

the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the cordial personal greeting of the King and the winsome welcome of the most beautiful Queen.

All such experiences come back at call. Their story is good to tell. But they do not abide. They do not permeate and color the very texture of one's thought and life. Other experiences cut deeper. Other scenes cast heavier shadow-lines. Other memories return as of themselves, with a more haunting insistence. Frankly, the thing that impressed me most, the thing that stands out as the background of every reminiscence, was the bloodless, mirthless, hopeless face of the common crowd.

Nothing seems able to dim or wipe out or soften the hard lines of that impression. The dress-receptions, the gorgeous pageants, the galleries, the colleges, the storied castles, and all that rare procession of beauty and wonder and worth may fade into a dreamlike memory, but the pale and sunken faces of the nameless city crowd haunt one like a weird. We were given, as we had been promised beforehand, rare and illuminating glimpses of "Britain at work and at play," but we could not shut our eyes or steel our hearts to that Britain which is out of work, which may not even want to work, and which has long forgotten how to play.

At first London seemed less hopeless than it was twenty years ago. Nowhere had civic improvement shown more signs of headway. The running of great new arteries, like the Kingsway, through congested areas had changed for the better some localities. Even East London on a fair day seemed less damning than of old. The spirit of reform is plainly at work, both in civic circles and among the captains of industrial life. But the social problem everywhere is appalling almost to the point of despair. Wherever we went it forced itself upon us. The least dangerous aspect of it was that hollow-eyed procession of the homeless of London kept moving along the pavements by the police in the early dawn, waiting for the opening of the soup-kitchens. London, Sheffield, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh—each had its distinctive features, but everywhere the marks were deep of disease and degeneracy in body and mind and morals.

In some of the smaller places where the industrial percentage is large, or the occupations unhealthy—as in the Black Country or the pottery-making communities—the blood-poisoned workers present an appearance that to unaccustomed eyes is simply ghastly. In places like Portsmouth, where we drove through the streets after viewing the greatest array of warships ever presented in the whole