



The
TUNNEL

By
**BERNARD
KELLERMAN**



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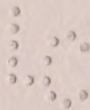
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THE TUNNEL

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BY
BERNARD KELLERMAN



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PART I

THE TUNNEL

PART I

I

MAC ALLAN, ENGINEER

THE New York season reached its climax with the opening concert in the newly-built Madison Square Palace. There was an orchestra of two hundred and twenty performers, every single one of whom was a musician of repute. The most famous living composer had been secured specially for the occasion as conductor. The unprecedented fee of six thousand dollars was to be paid him for the evening.

The prices of the tickets astonished even New York. No places were to be had for less than thirty dollars, and the speculators in seats had driven the price of a single box up to two hundred dollars and more. The figure would not frighten away anybody who needed, or wanted, to cut a dash!

Towards eight o'clock Madison Avenue and Twenty-Sixth, Twenty-Seventh and Twenty-Eighth Streets were crammed with motor-cars. The dealers in tickets, their hands full of dollar bills, their faces streaming with perspiration despite a temperature below freezing-point, darted in and out recklessly between the wheels. They sprang up on the steps, and on the seats by the chauffeurs, sometimes even on the roofs of the cars, their harsh voices rising above the din of the traffic: "Here you are! Here you are! Two stalls, second row! Two Grand Circle seats! Here you are!" . . . A sharp hail storm swept down upon the moving mass like grape shot.

The moment the window of a car was lowered, there would

be fresh cries of "Here!" and a zigzag race of competing vendors to it. The drops of sweat on their brows had time to freeze during the few seconds which passed while they disposed of their tickets and pocketed the money.

The concert was timed to begin at eight o'clock, but at a quarter past there were still endless rows of cars waiting their turn to draw up in front of the portico, glowing a warm red in the cold damp air, which formed the entrance to the brilliantly illumined foyer. A stream of gayly attired pleasure seekers flowed from the cars into the theater, watched with unceasing interest by two rows of soberly clad onlookers on each side of the portico, their attention caught now by some priceless fur, now by a cluster of diamonds in the hair, here by a gleam of silks, there by a dainty foot.

The plutocracy of Fifth Avenue, as of Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Chicago, filled the ornate, overheated Concert Room, splendidly decorated in red and gold. The manipulating of thousands of fans kept up a constant vibration of the air. At times a wave of almost overpowering scent seemed to rise above the subtle and pervading aroma produced by the plaster and lacquer work and the still fresh paint upon the walls. Innumerable rows of electric lamps shone so brilliantly from the arches of the roof and from the encircling galleries that only strong eyes could bear the light.

Into the ears of this fashionable audience, almost as ultra modern as the Concert Room itself, poured forth the music of the grand old masters, long since out-moded.

Mac Allan, the well-known engineer, with his young wife Maud, occupied a small box just over the orchestra. He was indebted for this to his friend, Hobby, the architect of the building. He had not come up from Buffalo, where he had a manufactory of steel implements, to listen to music, of which he had no kind of understanding, but with a view of securing a ten minutes' interview with Lloyd, the great banker and railroad magnate, the most powerful man in the United States, and one of the richest in the whole world—an interview of the utmost importance to him.

During the afternoon in the train, Allan had had to fight

against a kind of nervous excitement, and again, a few minutes ago, on noticing that Lloyd's box, on the opposite side, was empty, he had been a victim momentarily to this strange feeling of feverish agitation. Now, however, he was himself again.

Lloyd might not appear at all, he reflected. Probably he did not come very often. Even if he did come, nothing might result from the interview, despite Hobby's triumphant telegram.

Allan sat there quietly, like a man who knew how to wait. He lounged in his seat, his broad shoulders well back, his legs stretched out the whole length of the box, and gazed calmly round at the house. He was not a big man, but he was squarely and strongly built, like a boxer. His head in particular was square and massive, his complexion was unusually dark. His skin looked sunburnt even now in the depth of winter. His carefully parted hair was brown, and shone like copper in the glare of the electric lights. His eyes were deep set, beneath prominent eyebrows; they were of a light bluish-gray, with an expression of almost childlike good-humor. You would probably have placed him as a naval officer, just home on leave, and not quite at ease in his dress clothes: a healthy, hearty specimen of humanity, a bit rough perhaps, but not unintelligent—not a notable personality in any way.

He whiled away the time as best he might. The music had no effect on him beyond interrupting his thoughts and preventing him from keeping them concentrated upon anything. He noted the dimensions of the immense hall, with its tiers of boxes and its lofty roof. His eyes wandered over the sea of waving fans in the stalls and he reflected that there was a lot of money about in New York, and that this assuredly was the place for inaugurating such an enterprise as his own. His brain, practiced in such matters, began working out a calculation of what the lighting of the hall would cost per hour. He decided that it must amount to about a thousand dollars. Now he applied himself to the study of the individual faces among the men in the audience—women had no

interest for him. His glance traveled back to the orchestra immediately in front of him. As is the case with all who understand nothing of music, he was astounded by the mechanical precision with which the members of the orchestra played. He leaned forward a little to scrutinize the conductor. This slenderly built, narrow-shouldered man with the distinguished bearing, who was being paid six thousand dollars for the evening, was to Allan an enigma. He watched him long and attentively. It was an unusual head. With its hooked nose, its bright alert eyes, its compressed thin-lipped mouth, and hair flowing back from the forehead, it had something of the vulture about it. The man seemed all skin and bone and nerves. But he stood there calmly amid all the chaos of voices, silencing them at will with a motion of his white, fragile-looking hand. Allan marveled at him, as at a magician into whose power and mysteries he could not even try to penetrate. He thought of him as of a survivor from an era long past and belonging to a strange unintelligible foreign race that soon would be extinct.

