

THIS CHANGING WORLD

WITHOUT having a definite understanding, it happened that Jerry Rambler from the Furniture and Sally Snider from the Patterns frequently met in and about the City Hall corner on Saturday afternoon, shortly after the closing of the store; and on two occasions in the last month they had gone together to the twenty-five cent matinee on a straight fifty-fifty basis.

On this Saturday Sally deliberately waited. Jerry might come again. It was a pleasant place to wait, anyway—in front of the market, with its window display of oranges in pyramids, greenish yellow grapefruit graduated in size and price, curly heads of crisp lettuce with drops of water on their leaves and sprigs of parsley scattered over them, and a plate of cottage cheese of ivory whiteness in the centre. Sally watched the women coming out, with their bulging string bags dropsical with parcels, on their way home to feed their hungry children. Not very attractive were they with their overrun heels and broken chin lines; but Sally knew they had their pleasures, too, and their ambitions, in clever children bringing home good reports; freshly papered rooms, paid for by the boarders' money, and the comforting assurance that as a family they were getting on. She wished them well, every one of them. She watched for Jerry's gray hat. The last time she had seen it a block away, riding high above the traffic. The clock struck half-past one, but Sally waited. The cheap admission lasted until two . . . he might come. She hoped he would.