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# Some to Think

## Santa Ferret

A large car stopped outside one of the entrances (No. 172 - 216) to a very large

block of very small flats near Charing Cross. The chauffeur jumped out and opened the door, and at precisely the same moment as you threw on white satin, with little and certain blossoms which indicate the immensity of a certain ceremony, tripped down the narrow stone steps from an upper storey of the block and stepped into the car and lit his lights; and the chauffeur shut the door on her hands, and the car swept round in a grandiose curve and drove off away towards the west in which it belonged. [A triumph of accurate organisation, for a girl situated in such a situation, having come from a building occupied by several hundred of persons of possessed of interests so various, would have been liable to cause the loss of interest of her neighbours, without exciting any alarm or disturbance, which had been brought about by the discipline of two ideas and the discipline of time.]

“Hello ‘Alf, you’re wonderful,” said the girl.

There was a man in the car; a man of about thirty-eight years,

of whom years older than the girl. Said was referring to Alfred’s clothes, which were indeed wonderful; remissless from the malmeson in the leather belt and the white silk in the waistcoat to the white spots and dots over the patent leather boots and the white piping which glistened at the end of the long arms. Alfred was rather lessened in size now than when he was a floor-walker at Fries’ Stores, arranged over every article of wear usual for a special occasion. And this was surprising. To Alfred was in fact a floor-walker at Fries’ renowned stores arranged for a special occasion.

“Did you want to buy for them?” the girl asked.

“He did, but of course I wouldn’t have it.”

“I told him you wouldn’t,” said the girl in a firm tone.

“To tell you the truth, girls, the under-manager of the men’s department is a pal of mine, and he paid me all special attentions, and is all as good as there is. And what’s more to think, he can take the next back if it’s pressed right you like a bit of all right.”

“Oh I’m all right,” the girl agreed with confident conviction.

And she was in fact was, being a sort saleswoman at Karskeet’s, a Regal Street, one of the most fashionable firms in Regal Street, an establishment not one twentieth of the size of Fries’, but being much smarter and more exclusive.

“Of course dad will have the bills for this lot,” said the girl, smiling contentedly.

“Naturally,” a pause. Alfred looked at his watch. “We’re in good time — and not too early.”

It had been 2.25 hours. Both books and notes

Lizzie did not get to what I do or say.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Fitch. "My name is Fitch, and I'm a good friend of Miss Estheris."

Lizzie stopped and an arm round Miss Estheris' neck, and Miss Estheris turned her eyes up at her.

"What is it, darling? What is it?" murmured Lizzie.

"It's - this -" Mrs. Fitch. To Mrs. Fitch.

"I think you'd better go," said Lizzie herself. "I don't know what you've been doing with him to turn him, but you best go back and quick."

"I shall not look it," replied Mr. Fitch. "Until I have finished my chat with Miss Estheris."

"Chat!" repeated Lizzie scornfully. "If you call this sort of thing chatting ... well you go, or I'll..."

"Not!"

"Then you're no gentleman," said Lizzie with conviction and brutality. "Any man who's a gentleman  
whom has a lady's flat where his asked to a cad, and that's all there is to it."

And set off straight, and suddenly crying to stop.

"He isn't a cad; she asserted and vehemently, ~~she~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~peering~~ <sup>comprehending</sup> herself of Lizzie's arm.

Lizzie also straightened herself. She looked annoyed, and a weary expression came into her eyes.

"My mother!" she ~~repeated~~ <sup>snapped, sniffing</sup> leaves from her hair too many others.

and she marched back into the bedroom and banged the door. An intense silence followed.

The two enemies, the injurer & the injured, were alone again alone together in the small  
mean, neat, feminine room. Both were breathing hard. And wiped her eyes wonderous eyes.

"What else do you want to say?" said the gravest engine.

