

HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO

"At the door. You're to meet Alice at the top of the landing and sprint for it. I'll have the door open; don't bother about these things. Good luck, old man!"

"Whit, if they are n't good to Alice — I'll be back East again!"

"Rubbish! She'll knock 'em off their feet! Write me about it, won't you?"

"Yes — oh, of course! Where's my hat? Where did you say I meet Alice? Where —"

"Top of the landing," said Whitaker, propelling Henry into the hall. "Turn up your collar, old boy; confetti tickles. Good luck!"

Henry, peering from the window of the limousine at the wedding guests on the veranda, saw his loyal friend Whitaker far in the background; but he could n't know, and never did know, that Whitaker, bachelor of arts and matrimonial expert, still smiling grimly but with suspiciously bright eyes, was saying to himself: "Well, I hope she's good enough for him; but I don't know. He's a pretty good old scout — that Henry."