At this moment the conductor threw up his hands with a convulsive movement. There was a deafening climax and then suddenly the orchestra was still.

An avalanche of applause swept through the immense hall. Allan, with a sigh of relief, made a movement as though to rise from his seat, but the music was not done with yet, they were beginning the Adagio. From a neighboring box came the fragment of a conversation . . . "Twenty per cent. man! As good a thing——"

Constrained to sit still a little longer, Allan set himself to a study of the construction of the tier of boxes, which puzzled him a little. His wife, on the other hand, herself something of a pianist, had abandoned herself heart and soul to the music. Maud looked small and fragile alongside her husband. She sat leaning forward, her delicate madonna-like head with its dark brown hair rested on her gloved hands, her ears drinking in the music that came in waves from every direction. The intense vibration produced by the two hundred instruments thrilled to the utmost every nerve in her

body. She gazed out into the distance with unseeing eyes. The intensity of her emotion was betrayed by two round hectic spots on her soft smooth cheeks.

Never, so she thought, had music moved her so profoundly, never certainly had she heard such music. A simple melody, some scarcely perceptible refrain, could always awake in her a feeling of inexpressible delight. A single note could touch a vein of joy in her nature that would well out and flood her whole being with happiness. The music to which she listened this evening brought her to a state of sheer ecstasy. The faces conjured up by it in her memory seemed etherealized.

Maud's life had been as quiet and uneventful as her appearance suggested. It had been marked by no outstanding incidents, and it resembled that of thousands of other girls and women. She was born in Brooklyn, where her father had a printing business, and she had been brought up on a little estate among the Berkshire Hills by her devoted mother, a German. She had had the benefit of a good school education, had spent two summers at the Chautauqua Summer School, and had amassed quite a large store of wisdom and knowledge in her small head, only to be speedily forgotten.

Although she had shown no unusual gifts for music she had acquired some proficiency as a pianist and had had "finishing lessons" from teachers in Munich and Paris. She had traveled with her mother (her father had died long ago), and had taken part in sports and games, and had done a little flirtation like most young girls. She had had an early love-affair to which she no longer gave thought: she had refused Hobby, the architect, who had lost his heart to her, feeling that she could never care for him except as a friend; and she had married Allan because he had taken her fancy. Before their wedding her mother had died. In the second year of their marriage, a little girl was born to them whom she idolized. That was all. She was twenty-three years old and happy.

As she sat there bewitched, drinking in the music, a world of memories seemed to come and go before her eyes, defined with wonderful clearness and fraught with deep emotion.

Her life seemed to take on a new and deeper, richer significance. She saw again the face of her little mother, all sweetness and spirituality, then the Berkshire Hills, through which she had often driven as a girl. It seemed flooded now with a mystical, shining beauty. She thought of Hobby and the scene changed to her own little room, her "den," packed full with books. She saw herself as she used to sit playing the piano. Then Hobby reappeared. He sat near her on the edge of a tennis lawn. It was late in the afternoon and so dark that one could only just make out the markings of the court. Hobby sat with one leg over the other, letting his racquet fall against the tip of his white shoe, and talked away. She saw herself laughing, for Hobby's talk was all delightful nonsense. Then one of his cheekiest jokes came to mind and Hobby himself vanished, and she was at the merry picnic at which she first saw Mac. She was on a visit to the Lindleys in Buffalo, and it was summer time. In the forest stood two motors, and the party numbered a dozen, men and women. She could see the faces of every one of them all quite distinctly. It was hot, the men were in their shirt-sleeves, the ground was baked. It was time to make tea and Lindley cried out: "Allan, will you start the fire?" Allan replied, "All right!" And it seemed to Maud that already then she had come to love his deep, rich, resonant voice. She sat watching him make the fire. How hard he worked, bending and breaking the branches, unnoticed by all the others. She saw how, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, he crouched in front of the fire, blowing at it to make it kindle. Suddenly she noticed the tattooed marks on his forearm: crossed hammers. Now she drew Grace Gordon's attention to this, and Grace (the same Grace who had just been in the Divorce Court) looked at her, astonished, and asked: "Don't you know about it, dear?" And went on to tell her that Allan had been one of the "pony boys" in the famous "Uncle Tom" mine, and to give her an account of this sunburnt young fellow's romantic boyhood. Meanwhile, there he remained, crouching, quite regardless of the laughing, chattering party, entirely absorbed in his work, and she loved him at that very moment.

Yes, certainly she loved him then already, although until now she had not known it. And Maud abandoned herself to the thought of her love for her husband. Her thought went back to his wooing of her, to their engagement, to the first month of their marriage. And then to the time when her little girl was on her way into the world and arrived! Never would she forget Mac's solicitude and tenderness and devotion at this time—a time when every wife is able to gauge her husband's love. Maud's heart welled over with love and she closed her eyes. The familiar faces, the old memories, vanished and the music carried her away. She thought no longer, she was all feeling.

A crash like the shattering of a wall broke suddenly on her ear, and she awoke and drew in her breath. The Symphony was at an end. Mac was standing up and leaning out of the box. There was a swaying to and fro in the stalls.

A little dizzy, Maud stood up and began suddenly to clap her hands with wild enthusiasm.

"Clap, Mac, clap!" she exclaimed to her husband, almost beside herself with emotion.

