

## THE FACE IN THE TAXI

went to bed in the early stages of the wordy battle. Incidentally I may observe that Lucinda's exits were among the best things that she did—yes, even in those early days, when they were all instinct and no art. From Sir Paget downwards we men felt that, had the problem been set for present solution, we should all have felt poignantly interested in what Lucinda felt that she would do. No man of sensibility—as they used to say before we learnt really colloquial English—could have felt otherwise.

I will not run on with these recollections just now, but I was chuckling over them on the morning of Waldo's and Lucinda's wedding day—a very fine day in July, on which, after late and leisurely breakfast, I looked across the road on the easy and scattered activity of the barracks' yard. That scene was soon to change—but the future wore its veil. With a mind vacant of foreboding, I was planning only how to spend the time till half-past two. I decided to dress myself, go to the club, read the papers, lunch, and so on to St. George's. For, of course, St. George's it was to be. Mrs. Knyvett had a temporary flat in Mount Street; Sir Paget had no town house, but put up at Claridge's; he and Waldo—and Aunt Bertha—had been due to arrive there from Cragfoot yesterday. Perhaps it was a little curious that Waldo had not been in town for the last week; but he had not, and I had seen none of the Cragfoot folk since I got home. I had left a card on Mrs. Knyvett, but—well, I suppose that she and her