

in the gallery were painfully fighting off drowsiness, and Tommy Tinkle was doing everything he could to keep Tavy and Mrs. Stuart awake, there suddenly burst a new voice on the assemblage.

"Whisky!" The tones were startling in their coarse raucousness. "It's the curse of the world!" The voice rose to a senile shriek. "There is no hell but whisky! Drink! It's the enemy of man and God! It burns the body and it sears the brain! Whisky!"

There was a shriek from the ladies' gallery. It was not Harrison Stuart who swayed there, his face flushed and puffed, his bleared eyes half closed, and his lips formless; but a beast, an animal, a Thing from another world. It was Bow-Wow!