Allan laughed at her unwonted excitement and clapped several times to please her.

"Bravo! Bravo!" Maud cried out in clear ringing tones, leaning over the front of the box, her moist eyes showing how deeply she was still affected.

The conductor wiped the perspiration from his thin pallid face and bowed again and again. As, however, the clapping did not cease he pointed modestly to the orchestra with his outstretched hands. This gesture was manifestly insincere and called forth Allan's ineradicable mistrust of all artists, whom he never regarded as being really men and whom he often declared to be useless.

Maud, however, threw herself wholeheartedly into the new outburst of applause.

"My gloves have burst! Look, Mac!" she exclaimed. "What an artist he is! Wasn't it wonderful!" Her face was radiant, and to her husband she looked strangely beautiful

in her delight. He smiled and answered, as enthusiastically as he could. "Yes, he's a remarkable fellow."

"Oh, he is a *genius!*" exclaimed Maud, and she continued her clapping. "I have never heard anything like it anywhere, not in Paris even, or Berlin, or London!" She was interrupted by the opening of the door of the box and the arrival of their friend, the architect.

"Hobby!" she cried. "Do clap, Hobby, we *must* make him come out again! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!"

Hobby responded by emitting a piercing guttersnipe's whistle.

"Hobby! Hobby! How dare you!" And she stamped her foot indignantly. But the conductor reappearing at this instant, she began clapping afresh.

Hobby waited until the noise died down.

"They've all gone stark staring mad," he said with a ringing laugh. "My whistle was only to add to the row. But how are you, Maud, old girl? How are you, Mac, old chap?"

It was their first opportunity that evening for having a real talk together.

The friendship between the three was a very genuine and strangely intimate one. Allan knew all about Hobby's former relationship with Maud and although the two men never discussed it, it constituted a peculiar bond between them. Hobby was still a little in love with Maud, but he was tactful enough not to display it. Maud's womanly instinct, on the other hand, did not allow her to be ignorant of the fact. Indeed, she derived not a little satisfaction from the knowledge, as the tender warmth in her brown eyes seemed to show, and she rewarded him with a sisterly affection. All three had been able at different moments in their lives to be of use to each other, to render each other real services, and Allan in particular felt under a deep debt of obligation to Hobby, who had enabled him to raise a sum of fifty thousand dollars for technical experiments and the starting of his factory, giving personal security for the loan. It was Hobby, moreover, who had submitted his great project to Lloyd, the railroad king, and arranged for the forthcoming interview. Hobby was a

genuine admirer of Allan and was glad to do everything he could to help him. In the days when Allan had invented nothing but the diamond-stone "Allanite" the architect used to go about asking his acquaintances, "Have you met Allan, the inventor of 'Allanite'?" That's a man of whom more will be heard presently."

The trio were wont to meet several times a year. The Allans came to New York or else Hobby visited them in Buffalo. In summer they went together regularly for three weeks to Maud's little estate, Brook Farm, in the Berkshire Hills.

They regarded their meetings as great events. They seemed to be back once more in the happy times of three or four years before, living over again the old happy hours of youthful intimacy.

For some reason they had not met at all during this winter and their present delight was keener than ever. They scrutinized one another from top to toe like great children and congratulated one another on their looks. Maud chaffed Hobby over his dandyfied patent leather boots, and Hobby inspected Maud's gown and Allan's new dress clothes with the eye of a fashion expert. As always on these occasions, they asked one another a hundred questions, skipping inconsequently from one subject to another. Hobby as usual had had all kinds of quaint and strange adventures to recount. Finally they came to the question of the concert and of the day's events and of mutual acquaintances.

"And how do you like the building?" inquired Hobby with a self-satisfied smile, for he knew what the answer would be. Allan and Maud never stinted him with their praise. They expressed their admiration of the entire hall.

"And the foyer?"

"Grand, Hobby!"

"My only complaint about the hall," said Maud, "is that it is too gorgeous. I should have liked it to be cosier!"

The architect smiled good humoredly. "Naturally, Maud! That would be quite right if the people came here to listen to the music. But such an idea doesn't enter their heads.

They come here to look about them and to be looked at. 'Build us a fairy palace,' the committee said to me. 'The hall must beat all records!'"

Allan assented. What he had been most impressed by, however, was not the decorative splendor but the clever construction of the suspension tier of boxes.

Hobby's eyes twinkled with satisfaction. "That wasn't at all an easy matter," he explained. "It took a lot of thinking out. While the tier was being constructed, the whole concern rocked at every step, like this——" And Hobby rocked to and fro. "The workmen had an anxious time of it."

"Oh, you frighten me, Hobby," exclaimed Maud, shrinking back nervously from the front of the box.

Hobby smiled and stroked her hand. "You needn't be afraid, Maud," he said; "I told them that once the tier was completed, no power on earth except dynamite could—hullo!" An acquaintance in the orchestra had caught his eye and was speaking to him through a program rolled up to make a kind of megaphone.

Hobby replied in tones which would have been audible in every part of the hall, were it not that every one else was talking simultaneously at the top of his voice.

Hobby's remarkable head was recognized by every one. He had hair of a pale canary color, very carefully smoothed and parted; his face with its slightly tip-tilted nose, its almost white eyelashes, and its nonchalant, impudent expression, was typically English. Compared with Allan he was small and fragile, almost effeminately built. In a moment opera glasses were turned on him from all directions and his name was uttered on every side. Hobby had become one of New York's most popular institutions and was one of the best liked men in Society. His talents and his eccentricities had quickly won him fame. Hardly a week passed without some fresh anecdote about him in the newspapers.

