

one of Vanderstyff's experts to attend to some detail in the aeroplane which called for attention, but the manager again interposed, explaining that Mr. Vanderstyff's Marconi apparatus also was in no need of repairs!

Upon this the resourceful one returned to the street and vanished, to think out some new manoeuvre. An hour later he returned in the guise of a globe-trotter in a motor-car, packed with luggage duly adorned with hotel labels, and asked for a room on the thirty-sixth floor. However, as the thirty-sixth floor was reserved for the servants, he had to be content with room No. 3512, which the manager offered him with much politeness. As soon as he was installed here, he suggested to a Chinese boy, on duty on the roof-garden, that he should hide somewhere among the plants an insignificant looking little apparatus no bigger than a kodak.

But Allan had given explicit instructions and the manager had guaranteed that they should be carried out.

As soon as all the members of the conference should have reached the roof-garden, the elevator was not to go higher than the thirty-fifth floor. The boys on duty were not to leave the roof-garden until the last member should have taken his departure. Only six representatives of the Press and three photographers were allowed admission (Allan needed them as much as they needed him), and only on their word of honour not to communicate with the outside world during the conference.

A few minutes before nine o'clock Allan appeared on the roof-garden to satisfy himself that all his arrangements had been attended to. He immediately detected the wireless-telegraphy apparatus which had been secreted in a laurel-bush, and a quarter of an hour later our resourceful friend received it back in room No. 3512, neatly tied up and sealed—not to his surprise, for his receiving apparatus had recorded for him the words, uttered with asperity: "Take that thing away!"

At nine o'clock the lift became very active.

The participants in the conference stepped out on to the roof-garden bathed in perspiration, for the interior of the hotel was like an oven in spite of the refrigerators. They felt as though they were passing from Hell into Purgatory.