

## THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY

aker gruffly. "You're not still worried about — Navarre, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"You remember what I told you, and you'll have 'em standing on their heads. Ready to go down?"

"In a minute. I'm a lucky man, Whit."

"You're right, you are," he exhaled exhaustively. "Life's a serious proposition, Henry. Here to-day, there to-morrow. I may not see you again for centuries."

"You'll go back to Chicago as soon as you're through Law School?"

"I'll bet my bootware I will," said the future Probate Judge of Cook County.

"You'll come to see us?"

"I'll be there."

"Good boy!" said Henry, thumping him on the back. "And — Whitaker."

"Yes?"

"Always the same between us?"

"Always," said his friend, knowing in his heart that the great untruth was spoken, but rising to the impossible like a man. He had two married brothers, had Whitaker, and he