

ing and tireless, and so abundantly supplied with words that it was a wonder there were any left.

Dick Morton, on "The Good Old Days."
Henry McCullough, on "The Wedding of Iron and Concrete." Walter Hess, on "The Future, What of It?" T. M. Weatherby, on "Fifteen Years of Iron."

That was a most interesting speech to Harrison Stuart. It told him, in the concise and logical phraseology of a man thoroughly versed in the technique of his science, the exact progress, step by step, of structural iron work from the time Harrison Stuart died until he came back to life. The man who had been away during those fifteen years listened in abstracted concentration, and, now and then, as he gave his rapt attention to the speaker, sipped from his glass, not noticing that he was drinking the champagne. That habit came back to him naturally and without thought, after fifteen years of absence from banquets, just as the habit of politeness had come back to him. The waiters passed quietly down along the table, and set little decanters of after-coffee brandy at close intervals.

There were other speeches, some droning and dry, some frivolous and enlivening, some tensely interesting from a technical standpoint; but late, towards the close of the evening, when the ladies