

didn't belong to the department—they had brought down the rug and drapery clerks—and I picked on one who looked green and awkward and easy, and I paid him the money and got my slip. I knew they never intended to sell that desk for thirty dollars. It looked like one hundred and thirty. But that was not my business, and if Brenton's don't know their's that's just too bad for them.

"That afternoon the assistant manager phoned me that the card had been left on that desk by mistake—the clerk came to see me and expostulated—and the manager of the department came as well. I was sweet but unyielding, meek but unmoved. If a reputable store makes a mistake it must abide by it—that was the theme song of my replies; my anthem which I sung in many different ways, always remembering about the soft answer, but never relinquishing my hold on the desk for one moment. At last they sent it to me—and here it is! The assistant manager, who was in charge of the sale, was inclined to be a bit nasty. He said he did not think a woman in my position would stoop to such chisseling. But don't ever let Bob know."

"No wonder the Western Realty Company is prospering even in these hard times," said Helen.

Mrs. Lane threw out her long hands in protest.

"Oh, but they are not—that's the worst of it. Do you know, Bob hasn't made a sale for a month. He has a good prospect now—some people from the country have come in—retired farmers with money in the bank—and they are looking at one of Bob's houses. It seemed to suit the women of the family, the mother and the two daughters. The old gentleman doesn't say much, but they're wait-