

Scenery of London

has been machining for the "sweater." Two non-descript men of an altogether unascertainable rank, but well dressed and smoking cigars, part at the street corner with much affectionate handshaking and returning for another last word. Their very exuberance of friendship, in contrast with their narrow faces and untrustworthy expressions, speaks of their attempts to get the better of each other. These figures and many like them are set in a grey atmosphere, overhung by leaden skies ; the surroundings are drab houses, and a muddy street.

It is an unlovely crowd in an unlovely environment ; and this is the view they take of it who see only the mud-coloured stripes that run throughout the whole mosaic of London.

Take another point of view. Here is a young officer, very young, and fresh as a public-school boy ; he is vicious neither by inclination nor habits. He comes of a good stock, which is as much as to say, in London parlance, that he "knows every one" ; he has money in his pocket, and gets away from his rather dreary station for a day or so in London. It is summer, and he plays polo at Hurlingham or Ranelagh surrounded by the fairest Englishwomen, exquisitely dressed ; he dines in private houses where the appointments are perfect, the guests entertaining, beautiful, witty, or clever, at any rate never dull. He goes to the first night at a theatre where he sees a play by a well-known playwright. In the stalls some of the most notable men and women in England are pointed out to him, and all