"Nothing, nothing!" Mr. Fitch confessed. "I'm afraid that I may perhaps do that  
no harm. But still you must tell me. You alone are  
not compromised you, or interfered with your new plans. You can be married  
~~tomorrow morning~~ <sup>to</sup> yes, Mr. Porter tomorrow morning just the same that I hope you will be today.  
I mean it, ~~I mean it~~ <sup>for ever</sup> honestly. But I have to give you time to think. I have to  
warn you. Let go."

"Well," said Miss Estheris, <sup>had</sup> calm now. "You'd better get away. I will train the police  
after you."

"Why should I have the police after me? I've done nothing. That's against the law, and  
I can't be any ~~gentleman~~ in the fact. Good girl. And I'm sorry." Said Mr. Fitch and his hands.

"What are you thinking of doing for a living?"

"What that you have in mind for you, please?"

"Nothing. Only you seem to have ruined yourself of this day's work."

"Not at first," said he. "I can make a living somehow. There's more than one string  
to my bow. And I don't mind saying that if I'd ~~had~~ <sup>been given</sup> the chance of I could make a  
living for you too."

"I don't want anyone to make a living for me; ~~and this~~ <sup>with independence</sup> I can make my own,  
by myself. And if I tried I dare say I could make you living too. That would put the  
best on the other leg, wouldn't it?"

"Hush!"

"I'm afraid of you."

"Why?"

"A man who's doubtful about your love today could do ~~anything~~ <sup>anything</sup> stick at nothing."

"Hush!"

Mrs. Fitch began to sob round the little white whisk separating them.

The organ of St. Agnes lost his lips. The floral decorations were wasted. Mr. Rev. Johns  
Mayorgate Banks ought had to seek a new curate. Kilkenny welcomed back from its ~~homewards~~, unique  
him to his former ~~home~~. Mr. Valentine Porter was best, courageous, kind. He had committed no  
crime except that of being wealthy, generous, and purblind in love. And yet he was summarily and robbed  
of an unparalleled treasure, and nothing felt ~~any~~ very sorry for him. The world is unfair.

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They were. And this was not surprising either. For both brother and sister had been  
~~for years~~ to "clock in" of a morning and "clock out" of an evening for years.

"This is best ~~than ever~~ car or the second best?" Alfred asked.

"Well, which do you think it is?"

"If it's her second best the best must be mine car."

"It's neither. It's mine. It's ~~mine~~ his presents. He only told me last night at the dairy."

Mrs. Alfred Ledburn merely raised her eyebrows and whistled.

At last at 2.30 precisely of the clock on the tower of the church of St. Agnes, Mrs.  
Mrs. Alfred Ledburn handed his sister out of the car, and soon were amably passed over red cloth,  
under a shaped awning, between two thick walls of people dedicated to the spectacle. Of the greatest  
of all human institutions, into this fashionable <sup>exquisite</sup> fair. Lind's extraordinary, dark beauty - what  
large flowing eyes, what black eyelashes & eyebrows, what curves of the lip! - caused  
many necks to crane and mouths to open and even to ejaculate words of ~~surprise~~ away.  
But both Alfred and mine thought <sup>used</sup> him ~~to~~ the public gaze; ~~and~~ his deportment  
~~was so all over~~ Alfred addressed himself of strangers, and his own scores of hundred,  
very well. Their deportment on the red cloth was perfect in ease and correctness. The  
men photographers, veterans of routine, said their ~~for~~ plates for the ceremonial call  
of Lind and Lindstrom, and ignored the brother and sisters.

## II

Almost at the same moment as Lind's car was ~~was~~ leaving the neighbourhood  
of Chelsea finding another car, equally glorious but of a different make - with another chauffeur,  
was leaving <sup>held</sup> in Hyde Park gardens. It ~~was~~ no one, Mrs. Valentine Porter,  
and of the same age as Alfred Ledburn, and his brother Randolph, a little the senior of  
Lind's brother. The clothes of these brothers, though very similar to those of Alfred, showed  
at once the discerning eye that Alfred's model on his own - as good as there is - was a ~~was~~ the  
same to the one. The brothers Porter were the achievements of parents who take themselves and  
unconscious ceiling and nowhere the <sup>consciousness of the</sup> bark of a coat was a matter of profound and anxious  
consideration. Also the blood brother Porter carried their garments off in a manner  
altogether different from that of Alfred Ledburn; they even crossed their legs differently.

