

MY ENEMY JONES

CHAPTER I

A LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS

AT exactly 10.45 in the morning I entered the cheerful spaciousness of Victoria Station, where the Continental train stood waiting for me. With conscious superiority I passed the group of harassed people who for an hour or more had been registering their luggage for the Continent, and were now working desperate sums in mental arithmetic, trying to reduce pounds avoirdupois to kilos, and kilos to francs, and francs back to pounds—sterling, this time—in an endeavour to avoid being cheated on the amount they must pay for excess luggage over foreign railways. My own luggage consisted of a photographic outfit, and even when I carried it all, I still had a hand free with which to present for inspection my ticket from London to Lille, on the Belgian frontier.