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He missed the Coffee, and the Pie did not taste right. It was still and lonesome in the Sitting Room, and he felt lost under the altered Conditions. One Evening it was so Creepy around the House when he tried to read that he went out for a Walk. As he strolled it occurred to him that it had been Many Moons since he had taken the Night Air with any Regularity. It seemed rather strange to realize that if he wanted to he could stay out as late as the Owl Cars and come Home with the People who Work while you Sleep. For the first Time since his Bereavement he felt the Gloom lifting. He had to acknowledge that the sense of Liberty gave him a new kind of a Thrill. His Bette. Judgment told him that inasmuch as he was his own Boss, and had Nobody to keep Cases on him, he might as well Peck up and not overdo the Pining Away. So he kept on Walking until he came to the Temperance Billiard Hall, where he rang in on some Students from the Shorthand College and learned to play Bottle Pool. Once in a while he would give a Quick Start and have an Impulse to get a Move on himself, for the Knowledge that he was as Free as the Air had not thoroughly soaked in on him as yet.

In a few Evenings he overcame this Jumpy Feeling and stopped looking at Clocks. He learned to make Follow Shots and play for Position and leave a hard Set-Up for the next Player. When he had Chalk all over his Clothes and was banging out Three Cushion Shots to keep from being Stuck, he began to feel like One of the Boys.

He was in the Clover Pasture for the first time, and he could not refrain from Rolling Over and Kicking Up. He got a lot of new Clothes made at a Tailor Shop, and began to smell of Musk and wore a Pair of Yellow Gloves. Then he bought a Trotter and a Piano-Box Buggy with Cushion Tires, and he was seen walking up and down in front of Millinery Stores. He wore these Hot Stripes on his Shirt, and he had a dove-colored Fedora Hat, such as a neat Bartender wears on Sunday.

But he took an overdose of the Elixir of Youth when he had his Hair and Whiskers dyed the color of India Ink. He wanted to Make all the Women in Town think he was going on twenty-seven. When the Dye began to wear off and the Crop had an Oxidized Appearance and was Gray around the Roots, he was a Fright, but he didn't think so.

His children and the other Relatives worried a little, but they did not Discuss the Matter of having a Guardian appointed until the old Gentleman became all snarled up with a portly Amazon named Blanche. Blanche had been very Careless with her Husbands, and she could not tell, without looking over her Books, where she had left all of them. Her name was a Household Word

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