Somewhere in the depths of the big city, where the unquiet dregs are forever being shaken together, young Murray and the captain had met and become friends. Both were at the lowest ebb possible to their fortunes; both had fallen from at least and intermediate Heaven of respectability and importance and both were typical products of the monstrous and peculiar social curriculum of their overweening and bumptious civic alma matter.

The captain was no longer a captain. One of those sudden moral cataclysms that sometimes sweep the city had hurdles him from a high and profitable position in the Police Department, ripping off his badge and buttons and washinginto the hands of his laweys the solid pieces of real estate that his frugality had enabled him