

THE IMPERIAL THEATER

"Look here, Cartouche, this is a pretty business, if you have forgotten my new toga. You were to have a new one ready for me to-night—I can't feel like a Roman senator, much less look like one in that old rag of a toga I wore last night. It was made out of a white cotton petticoat of Fifi's, and she had the impertinence to remind me of it before the whole company."

"Hold your tongue," whispered Cartouche to the manager, coming up close; and then he added, aloud: "These are some friends of mine, whom I have invited to see the play as my guests."

The Emperor, a step behind Cartouche, fixed his eyes on Duvernet. No use was it for Cartouche to refrain from mentioning who his first guest was. Duvernet turned quite green, his jaw fell, and he backed up against the wall.

"My God!" he murmured. "The toga is a regular rag!" and mopped his brow frantically.

The Emperor evidently enjoyed the poor manager's predicament, and pushing back his hat, revealed himself so there was no mistaking him. Duvernet could only mutter, in an agony:

"My God! The Emperor! My God! The toga!"