

"Forward Chicago Mary Hope Beverly Hills. In America again safe and well. Alan and Ned."

But the wireless figures were not exactly correct. Picking out lights, the detour to find South Norwalk, a slow-down in the Sound as the bridges were approached and then the rise as the *Flyer* headed over the sleeping metropolis to trace its way north by the winking lights of Broadway, threw Roy out in his calculations. When the green lights marking the signal diamond on the *Herald* roof flashed out no one on board noted the hour. Checking and sinking between the buildings on either side, the *Flyer* floated over *Herald* square. As a bag dropped on the *Herald* roof with a crash the manager of that newspaper glanced at his watch. It was twelve minutes after two o'clock.

At the moment Ned whirled the wing wheel for a new lift a loud voiced boy dashed from the rear of the *Herald* building.

"Here y 'ar; extry papia; all 'bout big air-plane crossin' 'Lantic ocean; papia, double extry *Hurld!*"

On the first page of the damp sheets under the boy's arm—and the first loaded wagon of extras was now rattling down Broadway—was the story Buck and Bob had written three days before. In display type above this was printed this bulletin: