

girls behind a ribbon counter should be straight and alert. Therefore, as he passed, all the girls' shoulders miraculously straightened and they became very alert indeed.

"And yet he isn't a bad sort, really," whispered Miss Twiss reflectively. "He acts like that for the same reason that he waxes his moustache—thinks he needs it in his business."

"Miss Twiss!"

Miss Twiss jumped, for she had not noticed that Mr. Flynn had paused beside her, and his voice was stern, unmistakably the voice of one who has discovered some nonsense and will not tolerate it. "Miss Twiss, why is this baby carriage here?"

Miss Twiss leaned over the wide counter.

"Why, it's a go-cart!" she said stupidly.

"Why is this—er—go-cart here?"

"I didn't know that it was there, Mr. Flynn. It is so small that I did not see it. What a tiny one!"

"Its size," said Mr. Flynn, "is not important. Why is it here? I think this is your department, Miss Twiss?"

Miss Twiss flushed. "Did any of you girls see a lady leave this go-cart?" she demanded of her subordinates.

Three of the girls shook their heads with decision, but Miss Brown, the new girl, seemed to hesitate.

"Do you know anything about this, Miss Brown?"

"Yes, I saw the woman leave it," she admitted, adding timidly, "I did not know that it was not permitted."

The floor-walker frowned. There had certainly been some nonsense here! He pulled one end of his waxed moustache severely.