### THE LAMENT OF A LONDONER: AUTOS CHANGE THE METROPOLIS

ARTHUR SYMONS SAYS IT IS THE WRECK AND MORAL OF CIVIL-IZATION-CREATURES ON THE MACHINES ARE HARDLY TO BE CALLED HUMAN-THE UNEASY FACES, THE HOODS AND THE GOGGLES.

lish poet and litterateur, writes:

The part of London I used to know best is the part that lies between I was living alone in the Temple, that the Temple and Piccadilly, and some desire came over me almost every of it no longer exists. When the Strand night. The plunge through the Middle was widened Holywell street, one of Temple gateway was like the swimthe oldest and quaintest streets in mer's plunge into rough water; I got London, was pulled down; Wych just that "cool shock" as I went outstreet went, too, and Clare Market, and side into the brighter lights and the many dingy twisting lanes which could movement. I often had no idea where make. It is all a hurry, a leveling motor car? The roads are too noisy now Lake Albert Edward, where he crossed well be spared. But I deeply regret I was going. I often went nowhere. downward, an automobilization of the for any charm of expression to be seen the Uganda Congo frontier. He then Holywell street, and when I tell I walked, and there were people about mind. strangers about it, it seems to me that me. they can never know London now.

I suppose that many people will soon forget that narrow little lane, with its years, and I thought then, and I think shop-windows on one side of the street. Dutch town, and that as they enter from Fleet street into Middle Temple haps I liked the quays at Paris even Lane they can fancy themselves at left bank. But nowhere else, in no of Middle Temple Lane. other city, was there a corner so made | There is a moment when you are in adise for book-lovers.

some of the pleasant, genuine dreari- Temple. ness: and Clare Market was swallowed up, and I believe Drury Lane is getting squalor; and Aldwych is there, fore, I can never find my way into it. Striking westward, my course generally led me through Leicester er of Paris and Italy. The little res- seats.

ourselves to that instinctive, delighted admire, to wonder, to see the use and it quite so tragic and melancholy. hardly to be called human, so are they beauty and curiosity of them, and to the aspect of the night, the aspect of disfiguration of all recognition, in the land of the land

It was for their very obvious quali-ties of illusion that I liked to watch the people in the foreign quarter. They were like prisoners there, thriving, perhaps, but discontented; none of them light-hearted, as they would have been in their own country; grudgingly at home. And yet there was much see in the older songs of Yvette Guil-

London was for a long time my su preme sensation, and to roam in the streets, especially after the lamps were

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ure sign of

Arthur Symons, the celebrated Eng-|lighted, my chief pleasure. I had no out of doors, and to be among people and lights; to get out of myself. When

I lived in Fountain Court for ten overhanging wooden fronts, like the still, that it is the most beautiful place houses at Coventry; or they will re- in London. Dutch friends have told member it only for its surreptitious me that the Temple is like a little I remember it for its book-shops. Per- from Fleet street into Middle Temple better; it was Paris, and there was the The Hague. Dutchmen are happy if river, and Notre Dame, and it was the they have much that can remind them

for book-fanciers. Those dingy shops Fleet street; you have forced your with their stalls open to the street, way through the long Strand, along nearly all on the right, the respectable those narrow pavements, in a continside, as you walked west-how seldom ual coming and going of hurried peodid I keep my resolution to walk past ple, with the continual rumbling of them with unaverted eyes, how rarely wheels in the road, the swaying did I resist their temptations. Half heights of omnibuses beside you, disthe books I possess were bought sec- tracting your eyes, the dust, clatter, ond-hand in Holywell street, and what confusion, heat, bewilderment of that people who go to lectures. And all bargains I have made out of the four- thoroughfare; and suddenly you go penny box! On the hottest days there under a large doorway, where large was shade there, and an excuse for wooden doors and a small side-door lounging. It was a little shady par- stand open, and you are suddenly in It never occurred to me that any roar of the sea drops if you go in at least the land of the sea drops if you go in at least t quiet. The roar has dropped as the street so old could seem worth pulling your door and shut it behind you. At down; but the improvements came, night, when one had to knock, and so in this mechanical city, out of which and that and the less interesting waited, and was admitted with a nice everything old and human has been waited, and was admitted with a nice streets near, where the Globe Theater formality, it was sometimes almost was (I thought it no loss) had of course startling. I have never felt any quiet was never a genuine "inn," but had of that contrast—Fleet street and the security of streets," ever be used again prime favorite with our mediaeval

