

plaint received just after his visit home, and read as follows:—

“Dear Bertha:—

“You probably wonder why I have not answered your letter sooner. I suppose I am to blame in a way, but really a fellow seems to get very little time to himself on the road. When he’s in a little town some customer looks him up after supper and keeps him talking business till bedtime; or it is a train, or samples, or something else. Then there are so many drummers on the road who it pays you to stand in with that you’re often interrupted and can’t get out of being sociable. After all this apologizing, I’m sure you’ll excuse me.

“I wasn’t stuck on your last letter, Bert. You seem to think that you’re having all the rotten time and me the jollification. Now that’s not the case. My head’s full of business all the time and when I neglect to write you you ought to blame my firm or some of the other things I’ve mentioned. Surely you know that you’re the only girl for me, whether I write regularly or not. Things will come out all right for us someday. You have a good time there, don’t you? Why, Barnsville’s a city of amusements compared with some of the dumps I spend my days and nights in. And in these burgs a fellow don’t know anybody. You can’t go across the street and call on a school chum or chew the rag in a millinery store, or flirt through the bank windows—on *my* job. And as far as skirts go, they’re an awful laugh in these side-stations.

“I wish you wouldn’t get in a state of mind like the one you were in when you wrote me that letter, Bertha. It only makes *me*” (there was a line under the word) “feel bad, and I have a rotten enough time