

his bed and proceeds to question him as to whether he cannot remember how he has lost his memory, until the Sister delivers a message from Matron that he has had a long enough visit for that day. But then comes Cherry Walters, who is the ward maid of the hospital, and when she greets him as Cuthbert Tunks and he repudiates both the name and all knowledge of her, there is trouble.

Then comes the Matron with the good news that Menzies has been awarded the D.C.M. for his work with the bombing party, and Cuthbert, who will not receive the decoration under false colours, gets Miss Topleigh-Trevor to take him in her motor-car to his Regimental Depot with the intention of giving himself up as a deserter.

The Sergeant-Major, however, who has already had a visit from Cherry Walters, and has an inkling of the truth, refuses to hear his story. Instead he marches him off under escort to Bunter's Row, where the Mayor of Silverside, with two aldermen, resplendent in their robes of office, have attended for the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Cuthbert Tunks, V.C., and the presentation of a purse of gold (or rather paper, value £200) to his nearest relatives. So Cuthbert hears, to his astonishment, that the King has conferred the Victoria Cross upon him for his valour in digging out three of his comrades buried by the falling in of the trench during the bombing episode, which he has with true British reticence kept entirely to himself. Needless to say the delight in the Court at the return of the hero knows no bounds; he is lifted shoulder high and carried around.

Miss Topleigh-Trevor accepts his mother's invitation to tea in the tenement, the £200 goes into Cherry Walters' pocket for safe keeping, and the curtain falls on an arrangement between Cherry and Cuthbert for spending the afternoon in Greenwich Park, and with an immediate prospect of "nyming the dy."

It would be interesting to know who advised the talented writers of the play as to professional etiquette and deportment.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE WONDERFUL YEAR,"*

Mr. Locke needs no recommendation. Those readers who have been delighted with his "Beloved Vagabond" and "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol" will hasten to be possessed of his latest novel, and we can promise them that they will find it in every sense "up to standard."

He has chosen a subject on which he is at his best—the Bohemian life in the gay capital of France before the war. The young professor of languages at Margett's School, Hickney Heath, found himself turned out to grass in August, in Paris. He had been there three days and his head swam with the wonder of it. He had informed

* By William J. Locke. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.)

his old friend, Corinna Hastings, of his advent, and had received a note of invitation to dine with her at a cheap restaurant. "I can't ask you to my abode, because I've only one room, and you would be shocked to sit on the chair while I sat on the bed, or to sit on the bed while I sat on the chair."

Over their simple repast Corinna and Martin compare notes on the deadliness of their respective lives.

Corinna frowned and broke her bread impatiently. "But never mind about me. Tell me about yourself, Martin. Perhaps we may find something merry to do together—'Pere Lachaise,' or the 'Tomb of Napoleon.' You can't go back to that dog's life," she said after a while.

It was at this stage of their reflections that Fortinbras joined their party. "You two ought to know one another," said Corinna. "Martin, let me introduce you to Mr. Daniel Fortinbras, *Marchand de Bonheur*."

"Which means," said Fortinbras, "Dealer in Happiness."

"I wish you would provide me with some," said Martin laughingly.

"And so do I," said Corinna.

Fortinbras drew a chair to the table and sat down.

"My fee," said he, "is five francs paid in advance."

From that moment the lives of Corinna and Martin assumed a new complexion.

Fortinbras decrees that the two young people shall cast care and the conventions behind them, and fare forth on bicycles to the little town of Brantome, and stay at the Hotel des Grottes, kept by a massive man by the name, Bigourdin, poet, philosopher, and a mighty maker of *paté de foie gras*. "A line from me would put you on his lowest tariff, for he has a descending scale of charges—one for motorists, one for commercial travellers, and another for human beings."

At this inn also dwelt the little daughter of Fortinbras.

Contrary to the obvious, Martin and Corinna did not fall in love with one another on their unconventional expedition.

In a letter of introduction, Fortinbras describes them to his brother as "candidates for happiness, performing their novitiate. She is a painter without patrons, he a professor without classes."

How Martin, in search of happiness, became waiter at the inn, found himself, in this somewhat incongruous occupation for a university man, is a sample of Mr. Locke's delightful whimsicalities.

Corinna flouted the idea of finding herself as the innkeeper's wife, and returned to London. But later she found that the *Marchand de Bonheur* had reason in his apparently impossible schemes.

In the meantime, she took up the Suffrage movement, and "dressed herself in sandwich boards."

Of the many and varied characters in this book there is not one that is not full of interest. The

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