No wheels could come nearer to me new furbished and losing its old savor in Fountain Court than Middle Temple Lane, but I liked to hear sometimes at or talk with friends at the street cor- known, its price-according to some big and obvious that I confess, with night a faint clattering, only just audimy recollection of what was there be-ble, which I knew was the sound of a the streets like tunnels in daylight; it pound of our money—must have made cab on the Embankment. The County these hurrying and clatterin ma-Council, steadily ruining London with chines; the multitude of humanity, Square. The foreign quarter of Lon- the persistence of an organic disease, that "bath" into which Baudelaire use sweets blossomed forth into a don radiates from Leicester Square, or will no doubt soon turn the Embank- loved to plunge, is scarcely discern- thousand varieties; indeed, a thousand winds inward to that point as to a ment into a tramway for electric ible, it is secondary to the machines; is but a paltry estimate when we recenter. Its foreign aspect, the fact trams; but when I knew it, it was a it is only in a machine that you can call the boast of the Spanish confecthat it was the park of Soho, interest- quiet, almost secluded place, where escape the machines. London, that was tioner in Beaumont and Flotcher's ed me. In Leicester Square, and in all people sauntered and leaned over to vast and smoky and loud, now stinks play: "I can teach sugar," he tells us, the tiny streets running into it, you look into the water, and where, at and reverberates; to live in it is to "to slip down your throat in a million are never in the really normal London; night, the policemen would walk with live in the hollow of a clanging bell; to ways." The old dramatists give us it is an escape, a short of shamefaced considerately averted head past the breathe its air is to breathe the foul- here and there feeling allusions to the and sordid and yet irresistible remind- slumbering heaps of tired rags on the ness of modern progress.

taurants all round brought me local The gates on the Embankment shut London as it is now is the wreck and beth." color before I had seen Italy; I will early, but I often came home by the moral of civilization. We are see with pleasure the straw-covered river, and I could hardly tear myself civilized every day, every day we can bottles and the strings of macaroni in away from looking over that gray, go more quickly and more uncomable people; but do not their shapes more wildly, and at night is more like bells, a new purely practical magic sets

the world as a puppet show, and all If you would see London steadily metal mouths. We have outdone the fits" over and over again, and we are the men and woman merely players, from the point where its aspect is wildest prophetic buffooneries of Vilwhose wires we do not see working. finest, go on a night when there has liers de l'Isle Adam, whose "celestial right persuade us, those innocent There is a passage in one of Keats' been rain to the footpath which crosses bill-sticking" may be seen nightly, letters which expresses just what I Hungerford Bridge by the side of the defacing the majesty of the river; colored paper and yclept "kisses," felt. "May there not," he says, "be railway track. The river seems to any gramaphone can give us the equivsuperior beings, amused with any have suddenly become a lake; under alent of his "chemical analysis of the fash oned shops, but partook rather of raceful, though distinctive, attitude the black arches of Waterloo bridge last breath." The plausible and in- the nature of our aromatic cachous. my mind may fall into, as I am entertained with the alertness of the stoat multiplying arch beyond arch, in a upon us, taking away our liberty from Falstaff were not improbably more or or the anxiety of the deer?" Is there lovely tangle. The Surrey is dark, us, and leaving every Englishman's less what we now call crystallized, and not, in our respect toward one another, with tall, vague buildings rising out house his castle no longer, but a kind were eaten much as we eat preserved something inevitably automatic, Do of the mud on which a little water of whispering gallery, open to the hum quinces and apricots. we see, in the larger part of those crawls. Is it the water that moves, or of every voice. There is hardly a street fellow-creatures whom our eyes rest the shadows? A few empty barges or left in London where one can talk costly present to make even to royalty; on, more than a smile, a gesture, a passing or a coming forward? Are they more real to us than the actors of the water near the bank; and a stationary they more real to us than the actors of rose sugar as a gift to the Lady on a stage, the quivering phantoms night, turns in the water to wavering We are shot through holes in the earth Loring; history tells us about the on a stage, the quivering phantoms of a cinematograph? With their own private existence we have nothing to do; they do not, so far as we are condo; they do not, so far as we are concerned, exist in part at least to be a spectacle to us, to convey to us a sense spectacle to us, to convey to us a sense shapes flicker: it seems as if a breath fair: it goes clattering and turning, of life, change, beauty, variety, neces- shapes flicker; it seems as if a breath fair; it goes clattering and turning, sity? The spectacle of human life is would blow out their lights and leave to the sound of a jubilant hurdy-gurdy; not only for the gods' eyes, but for them bodiless husks in the wind. round and round, always on the same ours; it is ours in so far as we can ap- From one of the tallest chimneys a track, but always faster; and the chilprehend it, and our pleasure and sat- reddish smoke floats and twists like a dren astride its wooden horses think isfaction here are largely dependent on flag. Below, the Embankment curves the skill with which we have trained towards Cleopatra's Needle; you see the curve of the wall, as the lamps thing else, that have done it. Men apprehension. To a few here and light it, leaving the obelisk in shadow, there we can come closer; we can make and falling faintly on the gray mud in them, by some illusion of the effectiver. Just that corner has a mystions, seem more real to us. But as terious air, as if secluded, in the heart for all the rest, let us be content to of a pageant; I know not what makes admire, to wonder, to see the use and it quite so tragic and melancholy.

