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A get-together dinner of all the college men in this vicinity who have been connected with or interested in the Christian Associations of their college will be held at the Boston Y. M. C. A. on Huntington Avenue at 6:30 o'clock on December 14. Letters of in-

**Freshmen Quintet Outscores Varsity
in Short Well Played Practice Game**
Yesterday afternoon the varsity and freshman teams went through a hard practice session, the varsity men being scrimmaged with a team of freshmen picked by Coach Hitecock. In the short scrimmage practice, the one marked feature was the great improvement shown by the freshmen players. During the last few practices the freshmen have been steadily showing better form, and yesterday and team the first yed seven

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December 14, 1922

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Page Five

The Little Restaurant Across the Street

By W. Wistar Robinson '26

It had just finished raining as night began to come on and the lights from the little restaurant across the street shone down into the mud-puddle at his feet. He was standing on the curb, his hat pulled down over his eyes, the collar of his coat raised about his ears, smoking a cigarette. Thin wisps of bluish smoke emitted at intervals from his nostrils, and at intervals he spat disgustedly and dejectedly into the puddle. When he spat, circles formed on the surface of the puddle, growing ever larger and larger like the jaws of a huge beast—jaws that open in a yawn—and the reflection of the lights of the restaurant across the street, but now so clearly reflected in the puddle, became blurred as each ripple broke up their rays. It was a small and very shallow puddle with a thick miry black mud surrounding it on all sides, and the water confined in this muddy wash was black and oily with the oil from some passing automobile. How like the world of crime—this puddle—stirred by every occurrence from without, and reflecting every light from the world above.

He took a final puff of his cigarette and cast it away. By chance it happened to fall in the puddle and again broke up the reflection of the light from the restaurant across the street. The cigarette hissed one last defiant hiss and began to soak up the black oily mire of the street until, where had been virgin white paper, pure and sweet, there was a brown, soggy, water-soaked cylinder, bursting its sides as the poison within began to swell. The puddle calmed down, and again the lights from the restaurant across the street took up their steady reflection in the mire of the gutter. A pure, sweet being, but with a little poison in its deepest heart, cast into a mud-puddle, swamped and defiled by the black ooze, drowned out of clean existence with a final hiss, as a cigarette interrupts the reflection of the lights of the restaurant across the street.

You entered the restaurant across the street, when you had money enough to enter at all, or when Hansen would trust you for a meal, which was all too seldom, I fear, by a door at one side. On your left, in front of the window through which a broad beam of light poured itself out into the night, was a counter where Josy, Hansen's girl, sold cigarettes, and along the opposite wall was ranged a larger, more barren counter from which, having obtained the necessary and greasy knife and fork, you ate. Small, dirty tables for "ladies," as advertised by the wooden sign out front, littered the remaining available space. There were always many flies and much noise of talking mingled with the clatter of dishes. Hansen liked flies, he used to put them in the bread, and the flies liked Hansen; they used to buzz around his fat, pudgy face in black swarms.

Night had come on. The lights from the restaurant across the street glared down into the little, black puddle at his feet, so that they were reflected up into his eyes, and he could read Hansen's sign reversed, as in a mirror. So are the eyes of the world above focused always upon the world below. Suddenly, however, the reflection was broken up by

a spray of mud, and the evil smelling air became more polluted by the exhaust of a big motor car which pulled up with a whine of brakes in front of Hansen's place. A bundled form half tumbled, half climbed out of the driver's seat. He, who stood on the brink of the puddle of crime, raised his head and ambled with a loose jointed stride across the muddy street, toward the car and Hansen's. As he approached the form in the semi-darkness there, he growled in his throat more as though to himself than as though he were speaking, and the form spun toward him with surprising nimbleness.

"Let's eat," he grunted, "I'm broke, Mack." They left the car and walked toward the little restaurant across the street, in silence.

Hansen stood behind the counter that night, dishing out dinner, and Josy was slopping about the room serving the few tables that were occupied. Those who were not in the swim always sat at the tables; the others at the counter, for it was whispered that if you knew Hansen quite well you might—well, you might. At the table in the far corner a girl sat facing the room. She appeared tall and blonde, had an exquisitely beautifully done complexion, and large, baby blue eyes. On the third finger of her left hand she wore a gold band, and about her neck and hanging down upon a powdered breast, exposed by her low-cut gown, was a single large black pearl pendant from a thin chain of gold. Pearls are for tears.

She smiled at Hansen occasionally when he chanced to look her way, and always she puffed at her cigarette and watched the door. Josy, having been spoken to sharply, had shuffled off to get more coffee, when the door opened and two men entered. One was tall and lean, and the other was short and stubby and was bundled up in a fur coat many sizes too large for him. In the strong light they stood, leering, for a moment, about the room as if to accustom their eyes to the brilliancy of the place. The girl sat there puffing her cigarette and watched them. Hansen looked up, surprised, glanced at the girl alone at the table, and ducked under the counter. Hansen was wise. He knew.

The lights seemed to flare more brilliantly for a moment, and the little restaurant across the street reverberated from the sharp report. When Hansen raised his head above the counter, he saw a furry form writhing in a pool of blood in the middle of the floor, and a smoking revolver lying on a dirty table in the corner. Then Hansen swore, for above the form upon the floor, close to the pool of blood, stood the girl, a cigarette dangling from her rouged lips. Beside her stood the thin man, white as a ghost, staring at the blood. The girl smiled, then grabbed his hand and lead him out. He followed her as a man in a trance, and no one there interfered. They, like Hansen, knew.

Along a country road a big car tore at break-neck speed. The roar of the exhaust, reporting the perfect condition of the huge motor in front, rose and fell as the road unwound itself before the driver.

(Continued on Page 12)

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... of the Society of the smoker and dinner of the Class of 1893, which was held last Friday evening at the Algonquin Club. J. K. Clapp '23, Vice-President of the society, gave a summary of the development of wireless telegraphy up to the time when amateurs began to experiment with radio. Secretary J. A. Stratton gave a talk which was a continuation of the subject. He outlined the development of amateur radio, taking the society's station 1XM as typical of an amateur station. The radio receiving demonstration staged at the dinner by these men was made with a new type of receiver, which receives on a small loop instead of an aerial and ground. One stage of radio frequency amplification, a detector, and one stage of audio frequency amplification are used in this set, which was loaned for the occasion by Mr. F. C. Bowditch '21.

not taken on the trip. It is not reasonable to take all the men on the trip because of the expense and it is hoped that those who are not taken will remain on the clubs after Christmas. It is expected that the clubs will make a New York trip and a Central Massachusetts trip later in the year. The program for the concerts on the trip is as follows:
1. Battleship Connecticut...Banjo Club
2. Invictus...Glee Club
3. Canadian Capers (Banjo Duet) Cook and Becker
4. Moonlight Fancies...Mandolin Club
5. A Little Harmony...Quartet Burkholder, Decker, Thomas, and Wilkins
6. Rastus on Parade...Banjo Club
7. Mystery...K. C. Kingsley
8. Sweet and Low...Glee Club
9. Xylophone Solo (You Tell 'em Ivories)...G. P. Rupert
10. Serenade...Mandolin Club
11. Conner Moon...Glee Club
12. Popular Selections...Jazz Band
13. Stein Song...Combined Clubs