

the reporters made life a burden to them for three days, everything was so superlatively complimentary; and there was not one hint anywhere of the enemy which had really robbed Harrison Stuart of his memory, and of everything else worth while.

Honors heaped upon honors! Behold Jean and Tavy Stuart ushered by Tommy Tinkle into the ladies' gallery of the Hotel Nabob, and screened behind a Moorish jalousie, upon which, by some magic, had grown a purple-blossomed vine without roots and without earth and without water. Below, under the tons of ceilinged gold and stucco, and beneath the tons of crystalled chandeliers, and attended by so many waiters that the place is black with them, sits the T-Beam Club, a sombre looking collection of black-clad gentlemen, all with crinkly or shiny shirtfronts, and all with stiff-looking white bow ties, and all miserably solemn, as is proper at a banquet, for now the coffee has arrived and the speeches will begin.

What a disappointment! Of course the banquet table is shaped like the cross section of a huge T-beam, with the toastmaster and the principal speakers in the center, and the unimportant new members far away at the flanges, but the seating is so arranged that a fat man hides the guest of