"I hope she won't keep us waiting. They generally do," said the ~~gruffly~~  
young Rupert, full of the worries of being a best man.

"She will not," replied his older. "She won't keep us waiting at all.  
On the other hand she won't ~~get~~ make us take ~~awkward~~ I ~~get~~ them first."

"Why! This unique ~~off~~ them."

"Well, she is. And if you'd left New York last month as you said  
you would, you'd have had ~~you~~ more opportunities of judging about her. Now -  
is the ring <sup>in your pocket?</sup>"

"What a question!" <sup>May never</sup>  
"I <sup>may never</sup> have ~~had~~ ~~had~~ lost it." <sup>been killed at dawn for a</sup>  
less useful than that <sup>what a question!</sup>

"Sorry!"

"If you want to know, like of his ways, we're each other. Do you suppose  
I've never been a bad man before?"

"That's like him," said the bridegroom.

"I often do like her, you didn't."

"I will like her more and more. He'll appeal to you. She's so practical. She  
thinks of everything. She's never at a loss."

"I suppose her practical. I should call her loosey."

"She's the most beautiful girl in London."

"Well, there's a lot of girls in London, but I shouldn't be surprised if you  
think she is."

"She is. Beautiful eyes so. But of she had bad character, do you  
suppose I should have looked twice at her?"

"Yes. I do suppose you'd have looked twice at her."

"I shouldn't have married her anyway."

"I saw your mother first in the shop?"

"Yes yes. I ~~saw~~ <sup>met</sup> her first in the shop! I know, sonnie, those shop people know a thing or two about things. His wife's  
education being in a shop. And it's a good shop, like Karrkeks', they learn  
manners style. And make a good boyly."

"She'll have her work cut out, being the mistress of your ~~modest~~ establishment."

"In a month she'll be doing it as well as the master ever did. Still  
go slow at first. Still watch <sup>her</sup> mouth when she blushes, or the hairy bit.  
And then she'll act. Just as I have it the slightest fear. It isn't as if I ~~don't~~  
didn't know what marriage is or what women are. Some women can't rise. Some women  
are born to rise. She's one of the born. And I thank heaven she's not harshionate!"

at 2.28 precisely the car stopped gracefully at the porch of St. Agnes. The brougham descended  
at the red cloth. The head usher was extremely deferential. He in thirty years  
of his personal service he had never known ~~the~~ <sup>the church of</sup> to be so gorgeous and  
so known such gorgeous and expensive floral decorations as the Valentine.  
Peter had caused it to be provided; and his expectations were that his were enormous.

"I see ear there's no ~~to~~ no bridesmaid," said a disappointed  
voice in the crowd.

"The noblest four bridesmaids at any price," Bob murmured  
to Randolph. "She was right."

They were the brougham walked noiselessly up the centre aisle  
of the crowded church crowded with well dressed ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> wood. The pews  
which had been drawn partly of friendship for the contract parties, and partly  
of the rumours of a highly romantic marriage, and partly of the rumours  
of the bride's astonishing beauty. The brougham came to a halt near the altar.

("What day? To be married right afterwards.  
Please you won't be disappointed. She's quite remarkable - in every place.)

within whose railings stood one grey clergyman. Then the organ began to breathe its  
long and bony notes; the brothers saw the dazzling advent of the less self-preserved time,  
and her majestic brother.

