

as an intoxicant upon the people. The whole thing appeared repulsive, disgusting to him now. Well, he had come to help in the sobering-up process.

The crowd forced him from the Domplatz into the Komödienstrasse. It was the street he sought. In front of young Terbroich's house he braced himself against the throng, and he was pushed into the entry. The house lay in silence. The people living on the ground floor were enjoying the last of the Fasching. None thought of anything else this day.

Joseph Otten went up to the story above, where Laurenz Terbroich lived. He was absolutely calm as he rang the bell.

There was no sound within, and Otten made the bell ring more shilly.

"Hey, Johann!" a voice within was heard. "Of course, gone to the devil. Everything is crazy." And then there was a sound of grumbling, half angry, half laughing. The door opened. Laurenz Terbroich, a black domino hanging over his shoulders, stood face to face with his visitor.

"Well, sir? You wish?"

"So far as I am concerned, but few words."

"You see that I am just about to go out. With whom have I the honor?"

"I am Doktor Joseph Otten. Let us step in."