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**Interlude**  
 ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

EDDIE saw them when he turned the corner and quick anger bubbled inside of him.

Betty was leaning back against a lamp post, her slim hands behind her. Leaning over her, braced with one hand against the post was Sid Wise, his street-gamin face white and pasty in the light.

Betty was the first to notice Eddie's stony approach. She ducked beneath Sid's braced arm. "Hello, Eddie," she said doubtfully.

Sid Wise came around more slowly. "Lo, Ed," he offered.

Eddie went up to him. His finger jabbed Sid's beneath the collar bone. "Scram!"

The word came out harshly and Sid went back on his heels a trifle from the prodding. "What's a matter?" he asked.

"You know G— well what's the matter?" Eddie told him. "Now move."

"Now Eddie. . . ." said Betty.

Sid Wise shrugged as a man does when faced with complete unreason. He flashed a smile at Betty and turned abruptly away.

"Gee, Eddie," said Betty. "We were only talkin'. What's wrong with that? I was waitin' for you, Eddie, and Sid just happened to come along."

"Come on," said Eddie roughly.

"I don't know what the matter with you," she said. "I'm old enough to take care of myself. What harm can Sid Wise do talking to me on a public street?"

"I don't want that weasel near you," snapped Eddie. "I've said it before and I'll say it now."

"I get kind of sick of this, Eddie," she said slowly. "It's no fun for me to work all day and then wait till ten o'clock before you're through school. I don't mind waiting—" she went on hurriedly—"but you ought to let me talk to somebody."

"You can talk to people," he said in exasperation. "But why does it have to be Sid Wise?"

She shrugged. "You acted the same way about Tony Herro and Buck Civak."

He stopped, took her arm. "Listen, Betty. You know what I want. I want to get us both out of this neighborhood. I'm graduating this year and can get a decent job. We'll get married and move up north. Until then you can at least stay clear of Sid and Buck and the rest of those hoods. That's all I ask."

She stared back at him: "What do you want me to do? Talk to a bunch of grannies? The girls all go with those fellows. They're none the worse for it. They're—"

Eddie released her arm as though burned. "If that's what you think, you'd better stick down here. It's where you belong. I'm going to make something of myself, not a cheap hood all my life. You can do what you d—n please."

She sighed and continued on her way. She and Eddie had been fighting a lot lately. Of course it wasn't easy for Eddie, handling freight all day and going to school at night. But it wasn't any fun for her either. She'd give anything for one night of music and laughter!

"Hello, beautiful," said Sid Wise. She stopped at the curb. Buck Civak was at the wheel.

"Where's Eddie?" asked Sid.

"Well, well. These students! Buck and me are going to the Dreamland; want to come along?"

"No. I'm tired," said Betty.

"Come on, if you're goin'," called Buck.

Sid was lighting another cigarette. "Well?" he said.

Betty shrugged. "All right. I'm leaving early though."

She sat between Buck and Sid in the front seat and Sid's arm was carelessly crooked over her shoulder. "We'll have some fun, eh baby?" he said.

Betty didn't answer. She was thinking of Eddie hunched at his desk; she could almost picture his bent, earnest face. He had told her that he slept fitfully while his head whirled formulas and a scarlet light shone behind his closed lids. Betty suddenly felt very small and a little mean.

"Come on, baby," said Sid. "Look alive. We're out for some fun."

"How about stopping for a drink?" asked Buck.

"Good idea. That'll wake Betty up."

"No, wait a minute," said Betty. "I've got a better idea. There's a new girl working at the store. She's cute. Let's get her for Buck."

"Sounds good to me," said Buck. "I can always use a new fliry."

"Where's she live?" asked Sid.

Betty gave the address. Sid is right, she told herself, I should wake up.

When the car pulled to the curb, Betty got out. "Be with you in a second," she told them. "We won't be long."

Sid was on his third cigarette when he said: "Cripes! what's keeping those dolls. Honk the horn, Buck."

Buck's hand hesitated over the knob. He peered with sudden intensity at the house. "Sk. . . ." he said slowly. "Ain't this the place where Eddie lives?"

Sid stared in turn. He flung away his cigarette. "Start the motor," he barked. "And if there's one crack outa you I'll bust your head."

**Entrance Music**  
 IZOLA FORRESTER

DIAMOND CHARLIE had followed the crowd into Chloutown to get a look at the five dead Chinese lying on the cobblestones at the corner of Bell and Main.

The police were leading the bodies into the patrol wagon. Charlie stood at the curb looking at the drying rust colored spots on the gray cobblestones. That last Chinaman—more Americanized than the rest—no pigtail, eyes glazed, lips half open. The rich merchant, Li Sung Moy.

Charlie watched the second patrol wagon back up to a three-story frame house at the corner of Doyers street. In the last room they found Li Sung Moy's white wife.

