

are always very well dressed, but dressed like any gentleman in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. Though commerce claims them during the day, and the pleasant haunts of the West End know them not, yet they would not be out of place there, and they do not buy their clothes east of Trafalgar Square. To this class belong the public-school and university men who enter their father's business, the great mass of young fellows, well-bred and well-born, whom inclination or circumstance have thrown into a City life.

And to this class belonged Mr Percy Thawne. The young gentleman looked at his watch with a cool, reflective smile. It pleased him to think that there was no immediate hurry for him to reach his office, that he was not tied down to a definite hour for appearance there, and was in a sense his own master. The morning was brilliant with sun; peripatetic hawkers of fruit promenaded the side-streets; men stood on the edges of the pavements offering penny palm-leaf fans for sale. Percy Thawne was struck with an idea! A glass of iced punch, he thought, would be just the thing to help him through the coming labours of the day—a glass of