

Sadie Dixon's face was still before him. That dear little face of hers had changed between the lifting of her hand to his lips and the lowering of it, and he was in doubt regarding the meaning of that change. It kept him fretting. He would not have said that he had 'gone too far.' That was not the phrase for his dread, because where he had to go with her was all for good. 'Gone too far' is for dalliance. Literally he did not know where he was. He had passed the barber's, and turned back amazed at his own behaviour. He had never before started out, sober, to some place, and forgotten whither he was bound. In the barber's chair he even forgot that his next place of call was at that green-glazed office along the street where Olson awaited him with, perhaps, a fortune. Of what use was a fortune now if Sadie Dixon was offended with him, if the matter beyond friendliness had all been on his side and he had, by his action, lost her even as a friend? Should he go back and ask her—'right now'—if he had offended her? What should he do?

Shaven like a cherub, he now found himself in the street again. Yes, there was no doubt