SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE GUIDE

TWELVE SHORT EXCURSIONS ABOUT LONDON

And Information Concerning the Principal Hotels, Restaurants, Shops and Theatres

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THIS Guide, giving twelve short excursions about London, is published especially for American visitors. It contains practical information about Hotels, Restaurants, and the principal Theatres.

The classified list of shops where purchases of various kinds may be made, will be found of great assistance.

Any further or special information desired will be gladly furnished by SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL AND SHOPPING BUREAU. *(See announcement on the first page.)*

Walk Number One

ALONG PICCADILLY AND PARK LANE TO THE MARBLE ARCH

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Piccadilly Circus

GREATER LONDON, it has been estimated, contains seven thousand miles of streets and it is said that seventy-five miles of new streets are added every year. The visit of the average American to London is, perhaps, for a fortnight, and he can take comfort in the thought that in two weeks of judicious and carefully planned travelling on certain well-defined routes he may learn more of London and its infinite charm than the average

Londoner learns in a lifetime. Let him make Piccadilly Circus his centre, and work north, south, east, and west, availing himself of the "tube" railways where need be, but never forgetting Mr. Gladstone's sound advice that the best way to see London is from the top of a 'bus.

In Piccadilly Circus one may see London life at its best or at its worst—according to the hour of the clock. During the hours of daylight it is thronged by men of business, many of whom occasionally stop to buy a flower from the girls seated at the base of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, and still more by crowds of ladies out shopping. At night, when thousands are pouring forth from the neighboring theatres, the Circus, with its bright colored dresses, its brilliant lights, and flashing electric signs, is one of the gayest sights of London.

From the Circus important streets branch off, like so many spokes from the hub of a wheel. As you stand with your back to the Criterion restaurant, Piccadilly half shoots straight off westward. At its first corner, where the quadrant of Regent Street sweeps down, is Swan & Edgar's, where everything that the heart of woman may desire for personal use may be purchased. The Haymarket drops away to the right; across the way is the Pavilion Theatre of Varieties, with the Café Monico visible just beyond, and a few yards higher up Windmill Street stands the far-famed Trocadero restaurant.

An interesting first walk is along Piccadilly and up Park Lane to the Marble Arch. Immediately to the right stands the Piccadilly Hotel, extending back to Regent Street, and occupying the site of St. James's Hall, sacred for many years to the Christy Minstrels. Opposite stands the Royal School of Mines and Museum of Practical Geology, and just beyond is St. James's Church, built by Wren, and containing a beautiful marble font carved by Grinling Gibbons. Just beyond again stands Prince's restaurant, opened by King Edward, over which is the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Color. Cross the road, and you find yourself in the Albany, a secluded nest of chambers, with memories of Byron, Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, and Gladstone. Burlington House, where the Royal Academy holds its annual exhibitions during the months of May, June, and July, rears its noble proportions close by. There the Royal Society, the most learned body in Great Britain, holds its meetings; as also do many other learned societies of note. Bur-

lington Arcade, a mean little covered way by the side of Burlington House, belies its appearance by containing some of the best shops in London for the small necessaries of personal use. Bond Street, on the right, is another famous shopping centre, where money has an easy habit of disappearing. At the corner of Arlington Street stands the Ritz Hotel, another huge caravanserai, and opposite is Hatchett's restaurant, formerly famous as the White Horse Cellar, a starting point for coaches and still favored by four-in-hands. Devonshire House, the low-built grimy building on the right, seen through beautiful gilt and iron gates, is the town house of the Duke of Devonshire, but more notable, perhaps, as the place where Gainsborough's beautiful "Duchess" held court. In the house at the corner of Stratton Street, just beyond, Sir Henry Irving's body lay in state, prior to the funeral in Westminster Abbey.

A "Bobby"

Small shops, palatial clubs, millionaires' houses, and expensive flats jostle side by side as we go along. The whole south side of Piccadilly is taken up by the Green Park, one of the most charming of London oases. At Cambridge House, No. 94, a lunatic lieutenant named Pate attempted to take the life of Queen Victoria, and here, at a later date, lived Lord Palmerston of Alabama fame. At the corner of Park Lane is a large block of flats, occupying the site of the house to which Lord Elgin brought the famous marbles from the Parthenon at Athens. No. 148, a little further on, is the town house of Lord Rothschild, one of the money kings of England, and then we reach Apsley House, at Hyde Park corner, for many years the home of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo. The interior is expensively and elaborately decorated, and the art gallery contains many notable paintings and statues.

We now turn back a little and enter Park Lane which overlooks Hyde Park. Its mean beginning is far from suggesting that the thoroughfare is the most fashionable in London and contains the homes of many millionaires. The roadway just inside the Park is part of "The Ring," as the society drive round the Park is termed. At the corner of Great Stanhope Street, on the right, is the house which Barney Barnato built for himself, but never occupied. Just beyond stands Dorchester House, the home of Mr. Whitelaw Reid,

the American Ambassador, famous alike for its beautiful marble staircase and its examples of many great painters. At No. 26 lived Mr. Alfred Beit, the South African millionaire. Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) wrote "Sybil" and "Coningsby" at No. 29. Between Mount Street and Upper Grosvenor Street one catches a view of the Duke of Westminster's mansion, containing a valuable collection of pictures, open to privileged visitors. Next, at the south corner of Upper Brook Street, stands Dudley House, and at No. 24 is the collection of curiosities formed by Lady Brassey during her voyages in the "Sunbeam." A few yards further on and we emerge into busy, bustling, motor-thronged Oxford Street, close to the Marble Arch and the site of Tyburn, where, in the old days, thousands of executions took place.

(Piccadilly Circus may be quickly regained by taking the "tube" train and changing at Oxford Circus.)

The Marble Arch

Walk Number Two

UP REGENT STREET AND ON TO REGENT'S PARK

Regent Street

FEW who walk up Regent Street to-day would imagine that, two centuries ago, one might have shot a woodcock there, or that, only a hundred years ago, it was the haunt of highwaymen. Regent Street owes its inception to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, who wished to connect Carlton House with a villa on Primrose Hill—which was never built—by a handsome thoroughfare three miles long. The Prince believed that he drew up the plans for the street, just as he believed that he led the cavalry at Waterloo, but John Nash must be credited with the design. Originally the quadrant part of the street was "adorned" by colonnades, but these were removed in deference to the wishes of shopkeepers who complained of their darkened windows.

Regent Street begins where Waterloo Place leaves off, a short distance below Piccadilly Circus. In this lower portion there is little to attract, but there are the Goupil Gallery and the Junior Army and Navy stores on the left, and on the right the handsome premises of Elkington the silversmith.

Arriving at Piccadilly Circus (see Walk I), the way leads through ceaseless bewildering traffic. Immediately at the beginning of the Regent Street quadrant you find yourself at Swan & Edgar's. Under the Piccadilly Hotel are the brilliant windows of Stewart Dawson the jeweller. If you are interested in thumb-prints, you may call upon Mr. Leon Kendal; while an inspection of De Pinna's antiques will satisfy your tastes in that direction. Vigo Street leads into Savile Row, the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club, but perhaps it's even more noted as the home of Poole's, the fashionable tailor, who is popularly reported not to accept a new customer unless he be introduced by a duke. In Savile Row, Grote the historian lived and Sheridan the dramatist died. Just beyond Vigo Street stands the New Gallery, a rival to the Royal Academy in popularity and far less trammelled by traditions. The establishment of Rimmel, the maker of perfumes, is next door, and a few paces away the Kodak Company does business. Conduit Street, leading off on the left, is the street where Charles James Fox, Pitt's great opponent, was born; and beyond, in Hanover Square, with its fashionable Church of St. George, is where Nelson's Lady Hamilton, George Eliot, and, lastly, Theodore Roosevelt were married. Back again in Regent Street, you may find delight in the artistic windows of Liberty, or the shops of Dickins & Jones, Robinson & Cleaver, or Peter Robinson. Leather goods in great variety may be had at the famous shop of John Pound.

You are now at Oxford Circus, formed by the intersection of Regent Street and Oxford Street. Carriages, taxicabs, and omnibuses roll along in ceaseless procession, but the way for the pedestrian is cleared by the uplifted arm of the policeman, whose control of the traffic is an everlasting wonder to the country visitor to the metropolis. At Oxford Circus the Bakerloo and the Central London "tubes" form a junction. Our way, however, is straight ahead, to where Regent Street finishes under the shadow of All Souls' Church, likewise built by Nash, who seems to have let his architectural fancy run mad on this occasion. On the left we have passed the Polytechnic

Young Men's Christian Institute, established by Mr. Quintin Hogg whose statue stands a little way off, and on the right we see St. George's Hall, now a home of magic and mystery, and Queen's Hall, principally used for concerts and political meetings.

Swing off to the left into Langham Place, and thence straight ahead to Portland Place, which contains many noble mansions, most of them due to the Brothers Adam who built the Adelphi. Parallel with Portland Place is Harley Street, the doctors' street *par* excellence. Park Crescent comes next, and then the Marylebone Road, where Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition still attracts its thousands of visitors. A special place of interest is Regent's Park, a beautiful enclosure much favored by the "middle classes." Its area may be gauged from the fact that the drive round is two miles long. A splendid broad walk leads from north to south, and if this be too public you may rest under the innumerable trees, or lie on the broad acres of greensward that extend on every hand. On Sunday this rest may be a little difficult, owing to the crowds which throng in from the industrial neighborhoods close by, or because of the orators who discuss every subject under the sun and a few beyond it. In the centre of the park are the Royal Botanic Gardens, famous for their summer flower shows, and near at hand is the ornamental lake, shaped like a straggling Y, where boating takes place in summer, and skating when a "good old-fashioned winter" returns. At the north-west extremity of the lake is St. Dunstan's Lodge, where one may see the old clock and automaton figures that formerly adorned the front of St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. They were bought and placed there by the Marquis of Hertford who, as a child, had admired them as they stood in their old position.

By no means leave Regent's Park without visiting the Zoological Gardens, or the "Zoo" as Londoners know them, where great scientists have come to study the many marvels of animal life, and thousands of children find daily delight. There are still a few animals in the world which have escaped the blandishments of the "Zoo" officials, who spare neither money nor trouble in completing their collection, but the number is diminishing every year.

(Return to Piccadilly Circus by walking south across the Park to Regent's Park Station, and thence by Bakerloo "tube.")

Walk Number Three

WHITEHALL, THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ETC.

The Houses of Parliament

WALK down Regent Street and Cockspur Street to Trafalgar Square.

Whitehall to-day is a thoroughfare only; years ago there was a palace there where Cardinal Wolsey once lived in magnificent state, only to be ousted by King Henry VIII who seized the building and had it enlarged and beautified to satisfy his more lordly taste. Our walk really begins at Charing Cross, where the statue of King Charles I, still decorated on each anniversary of his death, commands attention. The heavy Greek building on the right is the old office of the British Admiralty, where Nelson's body, having been brought up the river to Westminster, lay in state before his funeral in St. Paul's. Just behind are the new Admiralty buildings, with the apparatus for wireless telegraphy on the roof that gives them a finishing touch of modernity. A few yards lower

down are the Horse Guards, with their two resplendent troopers always in view, and across the road is the new War Office, with an equestrian statue of the late Duke of Cambridge. Near at hand, on the same side, is the banqueting hall, all that is left of the old Royal Palace. The hall was built to the order of James I, and from a window marked by a tablet, his son, Charles I, stepped forth to the scaffold where his life and his futile struggle with the people alike were ended. The banqueting hall is now used as a military and naval museum. On Gwydyn House, next door, may be seen a couple of the torch extinguishers, in use when the link boy was necessary to safe walking after dark.