## III

In the back or more remote part of the church - and chief in the vestry -  
there was a certain excitement, for the Reverend ~~John~~<sup>Maryborough</sup> Banks, the rector of the ~~the~~  
parish of St Agnes, tutor and chief officiator at the mass wedding of Valentine George  
Joachim Foster, member of the Ward bridge, and Miss Isabella, spinster, had  
appeared; ~~but~~ <sup>for</sup> two of his confidants were present. Odd and nondescript people  
sat at vestries on the days of fashion's weddings - friends of the clergy. Of the  
organist, of the choristers, and privileged friend of the parties, ~~see them~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~here~~ <sup>here</sup>  
in addition to minor functionaries of the church itself. All these persons ~~were~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~became~~  
severish, with a tendency to lose their heads. The vestry - telephone was working, <sup>This vestry clock helped</sup> the sole  
working influence was that of the distant organ. ~~Every~~ <sup>to</sup> hours, however, might well be  
made to everybody concerned, for assuredly the ~~friends~~ failure of the rector to  
arrive <sup>timely</sup> ~~timely~~ for a ceremony so important was quite unprecedented. [At length -  
went three minutes to three - ~~entered~~ <sup>entered the vestry having pulled</sup> the Reverend George Fitch, ~~from behind the~~  
~~alter~~, railings; and his slow departure from the sight of the crowded congregation and the  
contesting parties. The crowded congregation formed a ~~congregation in the church~~ <sup>tall</sup> even  
surpassing the ~~congregation~~ in the vestry. A sense of ~~anxiety~~ <sup>surprise</sup> arose, and the  
contesting parties actually of the to each other, a ring <sup>of the community</sup> ~~surprised~~ <sup>surprised</sup> the ceremony -  
of many a celebration in the church of England.]

"The Rector has ~~not come~~ <sup>not come</sup> isn't here!" <sup>explained</sup> a usherman to Mr. Fitch.  
darkness falls  
"not here! impossible!" Mr. Fitch was a tall and <sup>young</sup> ~~young~~ curate, neither  
with hazel eyes and a sincere, manlike persuasive manner.

"And we can't get an answer on the telephone either?"  
"I am ~~not coming~~ <sup>not coming</sup> when you ~~call~~ <sup>call</sup> and you ~~call~~ <sup>call</sup> me.  
Mother <sup>said Mr. Fitch</sup> has rung to the rectory myself and said if the rector is unwell or  
anything I <sup>can</sup> ~~can~~ be back in no minutes, and if necessary leave him from the  
evening myself. It will not be quite the same thing, but it will be just as brief."

He threw off his cap, seized his broad-brimmed cloak and ran out.  
Relief! The rector was in but two minutes distant, in Upper  
Billing Street. Then gradually, as the vestry clock ticked on, <sup>away</sup> tension again,  
began to rise! The vicar himself was invited to the vestry, and gave trouble  
accounts of the state of affairs in the church, and demanded advice as to the  
management of hysterical crowds. Some one followed the curate to the rectory, and  
related with the news that neither the rector nor the curate was to be found. Knocking  
the telephone to the rector's chamberwoman, who ~~was~~ arrived at eight eight minutes  
to three and, importuned of a urgent interview, found singularly unhelpful. ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup>  
despatched messages of distress were despatched to the parishes, as for doctor was  
too absent; but, like doctors, the other parishes were out of <sup>of</sup> by this time the

The last man had visited the very ~~house~~ three and the bridegroom once. And then a joyful thing occurred. The great clock of St. Agnes - the clock which disturbed the night ~~from~~<sup>for hundred</sup> ~~of~~ light sleepers within a radius of two hundred yards of a mile, struck three. How it is well known, and every body knew, that for some reason which completely baffled the reason of mankind, anniversaries ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> to be celebrated at Gland after the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon. As it was the <sup>earlier</sup> hour of the wedding ~~afternoon~~, the mirth was still. News of the calamity spread with greatest speed. Even the ~~former~~ last funeral, & ~~had~~ left it, and hurried away to ~~them~~ off the offices of their newspapers. The state of the congregation was now alarming - made up as it was of fever, sympathy, resentment, and a horrible & inexplicable human joy in the misfortune of others, and gleaming with pride at having witnessed at an such a very remarkable event. People spoke of reception the ruined reception at Clavigers, the unusable seats broken in honey-mum houses, the unlikelihood of the ~~of~~ mishap, the decadence of the church of Gland, and the awful predicament of the poor poor wife. But the bride was the most composed ~~lame~~<sup>remained calm</sup> person in the multitude. For comparison she beat the bridegroom easily. "He said he never mind. It means us a delay of twenty-four hours. Less. Because we can be married at nine o'clock tomorrow." But Edouard of course, yet, if tomorrow, said his brother, for who anticipated this ceremony, had been born as late as his third birthday.

