

the people who count in history, in fiction or in the modern world! A walk in Wimpole Street instantly brings before you the eager figure of the lover Browning, hurrying, bouquet in hand, to his shy and delicate invalid; or, astray in Baker Street you pause to try and recollect its connection with some person or thing in your mind, until suddenly you see the well-known untidy figure of Sherlock Holmes glide swiftly and furtively up the steps of a house, produce a latchkey and enter. Or, again, in the east end you live over every word you have read of Dickens. The things you look down upon from the top of an omnibus, the fast-disappearing old eating-houses in Fleet Street, the club life of Piccadilly, hotel life, social life, each presents a phase of existence as diverting as it is distinctively Londonesque. You may

wrangle with an ultra-Radical over toasted cheese or beefsteak pie at the Cheshire Cheese, sitting in the same seat that Dr. Johnson used; or cross swords with a Tariff Reformer over a cigarette in the Lyceum Club lounge, or you may sit down at the electrophone with a number of people after a dinner-party and listen to an opera performance miles away; and each of these persons and their environment will represent something as different from the other as all are from the tail-coated, brass-buttoned, top-hatted and be-waistcoated old messengers in the city and the business that keeps them hurrying from one office to another.

Only the Londoner himself takes London all for granted. The born traveller never exhausts its mines of intellectual stimulus. To him it is always the City of Dreams.

