

and got him, while Billy was out. They arranged for the banquet on the way to the club. It's a week from to-morrow night. So the newspapers know it; and now, Tavy, you have a regular daddy."

Mrs. Stuart was half laughing and half crying, but Tavy was clapping her hands.

"So they're glad they found Daddy!" she exulted.

"Glad? They're crazy." Tommy handed them the roll of afternoon papers which contained just the first announcements of the tremendous sensation. "Now, ladies," and Tommy flourished his cigarette, "trust me. I am your friend. I hurried up here to beat the reporters. Billy is handling them at the office, and Burke at the apartments. Harrison Stuart is hidden. I think there is a reporter in the hall by this time," and, sure enough, the doorbell rang. "Disappear," he told them. "The romance is Billy's. It's as good as the little daughter who was burned in the theater fire, but not so horrible."

To see Tommy Tinkle handling reporters and guarding the ladies in their retreat would have been a joy, and it would have been a revelation in the art of sympathy to hear him tell how Harrison Stuart lost his memory for fifteen years,