



CHELSEA (LONDON)

die hoping some day to wear the gorgeous clothing and hear the quick, furious applause of stage life, are passing by in the rabble of shamed ones. One or two of them may to-morrow get a place in the ballet, the next day make an influential friend and fame! And the next perhaps, having wasted opportunity, be out once more in Piccadilly.

Ask the porter in your *pension*, if you are staying there and not at an hotel, for the key to the garden. It is a great iron affair, related to the creaking iron gate which lets one into the green haven in the centre of the square. Sit under the trees, at the side of a gravel path; watch the quiet men and women coming out after dinner. This is a more pleasant London. Down by the docks night falls like an ominous cloud, shutting out all but the yellow glow of the lamps. By the Parliament Buildings it falls slowly, with dignity, swallowing the filthy river and its barges gradually. In the Strand it comes leisurely; by St. Paul's, solemnly. But in the garden of the square it drops tenderly down, slowly, tenderly, to the noise of twittering birds. One would think, sitting there, that London knew no

evil. It may not. Personally, as I said before, I think there is no London. It is a region inhabited by a score of ghosts and a fairy or two.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL