

CHAPTER XXXIII

HARRISON STUART CONQUERS HIS ENEMY

EARLY morning in the Sink. Damp and cold outside, damp and cold inside; but a fire in the big cannon ball stove was doing its best to dispel the eternal gloom and the eternal chill which hung in this section of the Inferno. The morning bartender was on duty, a pin-eyed man, with broad cheek-bones, and a low forehead, and a thin-lipped wide mouth set so low down that it seemed to cut off his chin when he spoke. A shivering and quaking figure came through the door; Red Whitey, out from whatever warren he infested. They are early risers, these whisky drinkers. A beer drinker sleeps later.

There was no conversation between the bartender and the customer; for Red Whitey was not yet alive. With infinite fumbling, he fished a nickel from his pocket and dropped it on the bar, and the worn looking bottle came out, together with a small glass. Red Whitey put his hand around