

and wakes him and kisses and kisses him. Invitation to the wedding. Mrs Close doesn't want to accept. Hal to go too, and Father.

CHAPTER XX The departure of the three. The three are left in the house. Her happiness. It is early spring, and the sun shines on the drawing room carpet. Philip goes out, comes in late. They are lovers.

CHAPTER XXI Maisie discovers them, but says nothing. She thinks they have been secretly married. She is full of the secret, and she can afford now to be nice to Maata and kiss her and hug her and help her to make Pip's bed.

CHAPTER XXII The old people return, very crotchety. Everything goes wrong and Philip goes away. She begins taking lessons again. Max Castello sees her home. She feels shaken. Hal disapproves utterly of Max Castello. 'I don't think you're fair on the old ghost, Maata.' 'Oh how absurd you are. What a baby you are!' They start quarrelling. An uneasy gloom settles on the house. May is dismissed. They are sick of Maata's fine ways. And she is sick of their commonness. She goes away for the weekend and comes back to find Ma wants the money for the washing. No, she won't give it. How silent they are all growing. Only Maisie looks better and turns from Maata to her mother.

CHAPTER XXIII Maisie tells of their love episode. The silence explodes. They are violent, hysterical, half mad. She is denied the house immediately and she goes away to Rhoda who finds her a horrible little poor room.

CHAPTER XXIV She cannot stand it and goes to Philip, to the theatre. He comes in and stands resining his bow, looking over the house. He sees her. They go back to the dirty ugly house and are wonderfully happy.

CHAPTER XXV The morning. He goes and he finds his mother's letter. There is a scene. He leaves her early in the morning and on the train journey back to London she meets Marion West. They become very intimate. High falutin, false, and talk as the train shatters through the dark.

CHAPTER XXVI Rhoda prepares for her home-coming*. Something* of sentimentality. *Her* children. The fire. The white lilac in a jar. Maata is cold and abstracted. Very beautiful. Before she goes to bed she writes Pip a letter. She wants him, wants him. Pip, I'm frightened.

CHAPTER XXVII Next morning after the post has come and brought her no letter she leaves for Rachael West. What a fine house! And the jolly people. In the evening she sings—'I met my love'. She wears a