

The night clerk took one look at the name on my suitcase and told me he had no room for me.

I knew they had, but for a moment did not grasp the significance of his refusal.

"How does it happen you have no room?" I asked. "This is a big hotel, in a very small town."

"We have no room," the little man intoned like a curate. Then I knew what he meant.

"You can't refuse to give me a room," I said. "This is a public house."

"We just don't like you," said the little man, bristling like a badger, "and we don't want you. Better go and stay with some of your pious friends around town—the Nosey Parkers who want to take the bread out of honest men's mouths!"

"I am going to stay here," I said, "and you can't do anything about it! It's a bad night and it's nearly midnight, too late to disturb anyone. So whether you like it or not I am staying until train time tomorrow morning and I want a room! Where is the proprietor?"

"That need not concern you," he growled. "I'm in charge here, and we do not want you."

I noticed a bell on his desk and I knew I could rouse the house. But I did not want to do that.

Just then some one came down the stairs, a big woman in a red satin dressing-gown.

"What goes on here?" she demanded brusquely.

The little man sat low in his chair.

"This lady wants a room," he said meekly.

"Well, what's the delay? We have plenty of rooms," she said. "Take her bags to Number Three."

Then she turned and put out her hand.

"I'm glad to see you again, Mrs. McClung. When I attended the Normal School in Edmonton, I often heard you speak . . . I knew your voice, too. I hadn't been