In the flickering light her face looked pale and unreal. Her hair was heavy, golden, coiled softly about her head, banded by a tricorn jeweled head-dress. Festoons of pink and yellow flowers fell to her shoulders; pearls twined with jade ornaments hung in a fringe over her wide, blank, blue eyes. She smiled at the police as they questioned her. They wrapped gray blankets about the fragile body, and carried her down to daylight from the room where she had lived for sixteen years.

Charlie edged his way to the curb to get a look at her. Her eyes blinked like an owl's in the sunlight. She hid them with her long embroidered sleeve. He heard her moaning as they lifted her to the long seat of the wagon. The gong sounded, the crowd and pigeons scattered together. Charlie rolled a cigarette with one hand, staring after the wagon with a scowl. Then he lit it with a cupped match, pulled his low-crowned derby lower over his eyes and started for Bellevue hospital.

He stopped in a saloon for a drink and looked at himself in the mirror over the bar. She'd never know him—not after sixteen years. Not much left of the old debonair Charlie—Diamond Charlie—treats son man. Only the horseshoe scribble of small chip diamonds in the red satin fur hand. His cuff links held two more pretty good stones, and the snake ring on his little finger had a big white diamond, the best he had left of the old display.

Funny that he had found Blanche this way. Hunting for her sixteen years, happening to follow a patrol wagon to watch them rip the old hop joints, and there she was. He had only just got in town, unloading elephants up at St. Haven since midnight, trekking with them all the way down Third avenue. Tender of elephants he was now. He grinned wondering what Blanche would think of that.

He had to wait at the hospital even after he had signed a card naming himself her best friend. The smell of the river swept over the old gray quadrangle. Made him think of Bridgeport and the docks—of Blanche, eighteen, just from Australia booked to do a big spectacular act on the rings. Little wisp of a girl. They had married and kept with the show for five years, until she missed one night in Buffalo.

Dope to stop the pain, hoping to keep on with the act. Something wrong with her back. Left behind in New York to be weated while he went on to the coast. No answer finally to his letters, even money orders returned and at last, word from the police that she was missing from the rooming house on Twenty-ninth East where he had left her.

He glanced at his watch and started for the addit ward. Blanche lay back on her pillow white as the jade amulet on the red silk cord about her throat. Charlie waited while the doctor examined her; the purple shadowed long nails, her dreaming eyes beneath closed lids.

When he left, the nurse set a four-fold screen around the bed. Any time at all, she told Charlie. On the way to the hospital in the patrol wagon she had taken an overdose of something hidden in her long satin sleeve.

The elephants up in Madison Square garden misused some of their usual ministrations while Charlie sat hours beside the white bed. He held one of her hands in his. Her other one clung to the jade amulet on the silk cord. He talked to her, trying to penetrate that last deep sleep. She had always wanted him around when he did her act, he thought. He used to wait for her while she took her final bows to wrap her blue velvet cape about her. Blue velvet with awnsdowna edging. Blue eyes, blond curly hair. Pale blue silk tights, blue satin blouse—little bit of a thing she was. He hummed the old entrance music to himself half consciously—the "Skater's Waltz."

He thought he felt her fingers close tighter over his hands. "Listen, Kid-die," he said eagerly as her eyelids lifted. "You look great. Your act was fine, honey. You're all right, kid—see, it's Charlie telling you—Charlie. I'm right here, kid—"

She gazed up at him as she made her entrance into the Big Show.

On his way out under the red brick ivy-covered archway, Charlie rolled a cigarette musingly. Mrs. Blanche McCarter, beloved wife of Charles M. McCarter. In the "Clipper and Billboard." Some of the old-timers would see it. He'd take a day off and run up to Bridgeport to bury her, their last trouping together. And violets. Plenty. She liked them. He turned his coat collar up against the freshening east wind and started briskly over toward Third avenue to hunt a good pawnshop for diamonds.

**Meaning of Desert Oasis**

An oasis is usually defined as a fertile place surrounded by a desert. Even though a desert's surface is arid there are, of course, underground streams which occasionally find their way to the surface in the form of springs or artesian wells. Around these "water holes" the land again becomes rich and fertile and supports many kinds of tropical vegetation. Some oases are small and are little more than stopping places while others are inhabited permanently.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Use of Salt by Indians**

The Handbook of American Indians says that not all of the tribes of Indians were accustomed to using salt, whether from difficulty of procuring it, the absence of the habit, a repugnance to the mineral, or for religious reasons. It is not always possible to say. Salt exists in enormous quantities in the United States, and it was not difficult for most Indians to obtain it.

