this fact Judge Shaw asks for the cost of three miles of paved road to buy a farm and establish an institution where the youths over 16 and under 21 may be sent for work and instruction, away from the older and hardened criminals. The request is not only reasonable, the need for a place of that sort is a real one. Certainly the average convict camp, no matter how well conducted, is more or less of a training school for vice for the immature. The youth who goes there is more likely to be confirmed in his evil ways than to be reformed, and the brand of a convict camp is not easily removed, even if those sent there really try to reform when released. But something has to be done with the young law-breaker. The number of white youths and young white men who appear as defendants in the criminal courts is increasing all the time. They are crowding out the negroes, who seem to be doing better without the aid of reform schools. Possibly the conduct of the whites has shamed them.

Judge Shaw's proposition would meet with favor if there was force put behind it. The need will be generally admitted. But there are so many calls on the state treasury—that only the things backed with an almost irresistible force will stand a story to a legislative appropriations good show. His honor could tell his committee and the members would probably unanimously agree that it should be done, but they might be afraid of the political effect of an increase in the public debt or the tax rate, and they would tell him to return at a more convenient season. But if he had an aroused sentiment and force behind him that impressed by its strength, a way would be found to dig up the money—provided it was not proposed to cut some community short three miles of paved road. Our folks are human and considerable, but if it comes to a choice between three miles of paved roads and the chain gang for the youngsters over 16 some of them will conclude that probably the chain gang isn't as bad as it is painted—that is, so long as none of their folks have to be sent there.

Judge Shaw is also aware that the \$100,000 will be but a beginning. The cost will be continuing. But well managed an institution of that sort should contribute much to its own support. Also, one would hear talk that there is no difference between the moral knowledge of the youth 20 years and 11 months old and the man 21 years and one month old; and there wouldn't be as a general proposition. But 21 being universally recognized as the age of maturity, the limit would stand.

A man never realizes just what "dumbness" means until he is driving on a county road and meets a cow.

THE JUDGE SPEEDING

(Greensboro Patriot)

The great to-do raised over a speeding charge against Judge E. Yates Webb, of Western North Carolina federal district court, does him an injustice.

One would have thought that the

judge had committed some serious crime, from the publicity given the matter. In a very frank and dignified letter, to the J. P. who sent him word to come here and face the charge, the judge explained why he had not sent word, the letter being kept at his office while he was in a hospital. Further, he says that he was on his way home from Raleigh;

it was threatening to rain, the road would have become slick, and there were no cars in front of him.

Speeding is something that is done every day in every city and county in the United States and the attempt to somehow give the impression that the judge was guilty of something very shameful was wrong. Any man 100 miles from home and it beginning to rain and a slick road ahead, is likely to speed up.

Fortunately, the people of North Carolina know Judge Webb, know his character and reputation and the great-like attentions of the very supposed law observing will not make them change their minds.

They know that a jurist of his caliber, a man of his reputation, is above any harassment. If he did go too fast he certainly had a reason, for only a fool would have dallied along the road when he had many miles of slick roads before him.

Let the fellows who have never speeded talk about the judge. Let those who have broken no laws do that. Let the pious, sanctified folk do it.

And there will be, then, nobody to do it.

Plow under, the trash; burning leaves and crop residues is to destroy huqnas, one of the greatest needs of North Carolina soils.

A Good Farm In No. 7 Township For Sale

For a short time we have exclusive option on the 76 acre farm known as the Jasper Barnett, Washburn tract of land. This farm is located on sand clay road near Washburn Switch. Has a good 5 room dwelling, 4 stall barn and other outbuildings. The farm lies all practically level, 60 acres cleared and ready for cultivation, balance in wood and pasture.

For location this farm is one of the best, good section of county to live, and is on both the sand clay road and the Southern Railroad. Very fine farming land and looks good for future site for Cotton Manufacturing plant.

Price we have on this tract is very reasonable and the one buying gets a bargain. Terms can be arranged. Price per acre is \$160.00.

NO. 6 TOWNSHIP FARM

The M. D. Hopper 93 1-2 acres, 3 miles east of Shelby on Sand Clay road, joining farms with Griff and Andy Borders. 60 acres in cultivation, balance in wood and pasture. There is a good six room dwelling, good new barn and other buildings on this farm. Cleveland Springs property is only about 1-4 mile from this place. We believe that at the price we have this farm is a bargain. For a short time we can sell at \$115.00 per acre on reasonable terms.

Anthony & Anthony

New Lineberger Building.

SECOND ROUND

FOR THE COLLECTION OF 1925 COUNTY TAXES.

I will be at the following places on the dates specified for the purpose of collecting taxes for the year 1925. The County Commissioners have ordered that the discount of one per cent be continued during this month. This is the last round that I will make and I will appreciate all payments made.

- Monday, November 16th, No. 1 Township, Rome Davis' Store, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
- Monday, November 16th, No. 2 Township, Boiling Springs, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Tuesday, November 17th, No. 2 Township, Jolley's Store, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
- Tuesday, November 17th, No. 7 Township, Mooresboro, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Wednesday, November 18th, No. 7 Township, Lattimore, 9 to 12 M.
- Wednesday, November 18th, No. 8 Township, Polkville, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Thursday, November 19th, No. 8 Township, Delight, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
- Thursday, November 19th, No. 11 Township, Casar, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Friday, November 20th, No. 10 Township, Douglas Carpenter's Store, 9 to 12 M.
- Friday, November 20th, No. 10 Township, Jno. T. Warlick's Store, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Monday, November 23rd, No. 9 Township, Lawndale, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
- Monday, November 23rd, No. 9 Township, Fallston, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Tuesday, November 24th, No. 5 Township, Waco, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Wednesday, November 25th, No. 3 Township, Earl, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
- Wednesday, November 25th, No. 4 Township, Grover, 1 to 4 P. M.
- Friday, November 27th, No. 4 Township, East Kings Mountain, All Day.
- Saturday, November 28th, No. 4 Township, Kings Mountain, Town office, all day.

H. A. Logan
SHERIFF CLEVELAND COUNTY.

Florida!

SEE ME, OR WRITE

H. E. MEDDICK, Safety Harbor
Florida.

SCHEDULES

INTER-CAROLINAS MOTOR BUS COMPANY

Leaves Shelby for Charlotte 7 a. m., 9 a. m., 11 a. m., 1 p. m., 3 p. m., 5 p. m., 7 p. m.—Leaves Charlotte for Shelby 8 a. m., 10 a. m., 12 Noon, 2 p. m., 4 p. m., 6 p. m.

SCHEDULE LINCOLN-SHELBY BUS

Leaves Shelby 7:30 a. m., 10 a. m., 1 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:45 p. m.—Leaves Lincoln 8:30 a. m., 11 a. m., 1 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 7 p. m. AUTEN BROTHERS, Owners.

SCHEDULE SHELBY-RUTHERFORDTON BUS

Leaves Shelby 8 a. m., 1 p. m., Leaves Rutherfordton 9:55 a. m., 2:15 p. m. Z. V. COSTNER, Manager.

SCHEDULE SHELBY-ASHEVILLE BUS

Leaves Shelby 8 a. m., 10 a. m., 2 p. m., 4 p. m., 6 p. m. The six o'clock bus stops off at Rutherfordton. RED TOP CAB CO., Owners, Asheville, N. C.

For Information Phone 450—Union Bus Terminal, Shelby, N. C.
Schedule For Information Not Guaranteed.

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