

CHAPTER XXIII

EPILOGUE

AFTER all, the most delightful thing about a visit to the cities is the trip home. I take no joy in seeing sky-scrapers so high that you have to swallow your Adam's apple three times before you can see to the top of one. And the streets are crowded with abominations of noise and speed that make the foot-passenger from the country get about like a whirling dervish. And you find the men you know all working like mad for other people, so that they can earn money with which to hire other people to serve them with the necessities of life. They get salaries from corporations that enable them to buy the products of other corporations that are all intent on charging all the traffic will bear. This sort of thing is doubtless very businesslike and modern and up-to-date, but if I went back to it I should