

Douglas had left her depressed and his non-appearance had turned depression into anxiety. But he would surely come, she told herself, and, for fear of missing him, she would have continued to wait where she was but for the police. So she wandered to and fro between Piccadilly and Leicester Square impervious to smirks and offers of refreshment.

Big Ben tolled the knell of parting drinks; her last chance of an "enlivener" was gone and she wished she had not snubbed the men who would have treated her. She lingered doubtfully at the end of the Charing Cross Road, and finally decided in favour of the motor bus and the dinginess of Camden Town. Then came a disturbed night and the morning's heavy sleep.

"There's your tea, Jenny. Now don't let it get cold after me a getting up an hour earlier a purpose to make it for you 'cause you said you wanted to be out o' the 'ouse by ten o'clock. T'aint many daaters as have mothers as wait on 'em 'and an' foot."

"And t'aint many mothers as live on the fat of the land with what their daughters work for."

"Well and aint it their dooty? Not that *I* see much o' the fat."

Jenny cut the discussion short by asking if there was a letter for her.

"Not a line for nobody," and the slatternly, unwieldy figure, with a dirty shawl flung over her iron grey unkempt hair, shuffled out of the room.

"He might ha' dropped me a note," muttered Jenny wrinkling her brows.

Then she yawned several times, sipped her tea,