From the smiling face of the youth with the third rate pencil and the rough looking portfolio, to the old gray head with a cane, the room seemed to be filled with life. The talk was rapid and the topic that was being discussed was apparently of great importance. The man with the portfolio seemed to be the leader of the group, and his words were listened to with interest by the others. The room was a relic of the past, with its old-fashioned furniture and its rough walls that had seen many a storm. The men who were gathered there were evidently old friends, and their conversation was carried on in a familiar manner.

The man with the pencil was the youngest of the group, and he seemed to be particularly interested in the discussion. He had a curious look on his face, and he seemed to be trying to understand the words of the older man. The others were all attentive, and their eyes were fixed on the leader of the group. The room was dark, and the only light came from a candle that was burning on a table in the corner. The candle cast a flickering light, and the shadows on the walls were grotesque. The men seemed to be lost in thought, and they talked with a certain seriousness.

The man with the cane was the oldest of the group, and he seemed to be the patriarch of the little circle. His words were spoken with authority, and they carried weight. The others seemed to be influenced by his意见, and they listened to his words with respect. The room was silent, and the only sound was the crackling of the candle. The men were lost in thought, and they talked with a certain seriousness.

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