

## **Window-Wishing**

*Aldis, Mary, 1872-1949*

Oh yes, we get off regular  
By half past six,  
And six on Saturdays.  
Sister an' I go marketing on Saturday nights,  
Everything's down.  
Besides there's Sunday comin';  
You can sleep.  
Oh my, how you can sleep!  
No mother shakin' you  
To "get up now,"  
No coffee smell  
Hurryin' you while you dress,  
No Beauty Shop to get to on the tick of the minute  
Or pony up a fine.  
Sister an' I go window-wishin'  
Sunday afternoon, all over the Loop.  
It's lots of fun.  
First she'll choose what she thinks is the prettiest  
Then my turn comes.  
You mustn't ever choose a thing  
The other's lookin' at,  
And when a window's done  
The one that beats  
Can choose the first time when we start the next.  
The hats are hardest.  
'Specially when they're turnin' round and round.  
But window-wishin's great!

Then there's the pictures,  
Bully ones sometimes,  
Sometimes they're queer.  
Sister an' I go 'most every Sunday.  
We took Mother 'long last week,  
But she didn't like 'em any too well.  
Mother's old, you know,  
We have to kinda humour her.  
Next day she couldn't remember a single things  
But the lions on the steps.

You know what happened the other night?

Sister and I didn't know just what to do. –  
A gentleman came to see us.  
He said Jim asked him to  
Sometime when he was near.  
Jim's my brother, you know.  
He lives down state.  
We have to send him part of our wages regular,  
Sister an' I;  
He doesn't seem to get a steady place,  
And Mother likes us to.  
She's dotty on Jim.  
Sometimes I get real nasty –  
A great big man like that!

Anyway his friend came walkin' in  
And said Jim sent his love.  
Sister an' I didn't exactly know what to do.  
And Mother looked so queer!  
Her dress was awful dirty.  
He said he was livin' in Chicago,  
And Sister said she hoped  
He had a place he liked.  
He only stayed a little while,  
Till half past eight,  
And then he took his hat  
From under the chair he was sittin' on  
And went away.  
I said just now it happened the other night,  
But it was seven weeks ago last Friday evening.  
He said he'd come again.  
I dunno as he will.  
Sister an' I keep wonderin'.  
We dressed up every night for quite a while  
And stayed in Sundays.  
Yesterday we thought  
We'd go down window-wishin',  
And what do you think?  
Just as she'd picked a lovely silver dress  
Sister jerked my arm.  
Then all of a sudden there she was  
Cryin' and sniffin' in her handkerchief  
Standin' there on the sidewalk.  
And what do you think she said?  
"I'd like to kill the woman that wears that gown!"

I tell you I was scared,  
She looked so queer,  
But she's all right today.  
Oh thank you, two o'clock next Saturday the tenth?  
I'll put it down.  
A shampoo and a wave, you said?  
I'll keep the time,  
Good-morning.