

garlands of light. The cries of the Broadway newspaper boys—"Extra! Extra!"—rose shrilly above the unceasing murmur of the crowd. The *World* had just achieved its greatest "scoop," by which it had thrown all the other papers into the shade. It was in a position to assert that the project in process of being launched by the millionaires was a submarine postal service—the America-Europe Lightning Mail—A.E.L.M. Just as letters were now despatched by air-pressure in underground tubes from New York to San Francisco, so they were to be sent to Europe under the Atlantic through tubes of greater strength, laid down like cables, *via* Bermuda and the Azores. A matter of three hours from the New World to the Old!

Even the calmest of the great financiers on the roof-garden was unable to remain entirely impassive to the prevailing excitement, and it was a relief to everyone when Hobby opened the proceedings.

Flourishing a telegram in his hand, he announced that Mr. C. H. Lloyd wished to express his regret that he was himself prevented by illness from being present to welcome them, but that he had requested him (Hobby) to introduce to them Mr. Mac Allan, for long on the staff of the Edison Works, and the inventor of the "Allanite" diamond-stone.

"Here he is!" said Hobby, pointing to Allan, who with Mand beside him sat in a wicker-work arm-chair in his shirt sleeves like the rest.

Mr. Allan, he went on, had something to say to them. He would submit to them a project which Mr. Lloyd himself had characterised as the biggest and most daring in the history of the world. Mr. Allan possessed the genius necessary to its carrying out, but in order to carry it out he needed money. And then, turning to his friend, he said: "Now then, Mac!"

Allan stood up.

But Hobby made him a sign to wait a moment, and, giving another glance at the telegram, continued, "I ought to have added that, in the event of the scheme winning the support of the meeting, Mr. Lloyd will contribute 25,000,000 dollars . . . Now, Mac, my boy!"