#### IV

The Remained place marginally Banks lived near here by whatever like all the other houses in ~~the~~ street: a rich house ~~with~~ house, with window boxes of flowers, a sun. Although the front border, basement, a little, <sup>under the canopy</sup> ~~under~~ the stairs, no lifts, but bathroom no central heating, two bathromes and a sun-cellar. Mrs. Banks enjoyed a dividend of no less than two thousand a year for spiritually guiding the expensive souls of her wealthy parishioners, and her wife had ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> money of considerable money of her own. So that they were able of strict economy to make both ends meet in a shabby, <sup>severely</sup> world. Mrs. Valentine Trotter, <sup>severely</sup> tall, to the taller in the narrow hall.

"The fact is, sir, that we know as Mrs. Banks has left for the church, having intended to wait for at least half an hour, I stepped out to see some of the ~~and~~ <sup>noticed</sup> news. Having ~~heard~~ <sup>seen</sup> that too what a bustle of you bride-to-be <sup>and</sup> wife this morning. I can see the front of the church of this house from the windows here, & I have no doubt the maids were leaving out of the top floor windows, as Pali for that explains why the telephone was not answered."

"She <sup>did</sup> not leave in the ordinary way for the church?"

"Not quite the ordinary way, <sup>she</sup> left ~~so~~ <sup>in</sup> earlier than I expected. Consequently I was not in the hall to give him his hat."

"But when Mrs. Trotter came to fetch him, who ~~was~~ <sup>had</sup> been ~~had~~ <sup>she</sup> to do for her husband?"

"Mrs. Trotter has a watch key, sir."

"Then <sup>she</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>had</sup> one <sup>sure</sup> to get him?"

"I thought not, sir. But this <sup>had</sup> the others all this, etc."

"Excuse, but am you telling me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you not even a word with my Father the rector - the reverent curate?"

"No, sir."

"Where is Lady Sylvia?"

"The lady has been away for some days, sir, on a little month's tour."

At this moment, Mrs. Pates stepped up front of the house, and the butler, negligently

Mrs. Valentine Pates, rushed to open the door.

"What's happened, Robert?" asked the rector, sharply, stepping in ~~that he~~ <sup>and making up a telegram</sup> in the study. He was a ~~dark~~ <sup>reddish</sup>, ~~fair~~ <sup>dark</sup>, grey-haired, clean man of fifty, with a countenance habitual to ~~such~~ <sup>such</sup> authoritative cheerfulness.

"There is - this is Mrs. Valentine Pates, sir," replied the butler, cautiously.

"Ah!" the rector greeted her. "The telegram. Yes. I hope every~~thing~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> satisfactory. I hope that my reverent father officiated to your satisfaction, Mr. Pates."

The rector then heard the truth, in the clear, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> imperious tones of Mrs. Pates.

"Indeed however!" exclaimed the rector, "How dreadful! How dreadful! Truly, Mr. Pates, I cannot sufficiently - I cannot sufficiently - I do not think there may be ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~danger~~ <sup>danger</sup> to his life. Pates to the back room on the ground-floor. The master and the curmudgeon began to talk, <sup>coldly, ~~softly~~ with much ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~restraint~~</sup> on the unfeeling street fire.

"Do you mean to say that you havent seen the newspaper posters?"

"No, I have not," said the rector.

"They're disappearance of a lady called this curate." "What do you mean by it?"

"No."

"Have seen the poster either?"

"I saw the poster at Leytonstone."

"At Leytonstone? Why Leytonstone?" Mr. Pates sprang from his chair.

