
A Flirtation

Judy Job

HE STOOD OUTSIDE the bakery, gazing wistfully at the people treading their way in and out of the shop. He had been standing this way for some time when his eyes fell upon a girl jauntily coming out.

It seemed rather queer that he had not noticed her enter, for he had been watching everyone closely. With his first glance at her, he concluded that she was different from the rest. As she walked past him, she left in her path a most enchanting smile. He stood staring after her. She must have felt it, for she turned and smiled, this time rather amusedly. That smile did it. He made up his mind then and there to follow her.

She suddenly turned into an alley. He did likewise, and, as the alley was not at all well-lighted, he realized that now she might appreciate his protection. She was walking more rapidly, and he practically had to run to keep up with her.

While he was trying to make up his mind whether to go up to her, she turned into the yard of a little house on the corner, ran up the steps, bolted through the door and slammed it, just as he entered the yard. That certainly was discouraging, but he did not give up so easily. As he started up the steps, the door flew open, and the girl stuck her head out. She was laughing.

"Here, boy," she said. With a joyful bark, he ran up the steps and into the warm house.