Hobby was a genius at drawing flowers when he was four years old; at six he was a genius at drawing horses—in five

MAC ALLAN, ENGINEER

minutes he would cover a whole sheet of paper with them, going at full gallop; and now he was a genius in concrete and mortar and all the other constituents of "sky-scraper" buildings. He had had various affairs with women and when he was two and twenty he had played away a fortune of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars at Monte Carlo. Year by year he plunged deeper and deeper into debt, in spite of his enormous income, and without worrying over it in the slightest degree.

One of his pranks had been to ride down Broadway on an elephant in the full light of day. Another was to live like a millionaire for four days, traveling in a train *de luxe* to the Yellowstone Park and returning home as a cattle-driver. He broke all records by playing bridge for forty-eight hours on end. Every street car 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, Vanderstyff, 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 kept it up throughout the two entire days which had been required for the 2,000 mile 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 Harbor, 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.

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

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

"And now tell me more about my little friend Edith and what is she 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. She flushed with pleasure and a look of tenderness and gratitude softened her brown eyes.

"She is getting sweeter and sweeter every day, Hobby," she answered in tones full of motherly love. "And you can't imagine how clever she is becoming, too. She is beginning to talk."

"Tell him the story of the hen!" interposed Allan.

"Oh yes, I must tell you that," and Maud set herself to narrate a comic little incident in which a hen and the little girl played the leading rôles.

"I must really see her again quite soon!" said Hobby. "I'll come and stay with you in a fortnight's time. It has been dull in Buffalo, you tell me?"

"Deadly dull!" exclaimed Maud; and her eyebrows went up in horror at the recollection, and a look of real unhappiness came into her face. "You know, of course, that the Lindleys have gone to Montreal?"

"Yes, that is a pity."

"Grace Kossat has been away in Egypt since the autumn." And Maud proceeded to open out her heart to Hobby. How dreary a whole day can be! And how dreary a whole evening! And in tones of mock reproach she added, "And you know what sort of company Mac is, don't you, Hobby? He neglects me worse now than ever. Often he doesn't leave the factory all day. In addition to all his other treasures he has installed a whole lot of drills which bore away all night

long through granite and steel and goodness knows what. He dances attendance on these drills as if they were invalids. He does really, Hobby. He dreams of them in his sleep!"

Allan laughed out loud.

"You let him go his own way," replied Hobby, his eyes twinkling behind their pale lashes. "He knows what he's about and you are not going to be jealous of a pair of drills!"

"I simply hate the things," retorted Maud. "And don't you imagine he would have brought me to New York if he hadn't had business here!"

"Oh, I say, Maud!" remonstrated Allan.

But Hobby had been reminded by Maud's remarks of the most important thing he had to say to Allan. A thoughtful expression came over his face. "Listen, Mac," he said quietly, putting his hand on his friend's arm, "I'm afraid you have come on from Buffalo to-day to no purpose. Old Lloyd is ill. I rang up Ethel Lloyd an hour ago, but she wasn't sure whether they were coming. It *will* be bad luck if they don't."

"Well, the interview need not necessarily come off to-day," said Allan, disguising his disappointment.

"In any case I shall hang on to his heels, Mac! He shall have no peace! And now good-by for the present." And Hobby vanished, reappearing next moment in a neighboring box occupied by three red-haired young ladies and their mother.

The conductor with the vulture beak was back in his place now and a crescendo thundering from the drums filled the hall. The bassoons gave out a questioning and plaintive strain, which they repeated at a higher pitch and which the violins then took up from them and translated into their own tones.

Maud abandoned herself again to the music.

Allan sat beside her, a victim to anxiety and suspense. He regretted now that he had come at all. Lloyd's proposal that they should meet in the box of a concert hall was not in any way surprising, in view of the remarkable character of the man and of the fact that he very seldom received any one

in his house; and Allan had not hesitated to fall in with it. He was quite ready to accept the explanation, if Lloyd was really ill, but he demanded the utmost respect for this great project of his, the colossal nature of which sometimes almost overwhelmed him. Until now he had confided the secret of this enterprise, over which he had labored day and night for five years, to two men only: Hobby, who knew as well how to keep silent when necessary as how to talk when free so to do; and now to Lloyd. He had not told even Maud about it. He felt that Lloyd *ought* to make his way to the concert hall, if it were in any way possible. At the least he ought to send a message making some other appointment. If Lloyd did not do this, well, he would have nothing more to do with the moody old man.

The throbbing music, the glare of the lights, the flashing of myriads of diamonds, the mingling of many scents, the entire atmosphere of his surroundings, had the effect of crystallizing Allan's thoughts. His brain worked quickly and clearly, although he felt suddenly excited. His great scheme was everything to him. By it he must stand or fall. He had devoted all his money as well as his energy to its preparation—to all the experiments, all the thousand and one preliminary investigations which it had involved. If it were not taken up, he would have to start his career afresh. The scheme was his whole existence. He reckoned up its chances like a mathematical problem. In the first place, he could interest the Steel Trust. The Trust had come off second best in the struggle with Siberian Iron and was now in a state of unexampled depression. It was ten to one that the Trust would back him. If it didn't, he could fight it to the death. He could "rope in" the great capitalists, the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Astors, Mackays, Havemeyers, Belmonts, Whitneys and all the rest. He could tackle the great banks. As a last resort, he could ally himself with the newspapers.

