

masses of minute specks—men! A side street hard by gleamed like a river of molten lead. Silvery clouds of smoke went up from cross streets further away. In one direction isolated “sky-scrapers” towered aloft, ghostly white. In another, great masses of dark and sombre tower-capped buildings rose to still greater altitudes, looming up like monstrous tombstones above the twelve- and fifteen-storied erections of a previous decade. In the far distance, high up, a dozen rows of faintly gleaming window panes told of a house of so many stories, not another vestige of which could be made out. Here and there forty-storied towers, with lights dimly burning; the roof-gardens of the Regis, the Metropolitan, the Waldorf Astoria, and the Republic. On the horizon gleamed the lights of Hoboken, Jersey City, Brooklyn, East New York. In the space between two great sky-scrapers there flashed every minute a dual jet of light, like a stream of electric sparks—the overhead railway of Sixth Avenue.

All round the hotel twinkled the manifold illuminations of advertisers. Ceaseless flashes and streams of light lit up the streets and shot across the sky. A spark of lightning, as it were, touched a lofty tower-house, and the outline of an enormous boot blazed out. An entire house lit up suddenly, and its lights resolved into the representation of a red bull—“Bull Durham Tobacco.” Rockets raced up into the heavens and exploded into advertising symbols. A violet-hued sun sailed inconsequently over Manhattan and sent forth jets of fire. Cones of rays from fireworks of all kinds fell in spreading clusters in all directions. The moon and the stars paled their ineffectual fires up aloft.

From the Battery came buzzing an advertising air-ship, constructed in the semblance of an owl with two large round eyes. On its belly the words flashed out in electric light, alternately: **HEALTH!—SUCCESS—SUGGESTION—WEALTH—PINESTREET, 14.**

Down below, six and thirty stories down, could be seen a dense mob swaying hither and thither—reporters, agents, brokers, idlers—all agog with excitement and suspense, their eyes continually directed towards the roof-garden, with its