

asleep yet and could hear the voices down here at the desk and wondered if Harry might be a bit difficult. It's the wrong time of the moon for Harry."

Harry was disappearing up the stairs with my bags, looking like a little bow-legged gnome.

"The moon must have changed just when you appeared," I said. "I was beginning to think all the signs were against me, too."

"Harry's just recovering from a protracted spree," she said later as she filled the water-pitcher and brought me towels, "and is ready to fight with his own shadow. He knows what you stand for, and in his present state of mind he thinks of you as a mortal enemy, but believe me I'll be glad when we get rid of the bar. I've seen too much misery come from it, and it has certainly left its mark on our family.

"My mother ran a boarding house right here in this little town, and made enough to educate us all, but when my brother grew up he wanted a hotel with a bar—a boarding house was beneath his dignity . . . and sometime when you want to write a modern 'Ten Nights In a Bar Room', come back and I'll give you the dope on it. But now you need sleep; don't worry about the train, it will probably be hours late. I'll get you up in time."

The train was a day late, and not only did I get the story, but found a real friend. She is still there, running a good hotel, without a bar.

"What would you have done if she had not come down?" Will asked. "Would you have had to sit in a chair all night?"

"No," I said. "I'd have gone upstairs and found a room—I've done that, too. The first unlocked door, then cautious investigation with a flash light. It's easy—I might have to try two or three before I found an empty one. Often there is a couch in the hall. I can sleep any place."