By hook or by crook he would attain his goal. If necessary he could do without Lloyd. On the other hand, with Lloyd as his ally the battle was won; without him it meant a long

and wearisome advance, and every square foot of ground would have to be battled for.

He sat there, neither seeing nor hearing, his eyes gazing straight before him into space, working out his plan of campaign in all its smallest details.

Suddenly a thrill seemed to pass through the audience, which had been held in rapt silence by the music. Heads began to move, diamonds to flash more brilliantly, opera glasses to be turned all in one direction. The orchestra had reached a *piano* movement and the conductor looked behind him, irritated by the whispering in the stalls. Something must be happening that had a greater effect upon the house than the magic of the two hundred musicians, the great conductor, and the immortal composer.

From the next box came the words, muttered in a deep bass voice: "She has the Rose Diamond on . . . it belonged to Abdul Hamid . . . worth two hundred thousand dollars."

Allan looked up. The box opposite was dark—Lloyd had arrived.

In the box, Ethel Lloyd's delicate features could just be discerned. Her pale gold hair was recognizable by a suggestion of glistening, and on her right temple, now turned towards the audience, she wore a great diamond which shone like a pale red star.

"Look at that throat and those shoulders," the bass voice in the adjoining box could be heard. "Did you ever see anything like it? They say that Hobby, the architect—yes the man who was next door——"

"Oh, indeed! One can quite imagine it," rejoined another voice, with a notably English accent, and the speaker laughed softly.

The back of Lloyd's box was hidden behind the curtain, but Allan concluded from a gesture of Ethel's that Lloyd himself was there. He bent down towards Maud and whispered to her, "Lloyd has come after all!"

But Maud had ears only for the music. She did not under-

stand Allan at all. She was perhaps the only person in the hall who was unaware of the arrival of Ethel Lloyd, wearing her "Rose Diamond." An emotional impulse, caused by the music, moved her to stretch out her hand gropingly towards Allan. Allan took it and stroked it mechanically, while a thousand quick, keen thoughts chased each other through his brain, and his ear took in fragments from the conversation which was being carried on hard by, jerkily and in whispers.

"Diamonds?" inquired a voice.

"Yes," replied another. "They say that is how he began. In Australia."

"How did he make his money though? By mining himself or speculating?"

"Neither. By running a hotel."

"Do you mean to say he had no claim?"

"He had a peculiar claim of his own!" And the speaker laughed softly.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, they say he had a diamond mine of his own which did not cost him a cent. You know, of course, that the miners are searched . . . swallow the diamonds . . ."

"You don't say so!"

"Lloyd . . . doctored whisky . . . sea-sick . . . Lloyd's mine!"

"But that is incredible."

"Well that is what people say. . . . And now you see him giving away millions of dollars for universities, observatories, libraries . . . But the man is an incurable invalid and lives in a constant state of nerves. Concrete walls several yards thick keep out all noise from his living rooms . . . in fact a prisoner."

Maud at last turned towards the speakers remonstratingly, and they ceased speaking.

During the pause, Hobby was seen making his way into Lloyd's box and shaking hands in a cordial informal way with Ethel Lloyd.

"You see, I was right," resumed the deep voice in the box

adjoining the Allans. "Hobby has all the luck! Of course Vanderstyfft is still to the good . . ."

In another minute, Hobby was back again with his friend. "Come along, Mac," he called out, "The old man wants to talk to you."

II

THE BEST BRAIN IN THE WORLD

“THIS is Mac Allan!” Hobby said by way of introduction, slapping his friend on the shoulder.

Lloyd sat back in a crouching attitude, his head sunk forward in the dimly-lit box. He seemed neither to hear nor to see. After a while, however, he began to speak slowly and deliberately in a very hoarse, husky voice. “I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Allan,” he said, “I have gone thoroughly into your scheme. It is a big scheme, and ingenious, and practicable. I will do all I can to help.” And he stretched out his hand to Allan—a short, square-shaped hand, soft and moist and flabby, and turned his face towards him.

Allan had been prepared for the experience by Hobby, but even so he had to exert all his self-restraint not to shudder as his eyes met Lloyd’s.

Lloyd looked like a peculiarly hideous bull-dog. His lower jaw projected, showing some of the teeth. His nostrils were round holes, and the small, moist, lack-luster eyes were set like oblique slits in the sunburnt, dried-up, mask-like face. The head was absolutely bald. A loathsome skin affection had gnawed into scalp and face and neck. The spasmodic way in which his face worked was terrible, and it needed strong nerves to gaze on it unmoved. It reminded Allan of some Indian mummies upon which he had come once in Bolivia while engaged in railway work. These mummies were found in a crouching attitude, in big square chests. The teeth stood out between the dried-up lips. White and dark stones had been inserted as eyes, with a gruesomely realistic effect.

Lloyd, who was well aware of his facial peculiarities, enjoyed the evident impression made upon Allan, and continued to study the young man’s features.

"Yes, indeed," he went on to say. "It is the most daring scheme I have ever heard of—and it is a practicable one."

Allan bowed, and replied that he was very glad to have enlisted Lloyd's interest in it. It was a critical moment in his life, and yet—to his own astonishment—he was perfectly calm. On entering the box he had felt excited and nervous, but now he was able to answer Lloyd's concise practical questions clearly and definitely. He could not well have accounted for the fact, but somehow he felt entirely at his ease with this extraordinary man, whose appearance, in combination with his wealth and his fame, would have disconcerted most others in his position.

