

the high cost of living, and such things, and at last my patience was rewarded. In a dreary tone he said:

"It seems as if people would never get settled down after the war."

I encouraged him with a nod.

"The war upset everything. Labor was unsettled by high wages. The country boys that went into the army got a taste of city life and life in crowds, and it looks as if they would never stay on the land any more."

I let him ramble on about the train of evils that had followed the war. There was no boasting — just a sense of weariness with it all.

On my arrival in Boston I became practically *incomunicado* and unable to play my rôle of the affable stranger who is willing to engage in conversation with any one who is willing to talk. It was impossible to get accommodations at the hotel to which I had telegraphed for a room. They had more reservations than they could handle for three weeks