

"Yes," she answered and we did not talk any more until the picture was over, then she put on her hat uncertainly, all the while she looked alternately at me and at the man, and sensing that she was really afraid of him, I arose with her and we went out together—and the man followed.

At the entrance of the theater we paused and the man passed close.

"Let us take a walk somewhere together," I said. "It is early yet."

"I do not want to trouble you," she began.

"You do not trouble me," I answered. "I am glad to have someone to talk to. But I do not want you to feel afraid of any men of that kind because you are apt to meet one when there is no girl to appeal to."

"Oh, I was not afraid he would hurt me," she said. "I was afraid I would let him talk to me because I am so lonely and I knew I had about reached the place where I would talk to anyone just to have someone to talk to me."

I was stunned. Of course I had known as we all know that girls do reach the place of loneliness where they talk to strangers, but to meet the girl who felt that way startled me.

"Wasn't it Carlyle who said 'A great city is a great loneliness?'" she asked me. Then without waiting for my reply, "Well, it is true. No one who has never experienced loneliness can understand what it means. I have been here over a year and I do not know the people in the house where I live nor the girls in the office, because they are not friendly to strangers."

"I wonder why the people in a big city are not friendly," she continued. "Is it because they are too busy or too conventional? I often look at a girl and wish she was my friend, but I daren't speak to her because I know she would resent it."

"Don't you think it would be nice if people would be less conventional? If they would think: 'What does it matter who she is, she is lonely and I

can talk to her for an hour or two.' Don't you think that would be a happy thing to do?"

I felt ashamed. From the past of my own there sprang to my mind hours when I had rebelled at the loneliness and had asked myself the same question, and from the present I realized that I selfishly went my way, not thinking of the fact that the girl who sat next to me in the picture show or in the street car or in a waiting room or who elbowed me in the crowd might want someone to speak to her.

And I thought what a fine thing it would be if each of us would seek out some girl who is lonely, and open our hearts and our homes to her, instead of waiting for some one else to start a social center.

How many girls we might save from the hour when they are willing to speak to even a beast of prey that they may hear the sound of a friendly voice?

It can be done, for I know of one woman who does it and she said to me: "I want all the lonely girls I can find to come to my home. If they are good girls they will like to have a home to visit and if they are no longer good they need the sanctity of a home to make them forget their dark hours."

And a man I know always invites the strange girls who come to work in his office out to his home where his wife makes them welcome and has them come frequently.

Wouldn't it be splendid if we would each find one lonely girl and give to her our friendship?

WORTH TOWNSHIP BUSTED

The Township of Worth is broke and State's Att'y Hoyne is willing to make investigation of the causes thereof if complaint is made to him.

Officials of the township have not only spent \$17,000 contributed by taxpayers, but have rolled up a debt of over \$13,000.

It is said Worth is controlled by a gang of about a dozen politicians.