

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

"I think this is your department, Miss Twiss," he continued with elaborate sarcasm. "Miss Brown is new, I believe, but apparently she has not been instructed in her duties. This go-cart——"

The go-cart, finding itself the centre of interest, seemed suddenly to wake up. A feeble wail issued from it. Mr. Flynn stepped back so hastily that the girls tittered. This was *lèse-majesté*, and the manner of the floor-walker became more awe-inspiring than ever. He consulted his watch.

"It is now," he remarked, "just five minutes from closing time. Miss Twiss, you might ask Miss Brown at what time this go-cart was left here."

"At two o'clock," answered the new girl, speaking for herself. "I noticed a woman leave it, but then the rush began and I forgot about it. It is screened, as you see, between the two counters. I naturally supposed that she had taken it away again."

Mr. Flynn glanced once more at his watch. "What Miss Brown supposes is not material, Miss Twiss. I need hardly point out that it was your duty to have informed her of the rules. Young ladies, it is not necessary for me to tell you what the presence of this go-cart means?" His tone was frigidly polite, but they all felt that someone had been guilty of nonsense, and that he wasn't going to stand it. The girls looked at each other and ceased to titter.

"It means desertion, I suppose," said Miss Twiss. She knew in her heart that it meant also dismissal for her, or at least the losing of her place as head of the ribbon counter.

"Exactly; you will at once report the matter at the office."

Mr. Flynn replaced his watch. Miss Twiss bowed.