

knew you'd break here. I guess it's lucky you did. Need a little drink of something?"

Harrison Stuart shook his head.

"Thank you," he tremulously returned. "I'll be all right." The fall, the slight contusion of his scalp, the slight flow of blood, had shocked him out of his stupor.

"Now you just set still and rest, and I'll call up Billy. He'll fix you," and Mike went to the telephone at the other end of the bar, while the pin-eyed servitor plodded back to the dusty and blackened barrels at the rear of the room, to fill the bottles for the day. Mike asked for his number, but there was a long wait; a busy wire. At that moment Jean Stuart was trying to call Billy, to ask how Hal was, and Tavy, hollow-eyed, was standing at her side. They had no answer, for Billy and Burke were still sound asleep. They did not know yet that Harrison Stuart was gone!

So he had failed, failed within two weeks of grasping the crown of his long waiting! Even through the fumes which bewildered his brain, he realized it all. He had been drunk! He was here in this foul hole, not as a curious spectator, but as one of its brutalized habitués. He could never trust himself again! He could never summon sufficient confidence, nor yet sufficient strength,