

When shall I see you again?' 'Oh I don't know. Sometime next week ... or come to tea on Sunday. Do.'

CHAPTER XV The two children in love. Playing ball in the garden, in Pip's room, going for walks. Raspberry Nose and old Winter. It seems that everybody loves us. They cannot bear to be separated. He tries for and obtains a position in a theatre orchestra. Steak sandwiches. They all prepare for Christmas. Maata is to spend it with them. Maisie is not well. She gets very thin.

CHAPTER XVI Mally goes to Rome until February to give singing lessons. At Maata's last lesson Max is there. They have lentil soup with pieces of sausage in it. She wears her engagement ring. She is very happy but Mally shakes her head. 'You couldn't be poor'. 'But why not? I'll make money with my singing, Mally'. 'You are not made for such a marriage, my dear. You want a man who would throw you across the room and beat you. Nobody else will ever keep a woman like you.' Max listens. 'Where would you be without your fine clothes now?' 'I—I haven't got any.' 'Pooh! I've been watching. Look at your coat—£10.10.0. Your hat—£5.5.0. Your shoes and gloves and today a gold purse. Monsieur ton mari won't be able to provide such luxuries. Better stay as you are.' 'But surely you aren't suggesting ...'. 'Nothing at all, my dear, except that your own money does not buy them.' Maata bristled. She was defiant. 'I need these things. They help me, I can't sing if I'm draggled and poor.' 'Tell it to somebody else. Pooh—what do you know of such things? What has money to do with it? Fine feathers don't make fine artists, my dear.' Mally gets up a terrible rage. Max leans back and laughs. Maata goes, half crying. Max and Mally are left alone. He soothes her, and strokes and strokes her, maliciously smiling.

CHAPTER XVII Christmas Eve leading to Christmas day. By the gas fire in Maata's room, wrapped in a rug. Low wind outside. Christmas Day. Happy fooling and a sad, lovely evening. Rhoda comes in the afternoon. Maisie fondles Rhoda. The two seem like friends. It is arranged that Maata shall go and stay at the Closes.

CHAPTER XVIII Next day Rhoda packs for her. They spend the day together in the old happy way. They go out to tea and it is not until evening that they say goodbye. 'Now I shall see even less of you. May I write?' 'Of course ...'. Her room is very clean with mats everywhere. 'Now I won't even be surprised if you and Philip sleep in that very bed after you're married.' 'Oh Mother, dear'. 'Well, there's no need to blush about it.' She and Maisie make it up.

CHAPTER XIX The visit to Covent Garden. The return, heaped with flowers. Philip is asleep. They cover his bed. She gets frightened