The right side of the thoroughfare, below the Horse Guards, is filled with government offices, and at the point where Whitehall changes into Parliament Street you may see the entrance to dingy Downing Street. No. 10, one of the old houses on the right-hand side is, and has been for two centuries, the official residence of the British Prime Minister—the home of Disraeli and Gladstone, among others—and next door is the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. From these two houses the British Empire is ruled and the British taxpayer taught the cost of being the free citizen of a free country.

The view from the bottom of Parliament Street is one of the finest in London. On the left you see the beautiful buildings of the British Houses of Parliament; directly in front is New Palace Yard, and beyond that the Old Palace Yard of sinister memories, and on the right, beyond St. Margaret's Church, the ancient Abbey of Westminster stands out boldly. The Houses of Parliament cover twice the area of the building burned down in 1834. They cost nearly three million pounds and contain eleven hundred rooms, but the apartment where the Commons meet has accommodation for seating only two-thirds of its members. The Victoria Tower, from which the flag flies when the House is sitting by day, is three hundred and forty feet high, and the Clock Tower, lighted at night when the House is sitting, is three hundred and eighteen feet high. The clock has a diameter of twenty-three feet, and the bell, familiarly known as "Big Ben," weighs thirteen tons. A favorite resort of members and their friends is the terrace overlooking the Thames, which is a brave sight on sunny summer afternoons. Westminster Hall, standing alongside the Houses of Parliament, was built by William Rufus but "re-

The Horse Guards

stored" at a later date. Here the early English Parliaments were held, and here many famous state trials have taken place—Charles I to be condemned to death, Warren Hastings to be acquitted.

Every yard on which Westminster Abbey is built is a treasure-house of memories and associations. The original Abbey was erected by Edward the Confessor, whose tomb may still be seen behind the high altar, but little of his work remains, and the Abbey, as we see it to-day, is due to later monarchs, mainly to Henry III and Henry VII. The two western towers were added in the eighteenth century by Sir Christopher Wren, and are acceptable only when we remember that he had little sympathy with Gothic architecture. For hundreds of years the Abbey has been the place of coronation of the kings and queens of England, and here, too, their bodies have been laid to rest. But kings and queens count for little among the illustrious dead who also sleep in this national Valhalla—statesmen who have swayed the destinies of Empire, writers who have enriched the literature of our common tongue, scientists who have broadened the field of human knowledge, musicians who have called harmonies from the spheres, or poets whose songs are an immortal legacy to our race. "We feel," as Washington Irving well said, "that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times who have filled the earth with their renown."

St. Margaret's Church, near by, must be visited too, if only to see the memorial window of Sir Walter Raleigh, presented by American citizens in 1882, and the Milton window, beneath which is a tribute from the pen of Whittier. A short walk along Grosvenor Road, skirting the river, will bring you to the Tate Gallery, with its fine collection of modern paintings, built on the site of the old Millbank Prison, and doing far more to uplift and improve the race. It owes its origin to the late Sir Henry Tate, the Liverpool sugar merchant,

who presented it to the nation, along with a large collection of pictures, for the encouragement of British art, "and as a thank-offering for a prosperous business career of sixty years."

The walk along the Grosvenor Road will bring you to Vauxhall Bridge, whence an electric tram will carry you to Victoria Station, one of the largest railway terminals in London and a starting-point for the Continent. Close to the station is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, unique, as far as London is concerned, in its Byzantine architecture, which, when finished, will be unique also for the splendor of its internal adornment. It has a length of three hundred and sixty feet; its domes are one hundred and twelve feet above ground, and the lofty campanile is two hundred and eighty-four feet high. "Beyond all doubt the finest church that has been built for centuries," says a competent critic, and as one glances at the beautiful marble pillars, the gorgeous mosaics of the side chapels, at the costly pulpit and throne, one is inclined to agree that, at any rate in England, nothing like it has been seen since the Reformation. Thousands of pounds have been spent on the Cathedral; thousands more will be spent, and years must elapse before the ideas of the architect are carried out in their fulness.

(Return to Piccadilly Circus by District Railway and Bakerloo "tube," changing at Charing Cross.)

West Front of Westminster Abbey

Walk Number Four

FROM HOLBORN CIRCUS TO THE MARBLE ARCH *via* HOLBORN AND OXFORD STREET

Old Houses, High Holborn

WE shall have to "double on our own tracks" a little in this walk through London, but the effort will be well repaid. Hours and even days might be spent on this line of route with profit. Our present survey must be necessarily brief. At Holborn Circus note the beginning of Hatton Garden, the centre of the diamond industry of the world, and also Ely Place, a famous rose garden in Shakespeare's day, but now only notable for St. Etheldreda's Church, dating from the fourteenth century, and the watchman at the gate who is not quite so old. Just beyond Hatton Garden stands the great emporium of Gamages, which had its origin a few years ago in a tiny store, and has now practically absorbed the "Old Bells," where Mrs. Gamp ministered to her unfortunate pa-

tients. The shiny terra-cotta Prudential building stands near the street where Chatterton died, and across the way are some excellent specimens of old timbered houses, known as Staple Inn, from the Woolstaples to whom it once belonged. While living here, Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Another ancient inn—Gray's Inn—stands a stone's throw off, close to the road of the name, and a little further on, past the First Avenue Hotel, almost any turning will lead you to Red Lion Square, where Burne-Jones and William Morris, enthusiastic pre-Raphaelites, once had lodgings. Returning to Holborn, note the Georges Blue Boar, where criminals bound for execution at Tyburn made their last call for refreshment. Shops line each side of the thoroughfare, getting better as we get farther westward, so that your progress, as you interest increases, will be probably slow.

You will come soon to note the noble street of Kingsway, one of the finest thoroughfares in the metropolis, and destined to be finer still when all its sites are occupied. At one corner stands a station of the Piccadilly "tube"—"underground to anywhere, quickest way, cheapest fare"—and at the other end is the Holborn restaurant, famous for political post-prandial oratory. Across the roadway, turn off at Mudie's Circulating Library with its million volumes, and soon you are breathing the somewhat somnolent air of the British Museum with its two million volumes, occupying more than forty miles of shelving, and its countless antiquities, including the famous Elgin marbles, gathered from every country under the sun, and illustrating every period of human history.

High Holborn now passes into New Oxford Street, but its character remains the same. It is still a street of shops, where you can obtain almost anything that money can purchase. One of the most notable establishments is that of Messrs. Pears, the makers of soap, where you may see the originals of the pictures which they have used to make their goods famous all over the world. Millais's "Bubbles," which gave the first idea of advertising as a fine art, is included, and the original statuette of "You Dirty Boy." Tottenham Court Road leads off on the north to Highgate, Charing Cross Road on the South to Charing Cross, but neither need detain us, unless in the case of the former you would like to visit the Whitefield Memorial Tabernacle and see the pulpit from which Whitefield preached. Stanway Street, running from Tottenham Court Road to Oxford

Street is where the "Cohens of Daniel Deronda" lived; to-day it is the haunt of connoisseurs in embroidery and old silver.

You are now in Oxford Street. Close at hand is the Oxford Music Hall, a home of "variety" entertainment, and a few doors further along stands Frascati's restaurant, one of the most valuable of its kind and in complete accord, with regard to food and fees, with the fashionable London where you now happen to be. The round of Oxford Circus should not be omitted. After a glance at Hanover Square (President Roosevelt was married at the Church of St. George), you may turn aside to inspect the Bond Streets, both old and new. The very name, Bond Street, has a substantial, moneyed, gilt-edged security sound about it. The shops are of the best—none finer are to be found in the world—and here you may purchase exquisite jewelry, choice porcelain, the rarest perfumes, or even paintings by the old masters, according to your purses and your fancy.

If you choose, you may work your way back to Oxford Street via a portion of "Mayfair," including Berkeley Square—with Lansdowne House and its magnificent sculptures—and Grosvenor Square, of all squares in London the one which held out longest against gaslighting.

A short trip up Duke Street will bring you to Hertford House, now the home of the magnificent collection of pictures, furniture, armor and other objects of art, brought together by the Marquis of Hertford (Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne), his son, and Sir Richard Wallace. Experts estimate that the treasures of The Wallace Collection, which were given to the nation, are worth five millions sterling. Baker Street close by suggests a visit to Madame Tussaud's famous "wax-works" with its Chamber of Horrors, and Napoleonic relics. Returning to Oxford Street you will hardly fail to note The Times Book Club which, at its origin, wrought anger and consternation in the minds of publishers by insisting on selling books at second, third, and fourth-hand prices within a short time of their publication. Selfridge's—flaunting its many flags to the dull British sky—is an American importation, where you may have everything you want by the asking. You are never asked to buy, a fact which distinguishes Selfridge's from other London establishments of the kind. And then you reach the Marble Arch, an imposing structure, originally at the extreme end of Buckingham Palace, and removed to its present

site sixty years ago. There are few fairer spots in London, on a bright May morning, than this—and yet we are on the site where, for centuries, "traitors" and malefactors by the thousands were put to a shameful death. London is a place for contrasts.

(Return to Piccadilly by Central London "tube," changing at Oxford Circus into the Bakerloo line.)

Oxford Circus

Walk Number Five

FOUR MILES ACROSS THE PARK

The Thames Embankment, showing Cleopatra's Needle

NOT every Londoner knows that you can take a country walk four miles long in the very heart of the metropolis and almost without setting foot in the streets. It is very much of a mistake to assume that London is only a great ugly mass of houses forever wrapped in yellow fog or swept by biting winds from the North Sea. At its best, and the best comes very often during the year, it offers many pictures of charming rural beauty—green turf, budding trees, gayly colored flowers, all alight with the light sunshine of the country itself. Let us start at Blackfriars Bridge and, turning from the broad-bosomed Thames wearing its picturesque, brown-sailed lighters, pass the Temple Gardens, where the quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster began, and enter the Embankment Gardens which stretch with little intermission to Charing Cross. They are exquisitely laid out with grass-plots, flower-beds, and trees, a miracle of landscape gardening when one remembers

that a generation ago, before the Embankment was built, the land was nothing more than the muddy slope of the riverside. The open-air café and the bands, supplied by the London County Council, add quite a continental air to the scene. As you draw near to Charing Cross you notice the Savoy Hotel, gayly decked with flowers, towering on the right, and a little further on the old water-gate of York House recalls one of the palaces which formerly stood in this area. Charing Cross station, whence you may depart for Paris, the Mecca of all good Americans, is slightly different in appearance since the huge curved roof crumpled in like paper and collapsed.

Instead of following the Embankment right on to Westminster, turn sharply to the right and cross Whitehall by the War Office to where the two mounted troopers add picturesqueness to a somewhat drab thoroughfare. This is the Horse Guards, and once under its archway you are on the parade—formerly a tilt-yard and tournament ground—where the trooping of colors takes place. Facing you is St. James's Park. Just on your left stands the solid block of buildings where the foreign, Indian, Colonial, and financial business of British government is transacted. The apple and milk stall at the entrance to the Park has been there since the days of Charles II, and a recent attempt to remove it created a storm of successful opposition. Formerly St. James's Park was the Garden of St. James's Palace, and would be so now if Queen Caroline had had her way. She asked Walpole what it would cost to make it so, and the wise minister replied, "Only three crowns, madam." Crossing the angle of the Park you will find yourself in the processional road, known as the Mall, leading straight from Buckingham Palace to Trafalgar Square. Down this road passes the King, in his ancient, gilded coach drawn by eight horses, when he goes to open Parliament. The imposing row of houses on the right is Carlton House Terrace, built on the site of the Carlton House where George IV lived and rioted, and near at hand is a tall column, supporting a statue of the Duke of York, the second son of George III, who is said to have gone up there to escape his creditors. You pass behind Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince of Wales, and St. James's Palace and so reach the Queen Victoria Memorial, which, when completed, will be the finest piece of sculpture and statuary in London. Behind is the gloomy Buckingham Palace where King Edward lives when he is in London. The memorial to the late Queen and the magnificent

gates leading by various ways into the Park make the Palace seem dingier than it really is.

