

Mr Miller had a shop in a big town. He sold ladies' clothes, and he always had two or three shop girls to help him. They were always young, because they were cheaper than older women, but none of them worked for him for very long, because they were young, and they did not meet many boys in a women's shop.

Last month a pretty girl came to work for him. Her name was Helen, and she was very good.

After a few days, Mr Miller saw a young man come into the shop. He went straight to Helen, spoke to her for a few minutes and then went out of the shop again.

Mr Miller was rather surprised, and when the young man left, he went to Helen and said, 'That young man didn't buy anything. What did he want to see?'

Helen answered, 'Me, at half past five.'