

Broker, 212 East 37th Street, has booked his seat for the first train from New York to Europe.

The crowd laughs and cheers, with waving of hats.

The telephone clerks were being worked to death. The telegraph and cable offices could not cope with the sudden rush of business. Every one made haste to discuss the situation over the 'phone with partners, associates, clients. All Manhattan was in a fever. Cigar in mouth, hat on back of head, coat and waistcoat off, perspiration rolling down cheeks and neck, every business man was shouting and gesticulating. Bankers, brokers, agents, clerks—all were busy working out figures, calculating chances. They must "come in," they must be in the running, and on the best terms to be managed. A tremendous struggle was ahead of them—a financial Armageddon. It would be a case of "the Devil take the hindmost!"

Who were financing the enterprise? How would it succeed? Lloyd? Who said Lloyd was in it? Rittersheimer? Who was this fellow Mac Allan, anyway, who had bought twenty-five million dollars worth of land over night—land which was soon to be worth three times, five times, perhaps a hundred times as much?

The most excited people of all were to be found in the handsome offices of the Great Atlantic steamship companies. Mac Allan had dealt a death-blow at steamship traffic. The moment the Tunnel was ready—and it really looked now as though it would be ready one day—they might as well scrap all their hundreds of thousand tons of shipping. Passengers might still be got, perhaps, for their best and biggest and most luxuriously fitted liners, at prices reduced by half; but their smaller vessels could only be turned to account as floating sanatoria for consumptives, or else be sold to the negroes of West Africa. Within two hours an Anti-Tunnel Trust had telephoned and telegraphed itself into existence, and had entered into communication with the various governments of the world.

From New York the excitement spread like a conflagration to Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg, St. Louis, San Francisco. London, Paris and Berlin simultaneously caught the fever.

Huge placards with the announcement, "A Hundred