



THE CLOCK TOWER, LONDON

From the Surrey Side

tween a butler—who is also valet—and a cook-and-house-maid. But take some Oxford or Cambridge man practising law and enjoying an occasional journey to the Continent. He has much more comfortable quarters and much simpler. Probably he lives high up in an old building somewhere between Temple Bar and the River. It is a long climb up an old worn stone stairs to his room. There is a knocker on his door, or else a shabby electric button. The door itself is of heavy material and badly in need of varnish.

His secretary—if he is at all a successful man—opens the door for you, a lean man with weak eyes and a courteous manner. If you have an appointment you are ushered into a sitting-room, which may also be the lawyer's dining-room, and there you receive the papers while you await your host.

One might multiply little patches of real London for a year and a day.

There are those which are very pleasant, those that are brilliant, and others that are mostly a dull gray. I think the real London is gray. Even its most splendid spectacles are merely the glint of gold through a gray mist. In one of the silent conniving streets that run out off Leicester Square figures of the half world people—to talk of them is trite. But among them are even sadder figures and faces—those of the waiting chorus girls, the girls who have made the pilgrimage to London from Scotland, from Ireland, from the North Country and the South Country—from everywhere—waiting and starving and praying for a chance to go on the stage at the Alhambra, at the Empire! They live in attics in strange, evil old buildings; even in cupboards built into the shoulders of chimneys. Sometimes they win the goal. The pleasure-hunters at the Alhambra are electrified by the dancing of some new beauty—a “Femina!” or a “Lucille!” As *they* pass out to their taxi-cabs, many that hope and will



TEMPLE BAR