

Amusing People

EDISON WATT AGAIN

(Continued from page 13.)

Hants. Or is it Bucks?"

Sir Jason laughed deprecatingly. "The motion pictures, my dear," he explained. "The cinematograph."

And they both laughed deliciously. "And furthermore," he continued, "Miss West tells me she has been connected with practically every major film producer in the—ah—Hollybush. Isn't it, Miss West?"

"Hollywood, Baronet," said Miss West, undulating, "and you flatter me, I'm sure. Why not come up and..."

"Now, now, Miss West," said the young Mr. Crosby, somewhat nervously, I thought. "I'm sure Sir Jason would not be interested. As a matter of fact I know Hollywood quite well myself."

"Indeed, Mr. Crosby," said Lady Hetheringcote, "and what do you do there?"

"As a matter of fact," said young Mr. Crosby, "I croon. I'm a crooner, you see."

Lady Hetheringcote's trill of laughter rang out in the old hall like the ripple of water in a cool dell.

"How sweet!" she exclaimed. "How jolly ripping! You dear young man!"

And how many children have you?"

"It's a wart on my tonsils, you see," explained Mr. Crosby, somewhat out of his depth.

Sir Jason coughed delicately. Again, with the adroitness for which their class is famed, Lady Hetheringcote veered the conversation.

"And Miss Garbeau," she said, "how do you like our England after your native Norway."

"Ay am a Svede," rejoined Miss Garbeau, somewhat brusquely, creasing her eyelids like crepe paper.

Lady Hetheringcote murmured in my ear: "So difficult, foreign politics, Mr. Watt, what? Come, ladies, shall we withdraw? I think the music-room is more airy and bright at this time of the year."

"Goot, goot," said the German tourist rising abruptly. "Der vay leadt to this Aryan room, no?"

Young Crosby pulled him down hastily.

"Lay off, Adolph," he whispered urgently.

When we joined the ladies, Lady Hetheringcote was seated at spinnet singing some quaint old English air. Miss Garbeau was standing alone by the window, and when Sir Jason approached her she began slowly: "Ay tank..."

"Yes, yes," said Sir Jason, a little hastily, "a tank, as you say. I loathe and detest these modern contraptions. but one must admit the demands of progress, what? Keep up with the times. It augments our well supply in the summer months, you know."

Mr. Crosby was standing by the spinnet and sang a note or two. "There, Mr. Crosby," said Lady Hetheringcote, rising, "don't be shy. Sing up, like a good man, sing up!"

I must admit young Mr. Crosby had a most pleasant voice, if a trifle embittered. The air he sang bore some faint resemblance to a waltz, and the entire party was most intrigued by his singing until the German tourist sprang up suddenly and shouted:

"Id iss a threat, you make me, American schwinehund, hein? I vill remember Vienna, vill I! I der gestapo on to you vill sool. I you to an essence gamp vill sendt..."

It was with some difficulty we pacified him, only to find that a most distracting pandemonium had broken out in the servants' quarters. Sir Jason was about to investigate, when the coloured gentleman who had been dining below stairs burst in holding his left eye, which would under other circumstances have been black. He was followed by a domestic in some distress, and an exceedingly irate gardener's boy, who brandished a ham-like fist and cried: "Let me at the blackamoor, hai goom, O'll..."

With a sternly upraised hand Sir Jason quelled the disorder, and, having ascertained the cause, instructed the butler and the footman to throw Mr. Lewis (or Louis) down the front steps. He then apologised to his guests with a frank smile, adjusted his tie with a slight cough, and inquired Mr. Mirams's opinion of the fine old Van Syke, "Lady Godiva in a High Wind," which hung over the mantelpiece. Thoughtfully, the young New Zealander replied: "I wouldn't put my shirt on it." Shortly afterwards the party broke up, and Sir Jason, standing in the oak-panelled hall, handed each guest a candle to light them to the 24 guest rooms in the left wing of the old (Continued next page).

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