The lawyer's secretary, Bevna, is handy girl around the office of Suits & Kone, attorneys-at-law, and maybe she isn't the busy young lady? What with dictation and remembering where Mr. Suits put the affidavit, and where Mr. Kone laid away the copy of the will, and keeping in mind the day, month, and year the summonses are to be served, her working day is pretty full up.

The personal representative. This title means private secretary with racy trimmings, and Edna Het Gray is all that, and more, to Bebe del Torr, the petite star of "Reclamation Pictures." At the moment Miss Gray is getting a Sunday editor all hot up over a swell idea for an interview with the Babe, all about how her mother is her inspiration, how she never uses the same bath tub twice, how her public won't let her grow up and be a big girl, although her dearest wish is to have eleven children, and how at heart she is just the same unspoiled kid she used to be.

The companion. "Good morning," says Miss Bit-tersweet to an inquirer. "Mrs. Blondy had a very good night. Slept right through till eleven o'clock. She didn't take her medicine, either." Miss Bittersweet used to be Mrs. Blondy's trained nurse, but now she's her private secretary and companion all in one, which is really quite nice all around.

The publisher's assistant. Girl secretaries who work in a publishing house have a lot to bear up under. Boy friends get to thinking they are highbrow and bookwormy. When like as not a girl who works for a book house is the same simple home girl she used to be, with a healthy love for溴子 cocktails, movies, and sugar daddies. This young man dawdling with his sweetheart has just told her he's going to work for a publishing house by the way she dances. Imagine!

The employment bureau. The young lady whose job it is to supply lady secretaries to them so needs them is very busy this morning. In the doorway, waiting till the lovely girl at the right has stopped crying, is a music student who wants a part time secretarial job to help out the tuition. Preferably in a house with a grand piano. A step or two behind her is a grande dame, who has come for a social secretary, one who can cook, sew, wash, and is not a party never. The girl at the right, who is barred in tears just now, has come for a new job. Stayed a day and a half with a firm where they insulted her spelling. When she was called aside by an older woman (just as in the advertisement) and told she mustn't eat onion sandwiches again for lunch, it was the last straw!