The road to the left takes you to Victoria station if you are bound on a continental journey or desire to inspect the fine shops in the Buckingham Palace Road. But your present purpose is a country walk in London, and so you go across the Green Park, across which the low rumble of Piccadilly can be heard. On the road you traverse no fewer than three attempts were made to assassinate Queen Victoria, and here occurred the fall from his horse which led to the death of Sir Robert Peel.

The end of the road lands us at Hyde Park corner, the principal entrance, a splendid open space of more than three hundred acres. It was the first, as it is the greatest, park in London, greatest in the sense that every one seems to have a proprietary interest in its verdant sward. If you are of the "upper ten" you take riding exercise in Rotten Row before business or pleasure begins for the day; here, as the sun is westering, you indulge in that laziest form of gymnastics —"carriage exercise"—and possibly find comfort in the thought that Queen Alexandra herself is in the procession. Having neither horse nor carriage, and being otherwise unblessed with this world's goods, if it be early morning you bathe in the Serpentine (where Shelley's wife drowned herself) or lie about on the grass with all the happiness of the beggar in "The Enchanted Shirt." Having an axe to grind, you join in the political or religious meeting held near the Reformers Tree or assist in the "demonstrations" for which Hyde Park, in the eyes of the horny-handed sons of toil, has its *raison d'être*. Hyde Park supplies all needs; without it London would be unthinkable.

Westward of Hyde Park, and almost forming one with it, are Kensington Gardens, laid out by Dutch William and his Queen as gardens to their palace hard by. The people have invaded the royal grounds, and now on any summer's afternoon you may see fashionable folk taking tea beneath the trees, while their children, side by side with the children of the "nobility," sail toy boats on the round pond. On the southern edge of the gardens stands the Albert Memorial, the costly and much criticised tribute raised to the memory of the Prince Consort by Queen Victoria and her people, "as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good." Westward again across the Gardens and you reach the Broad Walk,

running from Bayswater to Kensington, and so to Kensington Palace, where King William III lived and died, as well as his Queen Mary. To the British nation, however, the most interesting fact about the palace is that here Princess Victoria was born, in 1819, and here, as a girl of eighteen, she came down from her bedroom "in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off . . . her feet in slippers, to receive the news that by the death of her uncle she would become the Queen of England." The state rooms of the palace are now open to the public.

(Return to Piccadilly Circus by motor-bus, along Kensington Road, Knightsbridge, and Piccadilly.)

Rotten Row, Hyde Park

Walk Number Six

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, CHELSEA AND SOUTH KENSINGTON

MOTOR-BUS FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS TO HYDE PARK CORNER

OUR walk to-day begins at Hyde Park Corner, and for the first part is concerned with Knightsbridge, a busy and populous part of London now, but once the favorite haunt of duellists, pleasure-seekers, and those mounted and masked gentry who passed their nights in relieving the mail-coach travellers of their purses as they passed in and out of London. The only coaches we see now are those bound on summer tours in the Home Counties, and the passengers are as safe as the Bank of England. Immediately on our left is St. George's Hospital, where Hunter, the great anatomist, died. Close to it once stood "Tattersall's," the great auction mart for race-horses and other high-class steeds, but you must look in Brompton Road, five minutes' walk away, for the present establishment. On the right, as we go along, we see the fresh green turf of Hyde Park; on the left the Alexandra Hotel, many fine houses, and many still finer blocks of flats. Sloane Street is partly shops, partly private residences. It leads through the aristocratic district of Belgravia to Sloane Square, where one must linger for awhile to inspect the beautiful church of the Christian Scientists, and the no less beautiful church of the Holy Trinity, the latter with its marvellous metal work, its Burne-Jones windows, and other features, forming the most representative example of modern ecclesiastical art that London has produced. If so minded, you may take a motor-bus from Sloane Square down King's Road *en route* to Chelsea.

Hyde Park Corner

The house in Cheyne Row where Carlyle lived and wrote is now open as a public museum, filled with relics of the grim old sage, all of which are shown by a worthy custodian who is brimming over with enthusiasm and facts about the house and its former residents. The visitor to Chelsea may also see the house where George Eliot died; the one in which Turner the painter, known locally as "Puggy Booth," lived in retreat for many years; and also the "Queen's House," where Queen Katherine Parr and the Princess Elizabeth resided. Chelsea Church, hard by, is full of the memories of four centuries—memories of Sir Thomas More and his false patron, King Henry VIII, of Hans Sloane, and later of the brothers Kingsley, whose father was rector here. Note the chained books in the church, and the bell on the porch which was given in gratitude by a man who was drowning in the river on a dark night, and was enabled, by the chiming of the church clock, to direct himself toward the bank.

But we must hark back from Chelsea via Sloane Square and Sloane Street, to where Knightsbridge is formed by the Brompton Road. A little way down the latter thoroughfare stands the huge store of Harrod's, another of the "universal providers" who have sprung up in London during the last generation and, while benefiting the purchasing public, threaten to extinguish the small shopkeeper. Harrod's palatial building offers a curious contrast to the shops on the other side of the road, but visitors to London quickly learn that dingy premises often hold a high quality of goods. Just opposite, where the Fulham Road enters Brompton Road, stands the Oratory of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a Catholic church resplendent in its marble columns, its carvings, and its decorations. A statue of Cardinal Newman is seen outside.

Further along the spacious thoroughfare we reach the Victoria and Albert Museum which, during the last fifty years, has "growed," like Topsy, and is somewhat haphazard in its collections and their arrangement. But there is hope that in its magnificent new home the one hundred thousand odd treasures of architecture and sculpture, furniture, armor, porcelain, china, textile fabrics, and pictures will be the means of more education and fewer headaches than in the past. Close at hand stands the National History Museum, with mineralogical, geological, zoological, botanical, and ornithological specimens, which no visitor to London should omit from his itinerary. Behind the Natural History Museum is the Imperial Institute, the national

memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, where the London University is also housed. Passing up Exhibition Road one sees the City Guilds' Technical College, and then a turn to the left brings you to the famous Albert Hall, where an audience ten thousand strong often gathers to hear the masters of music and song, political orators, or the advance guard of the army demanding woman's freedom. The Albert Hall overlooks Hyde Park, and almost within its shadow stands the Albert Memorial, erected to the memory of the Prince Consort at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. It is an excellent example of what is irreverently but in this case excusably called "Victorian art," and modern critics feel a glow of pleasure in the hope that "it never can happen again."

From the Memorial we turn to the left along Kensington Road and, if time allows, strike up the Broad Walk and so to Kensington Palace, an ancient building where William III and his Queen Mary lived, but dearer to the memory of the modern generation of Britishers as the birthplace of Queen Victoria. The state rooms are now thrown open to the public. A short walk down Kensington Avenue leads us to Kensington High Street, in the "royal borough" which is still proud of its association with kings and queens. St. Mary's Church, the parish church where the Lord Chief Justice of England still sings in the choir, is well worthy of inspection, inside and out, and so, too, is Kensington Town Hall, if only for the portraits of the celebrities who have lent distinction to the neighborhood. And in Young Street—what lover of Thackeray would fail to take a look at the double-fronted, bow-windowed house, suggesting comfort within in spite of dinginess without, where Thackeray wrote some of his most famous books? This was before fame and fortune had followed on the trail of his pen: when they came the quiet novelist built himself a dwelling-place in Kensington Palace Gardens, where he dispensed hospitality in truly Bohemian style. This was in the romantic days of Kensington: to-day the "old court suburb" is given over to "shoes, and shops, and sealing-wax," and other commercial products.

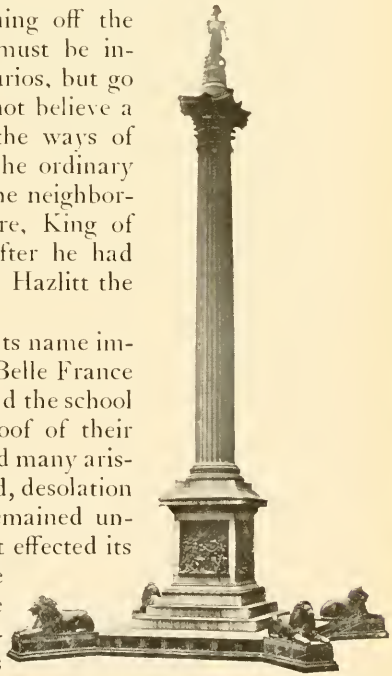
(Return to Piccadilly Circus by omnibus or by District Railway and Piccadilly "tube.")

Walk Number Seven

ROUND ABOUT LEICESTER SQUARE AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE

LEICESTER SQUARE, where we begin our walk to-day, is within easy stepping distance of our centre at Piccadilly Circus. Before going there, however, you may like to investigate the district of Soho, a fashionable quarter in the time of the Stuarts, but now inhabited chiefly by French and Italians, as you may plainly see from the number of foreign restaurants scattered about. And these restaurants, though foreign, are not to be despised. If cheap, they are clean; the food is well cooked, and the proprietors do know how to make soup and coffee. Wardour Street, running off the north-west corner of Leicester Square, must be inspected if you care for antiques and curios, but go there with abundant knowledge, and do not believe a thing to be old because it looks old, for the ways of the fakir are past the comprehension of the ordinary man. Don't forget, either, to step into the neighboring church of St. Anne, where Theodore, King of Corsica, was buried as a pauper just after he had been released from a debtors' prison, and Hazlitt the essayist also found a resting-place.

Leicester Square is more French than its name implies, for the unhappy refugees from La Belle France have long favored it with their presence, and the school of Notre Dame de France, for girls, is proof of their numbers. Years ago the square contained many aristocratic residents, but when these departed, desolation fell on the enclosed garden, and so it remained unkempt and uncared for until Baron Grant effected its restoration. This he did by laying out the garden afresh, and handing it over to the public, and by erecting the statue of Shakespeare in the centre, and at the four corners the busts of Newton (who had his observ-



Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square

atory in St. Martin Street close by), Hunter, Hogarth, and Reynolds (whose studio is now the auction room on the west side). The Square boasts two variety halls, the Empire and the Alhambra, both noted for their ballets; the excellent Hotel Cavour, and many cafés and restaurants. On the south side stands the head-quarters of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which has done admirable work in raising the status of child-life in England. If you are bookishly disposed, you may pass along Cranbourne Street into Charing Cross Road, where wonderful bargains in second-hand volumes are to be obtained. Your way then lies due south, past the National Portrait Gallery, containing more than a thousand portraits of dead and gone English worthies from the time of Richard II, and many autographs and medallions. Almost immediately opposite is the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, as it actually was when the first building was erected. Fair but frail Nell Gwynne was buried here, and legend says that the peal of chimes which you hear from the bells in the tower above is due to her munificence in leaving money for the ringing each day. On the same side as the church stands Morley's Hotel, where Ruskin often stayed, the offices of the Royal Humane Society, and the United States Gov't Despatch Agency.