intrude no further into their destinies. London, pricked out in points of fire beautiful as any sunset or any mountain: I do not know any more beautiful aspect. And there as always in London, it is the atmosphere that makes the picture, an atmosphere like Turner, revealing every form through the ecstasy of its color.

It is Whistler who has created the piteous false show among them, soiled. Thames for most people; but the sordid estentation, a little of what we will exist after the County Council. I remember hearing Claude Monet say, at the time when he came over to the Savoy Hotel, year by year, to paint Waterloo bridge from its windows, that he could not understand why an English painter ever left London. I felt almost as if the river belonged to the Temple; its presence there, certainly, was part of its mysterious anomaly, a fragment of old London, walled in and guarded in that corner of land between Fleet street and the

> As you come back into London from the country, out of air into smoke, rattling level with the chimney-tops and looking down into narrow gulfs, swarming with men and machines you are as if seized in a gigantic grip, First comes a splendid but disheartening sense of force, compelling you to admire it, then a desperate sense of helplessness. London seems a vast ant-heap, and you are one more ant dropped on the heap. Your are stunned, and then you come to yourself, and your thought revolts against the ma-terial weight which is crushing you. What a huge futility it all seen this human ant-heap, this crawli

any labor to an end. After the fields and the sky London seems trivial, a thing artificially made, in which people work at senseless tolls, for idle and grass and the clouds, really alive and the streets. I still think, after seeing In London men work as if in darkness,

And their pleasures are as their labors. In the country you have but to shopping done and to get into a motor walk or look out of your window and you are in the midst of beautiful and a new London? living things; a tree, a dimly jeweled pleasure is about you; you may walk or ride or skate or swim, or merely sit still and be at rest. But in London you must invent pleasures, and then toll after them. The pleasures o London are more exhausting than its THE ORIGIN OF MODERN DELICAtoils. No stone-breaker on the roads works so hard or martyrs his flesh so cruelly as the actress or the woman of fashion. No one in London does what he wants to do, or goes where he wants to go. It is a suffering to go to any theater, any concert. There are even this continual self-sacrifice is done for "amusement." It is astonishing.