**Music for the Blind**

Dr. Alexander Reuss says: "If we should place the same piece in ordinary music and in Braille side by side no one would at first glance recognize them as signifying the same thing, the appearance is so different. The sense impression of an ascending or descending melody through higher or lower written notes, whose difference is shown by lines or spaces, is not created in music for the blind; here we are dealing with the entirely different form of presentation. Music is pictured for the seeing in the rise and fall of the melody, while music for the blind must remain pictureless. In Braille music, although time signatures and key as well as metronome time and tempo are indicated at the beginning of the piece, crescendo and decrescendo signs, ties, accents and slurs are not written over the notes, but introduced into the musical text."

**"Conscience Funds"**

The conscience fund of the United States treasury was opened with a contribution of \$5 in 1811. Money received for this fund is not carried on the books of the Treasury department as such, but is listed as miscellaneous receipts. The amounts sent to range from 2 cents from a person who failed to put a stamp on a letter when mailed to several thousand dollars from persons who smuggled goods into the United States without paying import duty. Usually the sums sent are small. No special use is made of the money.—It simply goes into the general funds of the department.

**Excellent Reason Why Car Could Not Go By**

A motorist traveling down the Boston post road reports that he was greatly annoyed by a persistent tooting from a small car behind, and that believing he could outdistance the nuisance, he increased his own speed to 50 miles an hour. This did not distance the small pursuer, whose signaling became even more emphatic.

The motorist then decided to draw to the side and let the small car go ahead, since its driver appeared to be in so frantic a hurry. He did so, but the small car behind not only held its place but continued tooting. The larger car finally stopped and its driver angrily told his pursuer he could pass and he d—d.

"I can't," said the driver of the small car. "I'm caught on your rear end."—New York Sun.

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**ST ANDREW'S by the Sea**

Above layout shows a good cross-section of what is being done these fine summer days at the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick. Right, Lady Myra Funsby, daughter of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Bessborough, at the conclusion of a drive from a tee at the well-known 18-hole championship golf course of the hotel. Centre shows that part of Katy's Cove dedicated to swimming, with youngsters and grown-ups alike in the sparkling waters or about to enter them. Inset illustrates another sport—sailing with Miss Margot Redmond, daughter of Mr. E. M. and Honorable Mrs. R. M. Redmond, of Montreal, sailing with her father and Captain Wren, of St. Andrews. Left is Miss Eugenie Auerbach, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Auerbach, of New York, all set with spade and bucket on the sands of Katy's Cove. The Algonquin Hotel represents just about the acme of summer days enjoyment and is a paradise for kiddies and grown-ups, too. Sea bathing in the warm waters of Katy's Cove and sun bathing on the shining sands are two of the most healthful and entertaining occupations of those who visit this popular and smart resort to which Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Bessborough have given their patronage of late seasons.

**When Housewives Made Own Stocks of Candles**

The candle molding process was invented by one Le Brege of Paris, and for it molds of tin and pewter were employed. There were molds running from singles to two dozen, the tin molds confining in one, two, four, six, eight, twelve and twenty-four accommodations, with the four, sixes and twelves the most common.

It is quite likely that when the housewife of Colonial days had decided on her candle-making day she collected the molds of her neighbors along with her own to assure turning out a batch that would last her some length of time. At first she did all her own work, taking care to keep the candle wicking straight and tight as it hung in the mold.

Later, perhaps because other tasks took her time or because Mrs. Goodnight Thomas across the way had her candles made by an itinerant candle-maker, and because, too, she was hungry for the bits of gossip and news the itinerants carried as part of their stock in trade with their candle molds, she hired the interesting Button Livewright from Boston when he came around in the fall to make her winter supply of candles.

**"When in Rome, Etc.**

The expression "When in Rome do as the Romans do" is not to be found in the Bible. It is attributed to St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the Fourth century. In a letter of advice to St. Augustine he wrote: "When I am here (at Milan) I do not fast on a Saturday; when I am at Rome, I fast on a Saturday." As quoted by Jeremy Taylor, his advice was: "When you are in Rome, live in the Roman style; when you are elsewhere, live as they live there." St. Augustine also refers to this in his own writings.

**Sign of Carelessness**

According to the farm women of the back hill Ozarks, if they find drops of moisture in the bottoms of milk crocks set out in the grass to sun it is a sure sign of rain within 24 hours. But even the best signs fail upon occasion, and no doubt many an Ozark farmer has worked overtime getting his hay crop into the barn just because his daughter was somewhat derelict in her duty with the dish towel.—Los Angeles Times.

**New Party on Ballot**

Most state election laws say with regard to new political parties: "Neither the vignette nor name of any candidate of a new political party shall be printed on the official ballots at any election unless the state central committee of the new party shall have filed with the secretary of state, at least six months before the election, a certificate bearing the name of the party and a copy of its vignette."

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