

pressed her towards the rear as they themselves swept onwards.

Soon she was crushed in amongst the excited crowd, and it was not long before she was forced to move forward with it. In the enthusiasm of the moment two men hoisted her up on to their shoulders, and as her figure was seen above the heads of the crowd, there was again a great shout and much waving of hands. And so, gesticulating and appealing, hatless and flushed, she was carried forward, until presently she found herself down again amongst the swaying press of excited men, pushed to and fro, and the breath nigh squeezed out of her. She could not see a yard in any direction, but the shouts and cries and imprecations told her that the clash with the police had taken place. Then came a roar of cheering, and the mass swayed forward, spreading itself out. She felt the pressure slacken around her; and, a moment later, she realized that the cordon had been swept aside and that Whitehall was open before them.

The strikers now seemed to be divided in their purpose, and large numbers from the head of the phalanx moved towards the Admiralty Arch, where a free fight with the police still continued. Others advanced along Whitehall; and Madeline, owing to this deflection of the men in front of her, presently found herself once more in front of the moving mass, a clear space before her. She had been much jostled by the excited crowd, and she was hoarse from shouting at the men, urging them at least to keep their heads; but they were now wholly out of hand, and she herself was approaching exhaustion. Not far from her she again saw Pewse. He had drawn a red handkerchief from his pocket and was waving it above his head.

Suddenly, a few yards ahead, she saw the troops forming up across the roadway. She knew that