Trafalgar Square has been described as "the finest site in Europe," but this depends on whether the sun is shining on it of not. It occupies the site of the ancient village of "Cherringe," and takes its name from the last victory of Nelson. But it was many years after Nelson's death that the nation decided to honor the dead hero by the granite column that lifts itself aloft, and many more years before it was annually decorated on the anniversary of his death. The four lions, the work of Landseer, came later still, and excited much cheap criticism from the ignorant. At the foot of the column are bas-reliefs of the battle of the Nile, the battle of St. Vincent, the bombardment of Copenhagen, and the death of Nelson. Dotted about the square are the statues of various eminent soldiers, who look down with equal indifference on the tramps sleeping on the benches beneath, or turn a deaf ear to the thousand and one demonstrations, political, religious or neither, which, from time to time, are held within the Square. The Rt. Hon. John Burns, Cabinet Minister, practised oratory there, and George Bernard Shaw may be seen there on occasions.

Walk Number Eight

ALONG THE STRAND AND FLEET STREET

The Strand

A PENNY ride on a motor-bus will take you from Piccadilly to Trafalgar Square, where we begin our eighth walk, along the Strand and Fleet Street.

The Strand was formerly what its name implies, a "strand" along the riverside. But that was centuries ago. Then came the nobles and other wealthy folk who chose the land whereon to build their mansions, with gardens sloping down to the silvery Thames, on which their painted barges lay. To-day the Strand is given up to theatres and variety halls, palatial hotels, and excellent shops. Within the distance of a hundred yards you may buy anything that mortal man may require, or woman either. The Strand is an emporium of the world's products; and the patrol ground of "the" profession, either "resting" or at work. A theatrical man-

ager whom I know always rides down the Strand, to avoid importunate actors.

As you walk eastward from Trafalgar Square you see Craven Street immediately on your right, where, at No. 7, Benjamin Franklin lived for many years. The Charing Cross terminus of the South-Eastern Railway comes next, and in the station yard stands the replica of the cross which formerly stood in the ancient village of Charing to commemorate Queen Eleanor, whose body rested there on its way to burial in Westminster Abbey. Across the way is the modern version of the Golden Cross, an excellent hotel, outside which Mr. Pickwick had his famous fight with the cabman. George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Buckingham Street recall the unworthy favorite of Charles II, who had a mansion here, the water-gate of which is still to be seen, showing how far the river has receded from its ancient course. On the left you may notice the new premises of Coutts Bank, and on the right is Adam Street, leading down to the Adelphi so named from four enterprising architects, the brothers Adam, who raised the houses as we see them to-day on arches built over the muddy slopes of the river. In a house in Adelphi Terrace died David Garrick the famous actor. The Marconi Wireless Company have their London head-quarters near York Gate.

Passing the Vaudeville and Adelphi Theatres (with Romano's restaurant), you come to the Strand Palace Hotel, an establishment where the rule of "no tips" is actually in operation. It is the fervent hope of Londoners, and Scotsmen in London, that the system will be extended. The handsome court-yard of the Savoy Hotel, with its gilded statue, demands more than passing notice. Next door is the Hotel Cecil, and between them the Savoy Theatre, sacred to the productions of Gilbert and Sullivan. Simpson's restaurant, near at hand, prides itself on its old English fare, and the "Cole Hole" perpetuates in its name, though in little else, the wine cellars that were once a great feature of Bohemian life in London. Savoy Street, on the right, leads to the Savoy Chapel, where the conference met for the revision of the Liturgy at the Restoration. The chapel dates back four centuries, and has many quaint features, including a pulpit hour-glass for measuring the length of the sermon.

Returning to the Strand and still moving eastward, you come to Wellington Street, leading south over Waterloo Bridge to Waterloo Station, the terminus of the South Western Railway, where boat

Somerset House

trains from Southampton and Plymouth arrive. To the north Wellington Street takes you past the Lyceum Theatre, the scene of Irving's greatest triumphs, and to Covent Garden. Visit Covent Garden in the early morning and you may see the choicest flowers that money can buy in the metropolis; in the evening Covent Garden Theatre, especially if it be a gala night at the opera, offers a brilliant sight which not even Paris could eclipse; and in the wee sma' hours the place may be given over to the wild revelry of a fancy dress ball.

Further along the Strand from Wellington Street you see the bold, bald frontage of the Gayety Theatre, and next on the right the gloomy portals of Somerset House, where the Inland Revenue has its offices, where births, deaths, and marriages are recorded, and wills are kept. The wills of Shakespeare, Newton, Van Dyck, and Dr. Johnson may be inspected there on payment of a small fee. The church in the middle of the roadway is St. Mary le Strand, where Dickens's parents were married, and in front of which a Maypole once stood. A narrow lane to the south leads to a Roman bath, which has existed there since the Roman occupation of the city. Passing the Gladstone Statue, in front of the Church of St. Clement Danes (where Dr. Johnson worshipped), you see the opening of Kingsway, which was

cut through a slum area, and find yourself at the Royal Courts of Justice, built at a cost of three million pounds, for accommodating the officers of the law and yet too small for its purpose. Close at hand is Temple Bar, the city boundary, where the King has still to ask the Lord Mayor's permission to enter the city precincts.

You are now in Fleet Street, the haunt of journalists without number. Every window bears the name of some well-known publication, many of them with "the greatest circulation in the world"; here the Great Public are enlightened on the billion and one subjects that engage their minds. The street has been famous to literature of the press for centuries. The "Cock" Inn is familiar to readers of Tennyson, and memories of Izaak Walton linger round the end of Chancery Lane, where he had his shop. In the neighboring church of St. Dunstan he is also remembered. The arched gateway opposite, under the half-timbered house, leads to the Temple, now the abode of lawyers, once the home of the Knights Templars, whose round church may still be seen. Goldsmith is buried in the Temple churchyard, and for every reader of Charles Lamb the Temple will be rich in memories. Every court, and there are many in Fleet Street, has its history. In Bolt Court Dr. Johnson lived and died; in Gough Square most of his great dictionary was written, and at the "Cheshire Cheese" he and Goldsmith are said to have foregathered in convivial hours, and their seats may still be used by the ordinary diner there. In Gunpowder Alley, off Shoe Lane, Richard Lovelace, who wrote "stone walls do not a prison make," died miserably poor. Milton once lodged in St. Bride's churchyard, and in the church itself Wynkin de Worde the printer and Richardson the novelist lie buried. But we are brought back to modern times by the raucous cries of the "extry speshul," while the extensive offices of Cook's Travel Bureau in Ludgate Circus remind us that we are far from home.

(Return to Piccadilly Circus by motor-bus; fare, one penny.)

Walk Number Nine

LUDGATE HILL AND CHEAPSIDE TO THE BANK

St. Paul's from Fleet Street

AGAIN a penny ride on a motor-bus will take you from Piccadilly Circus to Ludgate Circus, where we start on our ninth stroll through London. In Ludgate Circus may be seen two monuments, one erected to the memory of a famous London citizen named Waithman and the other to Wilkes, the advocate of "Liberty." A little to the north stands the Memorial Hall, on the sight of the notorious Fleet Prison where Mr. Pickwick was confined, and where, in the old days, irregular marriages were readily performed by a dissolute clergyman "for a drain of gin or roll of tobacco." The view up Ludgate Hill (so called from the Lud Gate which once stood there) is somewhat marred by the railway bridge, and the bend of the thoroughfare hides the point of St. Paul's,

a disaster which would have been impossible had Wren's plan of laying out the city after the great fire been adopted. Just under the bridge, on the left, is the carpet emporium of Sir William Treloar, who, perhaps, is better known as a popular ex-Lord Mayor, and the inventor of the scheme by which thousands of poor crippled children receive a hamper of good things every Christmas. The premises of Hope Brothers stands at the corner of the Old Bailey, a narrow thoroughfare containing the head-quarters of the Band of Hope temperance organization, situated between two liquor saloons, and at the end of the street is the Central Criminal Court, occupying the site of Newgate Gaol, which the Gordon rioters wrecked, as is told in "Barnaby Rudge." In St. Sepulchre's Church, hard by, is the tomb of Captain John Smith, sometime Governor of Virginia, and the friend of Pocahontas. Further on, along Giltspur Street, if one cares to take the walk, may be seen Little Britain, well known to readers of Washington Irving, and the Charterhouse, so touchingly described by Thackeray in "The Newcomes," where Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was partly educated.

But let us go back to Ludgate Hill and make our way to St. Paul's Cathedral. From the beginning of the seventh century a Christian church has stood on this site. The immediate predecessor of the present building was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. The Cathedral, as we see it now, is due to the genius of architecture, Sir Christopher Wren, who was engaged for thirty-five years on the task, at a salary of two hundred pounds a year. The cost of the Cathedral was over a million pounds, its length is five hundred and fifteen feet, height three hundred and sixty-five feet, and the golden ball at the top will comfortably hold ten persons.

Great Paul, the largest bell in England, weighs seventeen tons and is rung daily at one o'clock. At the base of the steps, as you enter, you may see the inscription marking the spot where Queen Victoria gave public thanks for having reigned sixty years. The interior has a somewhat cold appearance, but the addition of a reredos, some beautiful mosaic work in the choir, and the decoration of the dome are gradually adding the beauty of color to the old building. Monuments abound on every side and beneath. In the crypt below lie Nelson (immediately under the centre of the dome), Wellington, Christopher Wren ("Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around," says his memorial tablet), and a host of famous

painters, including Benjamin West (the American Quaker artist who helped to found the British Royal Academy), Reynolds, Lawrence, Turner, Opie, Leighton, and Millais. In the north aisle you may see monuments of General Gordon and the Duke of Wellington. Watts's paintings, "Time, Death, and Judgment" and "Peace and Goodwill," hang in the nave, and not far away is Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

Outside again we are in "London's central roar." A little to the south of the Cathedral is Bell Yard, whence Richard Quincy wrote the only letter extant, addressed to Shakespeare, requesting a loan of thirty pounds. Round the Cathedral range many excellent shops, mostly appealing to the fair, and under an archway on the north you may reach Paternoster Row, now given over to booksellers, the trade descendants of those who sold *paternosters* in pre-Reformation days. At Stationers' Hall, at the foot of the Row, all books published in England must be sent to secure copyright.

The other end of the Row finds us near the statue of Sir Robert Peel, who abolished the Corn Laws, and at the beginning of Cheapside. To the north may be seen the heavy frontage of the General Post Office. The apprentice no longer deafens your ears with the cry of "What d'ye lack?" but Cheapside, crowded from end to end with good shops, is not less importunate in its commercialism than of yore. It is the thoroughfare where our ancestors used to "cheapen" or bargain; jewellers, tailors, and outfitters particularly favor it to-day, and branching off right and left are Milk Street, Bread Street, Friday Street, and Honeylane Market, showing the kind of business once carried on in these narrow thoroughfares.

Cheapside

A little way along on the right of Cheapside stands Bow Church, one of Wren's finest examples. If you are born within sound of Bow Bells, you are a Cockney, but in

these noisy modern times their sweet music can scarcely be heard as far away as Highgate Hill, whence they recalled the runaway Dick Whittington to return to be "thrice Mayor of London." A tablet outside the church tells us that Milton was born in the neighboring Bread Street, in a house now demolished.

King Street, on the left, leads us to the Guildhall, a splendid building dating from the early years of the fifteenth century, which, like many others in London, loses in effect by being hemmed in by mean and shabby houses. The Guildhall is the centre of London civic life, where the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and the members of Parliament for the city are elected, where every king who visits London is entertained, and where, on Lord Mayor's day, various members of the government make pronouncements which rarely come up to expectations either in lucidity or value. British politics are not determined by after-dinner speeches. From the gallery of the great hall the giant figures of Gog and Magog, which were formerly carried in procession through the city, look down. Attached to the Guildhall is a very fine library and reading-room, and the Museum and Art Gallery cannot be ignored by any one interested in London history and antiquities.

