

## Those Delightful Americans

We melted away, all but Bobs and Mr. Adams, to whom Bobs offered a cigar in a manner of special invitation. It was rather hard on Mr. Adams, I thought, as I plunged into the matter with Kaye. She gave them just a quarter of an hour, and then at regular intervals of five or ten minutes we heard her voice from their bedroom window calling across the moonlit sward to the verandah, "Cornelius! Cornelius!"

It remains the experience that we oftenest discuss in connection with our visit to the States; but all our discussion leaves us very little the wiser. The obstinate fact still confronts us that at the beginning of the summer Lord Robert Walden and Mr. Valentine Ingham were in love with Miss Violet Ham and Miss Verona Daly respectively, and at the end of it were engaged to them irrespectively. Whether the explanation lies in the inconstant quality of the American heart, as Kaye is inclined to believe—but *this* does not explain Bobs—or the fundamental unsoundness of systems, which is my theory—and does explain Bobs—or the simple fact that the young ladies themselves preferred the other arrangement from the beginning, as we both sometimes think, we are unlikely ever to settle; but about one thing we think alike, we assure