

THE GIL IN THE WINDOW BY A. D. H. SMITH

HE lurched sideways into the crowd that swarmed around the window. Why he did it he could not have told. The people in his immediate neighborhood gave him a ready and woman shrug from his breath. Only one man, rough and bearded as himself, remonstrated. "Take it easy, sport. Yer got lots o' time."

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"



"WHY DO YER DO IT, WHY DO YER DO IT?"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"

He looked at her sideways with increasing wonderment. Could it be possible that by an effort she had recovered her self-possession and started to walk past him. This did not suit him. He had waited so long for—what was it he had been waiting for? For her to come out, surely, but then? He could not remember. She stepped sideways into the shadow and he lurched after her. "S-say, Miss—"



"SHE HAPPENED TO LOOK STRAIGHT INTO HIS FACE."

PRACTICAL JOKES AND JOKERS.

The joke, as a candidate for current comment, is rapidly emerging from the pent up Utica of the comic weeklies. Numerous instances in the news attest the importance of the way to do so-called in the history of the period. Everything is grist that comes to the mill of the practical joke of today.