

and how to get to a certain house in Putney.

And yet—and yet—every man and woman must pay tribute to the prodigious fascination of London and London life before he or she has been twenty-four hours in its grime and smoke. I did Fulham Road notwithstanding.

A thousand places in one! There—in lies the secret of its power to charm and hold the interest of individuals as wide apart as the poles in taste and sympathy. Once upon landing in New York from England I ran into some shipmates in the hotel quite accidentally inside of eight hours of bidding them farewell on the dock. They were English and were going on next day, so they were occupying themselves in the interim with seeing New York. They asked what I recommended, and I mentioned several things—Wall Street, Trinity Church, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, Central Park, and the Metropolitan Museum of Arts. To each they answered, "We have seen that." I found myself about to suggest St. Patrick's Cathedral, when it occurred to me that to an Englishman trained to the appreciation of an historical value in the lines of every arch or the carving on every entrance, St. Patrick's scarcely justified a visit, except as to a church built entirely of white marble. In a final diminuendo of suggestion I named the theatres. It appeared that at that time there was nothing worth while on that had not already been produced and seen in London. That incident brought home to me more than anything else how small a modicum of novelty any one city in any part of the world can provide for the wayfarer, as compared with the Imperial Capital.

To the mere tourist, "the least interesting of God's creatures," the very outer husks are nibbled with a peculiar relish. These outer husks, listed in all guide books as "sights," keep him going for a week or two, or perhaps three, when he tears him-

self away, grumbling at an itinerary which allots so little time to London. He leaves with a confused sense of delight in the nation's historical monuments, its architectural and art treasures, the theatres, Clubland, and the parks, in the glimpse he may perhaps have obtained of Royalty, or the vision of the residences of the nobility and aristocracy, as seen from the top of a coach, a real wonder at the traffic and its management, and a personal gratitude to that "splendid force—the police," the first quotation to come to a tourist astray in London. If he has happened to lose anything during those days of sight seeing, perhaps his most lasting impression will be that left by what he has been able to see of the system in operation at Scotland Yard, which presides over this force. I had occasion to go there to look for a lost umbrella once and I shall never forget my surprise and amusement to find myself directed through labyrinths of passages by huge printed signs of lost umbrellas. When I at last arrived at a large room I found a number of others in the same plight, all bent on the same object. Two sides of the room were shelved off and divided into compartments, one wall being labelled "umbrellas" and the other "walking sticks." Several constables in a sort of undress uniform were in charge. One addressed me politely, asking if it was an umbrella I had lost and when.

"Any of these three shelves," he said, tacitly giving me permission to look for my own amongst the hundreds. Groups of shelves above and below and on either side represented the losses of other days, and I am sure there were not less than two hundred in each space. If not claimed inside a week the contents are removed to some other place. As I went over and over the three rows, looking for my quite ordinary and not entirely new article, I found three or four exactly like it—only