

In his chamber the doctor sat up in his high bed. His eyes rested in puffy little hammocks of flesh and his mouth drooped with discontent. On his lap was a silver tray with a silver chocolate pot and a tiny cup of egg-shell china, so delicate that it looked silly when he lifted it with his big hand, lifted it with the tips of thumb and forefinger and spread the other three fingers wide to get them out of the way. "That," he said, "was civilized living" – by which he meant that on a small income he had been able to enjoy some luxury and eat in restaurants. He was growing very stout, and his voice was hoarse with the fat that pressed on his throat.