"Have you got so far with your preparations that you could set forth your whole scheme in detail to-morrow?" Lloyd now inquired.

"I shall require three more months."

"Well, don't lose a moment," said Lloyd in emphatic tones. "And you can count on me in every way." Turning now towards his daughter, he introduced Allan to her.

"How do you do, Mr. Allan?" Ethel Lloyd said cordially, looking him frankly in the face as she held out her hand. She had been watching him intently throughout the conversation.

Allan bowed, somewhat confused, for he was not much accustomed to talking with young ladies.

It seemed to him that Ethel had used too much powder on her face. She put him in mind of a pastel, so soft and smooth was her coloring—the blonde hue of her hair, the blue of her eyes, and the delicate redness of her young lips. She had greeted him quite in the style of a *grande dame*, and yet in her voice there was something almost childlike which suggested that she was not really nineteen (as Hobby had told him) but much younger.

Allan made some polite remark, smiling in a slightly embarrassed fashion.

Ethel continued to look at him observantly, the inquisitive girl in her blending with the woman of influence, conscious of conferring a favor by showing her interest.

Ethel Lloyd was a typical American beauty, her figure slight and supple, but womanly. Her hair was of that strangely delicate gold which other women, less fortunately endowed, refuse to believe natural. She had remarkably long eyelashes, on which faint traces of powder were perceptible. Her eyes were dark blue, and shone clear, though somewhat veiled by the long lashes. Her profile, her forehead, ears and throat were really beautiful and distinguished-looking. But on her right cheek could be detected the evidences of the dreadful illness which had disfigured her father. Light brown lines, almost hidden by powder, stretched up from her chin to a level with her mouth, like the fibers of a leaf, producing the effect of a birthmark.

"I like discussing with my daughter everything that interests me keenly," Lloyd continued, "so you must not mind my having talked to her about your scheme. She can hold her tongue."

"Yes, I can hold my tongue!" Ethel echoed laughingly and nodded her beautiful head. "My father and I have spent hours studying your scheme, and have talked and talked it over together until he became really enthusiastic about it. And he *is* really enthusiastic about it now, aren't you, Papa?" Lloyd's mask-like countenance remained motionless. "Papa thinks very highly of you, Mr. Allan. You must come and see us, won't you?"

Ethel allowed her eyes to rest a moment on Allan's, and her beautifully-formed lips curved in a gracious, happy smile.

"You are really most kind, Miss Lloyd," Allan answered, smiling in his turn at her youthful ardor and her lively way of talking.

Ethel liked his smile. She continued to look at him, noting in particular his strong white teeth. She opened her mouth to say something else, but at this moment the orchestra began again. Touching her father's knee with her hand, by way of excusing herself for speaking—for he was an ardent music-lover—she whispered earnestly: "You have an ally in me, Mr Allan. I give you my promise that I shall not allow Papa to change his mind. You know he does change

his mind sometimes. I shall force him to carry this thing right through. Au revoir!"

Allan shook her hand, with an inclination of the head which, it seemed to Ethel, might have been just a little more ceremonious, and the interview was at an end—the interview which determined the whole trend of his existence, and which began a new epoch in the relations between the New World and the Old.

Stimulated and excited by his triumph, Allan went out of the Lloyds' box with Hobby.

As they opened the door they came suddenly upon a youth who had just time to step back and draw himself up, for he had evidently been stooping down, trying to hear what was being said inside. The culprit smiled engagingly. He was a reporter on the *Herald*, and had been told off to describe the evening from the social side. Quite unblushingly, he tackled Hobby, inquiring who his friend might be.

Hobby eyed him good-humoredly. "You don't know him?" he exclaimed. "This is Mac Allan, of the Allan Works in Buffalo, inventor of the Allanite Diamond-stone, champion boxer of the Green River, and the best brain in the world."

The journalist laughed out loud. "You are forgetting your own brain, Mr. Hobby!" he cried, and then, nodding toward the Lloyds' box, he inquired in a whisper: "Anything fresh there?"

"Yes," answered Hobby, "something startling. We are going to build a gallows a thousand feet high, on which, on July the fourth, all the New York newspaper men will be hanged!"

Hobby's joke duly found its way verbatim into the *Herald* next morning, together with an unrecognizable portrait of Mr. Mac Allan, inventor of the Allanite Diamond stone, whom "C.H.L." (Charles Horace Lloyd) had received in his box in order to discuss a project involving millions.

III

A SHADOW

MAUD was still reveling in the music. But she was no longer able to listen with the same concentration as before. She had witnessed the scene in the Lloyds' box. She was aware that Allan was busy upon some new project—"a big thing" to use his own phrase—some new invention or enterprise, but she had never asked him about it, for she had no knowledge whatever of things technical or mechanical. She realized also how important it must be for Allan to secure Lloyd's support, yet she could not refrain from reproaching him in her own mind for choosing just this particular evening for the interview—the only evening in the year that he had taken her to a concert. She could not understand how he could think of business while such music was being played. The reflection kept recurring to her that she was out of her element in this America where there was talk of nothing but business, and that she would have been happier in the Old World where they understand how to separate work from recreation. But what troubled her most was the fear—so ready to be kindled in the heart of a loving wife—that this new "big thing" would take her husband away from her more than his work in Buffalo had ever done.

