

xxx The lost blend

Since the bar has been blessed by the clergy, and cocktails open the dinner of the elect, one may speak of the saloon. Teetotalers need not listen, if they choose: there is always the slot restaurant, where a dime dropped into a cold the old ~~bouillon~~ bouillon aperture will bring forth a dry Martini.

Con Lantry worked on the other side of the bar in Kenealy's cafe. You and I stood, one-legged like ~~a pair~~ geese, on the other side and went into voluntary liquidation with ~~our's week wages~~ our week's wages. Opposite danced Con, clean, temperate, clearheaded, polite ~~white-jacketed~~ white-jacketed, punctual, trustworthy, young, responsible and took our money.

The saloon (whether blessed or cursed) stood in one of those little places 'places' which are parallelograms instead of streets, and ~~inhabited~~ inhabited by laundries, decayed ~~knickerbocker~~ families Knickerbocker families and Bohemians who have nothing to do with either.

Over the café leaved Kenealy and his family. His daughter Katherine had eyes of
~~Black Irish - but why should you be told.~~ dark Irish - but why should you be told
 told? Be content with your Geraldine or your Eliza Ann. For Con dreamed of ~~her~~ her;
 and when she called softly at the foot of the back stairs for the pitcher of beer for dinner,
 his heart went up and down ~~as the milk pail in the shaker.~~ like a milk punch in
 the shaker. Orderly and fit are the rules of Romance; and if you hurl the last
 shilling of your fortune upon the bar for whiskey, the bartender shall take it,
 and marry his ~~lost daughter~~ boss's daughter, and good will grow out of it.

and marry his ~~lost daughter~~
But not so Com. For in the presence of ~~women~~ woman he was tongue-tied and scarlet. He who could quell with his eye the sonorous ~~limer~~ ~~squeez~~ ~~squeez~~ the obstreperous, or hurl gutterward the ~~contagious~~ ~~contagious~~ contagious with a wrinkle coming into his ~~white~~ ~~lawn~~ tie to his white lawn tie, when he stood before woman he was voiceless, incoherent, stammering, buried beneath ~~not avalanche~~ a hot avalanche of bashfulness and misery. What then was he before Katherine? A trembler, with no word to say for himself, a stoner without blarney, the dumbest lover that ever babbled of the weather in the presence of his divinity.

There came to Kenealy's two sunburned men, Riley and ~~Arthur~~ McQuirk. They had conference with Kenealy, and then they took possession of a back room which they filled with bottles and sifons and jugs and druggists' measuring glasses. All the ~~apparatuses~~ ^{apparatuses} and liquors of a saloon were ~~here~~ there, but they ~~dispensed no drinks.~~ dispensed no drinks.