

the incidents of the long night ride, the big order, and the satisfactory day that Mr. Stevens had passed with the company. "It's great sport to bring home the bacon," he wrote in conclusion, "and have everybody at the house give you the glad hand, but all the same I'm ready to start out again. A little taffy tastes pretty good, but too much of it is as bad as castor oil. This is a crackajack hotel, and it has got all the dudads that go along with \$6 per (the company pays it), but I've always noticed that when a hotel gets about so high-toned it goes in for a lot of monkey-work that isn't any earthly use, and the people in it swell around too much and don't act natural. I prefer to be where things are more genuine, even if they aren't quite so rashashay. I'll be glad tomorrow when I get out and hit the pike again. A man has the most fun while he is playing the game. PETE."

THE END