

Scenery of London

but sees part of it only. He is impressed by one aspect, probably "the dust and din and steam of town," and carries that away with him as his mental reference to London. Therefore it is not the foreigner or the stranger who knows her as she should be known. That knowledge comes only after years of patient intimacy ; by slow growth, like the growth of the one friendship of a lifetime ; by adding facet to facet and interweaving the mosaic as a part of the background of daily life : thus only can one know the mystery and the fascination of London, and feel it in one's blood until it becomes a love second only to the strong love felt for the home of one's childhood.

The aspect most familiar to the stranger, and probably one of the most repellent, is that of the streets at mid-day on one of those days so frequent in the climatic cycle through which we are passing. A day of grey skies and mud-brown streets, when the drab and stone-coloured walls put on their dingiest tones, and the passers-by form a stream as monotonous and uninteresting as a lowland brook.

Any street will do as the background for such a picture. Take the Piccadilly end of Shaftesbury Avenue as a specimen. Here several omnibuses stand at the corner, and the passers-by thread their way amid the inert loiterers. Here is a man moving briskly, he knows what he wants, and thinks little of what may be correctly deemed a "shove"—hardly a push—in order to attain it. He is short without being exceptionally so, spare without actual thinness ; his fair hair and