

with equal interest of all places or of all people during the varied experiences of a year.

Then again, one has to reckon with an almost infinite variety of taste in the reading public.

One man hates people but loves horses, another abhors detail but revels in generalities, another is bored to death by any reference to literature or science, but delights in music and the theatres. I intend to devote one chapter to spiritualism, but it will be specially labelled "dangerous," for the benefit of that almost universal public who look upon such a subject as fraud and folly combined.

Some years ago I wrote a short story—a love story—with a background of Egyptian palms and dahabeahs. In orthodox style, I took my hero and heroine as far, I believe, as the second cataract; rushed my hero through Palestine, and brought them together again in an old country-house in Leicestershire. During the Egyptian episode, a certain amount of very mild Egyptology was introduced—the old Egyptian myths were touched upon. Occasionally the Christian