



The Secretary Goes Home

There's only one thing to do. Go to the ferry at one o'clock and wait. They'll get a train out as soon as possible. I'm glad it's to be no earlier than one. This is my busy day, you see."

"What has that to do with it?"

"I think I can be at liberty at one o'clock, that's all. I'm at my rooms now, writing letters of resignation to eleven clubs and declining invitations to four Christmas house parties on Long Island. I'm going down to see Thrush and Wrenn, the publishers, at eleven."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I'm thinking of writing a book exposing New York society. They're all the rage now. This will be the literary remains of a fizzle."

"Are you jesting?"

"It depends," he said. "At ten I am to see George P. Krosson, the capital king. You see I *have* been telephoning. I got him out of bed at seven-thirty. He says he did n't know I had it in me to be so energetic. He's an old friend, however, so it's all right. He —"

"Please tell me what it's all about. I know who he is, so don't enlighten me. He once was an old friend of ours."

"Well, he's always said he'd take me as a secretary, if I'd agree to buckle down to it. I'm going to try it on."

"You — to be a secretary?"

"Don't be so surprised, please! It's only a starter, you know. His last secretary owns a bank now, and the present one is going to Congress. But I'll tell you about it — at the ferry."