

The pin-eyed bartender wiped his hands briskly on his apron and got ready for business. Bow-Wow had put his change back on the bar in front of him, and drew it in a heap.

"Have a little drink."

Would they have a little drink! They would, as many as Bow-Wow would buy! The bartender reached for the labeled bottle, but Red Whitey stopped that economic waste.

"Regular stuff for him, Phil. You don't know this guy. He's one of our old buddies. Name's Bow-Wow."

"Hello, Red." A husky, guttural voice, each sentence interrupted with labored breathing. "Have a little drink."

Others arrived, for the rulers of the kingdom of rest were at their city home now. The season of their reign was past. They came in apathetically, one by one, but as they saw the throng at the bar, each quickened his pace to eager briskness, for the day's business promised to be good.

Bow-Wow had more money, plenty of it, and he did not notice that, in paying for the constant succession of drinks, he broke bills with astonishing rapidity. He did not notice that the pin-eyed bartender kept out an average of twenty percent for himself. He did not notice that coins slipped