

lawn until we'd bunched for the weddin' picture in front of this Greek theater effect, the Reverend Percy had barely breath enough left to go through his lines. He does, though, with Mr. Robert addin' joshin' remarks; and we winds up by givin' the bride and groom three rousin' cheers and peltin' 'em with roses as they makes a run through the double line we forms.

Yep, that was some weddin', if I do say it. And the sit-down luncheon I'd ordered at the Country Club in Mr. Robert's name wa'n't any skimpy affair, even though we did spring an extra number on 'em offhand. For the boss insists on goin' just as we are, in our costumes, and luggin' along all the movie people. The reckless way he buys fizz for 'em, too!

And, by the time the party breaks up, Whitey Weeks is so full of gratitude and enthusiasm and other things that he near bubbles over.

"Torchy," says he, wringin' my hand fraternal, "you have given my company the time of their lives. They're all strong for you. And, say, I've got a thousand feet of film that's simply going to knock 'em cold at the first-run houses. Any time I can——"

"Don't mention it," says I. "Specially about that film. The boss don't know yet that you had the camera goin'. Thought it was