

she is a much more important person than she really is," continued the girl. "And at the same time she is hoping that other people will think the same thing. I know the look. It used to puzzle me at first."

Beauchamp looked at her with admiration, then down at the woman in the carriage with a flicker of interest in his grey eyes. At that moment the traffic started; the bus rolled forward and left the bays prancing for an opening. Charles turned back to the girl.

"You are wonderfully observant; but I think you overrate her mental activity," he said. "She looks like a woman I used to know, the mother of a chap I was pretty thick with at school. One day they made a bishop of her worthy husband, and from then until the day of her death she devoted what she had in the way of a mind to fretfully wondering why the wives of bishops have no titular share in their husbands' glories. It soured her life and took the zest out of his lordship's sermons. But we are almost there. The next corner is ours."

They found a table in the tea-room, and in the course of time and events were served with a small pot of tea, four diaphanous, triangular sandwiches, and two toasted muffins. All the table-space of the big, garish room was crowded with people young and middling young. Whenever the strident orchestra struck up, and for