"Let me explain," said the rector with ~~downcast~~ <sup>downcast</sup> ~~heavy~~ <sup>heavy</sup> mannered. "This morning at a quarter past two this afternoon when the telephone rang. I see the telephone." The rector pointed. "The call ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> from the other state at Leytonstone. They said that my wife, Lady Sylvia, had had a very serious accident with her car in the Beechfield Road and that I had better come at once." "I was <sup>anxious</sup> for her and was waiting for me in the hall. I told him what had happened, and just time instructions to perform the ceremony in my absence. We went at 7 o'clock, and he put us into a taxi and I went on to Leytonstone. At the place where they claimed all knew it. They accident and assured me that they had a telephone to me. I thought I must have heard the name enough on the telephone. They made various inquiries of telephone, whose result, and after <sup>arrived</sup> ~~arrived~~ in the Beechfield Road I came back home."

"A hoax then?"

"Apparently. Certainly. Well as a telegram from ~~anywhere~~ <sup>anywhere</sup> ~~anywhere~~ <sup>anywhere</sup> as I sent long info from Leytonstone. She is safe at Winchester."

and Mrs. Postle, <sup>with</sup> inquiry the ladies about Lady Elvira's safety.

"But Mr. Fitch <sup>had been</sup> told of this at the church, when you didn't come, he said he would speak for himself, and said then he's sorry." <sup>forget of having to consider</sup>

"It is all most disconcerting. Doubtless Mr. Fitch has had enough nervousness at the <sup>the</sup> <sup>time</sup> when does Mr. Fitch live?"

"He has a bedroom here. You see, the church parishes very much inadequately for her wants, and very inadequate Layel Long, and as a convenience to both of us, and to save him <sup>expenses</sup>, I give him a bedroom upstairs."

"He may <sup>be</sup> here now!"

Mrs. Banks to ring the bell. But Mr. Fitch says, not in his bedroom or anywhere in the house ready.

Both the reader and the <sup>by</sup> self-prospective bridges bridgegroom were Philanthropists, and had a proper sense of the <sup>true</sup> <sup>feeling</sup> <sup>refuse for positions</sup> importance of things. They therefore arranged the first meeting, most important matter first; a marriage at 10 am which was most moving. The reader charged the bridgegroom with all his excuses, sympathetic and endeavours to the bride. And at last the police descended on Mrs. Banks.

That evening from Valentine took him to dinner and the dinner. Dined at the Berkeley Restaurant. And he was very gentle and polite. They were not recognized.

"The dearest," he said to her, gently, <sup>but</sup> <sup>affectionately</sup>, <sup>presumably</sup>. "You don't <sup>suspect</sup> that anyone had any reason to begin to present me marriage today? Anybody <sup>else</sup> — er — ?"

Liaison, <sup>playful</sup>

"Not at all — I know, darling," said she, <sup>playfully</sup> <sup>answering</sup>. "But of course you can never be sure. More people know me than I know. And I'm so beautiful... well I am, aren't I?"

Val <sup>hesitated</sup> agreed, drove her <sup>then to</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>home</sup> her flat, where naturally she insisted on spending the night; and proceeded for the third time that day to see Mrs. Judd.

## F

The flushed <sup>young</sup> bridgegroom had scarcely had time to leave when before he had heard a knock at her little front door in the fourth story of the block. He thought that Val had returned for a last kiss or something less valuable; but the tall form of Mr. Fitch presented, & though not even a clerical attire stood in the doorway. There was a silence.

"May I come in?"

Another silence.

"I suppose so."

Mr. Fitch went in. Lord opened another door, and announced,

"Lie got another visitor, Tiffie."

"Oh!" came the low-shaken cry of a girl who had been about to enter the tiny room in a state of undress. Then more composedly: "All right!"

The flushed <sup>young</sup> bridgegroom was the friend <sup>old</sup> colleague whom Lord had been sharing <sup>the</sup> <sup>flat</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>left</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>door</sup> again.

"It's down, plain."

