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NEW YORK was experiencing a heat wave, so Allan decided to have the conference on the roof-garden of the hotel.

The men who were taking part in it, most of whom lived out of New York, came in gigantic, dust-covered motor-cars, with their wives and sons and daughters, from their country places in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. A few who were of solitary habits or morose temperaments came by *trains-de-luxe* from St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati. These had yachts moored in the Hudson. Three Chicago magnates, Kilgallon, Mullenbach and C. Morris, had come by the express air-ship which made the entire journey of 700 miles to New York Central Park in eight hours; while the famous sportsman, Vanderstyff, had alighted from his monoplane during the morning on the roof-garden.

A few had come quite unostentatiously like ordinary visitors on foot, "grip" in hand.

But they all came. Lloyd had made them realize the terrific importance of the occasion, and that kinship which is inherent in common money-interest to a much greater degree than in blood-relationship forbade them to hold aloof. They came not merely because they scented "good business" (indeed it was possible that they might even be called upon to "shell out"), but especially because they hoped to have a hand in a project the immensity of which appealed to that spirit of enterprise which had made them what they were. Lloyd had spoken of it as the "biggest and most daring project in the world's history." That was enough to lure them out of their fastnesses, for the planning out of new enterprises was to them the essence of existence.

The coming together of so many magnates had naturally