The streets of old Jewry, near by the Guildhall, recalls the ancient settlement of the Jews in London: at the corner of Ironmonger Lane stands the Hall of the Mercer's Company, which has an income of one hundred thousand pounds a year, and across the road one may see an ancient shop sign in the form of the quaint figures which strike the hours on Bennett's clock. Cheapside passes into the Poultry, and then, as one reaches the shop of Mappin & Webb, the famous silversmiths, one is close to the Bank.

(Return to Piccadilly by "tube" from the Bank, changing at Oxford Circus.)

FROM THE BANK TO THE TOWER BRIDGE

THE QUICKEST WAY FROM PICCADILLY, OUR CENTRE, TO THE BANK IS BY "TUBE," CHANGING AT OXFORD CIRCUS

The Bank of England

IN this small open space we are in the heart of London, the very centre of the world's financial operations. To our left lies the Bank of England; in front is the Royal Exchange; to the right is the Mansion House. From the various subways emerge thousands of passengers from the "tube" and ways converging deep beneath our feet; while a constant stream of motor-buses, cabs, carts, and "taxis," to the number of seven hundred per hour, pass to and fro, obedient as children to the uplifted arm of the policeman who regulates the traffic.

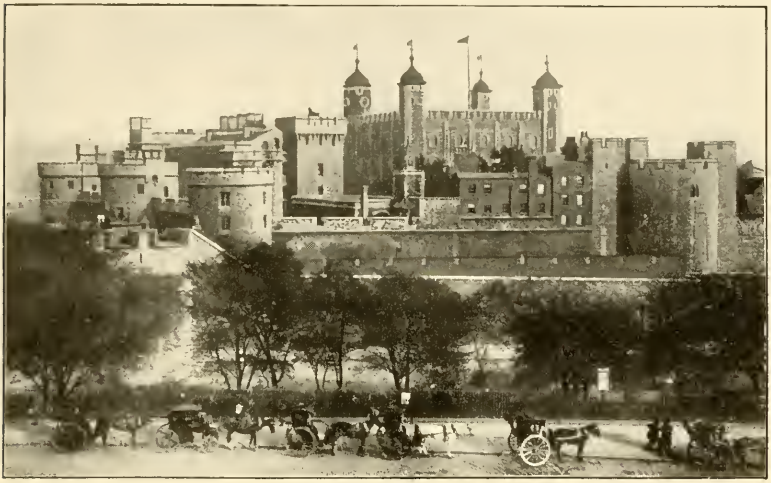
The Bank of England is the windowless building at the corner of Threadneedle and Prince's Streets. It was founded by an enterprising Scotsman named Paterson, more than two centuries ago, and has gradually increased its business and strength until it can resist all the financial winds that blow. About fifty thousand notes are issued daily there, and in its triplet strong vaults lie twenty million pounds in gold and silver, a magnificent booty for any gang of thieves who could reach it. Since the Gordon rioters attacked the Bank in 1780, the premises have been guarded at night by soldiers, who may be

seen marching in at six o'clock, and some of the clerks are also kept on duty during the hours of darkness. Opposite the Bank, between Threadneedle Street and Cornhill, stands the Royal Exchange, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1571. A statue of Wellington, looking like a circus-rider, stands before the entrance. Over the portico runs the legend, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The inner hall, once open to the sky, contains statues of Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, and Queen Victoria, but its chief glory lies in the magnificent frescoes by famous artists, representing scenes in British history, such as Nelson embarking for the last time, King John sealing Magna Charta, Whittington dispensing his charities, and William the Conqueror granting a charter to the citizens of London. In one corner of the Exchange the world-wide business of "Lloyd's," underwriters of every possible form of risk, is conducted. At the back of the Exchange a statue of George Peabody, the American philanthropist, may be seen.

The Mansion House is the official residence of the Lord Mayor. The building is not imposing without, nor beautiful within—it was as good as the eighteenth century could do—and its best feature is the Egyptian Hall, where the Lord Mayor entertains his guests, and the old-time customs of hospitality, such as the passing round of the loving cup, are rigidly observed.

We leave Lombard Street (so called from the Lombard money changers who did business there), on our left, and also the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, where Newton, Cowper's friend, was buried, and pass down the strictly commercial King William Street on our way to London Bridge. The monument on Fish Street Hill, erected to commemorate the great fire, may be ascended for threepence, but, as the man in "Martin Chuzzlewit" said, it's worth twice the money to stay on the ground. London Bridge is the best known spot in the world, and one of the busiest, for forty thousand vehicles alone traverse it a day. Before crossing the Bridge one might like to visit the unsavory quarter of Billingsgate, where the odor of fish is only equalled by the language of the fish-porters. Go at five o'clock in the morning if you wish to hear Anglo-Saxon in the rough.

Once across the Bridge and you are in the "borough" of Southwark, whence from the Tabard Inn, now demolished, Chaucer despatched his pilgrims to Canterbury. Lower down, at the White Hart, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller met for the first time; in the



The Tower of London

Marshalsea, Dickens, as a child, had painful experiences; in Lant Street lived Bob Sawyer, and in St. George's Church Little Dorrit was married. Of more natural interest to Americans, perhaps, is Southwark Cathedral, standing at the foot of the Bridge, one of the most ancient churches of London, and full of historical and literary associations. In the Lady Chapel many of the Protestant martyrs in Mary's reign were condemned to the stake. John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University, was baptized here in 1607, and is commemorated by a beautiful window in the Chapel of St. John the Divine. There is also a memorial of William Emerson, and in the Cathedral, too, lie the remains of Shakespeare's brother Edmund and the dramatists Massinger and Fletcher. The site of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, a little to the westward of the Cathedral, is now occupied by a brewery.

Between London Bridge and the Tower Bridge, looming in the east, is the "pool" of London, crowded with shipping from every clime, and on the left bank stands the Tower. The most interesting route there is by way of Eastcheap, where Falstaff held high revel at the Boar's Head, and past the ancient church of All Hallows, Barking, where the founder of Pennsylvania, born on the east side of Tower Hill, was baptized, and John Quincy Adams was married.

On Tower Hill is the site of the scaffold where many of England's bravest and best met their death by the headman's axe. The Tower itself dates from the Conqueror's day. A fortress, a prison, a place of execution (Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded here), a royal residence, and now a fortress and museum only, it has dominated London for eight centuries. To know the Tower in detail is to know English history thoroughly. The Yeomen of the Guard, whose uniform has remained unchanged since the day of Henry VIII, stand on duty at all interesting points, showing the way to the Traitor's Gate, whither offenders against the law, or the caprice of a king, were brought by water; to the Armory, the various Towers, or the collection of Crown Jewels. The jewels consist of the King's crown, sceptre, orb, state sword, and other regalia. The Cullinan Diamond, presented to the King by the Transvaal, is also on view.

Near by the Tower stands the Royal Mint and the Trinity House which controls the lights and buoys round the British coast; but of more popular interest is the Tower Bridge, costing one million five hundred thousand pounds, the novel features of which are the two bascules which are raised to allow large vessels to pass up and down the river.

(Return to Piccadilly by the District Railway from Mark Lane station, changing at Charing.)

Tower Bridge

Walk Number Eleven

HAYMARKET, PALL MALL AND ST. JAMES'S STREET

The Haymarket

NOT much hay is to be seen in the Haymarket nowadays, but it was not until 1830 that hay and straw dealing was abolished there, and the street entirely given over to actors, authors, artists, and the like. The chief building now is His Majesty's Theatre, where Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree holds a high place in English esteem, since Irving's death. His theatre stands on the site of the Royal Italian Opera House. Across the way is the Haymarket Theatre, with nearly two centuries of history behind it. It was here, in 1734, that Fielding's "Historical Register," so cleverly satirized Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, that the act was passed by which the Lord Chamberlain's license has to be obtained before a play can be produced—a restriction under which daring dramatists of to-day loudly complain. Of shops in the Haymar-

ket there are few, but Fribourg & Freyer, the tobacconists, calls for note by means of its quaint old bulging windows, and the fact that for many years it was patronized by the Prince Regent and the "bucks" of his day.

At the bottom of the Haymarket, where it joins Pall Mall, stands Carlton Hotel, one of the great palace-homes which of late years have made London more comfortable to the traveller. The trees that lined Pall Mall in Pepys's day have long since vanished, but it still has a "sweet shady side" and retains all its old popularity among London clubmen. Pall Mall itself is mainly devoted to clubs and clubmen, though a few shops, hardly less aristocratic, are suffered in its precincts. As you proceed westward you notice, at the corner of Waterloo Place, the Athenæum Club, where cabinet ministers, literary men, and bishops most do congregate. Next door is the Travellers' Club, and then the Reform Club, the home of Liberals, who built it after the parliamentary agitation of seventy years ago. As a balance to its influence stands (next door) the Carlton Club, the haughtiest of conservative clubs in the world. The Junior Carlton is across the way, and a narrow thoroughfare leads to St. James's Square, round which Samuel Johnson and Savage, not having enough money to pay for a bed, tramped all one dreary night, argued politics, swore they would die for their country. Neither had occasion to do so. St. James's Square, formed in the time of Charles II, who often visited his questionable friends here, now boasts among its residents the Bishop of London, the Duke of Norfolk, and other eminent folk. A short street at the corner of the square leads you back again to Pall Mall, at the point where the Army and Navy Club has its premises, and, after passing many similar institutions, you pause before the high wall of

St. James's Palace

Pall Mall

Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince of Wales. Here the Duke of Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim and Ramillies, passed away, and his widow, the redoubtable "Sarah," gave him such a magnificent funeral as London had rarely seen. Fifty years afterward she, too, went the way of all flesh.

There is no need to spend time on St. James's Palace—you have seen it already from the Mall—except to note its fine Holbein gateway and the "love-knots" of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn on the side doors. Beyond the Palace is Stafford House, the most magnificent private residence in London, splendid in its decoration and still more splendid in its art treasures. Queen Victoria spoke truly when she said to a former duchess: "I have come from my house to your palace."

St. James's Street retains its old character of being the most fashionable thoroughfare in London. Every other house is a club, and has been for generations; every club is the haunt of the wealthy *élite*. To write their history in full would be to write the history of the upper ten thousand for the last two centuries. There is Brooks's Club, once the head-quarters of the Whigs, where dignity reigns su-

preme. "Dining at Brooks's," it was once said, "is like dining at a duke's house with the duke lying dead upstairs." Play is by no means so heavy as it was in the old days—it was started as a gaming club—and one is not likely to witness a repetition of the scene when Beau Brummel won heavily from Alderman Combe, the brewer, and told him that in future he would drink his porter only. "I wish every other blackguard would tell me that," retorted the irate loser. Boodle's Club is the favorite resort of country gentlemen and masters of hounds, and the story goes that when the waiter enters and calls "Sir John!" every other head is turned toward him. Crackford's was started by a fish salesman who made so much money that he was said to have "absorbed the entire ready money of a generation and much of its landed estate." Farther along is the Cocoa Tree, keeping the name if not the habits of the old chocolate house where Tories and Jacobites once resorted, and where play for stakes as high as one hundred thousand pounds was once indulged in. The Thatched House Club recalls the rural days of St. James's that are no more. White's, originally White's Chocolate House, was established in the later years of the seventeenth century and speedily became the resort of wealthy and aristocratic gamesters. Harley never passed its portals without cursing it as the house of half the nobility of his day.

