

THE CHRONICLES OF JOYOUS JANE

The Flag Day Experiences Give Her Food for Thought

By Dorothy L. Warne

CHAPTER ONE.—HER FIRST CUSTOMER.

With the advent of sunnier days the Flag Day epilemic spreads. Last Wednesday we dropped our beauty sleep at 6 a.m. in order to sell bits of orange silk with purple spots, in aid of Overworked Orderlies. By seven I had got to the Market Place and was being welcomed effusively by Mrs. X., the lady in charge.

"My dear child, my darling Jane, *how* glad I am that you have been able to come. I was afraid that you might be ill, or, or—something" vaguely. "Never mind, though, you look *blooming*."

I crossed the road and displayed my wares outside a Barber's Saloon. Presently I glanced inside. A well-soaped customer was being operated on by a lean, lanky youth, with greased hair, who looking up, and smiling the smile peculiar to greased hair, spotty complexions, and coloured cotton socks, accosted me with, "Morning, Miss," (brandishing his brush). "Eh? Oh! yes, of course I'll buy a flag from yew," with a slightly narrowed eyelid on the personal pronoun. Deserting his customer he came across to inspect the contents of my tray. Those who have ever sold or bought flags will appreciate the enormous amount of discretion necessary in choosing from the large variety in the tray. However, my barber's boy, (evidently his was a starred occupation) found one at last to please him, and with a dying-duck-in-a-thunder-storm expression, desired me to pin it in the lapel of his coat. By this time his own customer was foaming at the mouth, a condition due partly to cerebral excitement, partly to soap.

CHAPTER TWO.—WHY SHE SWALLOWED MARGARINE.

Coming down the near side of the sidewalk was a full crowned Major, while going up the same side was one of the boys who sport blue uniform and wriggly gold braid. It was impossible to bag both, and feeling, somehow, that a Major should have more superfluous cash than a Lieutenant I planted myself in the path of the former and held up a face full of smiles and a tray full of flags. He frowned, held out two coppers and took a flag.

Meantime one of my associates in crime had stopped the naval boy and was pinning a flag on his uniform as she chatted animatedly. After half-an-hour she came to me with eyes aglow.

"Jane, old girl, he's just topping. Gave me five bob, and wants me to have tea with him at four." I made a mental calculation:—A Major, twopence; a Naval boy, five shillings and a tea thrown in.

At four-thirty we gave up in sections for tea at a little hut commandeered for the purpose. Bread and butter (margarine's non-de-plume) couldn't taste good while I thought of Vi, sporting something in blue and gold, and tucking into cream buns.