

tion, as if afraid to make a suggestion. At the entrance to the elevator Dolly saw what was wrong. She had been taken up to the sixth story instead of the seventh!

She got into the elevator, and, as it shot up she perceived the stranger making for the stairs. With a dreadful fear that he was going to try to cut off her flight she fairly ran along the corridor of the story above. She burst into the room.

"Darling!" she heard a manly voice exclaim to a girl who was just entering the room. And looking up she was horrified to see Jim folding another girl in his arms.

Dolly screamed, but her scream was not so loud as that of the other girl. She wriggled out of Jim's arms and confronted him indignantly.

"How dare you! How dare you!" she cried in fury, while her face grew scarlet. "And what are you doing in my apartment?"

"I—I—I—" Jim began to stammer; and then he caught sight of Dolly.

"How dare you invite that woman in here and kiss her?" Dolly demanded, crying passionately.

"It was a mistake. It—" "It wasn't a mistake!" Dolly maintained. "You got me to go to the wrong room so that you could kiss this—"

"How dare you speak to me like that!" demanded the other girl. "Get out of here, both of you, or I shall telephone for the police. I never heard of such a thing."

"It is our apartment," declared Jim hotly. "I thought you were my wife and when you came in I naturally threw my arms around you."

The girl stared about her in bewilderment, and, just as Dolly had felt, so she began to feel as the realization dawned on her that she was in the wrong room. The hat on the table—Dolly's hat—was certainly not hers, for she detested plumes.

"Then where's my husband?" she demanded, turning upon Jim with

clenched fists. "What have you pair of conspirators done with him?"

"How dare you speak like that to my husband?" demanded Dolly, realizing how wrong she had been.

"Will! Will! Help!" the girl began to scream.

As if in immediate answer the young man who had kissed Dolly burst into the room. He seemed to size up the situation instantly. He caught the first thing handy, which was a hair brush and flung it at Jim. Jim went toppling backward then he snatched up the first thing he could find, which happened to be the soap, and flung it at his opponent. It struck him in the mouth. The man dashed for Jim and the two clinched, while the girls screamed.

Shouts were heard outside and the hotel clerk appeared. "It's my mistake," he panted. "I got the rooms mixed up. Gentlemen—gentlemen!"

The gentlemen paused in the midst of their battle and, realizing what had happened, looked sheepish. Suddenly a light broke out upon each face.

"It's Jim Vance!"

"It's Will Lennox!"

"You scoundrel! Why didn't you answer my invitation to be my best man?"

"How in thunder could I be a best man when I was getting married the same day?"

"I'm sorry, Will. I guess I got a little excited on my wedding day."

"Same here, Jim, old man."

The clerk retired, grinning and relieved. The ladies adjusted their hair, and suddenly all four were wreathed in smiles. Then there were mutual handshakes and the ladies embraced. Will turned to Jim with a grin.

"Say, old man, I've put one over on you, anyway," he said. "I kissed your wife."

"Same here," said Jim.

"You did not!" declared Mrs. Lennox, flushed scarlet. "You tried to, but I wouldn't let you."