

THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY

"Not far — so long as we don't have to walk behind a brass band."

He glorified the porter service with a silver dollar. Oh, if he only knew whether Navarre had ignored or only forgotten him! It was n't for himself — it was for Alice —

The porter carried their luggage to the vestibule.

"There 's the factory," said Henry.

The Fast Mail slowed protestingly to the brakes.

"The Academy!" said Henry.

He helped his bride to her feet, and started forward. "And this," said Henry, "is Navarre."

The two outlanders stood on the platform from which all Society had cheered Henry two years before when he went back for a successful campaign against Yale. Now there were a handful of truckmen, a runner for the Commercial Hotel, a corset salesman from New York, two hackmen, and — yes! late as usual, but wonderfully radiant, and loving, and excited, there was Roberta, tearing down Main Street in the brand-new