King Street, a turning on the right out of St. James's Street, is a street of many memories and much present-day interest. In a house at the far-end, indicated by a tablet, lived Louis Napoleon, passing his time serving as a special constable during the Chartists' riots, and plotting and waiting for the day when the turn of fortune's wheel would lift him to the throne of France. Willis's restaurant occupies the site of the Almack Club, entrée to which was once as good as presentation at Court, and near at hand are the auction rooms of Messrs. Christie, the famous dealers in old and new pictures and every other kind of work of art.

(Return to Piccadilly Circus by walking up Duke Street and turning right into Piccadilly.)

Walk Number Twelve

DOWN THE EAST END

MOTOR-BUS FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS TO ALDGATE PUMP

KIPLING might have had the East End of London in mind when he wrote that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." East of Aldgate Pump you find yourself in a distinctly foreign quarter where the Jew predominates. In the railway stations the notices are printed in Yiddish as well as in English and many of the policemen find it an advantage to understand both tongues. The shop signs and the public announcements are printed in Yiddish, and the language, or one of its variants, is heard on every hand; there is a theatre where Jewish plays are prepared; in fact the Jews are everywhere. Of the economic effects of this invasion, which Mr. Charles Booth has compared to the "slow-rising of a flood," there is not space to speak, but it must be added that so far as morality is concerned many parts of the East End of London have been made cleaner and more wholesome since the "invaders" appeared on the scene.

A Street in Whitechapel

Aldgate Pump, near the site of one of the ancient gates of the city, is our starting-place. On the left is Hounds-

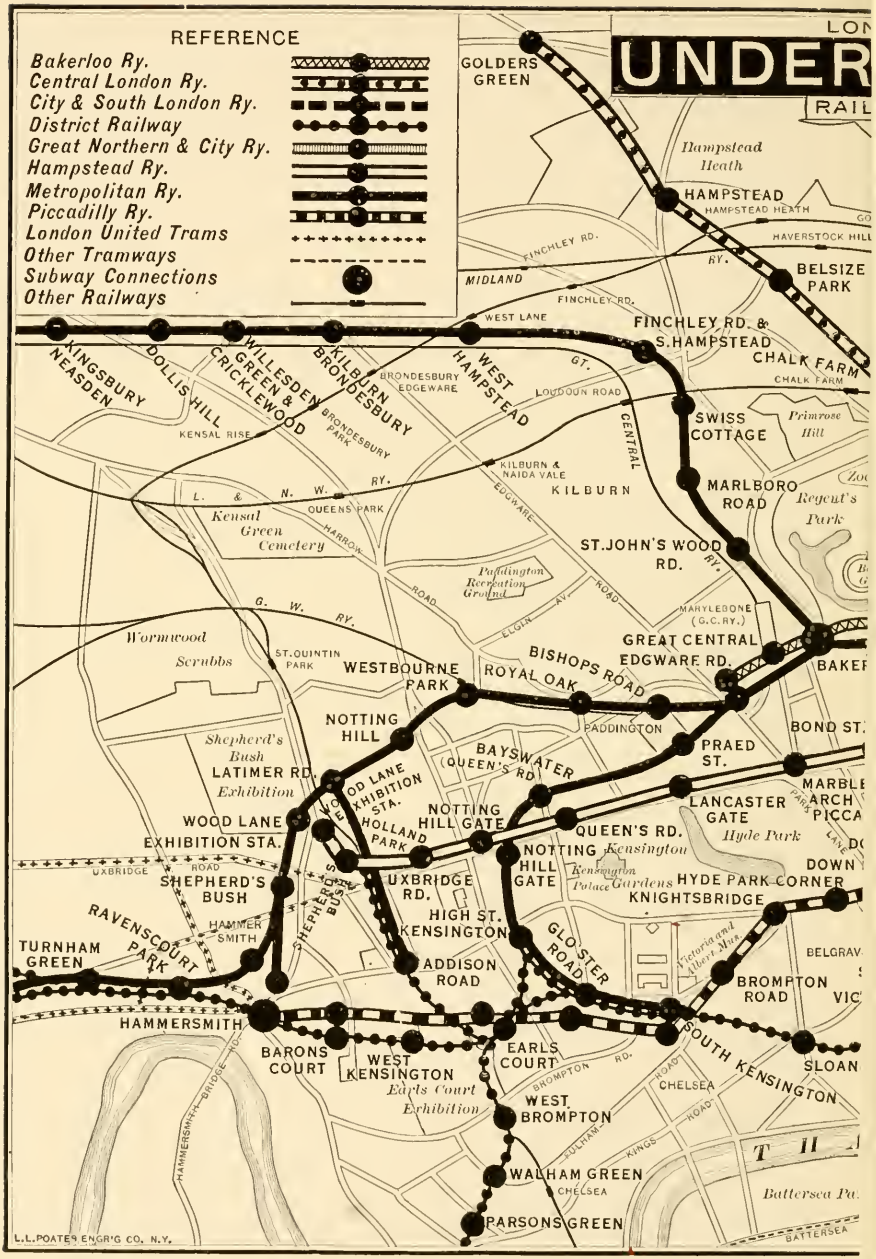
ditch, full from end to end with toymakers, and behind this Bevis Marks, where Sampson and Sally Brass lived; and on the right is the Minories leading to Tower Hill. Straight ahead stretches Whitechapel High Street, but we must turn aside for a moment into Middlesex Street, still known as "Petticoat Lane," where a thriving out-door market is held every Sunday morning, where you can get a complete outfit of clothes, furniture, books, ironmongery, or watches, have your teeth extracted or have your ailments cured by medicine of universal application. It used to be said that if you entered Petticoat Lane at one end with a watch in your pocket, it would be offered to you for sale at the other end of the street, but this is only a base Gentile libel.

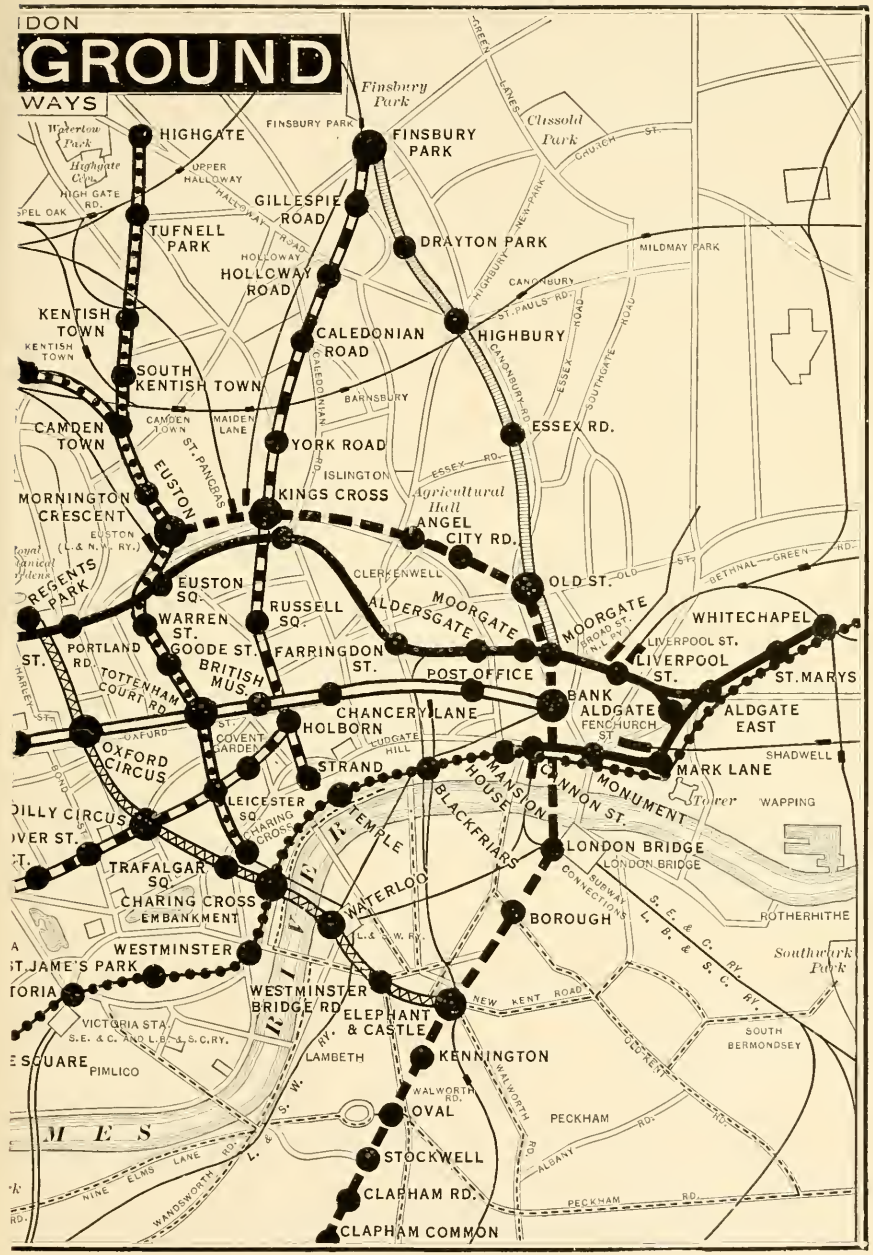
Whitechapel is not as bad as its name implies. It is neither dreary nor lifeless. There is a weekly hay market which adds a touch of rusticity to the scene, and the neighboring butcher shops are singularly like the booths of old London. Culture is represented at the local Art Gallery, which is the permanent successor of a loan exhibition of pictures arranged for many years by Canon Barnett. Turn off to the right for a few minutes and you come to St. Jude's Church, one of the brightest spots in the East End, where the Canon, not forgetting his wife, has ministered for many years. The Canon has an abiding belief in pictures. Outside his church you will see a beautiful mosaic by G. F. Watts; inside are four copies of pictures by the same famous artist, finished by his own hand. Near by stands Toynbee Hall, a university settlement, whither come young men from Oxford and Cambridge, full of hope, enthusiasm and sympathy, to share and, if possible, to understand the life of the poor.

Let us go on ahead past the London Hospital, where a thousand patients are accommodated, past the Trinity Almshouses for old sailors, and the house where Captain Cook lived, and so on down the broad Mile End Road to the People's Palace. If you have read Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" you will understand what the palace is for and how it came about. The funds for its erection were provided by a wealthy citizen named Beaumont and the still wealthier Drapers' Company—one of the old city companies—and its purpose is to give instruction and recreation to the thousands of tailors living in the East End, who may enjoy the technical classes, the library, the baths, the gymnasium, or the swimming-baths as their hearts' desire.

Just beyond the People's Palace you come to Burdett Road, along which a tram-car will convey you to Limehouse, a convenient centre for exploring the London docks. A mile or more away, across the Isle of Dogs, is the tunnel leading under the river to Greenwich—well worth a visit for its Hospital, Park, and Observatory—and in an easterly direction is the Blackwell Tunnel which is six thousand two hundred feet long, and cost one million five hundred thousand pounds. Let us turn our faces westward and, by devious routes and inquiries from the obliging policemen, work our way back. Across the river lie the Surrey Commercial Docks; near at hand we have Stepney, where people come no longer, as Erasmus did, "to drink your fresh air, my Colet, to drink yet deeper of your rural peace," but whither thousands of children are brought every year to Dr. Barnardo's refuge homes. You may pass on to inspect Ratcliffe Highway, of evil memories, as readers of De Quincey know, or turn off to Wapping. At Wapping Station begins Brunel's Thames Tunnel, first of the kind, which took eighteen years to bore. Across the "pool" of the river is Rotherhithe and Jacob's Island, the scene of Bill Sykes's attempt to escape from the angry mob who desired to take his life. Wapping is a place of unhappy memories. For centuries it was the scene where pirates were hanged, and here Judge Jeffreys, disguised as a sailor, was discovered in hiding, but painful facts like these give way to the pleasanter fancies inspired by Dibdin's ballad of "Wapping Old Stairs"—still to be seen abutting on the river. Behind Wapping are the London docks, and the people hereabouts are mostly concerned with the ships that sweep up the river from every part of the globe, bearing timber, wine, corn, wool, ivory, spices, and what not from distant lands. It is said that in the London docks alone the warehouses can store a quarter of a million tons of goods, and the gangways of the wine vaults are thirty miles long. Keeping as near to the riverside as the streets will allow, you come in half a mile or so to the Tower Bridge, the magnificent portal forming a splendid entrance to the wealthiest and greatest city in the world. And so home, as Pepys would say.

