

hood the previous night, and consequently the police force had been augmented, and almost every woman in the vicinity was suspect.

Even poor Eliza, who loathed and scorned the whole movement, had not been immune from inquiry and espionage. She arrived at Estelle's side breathless and furious.

"Soon no decent woman will be able to walk in the streets," she said. "See that big ruffian with the truncheon over there? I gave him what for, and showed him Dick's permit when he asked me my business. So glad to see you, Estelle. You'll be able to show me where to go and to protect me from these fiends."

It was the policemen, harried and harassed with their difficult task, to whom she referred, but Estelle only laughed. No one had questioned her or asked her to move on. She could hardly tell Eliza, however, that her aggressive looks and snappy tongue simply invited questioning.

"We had better go, I think," said Estelle. "Good-bye, John. Not a word to Dick, if you please."

They parted, and, taking Eliza's arm, she proceeded to pilot her towards the door of entrance to the Ladies' Gallery.

"I suppose Dick gave you a ticket. Wasn't it good of him to remember me?" said Eliza.

"No. It was Lord Allingham who gave me a ticket. I haven't seen Dick for ages. Do you know whether any of the Bygraves are here to-day?"

Eliza shook her head.

"None of them. How odd they are, Estelle! They go on precisely as if nothing had happened. I mean, they don't seem to realise that Dick is going to be a great man."

"I am not surprised at all. These things don't count