

force; and, aside from his need for a drink, the inherent prompting for freedom had come upon him. He was cramped here. He began to be aware of coercion, and there is no human soul so debased, so feeble, that in its depth it does not resent coercion.

From Billy's room there came the sound of deep and regular breathing. It meant nothing to Bow-Wow, no more than all this unfamiliar furniture. In that chair he had sat night after night, as Harrison Stuart, and had dreamed his dreams and planned his plans. It meant nothing. In that seat by the window he had conceived the daring solution to the problem of the floating dome, and on the wall above it, illuminated by the ruddy glow of the fire, was a beautiful water color sketch of the floating dome in completion. Nothing. Near the door was the telephone. How many nights and mornings, in the past months, had Harrison Stuart stood and talked to Jean and Tavy.

Stop, you Bow-Wow, who hold, confined within you and cramped into some hidden recess, the soul of Harrison Stuart! Here, at last, is something which will rouse that numbed mind — two exquisite portraits just opposite the blazing fire; Jean and Tavy, pictured with the skilful brush of