

ing for the final O.K. from the son, who lives in the City here, and Bob was taking him out this afternoon. I am hoping so much he'll close the deal. There's a big commission in it, and we certainly need it. We've really been embarrassed lately. There's Bob, now, just driving in. I wonder if he has the cheque? It is to be a cash sale."

"We must go," said Mrs. Porter. "Bob will want his dinner now . . . I should have been home half an hour ago. Women always hang around too long after a tea. They forget in their fullness of stomach that other people are hungry. Come on, Helen."

Helen was not ready. "Let's wait and see if Bob closed the deal," she said. "I can't go home without knowing." They waited.

Robert Lane came in, greeting his wife's guests cordially.

"Did you sell the house, Bob?" Helen asked. "I can't go home until I know. If you did it will make the end of a perfect day, for Marie has had a wonderful tea."

Bob sat down before he answered.

"I never came so near to selling anything. It was a curious case, and I don't understand it. The sale was made, practically. We discussed everything, and it was all clear. 'How shall I make out the cheque?' the old gentleman asked me, and I handed our business card to him so he could see the exact name of the company, 'Western Realty Company, Limited.' My hand may have shaken a little—we do not see many cheques for ten thousand dollars these days. The young man took the card from me to hand it to his father, and read it aloud. My name was on it, of course—Robert Lane, representative. He turned to me