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Sidewalk Cafe

LEONORA WOODWARD

THE rain swept suddenly down upon Fifth avenue and drove the diners indoors. All but Constance who left her young man for a gap in the boxed hedge and ducked around the nearest corner. Like a bedraggled chicken running for cover, she thought a little hysterically, and hailed a passing cab.

"And that's that," murmured Constance settling herself as comfortably as possible, meaning that she had written a rather clever ending to an evening of adventure. Meaning that if a girl has been so indiscreet as to pick up a man, the better part of valor lies in flight.

Once back in her hotel room, surveying her rain-drenched self in the mirror, all fear vanished and all sense of shame as well. She was glad that she had got dust in her eye and had to have it removed by the best looking man in New York!

It had all happened because she had spent a few weeks' vacation in New York alone and this had been her last night. And dining all by yourself in one of those romantic sidewalk cafes between Madison and Washington squares wasn't so pleasant if you remembered that very shortly you must return to Mr. Bering and his typewriter back in Midvale.

The best looking young man she had ever seen was dining just two tables away quite alone.

A bit of Fifth avenue lodged in her eye. It felt more like the Empire State building, although it came out at the first dab of Constance's handkerchief. But Constance disarranged all her aunt's teachings, had continued to wipe her eye and had even sneezed a little for good measure. It had worked! The tall blond young man had left his seat to offer assistance. He had said: "You see, I've had a great deal of experience; my mother was always getting things in her eye. So if you'll permit me—"

Constance had submitted bravely to having her ridiculously long lashes rolled back on a match and to having the corner of a very large, very clean linen handkerchief inserted in a perfectly clear eye.

"There!" the young man had announced at last as he gravely showed her a fleck of dust on his handkerchief.

So the blond young man moved over and they lingered over coffee and cigarettes. They exchanged names and other important information which on Constance's part, at least, was strictly misleading. She still preferred to be a New Yorker down for her shopping. His name was Bill Maynard. He was the sort you called Bill at once. He had lived in New York all his life.

Bill was saying: "You're a real person, Constance. I mean—real!"

Constance had wanted to say that she wasn't real, at least she wasn't what he thought her. She wanted to tell him that she was just a stenographer from the Middle West enjoying a vacation in New York.

"I'd like you to meet my mother. She's a darling. Taught me to scrub behind my ears; that hard work never hurt anyone; and not to tell lies."

"So many people do," murmured poor Constance, "tell lies, I mean."

"You couldn't," Bill had said confidently.

How could she tell him then?

.....

A few days later she was walking the streets of her home town, jobsless.

She knew she ought to be registering at an employment agency but nothing seemed to matter now. She had lost her job and Bill. She looked at a store set back from the sidewalk and thought, "What a grand place for a sidewalk cafe."

Then said sternly to herself: "Look her, Constance, this won't do, you know. You've got to be nonchalant," and took out her compact to repair the damages from not being nonchalant.

After that she felt better. She could even face the wind which was blowing off Main street and then it happened again! All the dirt from Main street was in her eye and no amount of rubbing did any good.

She turned blindly toward the nearest door. She'd have to sit down and find her handkerchief; she'd have to find some one to help her. Only there wasn't any Bill now.

Some one inside was taking her elbow, lending her to a seat. A professional voice murmured, "It's rather dusty, isn't it? Now if you'll just hold still a moment—"

"Oh, that's for good luck," she said. The man did not smile but looked a long time at her innocent young face.

"All right," he said at length gruffly. "Report in the morning. Place for a girl in the office."

The lady standing beside the manager gave a significant humph.

"I thought you wanted clerking help," she said.

"I did," he answered, "but I just hired a woman for that. I forgot to take the sign down."

"Then, why in the world do you hire this young thing for?"

"I don't know," he mused softly. "Did you see that rabbit's foot? Well, I do, you remember how we tied our wedding rings to the horse shoe a full week before the wedding?"

Luella gave a snort and walked behind the counter.

"Just imagine people still believing in such charms. I didn't have the nerve to disillusion her, so young in life."

Street Scene

LAURA LINCHEN

PATRICIA turned the corner and trudged up another busy street. Never had people seemed so much like marching ants as they filed past her, nor the world itself more like a dung-bill of crawling insects.

Claude, her stepfather, was waiting for her in the lobby of the Maldridge. Mother worked but Claude lived on a pension; he was gassed or something once. Patricia had just come to live with them since Aunt Margot died. Aunt Margot understood. Patricia was a sensitive child that needed encouragement and patience. Her talent raged good soil and fair weather for its growth. Aunt Margot had nourished Pat's literary seed. But Aunt Margot had died and Patricia at nineteen was left dependent on mother and Claude. Claude seemed to hold some strange power over mother. Patricia loathed him. He was heavy and almost vulgar and the once good contours of his face were fubby now. Claude thought Patricia a moon-struck fool. He had told her to get out and find a job and make her own. Mother had mildly added that it would do her no harm.

Three mornings now had she walked the streets and answered ads, and made inquiries. "Any experience?" How could one say yes? Some took her application; others would not. It was a strange, hateful world.

At the corner she saw a voluptuous old negress waddling down the street. She was hurrying to the awayer of her rippling fat. Patricia watched her while waiting for the green light. The old black woman came up to her.

"Well, hello, honey, Miss Wilma."

Pat stared at her not replying.

"I know you all think you don't know me," she went on, "but I know you. I know you by that pretty little dress you wearing." Patricia felt embarrassed.

"No, you don't know me. I'm . . ."

