

take time, as he put it, and deliver the completed sketches the next morning at the office.

"I'm a lucky man," chuckled Dalton, as he realized how nicely Ruth fitted into the proposition—trustful, loyal Ruth, who was doing the bulk of the work for a pittance, work which was the sustaining feature of Dalton's employment.

Dalton brought the notes to Ruth every evening and called for the finished biographies in the morning. Many a time Ruth sat up half the night to be sure to have them ready in time. She was interested and conscientious in her work, but realized fully that she was doing it cheaply. It was a help to Dalton, though, she reasoned, and this good-hearted girl was satisfied.

One morning the manager of the office called in Dalton. The latter, fully conscious of putting in really little time in his labors, expected an explosion. He was agreeably surprised.

"Mr. Dalton," said the manager, "we are greatly pleased with your work and have decided to advance you."

"I thank you," bowed Dalton, perking up, as he always did when on safe ground.

"We are able to secure larger subscription results from your biographies than from those of any other man in the office."

"I am glad," observed Dalton, swelling up.

"It is your biographies that do the work," proceeded the manager. "They are fairly superb, Mr. Dalton! In fact, you are an expert in that line of literary composition. We have received some very handsome compliments from the subjects themselves, and, what is more practical, liberal subscriptions for the books. We will increase your salary 25 per cent and give you a special list of selected millionaires, whom you seem so capable of handling."

Did Dalton at once increase the

pittance of Ruth, as duty bound? Not at all! The niggardly compensation continued as before. What was even more despicable was that Dalton took another young lady twice a week to the theater and never spent a penny on the willing but unsuspecting slave whose hard labors enabled him to hold his position.

Then came his Waterloo. He was again called into the manager's office. In his new work, he was told his biographies had scored even larger success. The company had decided to double his salary and engage him in writing up biographies exclusively, the other investigators to furnish the notes.

There was no evading the issue now for Dalton. He could not for his life have written a presentable biography. He could not deceive his employers any longer. The young lady Dalton had been paying attention to had some means. He married her, resigned his position and even forgot to pay Ruth one week's pay he owed her.

Ruth was hurt at his treatment and disillusioned. She needed that last five dollars, but managed to get along without it. Then one day the heavens opened and she received her reward. It was strange how things came about, but one biography of a prominent citizen, deceased, had attracted the attention of his son, who had succeeded to his business. The house issued considerable literature of their own, among the same a weekly trade organ. So attracted was young Cecil Browne by the construction of the obituary biography of his father, that he asked Dalton's former employer to send him the writer.

But Dalton had gone to another city. By the merest chance he had boasted to a fellow employee of "the sick game he was putting over," mentioning Ruth as his innocent accomplice. She was located, and acknowledged her authorship of the biographies.