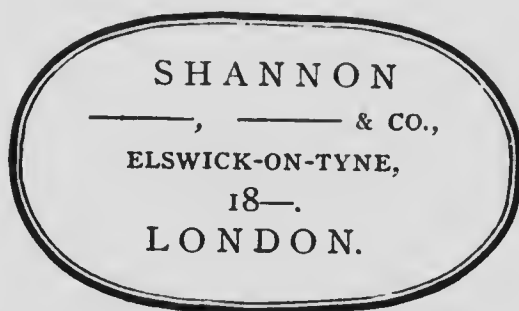


were creaking in to Covent Garden from Wimbledon way: and we've come home content. I've got a big, low, oak-ceilinged library-den, and in it are all sorts of things reminiscent of other days in the old life. But over the big stone fireplace, with the whole space above the mantel to itself, a space on which nothing else is allowed to encroach, is a souvenir which I wouldn't give for all the rest. It's a polished oval brass plate showing the marks of having been pried from a steamer's house, and on it, in crimson letters, are the words:—



There's a new *Shannon* now,—a new *Shannon* beside which the *Liffey* in her strength has to bow down: near on to four thousand tons of steel driven by two wicked screws swung by triple-expansion engines of eleven thousand horse-power. That's an ice-crusher in earnest. She hasn't a pram-bow like the old boat, but her stem is straight above like the *Liffey's*. With all her strength and her big funnels—she has two of them—her model is as pretty as