

THE GATES OF WRATH

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE LOVELY MRS. CAVALOSS

SHE sat in her superb private drawing-room at the Hotel Cecil. She was facing the large window which overlooked the Embankment and the Thames and the bridges and the pageant of moving life by road and river. The sun was in the heavens, and summer in the air; the trees of the Embankment Gardens were in full leaf—the geraniums bordering the pathways blazed forth a gorgeous scarlet; the roofs of the fleeting hansoms were brilliant with striped awnings; the large grey excursion steamers heading for Hampton Court carried cargoes of laughter