Mr. Fitch sat down, and stopped her hat, which had tickled up. Mr. Fitch, though his <sup>laid</sup> <sup>entire</sup> <sup>outfit</sup> lacked the traditional clerical accent, had a considerable flow of words and he was soon in full spate.

"Yes," he said after a few preliminaries, "it had it was deliberate on my part. I did  
arrange for Mr. Daniels to be called over myself to his house on false pretences. Then I expected  
the fat hours in a despicable state of funk because of what I'd done, and I determined that  
after all I must face before the ceremony myself. But when I saw you and that man — "  
"What man?"

"Mr. Peters. Mr. Peters."

"If you meant Mr. Peters why we have said Mrs. Peters?"

"Sorry. When I saw you & Mr. Peters standing together at the alter rails I knew that  
I could never bring myself to marry you. I had no sufficient courage to do it. And so I ran  
away. I'm here in the parks and the flower rows, wondering what I ought to do. I decided  
that I ought to come to you. So I hung about here till Mr. Peters had brought you home and you again."

"I consider it all ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ordinary, said Mrs. Peters, <sup>but</sup> except for that you don't  
~~feel~~ <sup>feel</sup> ashamed of it. ~~So~~ <sup>So</sup> I was sure all the time paid down you were up the left hand side all the time  
~~I must say~~ <sup>I must say</sup> you're of all sorts very ordinary. Except you think you're doing nothing to be ashamed of."  
~~This was conversation~~ <sup>This was</sup> Mrs. Peters was in her usual <sup>poorly</sup> dress and a wretched face in her eyes. This was  
not the girl that Mr. Peters knew; but a <sup>poorly</sup> vulgar, <sup>poorly</sup> coquettish creature apparently capable of shameful  
deeds. She looked magnificent in the plain simple dinner-pink which had been in her valise  
~~to wear~~ <sup>for use</sup> that night owing to a ~~left~~ <sup>left</sup>. Her main trunk was ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> at Victoria  
awaiting further events at Victoria.

"No. Nothing."

"and only do you do it?"

"I do it because I wanted to give you time I think."

"Then what?"

"Think about what you're letting yourself in for. You don't love Mr. Peters.  
He loves you, in his way, <sup>knowing</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> doubt. But you don't love him."

"How do you know that?"

"From the way you stood and talked at him over there in church. He's dogged  
you with jewels and presents and things, and flattery and admiration. This ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> you clean off  
your feet. You look and give money him for money. You have beauty and you sell  
it to him — and sell at a very high price. It's a commercial transaction, that's what it is.  
I wanted just to realize this."

"By kind, in case, and tried, with voice shaking. — and why are you interested  
in my private affairs."

"Well, I know your father over there. He knew you any time you went to school,  
and I'm <sup>myself</sup> aware that he always been very interested in your private affairs.  
I think you're very important, Mrs. H.H. And this more, you gentle  
woman, to do the best — my much, and him money him of because he's the most secure  
of him marrying him."

"That, and Mr. H.H., is the. I know it's a lie.  
You don't love Mrs. Peters. A girl like you wouldn't."

"Grief — whether of rage or of fear — glittered in Hedd's great eyes. Her mouth  
wondered, but nothing was articulate issued from her lips."

Mrs. Fitch continued:

"~~Facebook~~ You'll soon be unhappy. In the end you'll be very unhappy.  
I know you're ready the way to ruin your life, all because you can't resist the temptation  
of luxury and the lure of adoration being idolised of a handsome man."

Otherwise how do you expect to know that  
you're all the better for it?"

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[“and so you think it would be better for me to keep out at Kankakee’s and work ten twelve  
hours a day in the season out to always watching and flattery some <sup>and sometimes</sup> ~~women~~  
women better off than I am and half a good baby. for in a bus stiff ~~women~~  
and get told and judges it <sup>now</sup>. and see for a miserable salary. small with girls in parks or boudoirs,  
or <sup>and mostly</sup> ~~of being~~ <sup>beautiful</sup> the numbers of a ~~few~~ hours wearing long <sup>and pretty</sup> frocks and sitting  
in a cult. and going to restaurants and theaters and balls and being advised by  
a man who thinks all the time of nothing but me. That’s what you think, is it?” demanded  
him, fully now with silence of his earnest assertion that she ~~does not~~ does not know her a liar.]