(Return to Piccadilly Circus by District Railway from Mark Lane, changing at Charing Cross to Bakerloo "tube."


REFERENCE
Bakerloo Ry.
Central London Ry.
City & South London Ry.
District Railway
Great Northern & City Ry.
Hampstead Ry.
Metropolitan Ry.
Piccadilly Ry.
London United Trams
Other Tramways
Subway Connections
Other Railways
LON
UNDER
RAIL
GOLDERS GREEN
Hampstead Heath
HAMPSTEAD
HAMPSTEAD HEATH
HAVERSTOCK HILL
FINCHLEY RD.
MIDLAND RY.
BELSIZE PARK
FINCHLEY RD.
WEST LANE
FINCHLEY RD. & S.HAMPSTEAD
CHALK FARM
KINGSBURY
NEASDEN
DOLLIS HILL
WILLESDEN GREEN & CRICKLEWOOD
KILBURN
BRONDESBURY
BRONDESBURY EDGWARE
WEST HAMPSTEAD
GT.
LOUDOUN ROAD
CENTRAL
SWISS COTTAGE
Primrose Hill
KENSAL RISE
BRONDESBURY PARK
KILBURN & MAIDA VALE
L. & N. W. RY.
QUEENS PARK
EDGWARE
KILBURN
MARLBORO ROAD
Regent's Park
Kensal Green Cemetery
HARROW
ST.JOHN'S WOOD RD.
Paddington Recreation Ground
ROAD
MARYLEBONE (G.C.RY.)
G. W. RY.
Wormwood Scrubbs
ST.QUINTIN PARK
GREAT CENTRAL
EDGWARE RD.
BAKER
WESTBOURNE PARK
ROYAL OAK
BISHOPS ROAD
NOTTING HILL
PADDINGTON
BOND ST.
Shepherd's Bush
BAYSWATER (QUEEN'S RD)
PRAED ST.
LATIMER RD.
Exhibition
WOOD LANE EXHIBITION STA.
HOLLAND PARK
NOTTING HILL GATE
LANCASTER GATE
MARBLE ARCH
PICCA
WOOD LANE EXHIBITION STA.
QUEEN'S RD.
Hyde Park
Kensington Gardens
UXBRIDGE ROAD
SHEPHERD'S BUSH
UXBRIDGE RD.
NOTTING HILL GATE
Kensington Palace
HYDE PARK CORNER
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
DOWN
RAVENSCOURT PARK
HAMMER SMITH
HIGH ST. KENSINGTON
GLOSTER ROAD
Victoria and Albert Mus.
TURNHAM GREEN
ADDISON ROAD
BELGRAV
BROMPTON ROAD
VIC
HAMMERSMITH
BARONS COURT
WEST KENSINGTON
Earls Court Exhibition
EARLS COURT
BROMPTON RD.
SOUTH KENSINGTON
SLOAN
CHELSEA
WEST BROMPTON
KINGS ROAD
WALHAM GREEN
CHELSEA
Battersea Pa.
PARSONS GREEN
BATTERSEA
L.L.POATES ENGR'G CO. N.Y.


DON
GROUND
WAYS
HIGHGATE
FINSBURY PARK
Finsbury Park
Clissold Park
GILLESPIE ROAD
TUFNELL PARK
DRAYTON PARK
HOLLOWAY ROAD
KENTISH TOWN
CALEDONIAN ROAD
HIGHBURY
SOUTH KENTISH TOWN
CAMDEN TOWN
YORK ROAD
ESSEX RD.
EUSTON
ISLINGTON
KINGS CROSS
Agricultural Hall
ANGEL
CITY RD.
MORNINGTON CRESCENT
REGENTS PARK
EUSTON SQ.
RUSSELL SQ.
CLERKENWELL
OLD ST.
WARREN ST.
GOODE ST.
FARRINGDON ST.
ALDERSGATE
MOORGATE
WHITECHAPEL
PORTLAND
BRITISH MUS.
POST OFFICE
LIVERPOOL ST.
ST. MARYS
TOTTENHAM COURT RD.
CHANCERY LANE
BANK
ALDGATE
ALDGATE EAST
HOLBORN
OXFORD CIRCUS
COVENT GARDEN
STRAND
MANSION HOUSE
CANNON ST.
MONUMENT
MARK LANE
SHADWELL
LEICESTER SQ.
BLACKFRIARS
TEMPLE
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
TRAFALGAR SQ.
CHARING CROSS EMBANKMENT
WATERLOO
LONDON BRIDGE
BOROUGH
ROTHERHITHE
WESTMINSTER
ST. JAMES'S PARK
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE RD.
ELEPHANT & CASTLE
KENNINGTON
LAMBETH
PIMLICO
VICTORIA STA.
OVAL
STOCKWELL
CLAPHAM RD.
CLAPHAM COMMON
PECKHAM
SOUTH BERMONDSEY
Southwark Park
WAPPING
THAMES

CLASSIFIED LIST

ANTIQUES

Gill & Reigate,	75, Oxford Street, W.
Lichfield Galleries,	3, Bruton Street, W.
W. & E. Thornton Smith,	11, Soho Square, W.
Miss Falcke,	30, Dover Street, W.
Horsfield Bros.,	19, Orchard Street, W.
Anne Austin, Ltd.,	41, New Bond Street, W.

ART DEALERS

Franz Hanfstaengl,	16, Pall Mall East, S. W.
Arthur Ackermann & Son,	191, Regent Street, W.
Henry Graves & Co., Ltd.,	6, Pall Mall, S. W.
I. P. Mendoza, Ltd.,	157, New Bond Street, W.
Albert Amor,	31, St. James Street, S. W.
Shepherd Bros.,	27, King Street, St. James, S. W.

AMERICAN DRUGGISTS

American Drug Stores Co.,	4, Northumberland Avenue.
James Heppell & Co.,	35, Haymarket, and 77, Strand.
J. Munro & Co., Ltd	273, Regent Street, W.
Nurthen & Co.,	390, Strand.

COMPLEXION SPECIALISTS

Mlle. Helena Rubinstein,	24, Grafton Street, Bond Street.
Miss Hilliard,	24a, Albemarle Street.
Mrs. Adair,	92, New Bond Street.
Helen Best, Ltd.,	536, Oxford Street.
Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.,	29, Old Bond Street.
Veronique, Ltd.,	14-15, Conduit Street, W.

Powell & Sons,	26, Tudor Street, E. C.
Mortlocks, Ltd.,	466-470, Oxford Street, W.
Osler, Ltd.,	100, Oxford Street, W.
Soane & Smith,	462, Oxford Street.
Phillips, Ltd.,	43-44, New Bond Street, W.
Josiah Wedgwood & Sons,	108, Hatton Garden, E. C.
Worcester Royal Porcelain Co.,	8, St. Andrews St., Holborn Circus.

DRAPERS

Peter Robinson,	Oxford Street and Regent Street, W.
Woolland Bros.,	95-107, Knightsbridge, S. W.
Swan & Edgar, Ltd.,	Piccadilly Circus, W.
Dickins & Jones, Ltd.,	226-244, Regent Street, W.
Marshall & Snelgrove,	Oxford Street, W.
John Barker & Co., Ltd.,	High Street, Kensington, W.
Debenham & Freebody,	Wigmore Street, W.

DRESSMAKERS AND COSTUMIERS

Mrs. Oliver,	115, New Bond Street, W.
Caleys, Ltd.,	18, Albemarle Street, W.
Kate Reilley, Ltd.,	11-12, Dover Street, W.
Charlton,	53, Manchester Street, W.
Madame A. M. Hayward,	67-68, New Bond Street, W.
Viola, Ltd.,	27, Albemarle Street, W.
Paquin, Ltd.,	39, Dover Street, W.
Redfern, Ltd.,	Conduit Street, W.

GENERAL STORES

Army & Navy Stores,	Victoria Street, S. W.
Harrods, Ltd.,	Brompton Road, S. W.
William Whiteley, Ltd.,	Westbourne Grove, W.
Shoolbred & Co.,	Tottenham Court Road, W.
Junior Army and Navy Stores,	Regent Street, S. W.
Selfridge & Co., Ltd.,	Oxford Street, W.

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORS

Jenkinson & Allardyce,	31, Brook Street, W.
Carr Son & Landon,	7, New Burlington Street, W.
Ernest Arlington,	42, Piccadilly, W.
J. Dege & Sons,	13, Conduit Street, W.
Alfred Webb Miles & Co.,	10, Brook Street, W.
Burberry & Co.,	32, Haymarket, S. W.
Aquascutum, Ltd.,	100, Regent Street, W.

GENT'S HOSIERS AND OUTFITTERS

Austin Reed,	13, Fenchurch Street, E. C.
Beale & Inman, Ltd.,	131-132, New Bond Street, W.
Thomas Wing,	44-45, Piccadilly, W.
Edward Lodge & Co.,	15-16, Strand, W. C.
James Drew,	1, 2, & 3, Burlington Arcade, W.
Harborows,	6-7, New Bond Street, W.
Thresher & Glenny,	152-153, Strand, W. C.

GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co.,	112, Regent Street, W.
Elkington & Co., Ltd.,	22, Regent Street, W.
Garrard & Co.,	25, Haymarket, S. W.
Mappin & Webb,	158-162, Oxford Street, W.
Skinner & Co.,	5-6, Orchard Street, W.
Stewart Dawson & Co., Ltd.,	19-21, Hatton Garden, E. C.
Rood & Co., Ltd.,	52, Burlington Arcade, W. 73-79, Regent Street, W.

GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS

Holland & Holland,	98, New Bond Street, W.
Thomas Bland & Sons,	2, King William Street, W. C.
Charles Lancaster & Co., Ltd.,	11, Panton Street, Haymarket, S. W.
Richards (Westley) & Co., Ltd.,	178, New Bond Street, W.
John Rigby & Co.,	43, Sackville Street, W.

HATTERS

Henry Heath, Ltd.,	105-109, Oxford Street, W. 62a, Piccadilly, W.
Lincoln Bennett & Co., Ltd.,	2, Sackville Street, W.
Scotts, Ltd.,	1, Old Bond Street, W.
Preedy & Co.,	23, Haymarket, S. W.
Glyn & Co.,	44, Old Bond Street, W.
J. Woodrow & Son, Ltd.,	46, Piccadilly, W.
City Cork Hat Co.,	45a, Cheapside, and Branches.

INTERIOR DECORATORS

White Allom & Co.,	15, George Street, Hanover Square.
W. Turner Lord & Co.,	20, Mount Street, W.
George Trollope & Sons,	West Halkin Street, S. W.
Cowtan & Sons,	309, Oxford Street, W.
Frank Collinson & Co.,	24, Grafton Street, W.
Hampton & Sons,	Pall Mall East, S. W.
Waring & Gillow,	Oxford Street, W.

