

came yesterday for Mike, Maple Leaf Cafe. Mike's girl from Winnipeg is coming tomorrow on the train and they are going to be married tomorrow night, in church. Ain't that nice, yes? Hungarian boy read telegram and told me."

Her face beamed as she said it. It was a big moment in her life. I wanted to choke her; she was so glad to see Elsa hurt.

Then I got a surprise. Elsa's face showed no emotion and I thought she hadn't yet taken it in.

"Oh, sure," she said in a voice that deceived me completely. There wasn't a trace of sorrow in it, or even surprise. "I'm very glad for Mike. He is a good fella. Friendly to me when I come here strange. I will get nice present tomorrow. Very kind of you to come and tell me, Rosie. I did not know she come so soon!"

Rosie's big shell had not exploded after all, so she and her young man departed somewhat crestfallen.

When they were safely off the premises I told Elsa how proud I was of her, and then I told her what Mike had told me that afternoon, but she wasn't listening. Her face had gone small and white, and I could see the lips quivering. I tried to comfort her. I told her that Mike had not deceived her.

"But why did he come?" she kept saying. "Why did he give me present? He must have like me a little bit. I liked him so good!"

Her teeth were chattering and her whole body shook. I tried to explain that boys and girls could like each other very much and still not want to marry. Mike would always like her and be her friend.

"No," said she bitterly. "I don't want him for my friend if I can't have him for my man."

For two weeks Elsa went around with a dead face. She did her work mechanically, but grew thinner and paler.