

Stuart, his first act would be to reinstate himself there; so he would manage to hold off that application blank for three weeks. However, he shook hands pleasantly with Ainsley Pulham. No recognition in the keen blue eyes of Pulham. Walter Hess, a man new in these fifteen years. Henry McCullough. Why, Henry had been a dapper boy, the youngest member, in the long past time. Dick Morton; rollicking, careless, devil-may-care Dick, at whose elbow —

“By George, it's Harrison Stuart!” Dick Morton's voice thrilled with joy. The years had taken the hair from him, and robbed his cheeks of their ruddiness, and put gold in his teeth, and rounded him with prosperity; but they had not touched the heart nor the spirit of him; and here was Dick, shaking both of his old crony's hands, and slapping him on the back, and pushing him around to T. M. Weatherby, and Ainsley Pulham and Henry McCullough, for further handshaking and back slapping and vociferous welcome.

Why, it was Harrison Stuart come back! Stuart, the daddy of them all, the most glittering name in the profession, the authority, even after fifteen years, on the fundamentals of constructional iron work! Harrison Stuart! Why, God bless us, old man, there's only a few of us left,