A shadow had fallen over her happy mood, and lines showed on her forehead. Suddenly her face brightened and grew happy again. A joyous passage in the music, by some strange train of thought or feeling, had suddenly conjured up before her eyes a charming vision of her little girl, and she found herself carried away into a delicious day-dream of what the child's life was to become. Yes, that was how Edith would grow up! . . . but the playful and joyous strains changed suddenly to a somber *Maetoso sostenuto*, and her sweet imaginings gave way to feelings of sadness and foreboding. Maud's heart beat heavily. No, this music must not be

allowed to foreshadow her child's future. She ought not to allow herself to give rein to such fancies. She felt now she would like to interpose herself between Edith and this depressing music, and protect her from it, and she strove to direct her own thoughts elsewhere.

The music now came to her aid, for it broke out into notes which created in her a feeling of vague, indefinable yearning, that approached ecstasy and banished thought. She was all ears once more. The swelling tones seemed to sweep her off her feet and to carry her along like a leaf in a whirlwind. Suddenly the wild emotional passage seemed to encounter a check like a wave broken by a rock, and the thunder of sound was shattered. To Maud it seemed as though she were compelled to sit still and think out some mysterious, unknown, unfathomable problem. The stillness following the storm was so intense that for the moment every one in the hall sat motionless, not a fan waving.

Presently the voices broke out again, hesitatingly, falteringly (the fans were waving again now), and the uncertain restrained tones slowly and painfully making their way back to melody, induced in Maud a new mood of sadness. She was not happy, although Mac adored her and she idolized him; no, no, there was something wanting.

At this very moment Mac touched her on the shoulder and whispered into her ear. "Excuse me, Maud—we are off to Europe on Wednesday. I have a lot of preparations to make in Buffalo. If we leave now we shall catch the night train. What do you say?"

Maude made no reply. She sat silent and motionless. The blood rushed to her cheeks. Her eyes filled slowly with tears. Several minutes passed. She felt bitterly hurt with Mac. It seemed to her barbarous on his part to drag her away from the concert just on account of business pressure.

Allan saw that her cheeks were flushed and that her breath came with difficulty. He still had his hand on her shoulder. He caressed her tenderly and whispered, "All right, darling, let's stay on. It was only a suggestion. We can go by the early morning train just as well."

But Maud's mood of happiness had gone now, not to return. The music was hurting her now, and making her restless and miserable. She hesitated still a little whether to fall in with her husband's anxiety to be off. A glance towards the Lloyds' box made her aware that Ethel Lloyd had turned her opera glasses straight towards her. This decided matters. Forcing herself to a smile which Ethel Lloyd should see, she astonished Allan by looking at him affectionately with eyes still wet with tears and saying to him, "Let us go, Mac!"

She was pleased by Allan's attentive bearing towards her as she rose to leave, and she seemed in one of her sunniest moods as she moved out of the box.

IV

PREPARATION

THEY reached the Grand Central station just as the train was moving out.

Maud dug her small hands into the pockets of her fur coat and glanced at Mac from out of the collar which she wore standing up so as almost to cover her face. "There goes our train, Mac!" she cried, laughing and taking no pains to conceal her glee.

Behind them stood their manservant Leon, an old Japanese known generally as "Lion." Lion was carrying the hand-baggage and was gazing at the vanishing train with a look of blank stupidity on his lined and shriveled countenance.

Allan looked at his watch and nodded. "Too bad," he said good-humoredly. "Lion, we must go back to the hotel."

In the motor he explained to Maud that he minded the delay less on his own account than on hers, for she would have such a lot of packing to get through.

Maud laughed softly. "How do you know I am coming with you, Mac?" she asked.

Allan looked at her in astonishment. "But surely you are coming with me, Maud?" he exclaimed.

"I really don't know whether it be the right thing to go traveling in winter with Edith, and I shall certainly not go without her."

Allan looked straight before him meditatively.

"I confess I hadn't thought of that," he confessed. "But I can't help thinking that it will be all right."

Maud made no reply. She was biding her time. Allan should not be let off so easily on this occasion. After a pause he went on, "The steamer is like a hotel, Maud. I shall take a suite, so as to have everything comfortable."

Maud knew Mac through and through. He would not insist further. He would not say another word on the subject, nor would he take it ill if she decided not to accompany him.

She could see that he was already endeavoring to reconcile himself to the thought that this might happen.

He looked out straight in front moodily. It never occurred to him that she could be acting a part. He himself had never acted a part in his life, and his entire nature was simple and straightforward to a degree that was a constant source of astonishment to Maud.

An impulse of tenderness moved her, and she seized his hand. "Of course I'm coming with you, Mac!" she exclaimed, with a loving expression on her face.

"Ah, that's good," he replied, squeezing her hand gratefully.

Now that her ill-humor was banished, Maud felt happy and light-hearted, and began to talk in her liveliest manner.

"Was Ethel Lloyd very charming to you, Mac?" she asked.

"Well, really, she was extremely civil," he replied.

"How does she strike you?"

"She seemed to me very simple and natural and unaffected—almost like a child."

"Oh!" Maud laughed, and she could not explain to herself why Mac's answer made her vexed with him again. "Oh, Mac, how well you know women! Good Heavens! Ethel Lloyd simple and natural! Oh, la, la!"

Allan was obliged to laugh too, but he insisted: "Well, she seemed simple and natural to me."

"I never heard anything so absurd in all my life!" went on Maud. "How like a man! Why, there isn't a more sophisticated being in the whole world than Ethel Lloyd. Her naturalness is all art. She is the most accomplished coquette, and everything about her is carefully planned out. She enjoys fascinating your sex. Take this from me, Mac. I know her. Didn't you even notice her sphinx-like eyes?"

