

elephant in the full light of day. Another was to live like a millionaire for four days, travelling in a train *de luxe* to the Yellow-stone Park and returning home as a cattle-driver. He broke all records by playing bridge for forty-eight hours on end. Every tram-conductor knew Hobby and was "hail-fellow-well-met" with him. Countless were the stories of his practical jokes. The whole of America had shaken its sides over one escapade of his, the occasion of which was the great air-race between New York and San Francisco. Hobby had made the flight as a passenger with the well-known millionaire sportsman, Vanderstyfft, and had scattered down from a height of 800 or 1,000 feet upon all the crowds collected to gaze up at them clouds of handbills on which were printed the words "Come up, please, we have something to say to you!" Hobby himself had been so much in love with this particular prank that he had kept it up throughout the two entire days which had been required for the 2,000 miles journey! Quite recently he had taken away the breath of New York with a sensational scheme for transforming the city into an American Venice. There being no more land in the business quarter to dispose of, he had suggested that gigantic blocks of skyscrapers, constructed of freestone, should be erected over the Hudson, East River and New York Bay connected together by suspension bridges, high enough to allow the biggest ocean liners to pass beneath. The *Herald* had published his fascinating plans and drawings and New York had been thrilled by the idea.

There was a good deal of the sensational journalist in Hobby. He was "out" to make people talk night and day. He could not exist without the lime-light.

But, for all that, he was the most talented and the most sought-after architect in New York.

His conversation with the stalls concluded, he turned again to his friends.

"And now tell me more about my little friend Edith and what she is doing!" he said. The little girl was his god-child and he had already asked about her.

No appeal was ever better calculated to touch Maud's heart. At this moment she felt she really loved Hobby.