

ROMANCE OF A TIN ROOF

right place to preserve our privacy on the one side; and that we are flanked on the other with a piano factory which no one inhabits Sundays; and that nobody but women ever take the fourth-floor rooms next door!"

They were to lose the last cause for congratulation.

One Sunday at high noon, Dorothy was hanging her stockings on the line.

A gentleman stepped out on the fire-escape next door.

Dorothy's sense of embarrassment was mixed with a feeling that she ought to call a policeman and have a stop put to this invasion of private rights.

The unhappy man got such a stare that he exclaimed hastily, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" and stumbled back into his window.

"Polly," said Dorothy, sticking her head into her own window, "it's too bad for anything! A man's taken the room next door!"

"What's he like?" asked Polly.

For several days after Dorothy's stare scared him indoors, the man did not dare put his head out of his window—that is, when they were around. Also he kept his blinds half drawn.