

of his mouth, his beady eyes glittered, and he began to snarl, even as he pushed his way through the industrious men of business.

"So it's Bow-Wow!" he shrieked. "So you've come back, you white-whiskered stiff! So you got drunk, eh, and they gave you the toss!"

Bow-Wow looked around at him slowly, with a nodding head and dull comprehension. His heavy-lidded eyes focused as best they could.

"Hello, Jerry. I have a little drink." That, and "A little whisky" were the only words his thick tongue had formed since he came into the Sink.

"Don't ask me to have a drink!" Jerry's hand, quite by accident of course, pushed a bill from the edge of the bar. The bill fell to the floor, and he put his foot on it. "Do you know what you done to me?"

"Ah, cut it, Jerry; Bow-Wow's all right! He's a good buddy!" Red Whitey made that intercession. He was desperately afraid that the happy program might be interrupted.

"Shut your yawp!" Jerry-the-Limp had regained his ascendancy. It was the triumph of mind over matter. "We came up for a friendly little call, and you handed us the toss, didn't you, you white-whiskered stiff!" He shook his fist