

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 Filmore's eyes egged him on to tell about the time he quit his job rather than do an ungallant 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 anyplace 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?"

## 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  
With worn-down heels and cheap rouge,  
And dirty babies  
Crawling around mud-holes  
Where grass once grew . . .

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

—LOUISE DAUNER.