

SHOP HOIST SALES.

Operation Bargain Hunters. The annual assault on marked down merchandise was planned, prepared, ready. Inside the defenders announced sensational reductions. Before the Christmas holiday was really over, the citadels soon to be assailed feverishly hastened last preparations. The old battlecry went up in thousands of strong points; Stocks Must Be Cleared. Why they must is a trade secret, but they must, and they will.

Managers - commanders well behind the lines - approved the plans. Magnificent mustaches bristled. It was nearly Zero Hour. Everybody tense, nervous, strung up. 5,4,3,2,1.

The attack; The assault force, a monstrous regiment of women. Surely nothing can withstand them. The first positions have been carried. Coins tinkle, notes crinkle. Half crowns, pounds, fivers.

Deep underground, more supplies are rushed up to the front line.

As the battle ebbs and flows - (you know, the way battles do) discipline in the assault force wilts under the strain. It's every woman for herself.

But look. A man's get in. What's he want?