

JOYOUS JANE RELATES AN EXPERIENCE OF HER CHILDHOOD

In a Dream She is Transported to — Well,
Wait and See

By Dorothy L. Warne

Jane had been naughty. Like the girl in the nursery rhyme who had a little curl—when she was bad she was horrid, and mother had put her to bed until she could learn better manners.

Jane drew the sheets round her little self and shivered. It was cold and lonely and miserable; she wished she hadn't spoken her mind quite so plainly to father. Still, parents are so illogical at times. Of course, Jane's reasoning didn't run in quite that language, but that's the way a grown-up would understand the situation.

She put her arms round Billy, the broken-nosed sailor dolly, and closed her eyes, when "swish, swish," and she opened them again with a start. There standing on the bed rail was a real, live fairy. Fluttering wings, flower petals for a suit, and a rakish little buttercup hat on his wee head.

"Why, who are you?" asked Jane, bewildered. "I'm a sprite of the Underworld," he said in a queer cracked voice. "Been naughty?" "Yes, *they* think so." "Um, pity, I was going to invite you to the Underworld, but —," "Oh, Mr. Sprite, please," Jane interrupted, "please take me there, oh, please." "Well, then, close your eyes tight, and count ten."

Jane did so: there was a sensation of cutting through the air at top speed, then a bump. She opened her eyes. "Where are we?" "The Underworld," replied the sprite. Jane looked about her. All she could see was stone walls all around, with innumerable doors and pillars. "Take care not to be naughty down here," said the sprite, warningly, "or you'll be taken there," pointing vaguely into the distance. This place is ruled by a Fairy called Ohsee, and if you don't conform to her orders you may have to spend a few days here. They are brought here sometimes *slaggering* under the load of their misdemeanours. Oh, it's a cruel sight," and the sprite brushed away a sympathetic tear. "But come," he advanced to a door and rapped on the panels. It opened and a head was thrust out. "Yaka Hula, give the password." "Hicky Doola," replied the sprite, promptly. The door opened and Jane blinked her eyes in the dazzling light, after the nether darkness of the corridors.

Some large party appeared to be in progress. "And who are all these people?" asked Jane. "Answer this riddle," answered the sprite—"They may be short or tall, sometimes, but not often,