

me. But it cost a lot of money. I felt I couldn't write to mother . . . after the cruel things she'd said, and I'd had words with Mrs. Benson. I'd been so proud that I was going to marry a gentleman. When I was well enough I went out trying to get into the millinery again.

"I didn't feel sometimes as if I could drag myself about, still I went on. But in December they don't want girls . . . I got a place just for ten days before Christmas in the toy department at Burleigh's. It was only seven and sixpence a week, and of course after Christmas they didn't want us extra ones. And all the time I was waiting for a letter. . . . My cough used to wake me early, and I'd lie and cough and wait for the post to come. I used to feel so sick when I heard the knock that sometimes it would be ever such a time before I could go to see. At night when I came home I'd stand waiting and waiting on the doorstep. I couldn't open the door for fear there'd be no letter.

"Girls like me go to hell. I've been to hell already. . . ."

The expressionless voice went on again.

"I had to pawn my things and I owed the landlady.

"Then I thought I'd go and see Mrs. Benson. The flat was shut up. The porter said he'd heard that Mr. Benson had lost a lot of money. Mrs. Benson had gone and he didn't know where. Then I went to find my mother. Father had died—he had delirium awful, they said, and mother had moved.