LACE

The Royal Irish Industries,	23, Motcomb Street, Belgrave Square, W.
Blackbourne & Co.,	39, South Audley Street, W.
Hibernian Lace Co.,	147a, Regent Street, W.
Steinmann & Co.,	185-186, Piccadilly, W.

LADIES' TAILORS

Fenwick Ltd.,	62, New Bond Street, W.
H. Guterbock & Sons,	8, Hanover Street, W.
J. & G. Ross, Ltd.,	32, Old Bond Street, W.
Thomas & Sons,	6, Brook Street, W.
Viola, Ltd.,	27, Albemarle Street, W.
Burberry & Co.,	32, Haymarket, S. W.
Aquascutum, Ltd.,	100, Regent Street, W.

LEATHER GOODS

J. C. Vickery,	179-183, Regent Street, W.
Asprey & Co.,	165, New Bond Street, W.
John Pound & Co.,	81-84, Leadenhall Street, E. C.
Drew & Sons,	33-37, Piccadilly, W.
Finnigans, Ltd.,	18, New Bond Street, W.

LINENS

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.,	156-170, Regent Street, W.
John Wilson's Successors, Ltd.,	188, Regent Street, W.
Walpole Bros., Ltd.,	89-90, New Bond Street, W.
Inglis & Tinckler,	147, Regent Street, W.
National Linen Co., Ltd.,	130, New Bond Street, W.
The Irish Linen Stores,	112, New Bond Street, W.

MILLINERS

Mrs. Ritchie,	293, Regent Street, W.
Mrs. Siddons,	13, South Molton Street, W.
Mrs. Harris, Ltd.,	169-170, New Bond Street, W.
Gainsborough, Ltd.,	25, Hanover Square, W.

MOTORS FOR HIRE

Automobiles De Luxe, Ltd.,	144, Offord Road, N. (North 198).
Thomas Tilling, Ltd.,	High Street, Peckham, S. W.
Electromobile Co., Ltd.,	17, Hatford Street, Mayfair, W.

PERFUMERS

J. & E. Atkinson, Ltd.,	24, Old Bond Street, W.
James Floris,	89, Jermyn Street, S. W.
Piesse & Lubin,	28, South Molton Street, W.
Egune Rimmel, Ltd.,	119, Regent Street, W.

Gillows,	181, Oxford Street, W.
Giddy & Giddy,	11a, Regent Street, S. W.
Hampton & Sons,	2-3, Cockspur Street, S. W.
May & Rowden,	27, Maddox Street, W.
Knight Frank & Rutley,	9, Conduit Street, W.
Wilton & Lee,	10, Mount Street, W.
Osborn & Mercer,	28b, Albemarle Street, W.
Trollope,	14, Mount Street, W.
F. J. Ronald,	72, Victoria Street, S. W.

RARE BOOKS

Maggs Bros.,	109, Strand.
Ellis Holdsworth & Smith,	29, New Bond Street, W.
Bernard Quaritch,	11, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.
Henry Sotheran & Co.,	140, Strand, W. C.
Joseph Zaehnsdorf,	144-146, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.
J. & E. Bumpus, Ltd.,	350, Oxford Street, W.

SPORTS' OUTFITTERS

Gamages,	Holborn, E. C.
Lillywhite, Frowd & Co.,	24, Haymarket, W.
A. G. Spalding & Bros.,	817–818, High Holborn, and Branches.
William Park & Son,	115-117, Cannon Street, E. C. (Golf Clubs, etc. only.)

TOBACCONISTS

Bewlay & Co.,	49, Strand, and Branches.
Allen & Wright,	217, Piccadilly, W.
Phillip Morris & Co.,	22, New Bond Street, W.
H. L. Savory & Co.,	47, Piccadilly, W.
Fribourg & Treyer,	34, Haymarket, S. W.
Litsica Marx & Co.,	140, High Holborn, W. C., and Branches.
Lowe & Co.,	62, Haymarket, S. W.

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

John Harvey & Sons,	Bristol.
Hatch, Mansfield & Co.,	47, Pall Mall, S. W.
Hedges & Butler,	155, Regent Street, W.
Fortnun & Mason,	181-184, Piccadilly, W.
Sandeman & Son,	64, Pall Mall, S. W.

RESTAURANTS

Prince's	Piccadilly, W.
Dieudonné,	Ryder Street., St. James, S. W.
Imperial,	60-62, Regent Street, W.
Café Royal,	Regent Street, W
Pagani's,	42–48, Great Portland Street, W.
Frascati's,	Oxford Street, W.
Holborn,	High Holborn.
Hatchett's,	Piccadilly, W.
Romano's,	Strand.
Criterion,	Piccadilly Circus, W.
The Trocadero,	Shaftesbury Avenue, W.
Pall Mall,	Haymarket, S. W.
Simpson's,	Strand, W. C.

LESS EXPENSIVE RESTAURANTS

The Rendezvous,	Dean Street, Soho, W.
Coventry,	Rupert Street, Piccadilly, W.
Le Petit Riche,	Old Compton Street, Soho, W.
The Florence,	Rupert Street, W.
Maxim's,	Wardour Street, W.
Pinoli's,	Wardour Street, W.
Tinelli's,	102, Jermyn Street, S. W.

THEATRES

Adelphi Theatre,	Strand.
Aldwych Theatre,	Aldwych, Strand.
Apollo Theatre,	Shaftesbury Avenue.
Comedy Theatre,	Panton Street, Haymarket.

Court Theatre,	Sloane Square.
Criterion Theatre,	Piccadilly Circus.
Daly's Theatre,	Cranbourn Street.
Duke of York's Theatre,	St. Martin's Lane.
Gaiety Theatre,	Strand.
Garrick Theatre,	Charing Cross.
Globe Theatre,	Shaftesbury Avenue, W.
Haymarket Theatre,	Haymarket.
His Majesty's Theatre,	Haymarket.
Kingsway Theatre,	Gt. Queen Street, Kingsway.
Lyric Theatre,	Shaftesbury Avenue.
New Royalty,	Dean Street, Soho, W.
New Theatre,	St. Martin's Lane.
Prince of Wales Theatre,	Coventry Street, Piccadilly.
Queen's Theatre,	Shaftesbury Avenue.
St. James's Theatre,	King Street, St. James.
Savoy Theatre,	Strand.
Scala Theatre,	Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.
Shaftesbury Theatre,	Shaftesbury Avenue.
Strand Theatre,	Aldwych, Strand.
Terry's Theatre,	Strand.
The Playhouse,	Northumberland Avenue.
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,	Bow Street, W. C.
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,	Catherine Street, Covent Garden, W.
Vaudeville Theatre,	Strand, W. C.
Wyndham's Theatre,	St. Martin's Lane, W. C.

VARIETY THEATRES

The Alhambra,	Leicester Square.
The Coliseum,	Charing Cross Road.
The Empire Theatre,	Leicester Square.
The Holborn,	High Holborn.
London Pavilion,	Piccadilly Circus.
London Hippodrome,	Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square.
The Oxford,	Oxford Street, W.
The Palace,	Shaftesbury Avenue.
Tivoli,	Strand.

Aeolian Hall,	New Bond Street, W.
Albert Hall,	Kensington Gore.
Bechstein Hall,	Wigmore Street, W.
Steinway Hall,	Lower Seymour Street, W.
St. James's Hall,	Great Portland Street, W.
Queen's Hall,	Portland Place, W.

HOTELS

Alexandra Hotel,	Knightsbridge.
Berkeley Hotel,	Piccadilly.
Brown's Hotel,	Dover Street.
Buckingham Palace Hotel,	Buckingham Gate.
Carlton Hotel,	Pall Mall.
Coburg Hotel,	Carlos Place, W.
Claridge's Hotel,	Brook Street.
De Keyser's Hotel,	Victoria Embankment.
First Avenue Hotel,	Holborn.
Garlant's Hotel,	11-15, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, East.
Grand Hotel,	Northumberland Avenue.
Grosvenor Hotel,	Buckingham Palace Road.
Hans Crescent Hotel,	Hans Crescent, S. W.
Hotel Cecil,	Strand.
Hotel Curzon,	56-60, Curzon Street, W.
Hotel Great Central,	Marylebone Road, N. W.
Hotel Russell,	Russell Square, W. C.
Hotel Victoria,	Northumberland Avenue.
Hotel Windsor,	Victoria Street, S. W.
Hyde Park Hotel,	Knightsbridge.
Imperial Hotel,	Russell Square.
Inns of Court Hotel,	Holborn.
Langham Hotel,	Portland Place, W.
Long's Hotel,	New Bond Street, W.
Metropole Hotel,	Northumberland Avenue.
Midland Grand Hotel,	Euston Road, N. W.
Morley's Hotel,	Trafalgar Square.
Piccadilly Hotel,	Piccadilly, W.

Royal Palace Hotel,	Kensington, W.
St. Ermins Hotel,	Caxton Street, S. W.
Savoy Hotel,	Strand.
University Hotel,	Endsleigh Gardens.
Waldorf Hotel,	Aldwych.
Westminster Palace Hotel,	Victoria Street.
York Hotel,	Albemarle Street, W.

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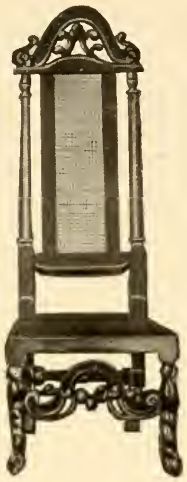

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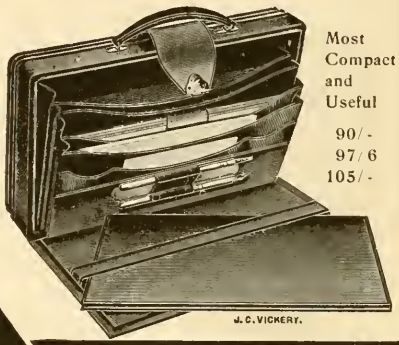

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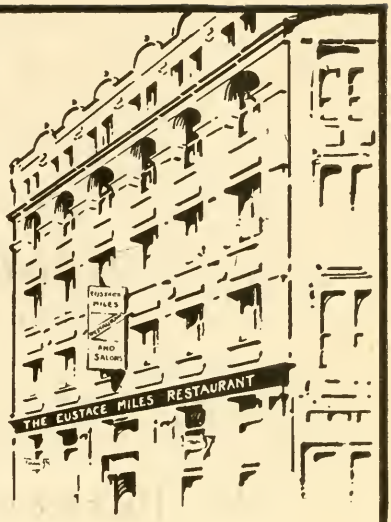

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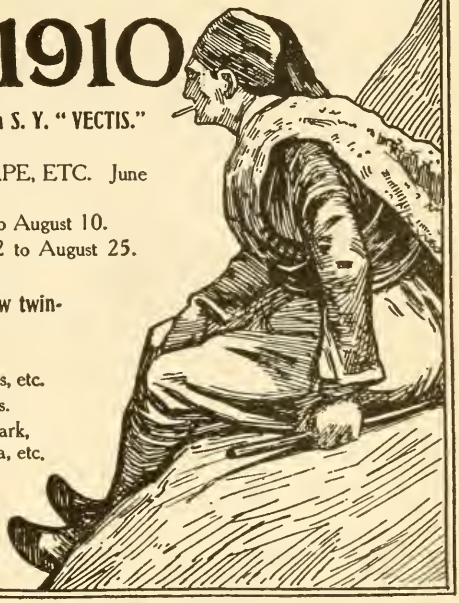

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