

way, looks like a human hay-stack in that rig. And Vee—well, say, she'd be a winner in any date costume you could name.

Meanwhile Whitey has posted his camera men in the shrubbery, where they can get the focus without bein' seen, and has rounded us up for a little preliminary coachin'.

"Remember," says he, "what we're supposed to be doing is a wedding, back in the days of Robin Hood, with all the merry villagers given a day off. So make it snappy. We want action, lots of it. Let yourselves go. Laugh, kick up your heels, let out the hi-yi-yips! Now, then! Are you ready?"

"Wait until I start the band," says I. "Hey, there, Mr. Rovell! Music cue! Something zippy and raggy. Shoot it!"

Say, I don't know how them early English parties used to put it over when they got together for a mad, gladsome romp on the greensward, but if they had anything on us they must have been double-jointed. For, with Mr. Robert and Miss Hampton skippin' along hand in hand, Vee and me keepin' step behind, a couple of movie ladies rushin' the Reverend Percy over the grass rapid, and the other couples with arms linked, doin' fancy steps to a jingly fox-trot—well, take it from me, it was gay doin's.

And when we'd galloped around over the