

"Rather."

"It's queer," continued Mr. Flynn, "that there should be such a fuss about some babies when there're so many lying around that no one has any use for. In a big store like Angers' one sees things."

"What things?" asked his sister curiously.

"Oh, things. Human nature, you know. Some women that come in seem just to hate their children the way they slap them around."

"Oh, I guess they don't mean it."

"Don't they? Well, there was a case of desertion yesterday at the ribbon counter."

Miss Flynn glanced quickly at the paper.

"Oh, it didn't get in the paper. Trust your uncle for that!" Mr. Flynn smiled easily. "It wouldn't do me any good to have that kind of thing happen in my department. 'Gainst the rules (he pronounced it 'rulls'), you know. So I was glad enough when one of the girls said that she knew the woman who left it and offered to take it home."

"But if the baby was really deserted, how could the girl have known the mother?"

"I thought of that myself," admitted Mr. Flynn reflectively, "but she said she recognised her, and she ought to know. It isn't necessary to go behind that."

"Well, it seemed very queer."

"Lots of things are queer. Did you say dinner was ready, Amelia?"

"How big was it?" asked Miss Flynn abruptly.

"How big was what?"

"The baby, of course."

"How in the world should I know how big it was?"

Miss Flynn sighed. "Poor mite!" she said. "But