

New York. As for the American and European stations, it was needless to indicate the *rôles* they must inevitably play in the evolution of the world. The different governments would be obliged to give their sanction to the building of the Tunnel—he himself would force them to submit the scheme in its details to their respective Bourses. Otherwise they would be injuring their commerce to the extent of thousands of millions of dollars.

"The Behring Straits Tunnel which was taken in hand three years ago," he went on, "the Calais-Dover Tunnel, which reaches its completion this year, have both served to prove that the construction of submarine tunnels presents no insuperable obstacles to modern engineering. The Calais-Dover Tunnel is about thirty miles in length. Mine in round numbers will be about three thousand. What I have to do is to carry out on a hundred times bigger scale what the English and French engineers have already achieved. I don't underestimate the difficulties, but it isn't necessary for me to remind you that the modern engineer is able to work steadily and comfortably wherever he can instal his apparatus. Financially, my scheme depends upon your effort. I do not want your money—as Hobby said—for I can build the tunnel with American and European gold, with the gold of the whole world. The practicability of the scheme—the practicability of constructing such a tunnel within a period of fifteen years—is due to my own invention of the hard-steel known as "Allanite," the substance which comes nearest to diamonds in hardness. This "Allanite" enables us to pierce the hardest substances and enables us to use the greatest possible number of borers at the lowest possible cost."

His listeners sat attentive. He was making progress with them. Most of them were looking down on the ground, two or three only gazed upwards at the stars, their cheeks wet with perspiration. One man took a cigar from between his lips and looked fixedly at Allan; another rested his chin on his hand and nodded meditatively. The good-humoured, almost childlike, look had disappeared from all eyes and had given place to an expression of caution and calculation. Mrs. Brown hung on Allan's lips, and her mouth took on an aspect