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On the following Wednesday Allan and Maud started for Europe on the German boat. Hobby accompanied them, making an "eight-day" return trip of it.

Maud was in wonderful spirits. She had recaptured her happiest mood—the mood of her girlhood—and it lasted all the way across the wintry and inclement ocean, although she saw Mac only at meal-times and in the evening. Laughing and talking merrily, she paced up and down the arctic-cold deck corridors in her thin patent-leather shoes and her fur coat.

Hobby was the most popular man on the boat. He was at home everywhere, from the cabins of the doctor and the paymaster to the sacred precincts of the captain's bridge. From early morning until last thing at night, there was no corner of the ship where his clear, somewhat nasal utterance was not audible.

Allan, on the other hand, was neither to be heard nor seen. He was busy all day long. Two typists were kept hard at work all day dealing with his letters. Hundreds of letters lay neaped up in his state-room, addressed and ready for dispatch on arrival. All his preparations were being made for his opening campaign.

Paris was his first destination. Thence he would go to Calais and Folkestone, where the Channel Tunnel was in process of construction, England having cured herself of her ridiculous fears of an invasion, which, if attempted, could be defeated by a single battery. Here Allan stayed for three weeks. Then they moved on to London, Berlin, Essen, Leipzig, Frankfurt, and back once more to Paris. At each of these places they stayed some weeks. Allan spent the mornings at work alone. After the midday meal he had daily conferences with representatives of great firms, engineers,