“~~Well~~ I do,” replied her husband <sup>reassuring</sup> ~~well~~ <sup>care for</sup> wife. “I mean I think  
it would be better than marrying a <sup>man you don’t like and couldn’t live with</sup> ~~wife~~ <sup>care for</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>but</sup>  
no reason why you should not marry him should mean that you’re compelled to do  
all the things unpleasant things you’ve just mentioned. ~~Waiting~~ <sup>Waiting</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~such~~ <sup>such</sup>  
with ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> in parks or boudoirs without girls. You might walk about in parks  
with me, for instance.”

“Why!” he <sup>ironically</sup> protested. “Lundy is your busy boy.”

“It won’t be in future,” he said. “I shall have to leave the church.  
Mrs. Danvers will dismiss me, I’m sure, <sup>I shall never</sup> ~~ever~~ <sup>get another</sup> ~~curacy~~ And in other  
places that, because I ought never to have given you the church. The ~~whole~~ <sup>whole</sup>  
~~church~~ isn’t my line.”

“And what is your line, may I enquire?”

“Give me time,” said the curate. “And you’ll see a million times too glorious  
for meates with ~~been lost been placed and stood for~~ <sup>been lost been placed and stood for</sup>

“What?” she cried. “Me — your line!”

“You,” Mr. Blakc answered, “invited. You — my line! Of curates, parishes  
I mean thousand <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~black~~ <sup>black</sup> ~~curate~~ <sup>curate</sup> <sup>in automobiles</sup> invited. You — my line! If curates, parishes  
interested, while <sup>a</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~married~~ <sup>married</sup> you some years ago. what I can’t tell  
happening <sup>good</sup> <sup>good</sup> ~~is not~~ <sup>not</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>being</sup> a curate with an income of <sup>five</sup> <sup>six</sup>  
hundred <sup>and</sup> per annum. Indeed you make this me —, and your head had <sup>you</sup> <sup>given</sup> you  
heart and body <sup>charm</sup> you’d havitated <sup>me</sup> very much. how can you think him good, look  
charming. I don’t say he’s good looking or <sup>charming</sup>; all I say is that you think that.”

Miss Fairholme flamed and stung up. And in her warmth she was a marvellous  
sight — a sight, however, which Mr. Val Foster, accustomed to placidity, would scarcely have recognised.  
She could not speak, and so she gave a loud, passionate scream, which almost had been heard  
in <sup>first</sup> <sup>from</sup> the flat below, the flat above, and at least <sup>first</sup> <sup>from</sup> the adjacent flats. On the part of a  
woman who <sup>had</sup> <sup>been</sup> <sup>an</sup> <sup>admirer</sup> <sup>of</sup> him had depended so much upon self-control and perfect tact, it was a  
surprising exhibit. Mr. Blakc was at a loss; for he had enclosed mysterious forces which  
he could not direct. The next moment the door of the boudoir flew open, and there appeared Miss  
friend Lizzie, looking as well as and as splendidly dressed in a negligee which formed part of  
Lulu’s <sup>wardrobe</sup> <sup>which</sup> had been intended for the <sup>adornment</sup> <sup>of</sup> the <sup>estate</sup> <sup>of</sup> Mr. Val Foster. Lizzie’s hair was not  
done, because it was <sup>done</sup> <sup>fair and unduly powdered</sup>. The practical value of shagging in the extreme cases of  
costumes. Lizzie was a plain girl — her interests and those of Lulu did not clash — and her arrival  
at all <sup>still</sup> <sup>present</sup> advantages the dark beauty of her companion.

Lulu glanced at Lizzie, and then sank <sup>back</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>in</sup> back into her chair and nodded.