

A MODERN SKYSCRAPER ROMANCE

It Was Rudely Shattered However, When
the Heroine Talked.

THE young man who figures in this is employed in an office in a skyscraper. His desk is by a window that overlooks a court. Directly across the court from him another person works at a window. Yes, this person is a girl, of course. There wouldn't be any sense in taking off one's coat and recording a lot of facts about two men working at two windows at opposite sides of a court, would there?

Now a young woman, if she be of face and form and garb that constitute a balm to the optics, may be a source of much inspiration—if one may believe all that gets into print. Still, if the truth be known in the case of this young man, he might have accomplished more for his employer if there had been no haired, ratted young creature across the way. For the sight of the girl across the way and concentration were things apart. The young man would look at the figure across the court when there were figures on paper right in front of him that he might have looked at. Once he was offered a better job with another firm, but he stayed where he was for the sake of the view.

Don't get a wrong impression. It was not in a flirtatious spirit that the young man gazed absently across the court. The creature at the window opposite was not the kind that couldn't make her eyes behave. She had her eyes under perfect control. There was something about her that dispelled any notions one might have to

get familiar without formal introduction. She had a sweetly serious countenance that made one think she must be a great help to her mother. There was something unusual about her. She had her soft, lustrous hair propped up some with rats, it is true, but not to extremes. Her eyes were full of gentleness and she smiled often. Not at anybody, though—just smiled good humoredly as she took dictation or went ahead with her work.

The young man across the court dividing his attention between the two kinds of figures had never heard her voice, but he knew that it was soft and low and resonant. She didn't come to work with a different outfit on every day, either. But she always wore color combinations that seemed to have grown up together, and her shirtwaists were wonderfully fresh and neat. That was one thing that appealed to the young man opposite.

In the six months or more that the young man had been looking across the court at the features of his ideal their eyes had never met squarely—not once. She would look over occasionally in a dreamy way, but when the two lines of vision were about to become coincident she would glance leisurely away. It was impossible for one to send any wireless "Honest, I know you'd like me" message to her. Pretty refreshing, too, the young man opposite told the boys in the office. She wasn't going around making any chance acquaintances, but he was willing

to bet that once a fellow got to know her real well she was the sort of a girl who would take a keen interest in him, would chide him for not wearing a vest on a cool evening when he might catch cold, and would notice every time he wore a new necktie.

At last he found himself in the realization of one of his fondest hopes. He met her! It happened out at one of the beaches. She had gone out with her sister, and her sister's gentleman friend and this friend was acquainted with an old friend of our hero, who was out there, and things worked out so that everybody was introduced all hands around. The young man of the window on the court and the creature of the window opposite strolled away to talk things over until the next dance should start up.

"I've saw you at the window a thousand times," she began. "Of course I never liked to rubber or nothin'. Maw always brought we girls up not to stare at no one, and the boss jest about throws a fit if he sees anybody in the office lookin' as if they wasn't tending strickly to bizz. I never have knew such a place to work. I'd have went to some other office long ago only the pay's pretty good, and I need the cash."

The young man danced with her silently, and then excused himself. His illusion was so rudely shattered that he felt like a man who had been struck over the ear with a paving brick. Next week he is going to have his desk moved away from the window.