

## VI

at the head of this street a gasping organ is waving moth-eaten tunes. a fatish hand turns the crank; the box spouts fairies, out of it sour gnomes tumble clumsily, the little box is spilling rancid elves upon neat sunlight into the flower-stricken air which is filthy with agile swarming sonal creatures

—Children, stand with circular frightened faces glaring at the shabby tiny smiling, man in whose hand the crank goes desperately, round and round pointing to the queer monkey

(if you toss him a coin he will pick it cleverly from, the air and stuff it seriously in, his minute pocket) Sometimes he does not catch a piece of money and then his master will yell at him over the music and jerk the little string and the monkey will sit, up, and look at, you with his solemn blinky eyes which never smile and after he has caught a, penny or three, pennies he will be thrown a peanut (which he will open skilfully with his, mouth carefully holding, it, in his little toylike hand) and then he will stiff-ly throw the shell away with a small bored gesture that makes the children laugh.

But i don't, the crank goes round desperate elves and hopeless gnomes and frantic fairies gush clumsily from the battered box fatish and mysterious the flowerstricken sun-