

soldiering—a quite expensive English hobby. This is Whitehall.

Julie (looking at the filthy looking houses at each side): Which?

Lancing: All of it.

Julie: Well, say, you have queer ways of calling things on this side. What goes on in these houses?

Lancing: Nothing. They're Government offices. Look straight ahead—a little to the left.

Julie: At the "Dutch looking building with the high tower. Is it a waterworks?

Lancing: No, the St. Stephen's gas-works. It's called the House of Commons.

Julie: O, your Senator? Say, I'm glad to see it. Are the members sitting now?

Lancing: No, this is the entrance. The company are waking up for the next scene. And there's the Abbey.

Julie (with a little catch in her voice): O, say, it makes a stir in my heart! It's darling. To think that it's just stood there all these years without moving. It's far away better than anything I've ever seen. It makes rings round the Astoria. Did Pierpont Morgan buy it?

Lancing: No, he wanted to do so to turn it into a private Turkish bath; but the Government were afraid the Telergraph would start a correspondence on the subject, and so they reluctantly refused his offer. This is Birdcage Walk.

Julie (wide-eyed again): What a nice place for it. On our side we haven't any special place devoted to that kind of dance—except the musical theatres, and in those they do it all the time. And this is a park, anyway?

Lancing: A kind of park. It's really the place the London County Council runs for men who won't work. They sleep here, you know and have picnics under the trees. You see the place we're coming to now through that archway?

Julie: O, that's fine.

Lancing: That's another County Council playground, only it is mainly devoted to soldiers for flirting purposes and actors who run theatres in order to be able to hire very old horses.

Julie: Don't we go inside?

Lancing: No, cabs aren't allowed. They frighten the motors. This is Park Lane, or, as some people call it Johannesburg Alley.

Julie: O, there's a bully place.

Lancing: Very fine, isn't it? All done on diamonds. Wonderful place. The home of our aristocracy.

Julie: Say, I've got a notion we'd better turn here.

Lancing: O why? Are you in a hurry?

Julie: No, but moma will be.

Lancing: But we've only been five minutes!

Julie: And yet this horse doesn't look like a racer. No just ask the coachman to go right back to the Cissie. I'm nervous about moma.

Lancing (sees to it reluctantly): I say, do you mind if I revert to our conversation on board the Minneapolis?

Julie (with a slight addition to her color): Which one?

Lancing: The one that was interrupted by your sending me for your mother's lofting iron?

Julie (hurriedly): Not here, please. Some other time. I promised moma . . . I mean . . . well, I just can't anyway. Yes, you may keep on holding my hand.

Lancing: By Jove, I'm sorry. How profoundly absent-minded I am.

Julie: Then—why not keep on being absent-minded, Lord Lancing?

Lancing: Thanks most awfully

(He does in a wonderful silence).

COSMO HAMILTON.