

ahead. But if I wished, the courteous clerk might be able to arrange for me at another hotel. As it was after ten o'clock, I wished. By using the telephone he located a room for me in a quiet family hotel. Its tone and exclusiveness impressed me as soon as I registered. I was in a position to see Boston on its dignity. The elevator man looked like a sad professor of political economy in reduced circumstances, and as I stepped into his cage I felt as if I had been turned over to the final psychopomp. With this in mind it gave me a thrill of pleasure to note, like Phil Welch, that the elevator was going up and not down. No one at this hotel spoke to another without an introduction, and I realized that I was having a chance to get a glimpse of that sternly exclusive New England:

"Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God."

But a few hours later I was mingling with the ordinary throng again, looking for information.