

bridges, looming far away, seemed the most beautiful thing in life, one of those promises that are fairer than reality. It was easy to be a poet, gazing into that dream that hung over the river; easy to be a painter, with that delicate picture in my eyes. Sometimes, in the middle of the bridge I choked in my throat, and walked on as fast as I could, with my eyes straight before me, that I might leave it, before spoiling that beautiful vision by another even in a little less perfect.

The rest of the journey lay between red brick houses, duteously asleep; ugly flats, ugly villas, as like to each other as the sheets from a printing press, lined the roads, until my eyes were rested from their ugliness by a mile and a half of green and sparsely wooded common land, sometimes young and almost charming on a dewy morning, sometimes old, ragged, and miserable in rain. Then I had to turn once more into the wilderness of brick, through which I passed to the ugliest and most abominable of London's unpleasing suburbs.

I do not know quite what it is that leads artists and writers and others whose lives are not cut to the regular pattern, to leave their homes, or the existences arranged for them by their relations, for a life that is seldom as comfortable, scarcely ever as healthful, and nearly always more precarious. It is difficult not to