Charles Lamb could not live of London? No one will take a waik ancestors. down Fleet street any more, no one will shed tears of joy in the "motley evident that the variety of sweets, as Strand," no one will be leisurable any we understand the term, must have more or turn over old books at a stall, been limited; even when it became

they are getting to the world's end. It is the machines, more than anyand women, as they passed each other, in the street or on the road, saw and took cognizance of each other, human being of human being. The creatures that we see now in the machines are

is disappearing at the end of the road. currency; they will be marked "O" in the old existence like the red Indians. It will live on for some time yet in the country, here and there in the country where the rallway has not yet smeared its poisonous trail over the soil; but in London there will soon be no need

ing and bearing burdens and never of men; there will be nothing but SLEEPING SICKNESS

There was a time when it was enough merely to be alive and to be in London Every morning promised an advenimaginary ends. Labor in the fields ture; something or someone might be is regular, sane, inevitable as the labor of the earth with its roots. You are street; it was difficult to stay indoors in your place in the world, between the because there were so many people in living as natural a life as the beasts. most of the capitals of Europe, that there is no capital in Europe where scarcely seeing their own hand as so many beautiful women are to be pedition which was sent out last year they work and not knowing the mean- seen as in London. Warsaw comes by the natural history department of motive in it, merely the desire to get ing of their labor. They wither and near, for rarity, not for number. dwindle, forgetting or not knowing The streets and the omnibuses were the British Museum to explore the that it was ever a pleasant thing mere- always alive with beauty or with Ruwenzori region, who has now rely to be alive and in the air. They are something strange. In London any- turned to England, has communicated all doing things for other people, making useless "Improvements," always to the adventurous!" says somebody experiences, accompanied by only one perfecting the achievement of material in "Contarini Fleming." But who European, Mr. Carruthers. Dr. Wolresults with newly-made tools. They can look as high as the uneasy faces are making things cheaper, more im- on a motor omnibus, who can look Uganda, in September, and worked his mediate in effect, of the latest modern under the hoods and goggles in a on the pavements. The women are proceeded down that lake in a boat shouting to each other, straining their ears to hear. They want to get their

> car or a motor omnibus. Could another Charles Lamb create

CIES-IN THE DAY BEFORE SUGAR WAS IN USE.

primeval equivalents for sweets; the various delicacies "au miel et pistache" are only another form of the "honey and nuts or almonds" of which the earliest records tell us; in all proba-London was once habitable, in spite of itself. The machines have killed it. in evidence at the time differ only slightly from the "melipekta" and "dulciaria" of the old Greeks and Romans. Etymologically, too, at any driven by wheels and hammers and rate, the popular marzipan of today the fluids of noise and speed. When may be the "martius panis" of Italy. will his affectionate phrase, "the sweet as it is certainly the marchpane, that

Before the general use of sugar it is

But when sugar came into general furore for sweets that came in with "the spacious times of great Eliza-

begs his comrade to save him a piece of marchpane; there are some who the undusted windows. The foreign harsh parapet. The Neva reminds me fortably wherever we want to go. We tell us, on the authority of an old people you see are not always desir- a little of the Thames, though it rushes live by touching buttons and ringing cookery book, that those "pretty little tiny kickshaws" that Mr. Shallow, and colors come as a relief to you after the uniform shapes and colors of Engths make?

I have always been apt to look on their shapes the windy, and at light in lights crossing it.

But I do not know the river of any great capital which has the fascination of our river.

Let uniform shapes and colors of Engths a new purely practical mages to the tip wickshaws" that Mr. Shallow, us in communication with the ends of the earth. We can have abominable mockeries of the arts of music and of speech whizing in our ears out of speech whizing it is the speech whizing in our ears out of speech whizing it is the speech whizing in our ears out of speech wh

