name is Jeremiah, but I haven’t used it since my mother died. I never cared much for Bible names—too antiquated."

Miss Filmore expressed agreement. "I lunch here quite a bit," he went on; (every day in the world except Sundays). "And I generally see you and your friends here on Thursdays. You always seem to be having such a gay time; I’ve always envied you. Eating alone isn’t much fun."

"No," said Miss Filmore, who knew it only too well.

He went on to elaborate, and he found that the part about "envying" their "merry group" went over big with Miss Filmore. She’d always liked to think of it like that.

So they lingered over their coffee, and he found himself telling a wide-eyed and impressed Miss Filmore what he said to Johnny Watson the time Johnny was impudent. The admiration-for-superior-strength in Miss Fillmore’s eyes egged him on to tell about the time he quit his job rather than do an un gallant act, omitting, however, to relate his subsequent change of mind and repossession of his job.

She was telling him about the radio in the room next to hers when he caught Edward’s eye—Edward’s eye, full of immense approval. But behind Edward was the big clock, telling him he was very late for work.

"Uh," said Mr. Phillips, "dear me, it’s late."

"So it is," observed Miss Filmore, with the air of one who did not have to be anywhere in particular at one o’clock.

"Well," he rose, "I’ve enjoyed this little visit so much." And suddenly his glib manner left him. What to say? How to put it?

"Uh," said J. Reynolds Phillips, "may I call?"

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East Street

East Street
Straggles out beyond the railroad.
For the railroad
Cuts the town in two.
North and South.

On the North
There’s sunlight
And flowers
And fine old art
And music
And gay laughter
And lovely ladies
With satin skins and red lips
And sparkling devils in their eyes.

There are suave men
With manicured nails,
Who stride through life
With the flick of a cane,
A twisted grin
And a flippant word.
Broad-shouldered
Powerful,
Challenging,
Triumphant.

But East Street
Has
Drunken shanties
That lean against each other
Like the bleary-eyed loafers
Around the corner drug-store.
The air
Smells thick; dirty yellow.
East Street
Has
Stale whiskey
And sullen hunger
And brawling bums
And thin defiant prostitutes
Around the corner drug-store.
The air
Smells thick; dirty yellow.

Isn’t it splendid that the railroad
Splits the town so nicely . . .
What would the North Side do
Without
East Street?

—LOUISE DAUNER.