

of the phenomenon that put me on the wrong track and lulled my sense of outrage. I had protested to the porter of one of the palatial hotels because he failed to get me a lower berth to Lethbridge.

"Too late," he said cheerfully. "All the lower berths going both ways are reserved two weeks ahead."

"What's the reason?"

"Everybody is travelling. If I was n't a married man and tied down I would be travelling myself."

Certainly everybody did seem to be travelling, for the hotels were crowded to the limit and one had to telegraph a week ahead to get reservations. Many times even that precaution failed. Often I have slept on a cot in a corridor, and on several occasions when the corridors were full I got a berth on a cot in the manager's office.

But the lower-berth gentry never had any trouble of that kind. They would walk right up to the clerk's desk and register with an air