

did that when we were bathing her. Ada's is worse than mine. Ada is getting her ready for bed. You may see her for a moment before she goes. You don't know, do you, just *when* a baby of her age ought to go to bed?" She looked anxiously at Miss Eden, and even at Mr. Burns, who tried not to blush.

"How old is she?" asked Miss Eden, importantly.

"Well, naturally, we don't know, she hasn't any teeth yet."

"Can you tell their age by their teeth?" asked Mr. Burns, much interested. The girls giggled.

"Oh, no! But—yes, I suppose you can, in a way. It tells you in books when they get their first one. I must get a book. Oh, Mr. Burns, you are in the book department. Do you know of anything?"

Mr. Burns, who prided himself upon his exhaustive knowledge of his stock, brightened up. "Why, yes, there are several. I remember one that we are often asked for, 'Children, Their Mental and Moral Growth.' Then there is, 'What To Do For Baby,' and 'The Infant's First Year,' and 'From Cradle to School,' and 'Handy Helps for Home' (there is a lot about babies in that), and 'The Young Mother.' We are often asked——" Here Miss Eden giggled, and Mr. Burns came to a full stop. Celia, however, was not laughing. "I think 'What To Do for Baby' and 'The Young Mother' would be best," she mused. "I'll run over to your department at noon to-morrow and look at them—are they very expensive?"

"Not at all expensive. In fact, they are my present to the baby, if you will be so kind."

"Another present for baby!" interrupted a new voice. "Oh, Celia, if everyone is going to give her