

EVENTS.

Julie: And the elderly wobbly one that looks at it sideways with a kind of distrust?

Witton: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The neat, spry one that pecks back with equal viciousness, but which sometimes runs away is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Julie: And the sturdy, dark little bird with the twinkle in its eye, that keeps on poking all by itself into out-of-the-way corners, and then runs among the others and coos harshly?

Witton (without a pause): John Burns. Some time ago he was a very untidy bird, and he used always to hop on to tubs on Sundays and coo till one could almost have fancied that he was a crow—he caw'd so. He's very respectable now. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if, some day, he doesn't leave this House.

Julie: Where will he go?

Witton: To the other.

Julie: There's one that's quite different from all the rest. Do you see? There! Stalking about nearly all alone.

Witton: The one that stoops a little and is very long in the legs and disdainful in a gentle, lazy way?

Julie: Yes, that's the one.

Witton: Mr. Balfour. Do you notice how it keeps swinging itself round and then looking far ahead while it stands on one foot?

Julie: Yes, it does it nearly all the time.

Witton: It thinks it's driving on to the green.

Julie: But do look at that scraggy little grey bird with its head under its wing, but with one eye always open.

Witton: Mr. Labouchere.

Julie: The truthful gentleman.

Witton: Who hates the world—yes.

Julie: And O, Mr. Witton, there's a queer old bird.

Witton: The elderly one with the careless plumage with perpetually half closed eyes that yawns a good deal and seldom coos.

Julie (regardless of grammar): The him.

Witton: The Duke of Devonshire.

Julie: And can you see the one that keeps on opening and closing its wings?

Witton: Mr. Lyttleton. He fancies himself catching people in the long field.

Julie: How very, very funny! I'm so glad we came here before going back to the council. Do go on and tell me who the other think they are like. That one there.

Witton: Which?

Julie: That one following the neat pigeon about.

Witton: And is even eater and more spry?

Julie: Yes, and looks at it with admiration that almost makes one choky.

Witton: Ansten Chamberlain, the dear Miss Julie.

Julie: You don't say. Well, if that is just fine. I wish mamma had been here, she would have loved it. Will you promise to bring her one day?

Witton: Well, if you don't mind, I think it would be wise if you didn't mention this pigeon business to anybody. It might get about, you know, and we should be Carruthers Gould doing it in the Westminster.

Julie: Very well, I won't.

Witton: And now what do you say about little luncheon at the Imperial?

Julie: Rather a good idea.

Witton (putting up a finger): Hang on—
COSMO HAMILTON