

HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO

every window. On the threshold, hands outstretched, stood the parents of the bridegroom, and behind them, crowding hall and stairway, dining-room and living-room and library, suddenly shouting and cheering and laughing and crying — according to sex, age and degree of sentiment — stood Navarre!

“Why!” said Henry, dropping both suitcases. “Why —”

They had surrounded him before he could form another syllable. On the right he saw his bride dragged by Roberta into the maelstrom of Our Set, and then he himself was swallowed up among the men.

“So long as we could n’t come to the wedding,” quavered old Judge Andrews, “we thought we’d have a little party out here. Surprise you, does it?”

“Surprise!” said Henry. “I feel — knocked off my feet!”

He was in the tiny library, among his own well-loved books, and rows and rows of immaculate new volumes, the gift of his old class at the Academy. He was in the dining-room, where the table shone with silver