

This street leads into the Strand, where you find it pleasant to drop into Rimmels' and buy of the scents at headquarters. And how much there is to purchase in London. You feel it is not only an agreeable diversion, but a necessity that you should buy every second thing you see in the shops. You degenerate into what Max Nordau calls the "onia mania," or "buying craze." For prudential considerations it is well to put your money in a bank and order them not to give it to you.

The bells of St. Clements' are really saying "Oranges and lemons," as you leave the busy Strand and pass into the sepulchral chill of the Church. A brass plate on pew 18 informs the public that Dr. Johnson usually sat there. Boswell says of this grim old worthy, "He carried me to St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat, and his behaviour was, as I imagined to myself solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany "In the hour of death and at the day of Judgment, good Lord deliver us." At Charing Cross where the Strand empties into Trafalgar Square, the traffic is congested into a deep-throated and vociferous confusion. Omnibuses, bicycles, broughams, carts, sandwich men, autocars, drags, drays, and things that are nondescript, become locked in embraces that could hardly be called affectionate.

The hansom driver, "London's gondolier," calls in mighty dudgeon to the carter who has grazed his wheel, to go home and drive ducks to water, which advice is greeted with an original fertility of invectives more personal than complimentary, but still a representative of "the force" holds them back. As Joshua bade the sun to stand still, so one man standing in the surge of diverse and mighty currents of traffic, performs apparently, as great a miracle by merely holding up his hand. He stretches it out again as Moses did his rod over the Red Sea, and a passage is open into which the jumbled mob pour like the Israelites rushing their last breach.