

of a greenish colour, and almost human, what are they?" Jane pondered, "give it up." "These," replied the sprite, pointing to the crowd, "sergeants." "Sergeants?" repeated Jane. "Oh, I know. Those people who form groups on the sidewalk after 9 p.m. and usually occupy the stalls at the Palace Theatre. [Note.—The Theatre proprietors are *not* paying for this advertisement!]

"You've just hit it," said the sprite, "but come and be introduced." "No," said Jane, "I'm shy, let's sit and watch them, it's heaps nicer." The sprite flew with her to a corner of the piano and they tucked themselves cosily away, to watch the fun.

"Who's that?" asked Jane, pointing to a very presentable item in the bunch, with dark hair and twinkly eyes. "That? Oh, that's Triple F.D. Very clever, knows all the works of the big writers, Dickens, and all those, y'know. Does cause you one moment's reflection, doesn't it?" "It does," agreed Jane.

"See the fellow next him," said the sprite. "Quite a nut, goes in for British warms and soft hats—sometimes. Lost 'em once, oh, that was a sad story," and he blinked away another tear.

Suddenly the sprite jumped up and held his hands over Jane's ears. "Whatever for?" said the little girl. "Sinny's at his yarns again, and anyway you're too young to hear about the Priest from Quebec. Thank goodness, here's something to stop him." The interruption occurred in the shape of one tall and thin; he approached with the beatific smile of parenthood lighting up his face, and wheeling a perambulator. Someone struck up, "You're My Baby," and for a while pandemonium reigned. "Talking of babies," said the sprite, "see teal-escape over there? There's another christening coming off soon, or maybe has already." "Indeed?" said Jane, politely interested.

"Like a cocktail?" asked the sprite. Jane folded her hands primly. "Thank you, no." "No offence, girly, but the Quarter is just advertising his "Specials," so now's your chance."

"See that fellow over there? What d'you think he's done? Why, with lots of bits of fluff hanging around town he kissed a man, a man! in the market place. Lummy, what waste." "Whatever for," asked Jane, "it's unheard of." "For eggs," replied the sprite, shortly. "Foul, I call it." "Hullo, there's Hay Bag talking to Fatty. What's in the wind? No tomatoes to-night, eh? Well, P'low managed to get 'em while Goody was keeping the sun off another part of the little island. What is Jub's trouble, anyway? There, then, did they want to bleed him tuppence ha'penny for bloaters. Shame!"

"What is that man in the corner reading," Jane asked presently. "Sammy's reading football results, likely," replied the sprite. "He— Gee, what's on, a raid?" He held Jane's hand tightly as a dishevelled form burst into the door. "Has anybody seen khaki on the fourth and fifth floors?" the figure exclaimed dramatically, and with a groan fell to the ground. "Hum," commented the