

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE afternoon was well advanced when her callers left, and Mary had to make up her work as best she could.

A violent thunder-storm had arisen, but in spite of the lightning she telephoned Helen.

Wally was still improving.

"I'll be over as soon as I've had dinner," said Mary, "but don't expect me early."

She was hanging up the receiver when the senior accountant entered, a little more detached, a little more impersonal than she had ever seen him.

"We shall have our final report ready in the morning," he said.

"That's good," said Mary, starting to sign her letters. "I'll be glad to see it any time."

At the door he turned, one hand on the knob.

"I haven't seen Mr. Woodward, Jr., today. Do you expect him tomorrow?"

At any other time she would have asked herself, "Why is he inquiring for Burdon?"—but she had so much work waiting on her desk, demanding her attention, that it might be said she was talking subconsciously, hardly knowing what was asked or answered.