"Listen, honey, Miss Wilma, I don't fergit no dress after I done once washed it." Pat glanced duneately at her green plented crepe. It was only its second wearing. The old woman was mad.

"Get out," she said hurriedly. "I'm a stranger here in town." The light was green. Patricia hurried across but the old woman was at her heels and talking loudly.

"She uff. Well you and Miss Wilma jus' look so much alike, ah, honey, you don't know no one what wants a good washwoman?" Well this was technique.

"No," said Patricia kindly and a quickly realized her indulgent tone was a mistake; the negress was walking abreast of her now.

"Well, go all couldn't put a nickel on a church calendar, could ya?"

"I'm looking for a job myself," and Pat suddenly jay-walked to shake her off, but the old negress jay-walked, too.

"Dat's right, honey, dat's right. You'll find one, too. Just depend on da good Lord . . . he makes for us all."

Well, that was a thought. Then the old woman stopped to confab with a street cleaner and, Pat, seeing her chance, dodged down the street. It was only a little piece, however, until the old woman came calling after her.

"Lissen, chile, you done run off and pass'd up a sign in dat winda . . . you mustn' nebba' pass a sign, Miss Honey."

Despairingly, Pat looked back. "Why, su' enuff, it says 'Girl Wanted.' I might go in." The old woman nodded proudly and turned back with her. Well, this was too much.

"Listen, you stay here, I'd better go by myself," she said, but just as she was about to enter the shop door the old negress caught up with her.

"I ain' gonna let you go' child go in there without no help," she said, opening her dilapidated parasol, while she said, "Heah now, this gonna he's da good Lord do his work." She took out a rabbit's foot, and giving it three morning kisses, handed it to the young girl. Laughingly Pat took it. What a quaint old fool, she mused, as she entered the place. Crazy as a loon, but she did give her a warm feeling inside. She saw a man standing in the back talking to a lady. Still smiling she sought him.

"I saw your sign in the window, ah."

"Oh, I forgot." But then he was staring round-eyed at the thing in her hand.

"What's that?" he said. Pat looked down and felt the heat creep over her chin and up her cheeks. She gave a silly little laugh.

"Oh, that's for good luck," she said. The man did not smile but looked a long time at her innocent young face.

"All right," he said at length gruffly. "Report in the morning. Place for a girl in the office."

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Masonic Order Traced to Ancient Jerusalem

Tradition carries the Masonic order back to the building of the temple at Jerusalem, with King Solomon as the first grand master. The best authorities are agreed, however, that modern masonry is an outgrowth of the guilds or associations of builders who labored on the great cathedrals and other works of the Middle Ages. Their skill and the often transient character of their employment bound them in fellowship, while the necessity and demand for them gave them prosperity and privileges beyond those of most other classes of workmen.

Ultimately persons, not actually connected with building were admitted to membership, and when steps were taken in England in 1663 to put the fraternity on a permanent basis it was no longer confined to operating masons.

Usual Fate of Thinker

The first sun-dial to be erected at Rome was built in the year 290 B. C., but the Romans were not famous mathematicians. The Arabians made astronomy a particular study, and one of their writers, Abul Hassan, who lived in the beginning of the Thirteenth century, traced dials on cylindrical, conical and other surfaces. He conceived the idea of "equal hours" regardless of the period of daylight, but like the treatment accorded so many pioneers, he was called a dreamer and the "temporary hours" remained in use.

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Not All Forms of Law Procedure Are Alike

Under all forms of criminal jurisprudence based on Anglo-Saxon law, the burden is on the prosecution to prove its charge. American and British laws are based on this, with some local exceptions in Scotland and Canada. Most of continental Europe and Latin America base their systems on the old Roman law, which presumes a prisoner innocent until the prosecution has made out a substantial case against him and then presumes him guilty until he has proved his innocence. Scottish legal procedure differs from the English in many ways. The sources of the old Scots law were the feudal system and the Roman law, the latter usually acquired in French universities and modified by French ideas. According to Henderson and Watt's "Scotland of Today," "The procedure reminds rather of France than of England." It goes on to describe how an accused person is questioned privately by the prosecutor before the sheriff and his answers are put into the form of a declaration, which he is called on to sign and which is later used as evidence. Besides the two verdicts of "Guilty" and "Not Guilty," there is one of "Not Proven," which gives the prisoner the benefit of the doubt and acquits him unless further evidence justifies a reopening of the case.

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Beer in History

The scanty records of ancient Babylon, going back to 5000-6000 B. C., show that beer made from barley and from barley and spelt, was extensively drunk there, even by laborers and by women in the harem. It was used in medicine in Babylon and Egypt, and had spices and bitter substances added to it. In Abyssinia and Nubia, Herodotus and Strabo both wrote that the people lived on millet and barley, "whereof they also made a beverage." Tacitus said that beer was the usual drink of the Germans and Pliny mentions the use of it in Gaul and Spain. He also writes, "They employ the foam which thickens upon the surface as a leaven"—probably the first reference to beer yeast for baking purposes.

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Juvenile Etiquette

Bill, age eight, and his sister, Elizabeth, age five, had gone up to bed after bidding mother's guests "good night." Almost immediately sounds of dissension penetrated to the room below and mother called forth to calm the storm and learn its cause.

"Well, Bill called me a 'greenie' for kissing Miss Barnes good night," the small sister explained excitedly, "and he said girls never kissed girls, they just kissed boys. And I said 'Greenie yourself, Bill,' she ended triumphantly, 'girls don't kiss boys—they just let the boys kiss them.'"

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