



That disturbed me. For fifteen tears I had been stopping once every ir weeks at this hotel, and my old om had become mighty homelike. Besides that, I had some particularly good samples to show, and while the light in that room wasn't the best in the world, at least it was the best in the

botel. Frank ?

he replied. "Take this one anyway and tell me over the phone what you think of it. If you don't like it I'll see what I can do

Leaving the elevator I followed the beliboy down the familiar corridor. Sare enough he stopped in front of my old number-436. What the deuce is the matter with Frank, I thought. The "hop' opened the door, and I could see the dim shape of the bed-everything the same so far. Click! and by George, It wasn't old 436 after all-yes it was, too, but you could hardly believe it. Bright and cheerful? Why, it looked like a runaway boy's recollection of his mother's kitchen at suppertime.

ab." "New furniture? Fresh paint?" "No, sab, it's just exactly your old mom only except old man light in the ceiling. Everybody what comes here mys new paper or new somethin' but they nevah seems to think of old light