

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

give you a pain?" asked Miss Eden, winding baby ribbon.

"Who?" Miss Twiss paused in her building of pyramids to stifle a yawn.

"Those bargain women! Their eyes—horrid!"

"Gracious! I have no time to watch their eyes. It takes me all my time to watch their hands. Did you see the gay one in green try to sneak a bolt out of the fifty-cent division? Pretty nearly did it, too.—Oh, Miss Brown, while you are up on that step would you mind handing me down that top box?"

Miss Brown obligingly handed down the box.

"All their eyes look alike," went on Miss Eden.

"Greedy, I should say! They make me sick."

Miss Twiss yawned again. "I've enough to make me sick without bothering about eyes," she began, then, as a belated but impatient customer tapped sharply upon the glass, "No, madam, I am sorry. The ribbon sale was from nine till five. This ribbon is now seventy-five cents a yard. My! didn't she look mad," she added as the disappointed one moved away.

The other clerks giggled. They were tired, some of them to the verge of exhaustion, but they were so used to the sensation that it left their general interest in life quite unimpaired. Miss Brown, who was a new girl, looked blue about the lips and once she said, "Oh, if I could only sit down!" emphasising the word *down* despairingly.

"Well, you can't," said Miss Twiss. "And don't slouch your shoulders. Straighten up! Here comes Slippers."

Slippers, otherwise Mr. Harcourt Flynn, the floor-walker, had the reputation of not standing any nonsense. He considered slouched shoulders nonsense;