

JULIE.

A Sketch.

Lancing (breathlessly): Hanson?

Julie (panting): It's ^{very} kind of you to say so, Lord Lancing.

Lancing (looking back anxiously): I mean will you have one?

Julie: It all depends on what moma says.

Lancing (with a gaspy laugh): I mean will you have a cab, not a husband?

Julie: O, why, yes. Say, I'm so sorry. I hadn't a notion you called these chocolate boxes on two wheels by such a misnomer. Uglys I should call them. (She steps into one recklessly).

Cabby: Where to, sir?

Lancing: Anywhere you like, and be quick. . . By Jove, you ought to be in command of the Russian forces, Miss Car-ryl!

Julie (taking a peep at herself in a battered piece of looking glass): Yes? How's that, anyway?

Lancing: The way you managed to convey to me by one look that you were going to put your hat on and leave that gang to your mother was superb. A masterly retreat, if ever I saw one! I congratulate you.

Julie (giving Lancing both her eyes, wide with amusement and admiration): Well, say, that's fine, just fine! You congratulate me on something I never did.

Lancing: Well, we won't pursue the subject. What a ripping day!

Julie: Just a minute before you commit a tangent. You came up those stairs seven at a time, leaving all our Minneapolis friends constructing schemes, and absolutely laid down this plan of action. I

congratulate you, Lord Lancing, it was perfectly darling.

Lancing (gravely): It's very kind of you to say so.

Julie (looking about her): Say, where are we now?

Lancing: This is Trafalgar Square.

Julie: Who's the poor fellow with his head stuck in a cloud? A sky-pilot?

Lancing: No, that's Nelson.

Julie: O, say, how bully. I used his soap for years. And what's that rambling building with the bee hives on the roof? I guess that's a reformatory or a lunatic asylum?

Lancing: We call it the National Gallery
Julie: Why call it that?

Lancing: It contains all the best works of art collected from other countries.

Julie: I see. On the same system as the one you have of putting red splashes on foreign maps and calling them British. And, O, look at the lions! Why are they there? And why do they turn their backs on the fountains?

Lancing: (after a moment's hard thinking) So that they shan't see the aliens washing free of charge.

Julie: And what's that nice white building?

Lancing: Cox's Bank. Julie: I see—the place where these dear little men who steer your University boats put their money.

Lancing: Very possibly they do. But primarily it's the place into which stint-ing parents pay in their hard earned money in order that their sons may play at