

"That's our band," says I.

"Great!" says Whitey. "Rovelli's, too! Say, this is going to be a bit of all right! Have him form 'em on between those cedars, out of range. Now we'll just get your folks into costume, let our company trail along as part of the wedding procession, and shoot the dear public the real thing, for once. What do you say?"

Course, considerin' how Mr. Robert had shied at a hundred or so spectators, this lettin' him in on a film exchange circuit might seem a little raw; but it was too good a chance to miss. Another minute, and I'm strollin' over, lookin' bland and innocent.

"Any hitch?" says Mr. Robert. "Have we got to the wrong place?"

"Not much," says I. "This is the right place at the right time. Didn't you tell me to go as far as I liked, so long as I made it merry?"

"So I did, Torchy," he admits.

"Then prepare to cut loose," says I. "This way, everybody, and get on your weddin' clothes!"

For a second or so Mr. Robert hangs back. He glances doubtful at Miss Hampton. But say, she's a good sport, she is.

"Come along, Robert," says she. "I'm sure Torchy has planned something unique."