A packet of sugar was at one time a

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"Gotham" and perhaps only a half dozen of them will be able to give you order that they may go fast enough an intelligent answer. The name Goagainst an enveloping darkness, is as not to see anything themselves. Does tham was first applied to the city of anyone any longer walk? If I walk I Manhattan in "Salmagundi," Washmeet no one walking, and I cannot ington Irving's humorous sketch, writwonder at it, for what I meet is an up- ten in the early part of the nineteenth roar, and a whizz, and a leap past me, century. This sketch was evidently and a blinding cloud of dust, and a intended to imply that the people of machine on which scarecrows perch the fish-shaped island made undue pretentions to wisdom and that there was The verbs to loll, to lounge, to dawdle, both wit and satire in the suggestion to lolter, the verbs precious to Walt is shown by the story of the first Go-Whitman, precious to ever lover of thamite. Gotham was a parish in Notmen and of himself, are losing their tinghamshire, England. It is told story how King for obsolete in the dictionaries of the John wished to pass through future. All that poetry which Walt the parish, but the townsmen, Whitman found in things merely be- not fancying the passage of the king cause they were alive will fade out of over a route made in the public road, decided to prevent the transit by all pretending to be insane. When the ruler and his party arrived they therefore found everyone of the inhabitants employed at some clownish task, Thus a group were playing "ring-a-rounda-rosey" around a thorn bush to keep a cuckoo from getting away; some were trying to drown an eel or a fish and dipping water with a sieve and doing other crazy stunts. The king denounced the people as a pack of fools and idiots when he saw these performances and quickly departed with his retinue. The people of Gotham were delighted with the success of their scheme for turning aside the king, regarding it as superlatively clever. After this Gotham came to have the reputation of being a sort of headquarters for conceited fools. A book entitled "The Merry Maids of Gotham" was published in the time of Henry VII. In this was the story of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham," one of whose exploits was to go to sea bowl

## AN AWFUL PLAGUE

WHAT A BRITISH EXPLORER IN THE HEART OF AFRICA FOUND.

Dr. Wollaston, a member of the ex-

laston left Entebbe, the capital of way through the Province of Ankoli to lent by the Congo administration. From the south of Lake Albert Edward the expedition proceeded through the heart of the Mfumbiro volcanic region, traversing ground were no Englishman had ever been before. For the most part the volcanoes were extinct. There were nine of them altogether, the highest being about 14,-000 feet. Near the top they are covered with dense bamboo, which is supposed to be inhabited by a race of pygmies, who make their abode there and live by raiding the villages on the lower slopes. Although the expedition spent five weeks among the volcanoes, it was not found possible to visit the people at their summits We are using today, if in different Nothing is known of them beyond the combinations, very many of the fact that they are of diminutive stature, and, as they are far removed from the Congo forest pygmies, they are probably a new race. From the volcanic region Dr. Wollaston proceeded down a steep descent to Lake Kivu which was found to be full of islands surrounded by a glorious range of mountains and supporting a very thick population. Here is situated the frontler between German East Africa and the Congo Free State. The best terms existed between the Germans and Belgians, both of whom treated the expedition with great courtesy. From ness since it broke out a few years ago. He describes the sights as being fear- Thousands of workmen are employed ful, with people dead and dying on the on the work, which is being conducted came into play. The garden was sown with roadside, as it is the custom of these under the superintendence of over 60 mustard and cress seed, with the result

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lion have succumbed to sleeping-sick-

people to turn out stricken natives to Belgian engineers. Dr. Wollaston that there was in due time a delightful

LORD KITCHENER'S LAWN.

A good story is going around of the inventive genius of Lord Kitchener. The Kivu the expedition traveled to Tan- The expedition reached the upper distinguished commander-in-chief desired, ganyika through the unknown valley waters of the Congo at Kasonga in on the occasion of the recent visit of the Of the Russisl, a very interesting and February, and proceeded by canoe Ameer of Afghanistan to India, to lay mountainous region. Tanganyika was down the river to Ponthierville at the out an artistic garden for his gratificareached at the north end at a place head of Stanley Falls, where it joined tion. Rare exotics and flowers of great called Uvira. Here Dr. Wollaston the railway to Stanleyville. Three variety of colors, tropical and sub-tropicame upon the sleeping-sickness coun- hundred miles above Stanley Falls the cal plants were brought to make the gartry, and from this point through the new railway going up to Tanganyika den beautiful. One thing was lacking-Manyuema country traversed a re- which will eventually connect with the there was no grass to give a finishing touch gion devastated by this terrible plague. Cape to Cairo railway is in progress. of verdure, and the few days available did

Then Lord Kitchener's resourcefulness In this country the population states that after leaving Rumenzori he green sward effect which astonished all the are dying by thousands absolutely saw no evidence of ill-treatment of visitors, and not least the Ameer himself.

—London Mail.





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