

that mine happened to have a repaired handle, which probably I alone could distinguish—but, alas, not my own. From the same group one lady drew out a jewelled-handled sunshade while I hunted, another a plain *en tout cas*, and a gentleman found his handsome gold-handled umbrella. The simplicity with which the identification was managed afforded me a subject for reflection as I walked home, which compensated me for my personal disappointment. The attendant opened a large book, after examining the label on each claimed article, found the entry, and put several questions to the claimant. If his answers as to where and when it was lost tallied with the record of where and when found, as in each case it did, identification was considered to be established. He was asked to put a value upon it, and one-eighth of this was charged, to be given as a reward to the cabman, 'bus-driver, or whoever had turned it in. Even so are those who serve the public encouraged to be honest by the authorities.

So much for the tourist. For the instinctive traveller, the cosmopolite, what opportunities does not London afford for study, diversion, and amusement in a sojourn which embraces, say, the four seasons of the year. It is not necessary that his term of residence should include a national disaster such as the death of King Edward, with its resultant train of brilliant pageants, its general mourning and utter desolation, to force upon him the human, vital and personal side of the great metropolis, but if it should so happen his knowledge of his fellow-men will be the profounder for it; he will feel in heart and soul henceforth and forever an integral part of the place, in whatsoever corner of the globe his material body may linger.

Circumstances forced me into a life of some excitement in London during the first months of this year, but I could have led the most peace-

fully romantic or romantically peaceful existence browsing amongst its antiquities just as easily. Nobody bothers you, and nobody bothers about you unless you wish, and if you wish they bother prodigiously and most kindly and hospitably, everyone you meet—given you have the right introductions. You may go out into the streets in a straw hat in winter, or in a fur coat in summer; you may paint your nose green or your hair purple; a man may wear a suit of violet cloth (as I saw one the other day), or envelop himself in a Mephistophelean circular cloak (as I saw one on the platform at Earl's Court), or go without a hat all the days of his life (as one does in the hotel where I am staying), or take a penny bun out of a paper bag and eat it (as I saw one in an underground carriage do one day), but no one will bother about him. Even if they did notice him, a Londoner carries with him so perfect an air of naturalness and self-confidence in performing any or all of these, to us eccentricities, that he disarms criticism, baffles curiosity.

The fact that the traffic is seventy-five per cent. greater in the west end of London from May 1st is of far less moment to the cosmopolite than that he can stroll into the Savoy, Ritz, Carlton, Café Royal, or Jules any night, and for the price of a dinner amuse himself with watching the elegantly turned-out, brilliantly-jewelled, so-called smart women and their juvenile escorts, in many cases young enough to be their sons; or that he may follow at first hand criminal cases and legal battles of such world-wide interest as the Druce case, the Crippen murder, or the Black Pearl Swindle. All of these occurred and were heard to a finish in London inside a period of seven months. That of Miss Arabella Kenealy against Lord Northcliffe, as proprietor of *The Daily Mail*, of a more local interest, was read quite as widely throughout the British