

brevity is the soul of wit, I have done enough. As it is, I have only made a small selection of instances and adventures and thoughts from the immense amount of material which I carried back to England and to Russia. I think America has been brought to the touch-stone of my own intelligence, experience, and personality.

My friend took me to the charming play, *Peg-o'-my-Heart*.

"Isn't it delicious?"

"The thrilling thing is that the fifth act is not played out here, but on the *Campania*, and I have to play that part myself," said I.

We got out of the theatre at eleven. I saw her home. As midnight was striking I claimed my luggage at the cloak-room at Christopher Street Ferry. At 12.15 I entered the Cunard Dock and saw the great, washed-over, shadowy, twenty-year-old Atlantic Liner. Crowds of drunkards were gesticulating and waving flags—Stars and Stripes and Union Jacks—singing songs, embracing one another. Heavily laden dock-porters, carrying sacks, moved in procession along the gangways. Portly Chief Steward Macrady, with mutton-chop whiskers, weather-beaten face, and wordless lips, sat in his little kiosk and motioned to me to pass on when I showed my ticket. I got aboard.

I returned with the home-going tide of immigrants; with flocks of Irish who were going boister-