"No," Mac replied, with perfect truth.

"You didn't! Well, she herself said to Mabel Gordon, 'I have sphinx-like eyes—everybody says so.' And you think her simple and natural. Why, she is the vainest creature

imaginable. Her photograph appears in the newspapers at least once a week. She is advertising herself unceasingly, just like Hobby. She even turns her good works into advertisements."

"Well, but she may have a good heart for all that," pleaded Allan.

"Ethel Lloyd!" Maud laughed again. Then she suddenly looked Allan straight in the eyes, gripping tight the nickel handle of the motor as she did so. "Is she really so very beautiful, Mac?" she asked.

"She is certainly beautiful, but Heaven knows why she puts such a lot of powder on!"

Maud's face became grave. "Have you lost your heart to her, Mac, like all the others?"

Allan laughed and drew her to him. "You are a little donkey, Maud," he cried, and pressed her face up against his cheek.

Maud was now entirely herself again. How was it that every trifle had managed to annoy her all that day? What did Ethel Lloyd matter to her?

She remained silent a while. Then she said quite sincerely:

"Very likely Ethel has a good heart, after all; in fact, I believe she has."

She had no sooner uttered the words than she realized that she did not really believe in the goodness of Ethel Lloyd's heart. Decidedly, nothing seemed to go right to-day.

After supper, which they had served to them in a private sitting-room, Maud went straight to bed, while Allan remained writing letters. But Maud could not get off to sleep. She had been on the move all day, and was over-tired. The dry, hot atmosphere of the bedroom seemed to make her feverish. All the excitements of the day—the railroad journey, the concert, the crowded audience, Ethel Lloyd—kept coming back to her overtaxed brain. The music and the buzzing of voices were still in her ears. Outside in the streets motor-cars rushed past, blowing their horns. In the distance she could hear the trains. Just as at last she began to doze, a crack in the steam-heating apparatus awoke her. She could hear

the humming sound of the lift as it went up. Light still shone in through the chink of the door.

“Are you still writing, Mac?” she asked, scarcely opening her lips to speak.

“Go to sleep, dear,” Mac replied, but the tones of his voice rang so loud that she laughed in her feverish half-sleep.

At last she really slept. But soon she awoke again with a start, and shivering with cold. Her mind was a prey to some strange, sudden trouble. What was it that had startled her? Her dream came back to her. She had dreamed that she was in Edith’s room, and whom did she see there? Ethel Lloyd! There was Ethel Lloyd, in all her brilliant beauty, the diamonds on her forehead, busy putting Edith carefully to bed—just as though she were Edith’s mother! . . .

Allan sat on in the adjoining room, writing away. Suddenly he heard the door creak, and in came Maud in her night-dress, half-asleep still, and dazed by the bright lights.

Her hair glistened. She looked young and glowing with health like a girl, but her eyes blinked nervously.

“What’s the matter, Maud?” asked Allan.

Maud laughed tremulously. “Nothing,” she replied, “only silly dreams.” She sat down and smoothed out her hair. “Why don’t you come to bed and sleep, Mac?”

“These letters must go by to-morrow’s steamer,” he answered. “You will catch cold, darling.”

Maud shook her head. “Oh, no! It’s very hot here,” she cried. Then, fixing her eyes, now wide awake, on her husband, she went on, “Mac, why don’t you tell me what it is you are doing with Lloyd. Why are you keeping it a secret from me?”

Allan laughed and replied, speaking slowly, “Why, you never asked me about it, Maud. As a matter of fact, I did not want to talk about it as long as it was merely in the air.”

“Well, won’t you tell me now?”

“Certainly I will.”

And he proceeded to explain his scheme. Leaning back on the sofa, smiling good-humoredly, he set out the details of the great project quite simply, as though it were merely a ques-

tion of a bridge over the East River. Maud sat beside him in her night-dress, speechless with wonder and bewilderment. The more she began to understand, the more her wonder grew and the wider her shining eyes. Her head became feverishly hot. Now at last she was able to realize the meaning of Allan's doings during the last few years, his experiments and models, and piles of plans. Now she grasped why he must start off from New York at once—there wasn't a minute to spare. And why the letters must be dispatched by to-morrow's boat. It was all so marvelous that she asked herself whether she was still dreaming . . .

When Allan had finished, she continued to sit silent, her wide-open eyes all amazement. "And so now you know, little Maud," he added smilingly, and bade her go off to bed. Maud put her arms round him and pressed him to her breast with all her strength. Then, kissing him on the lips, she said, "Mac, oh, my Mac!"

On Allan's bidding her once more to go to bed, and to sleep, she left him. The thought came to her now that Allan's projected work was in its way—its very different way—as great as the symphony to which she had listened that evening.

To Allan's astonishment she returned after a few minutes. She had brought a wrap, and whispering to him, "Work on! Work on!" she lay down on the sofa, resting her head against him, and fell asleep.

Allan paused and looked down at her. And he thought how beautiful and touching she looked, this little Maud of his, and how willingly he would give his life a thousand times over for her.

Then he set to work again.

V

HARD AT WORK

ON the following Wednesday Allan and Maud started for Europe on the German boat. Hobby accompanied them, making an "eight-day" return trip of it.

Maud was in wonderful spirits. She had recaptured her happiest mood—the mood of her girlhood—and it lasted all the way across the wintry and inclement ocean, although she saw Mac only at meal-times and in the evening. Laughing and talking merrily, she paced up and down the arctic-cold deck corridors in her thin patent-leather shoes and her fur coat.

Hobby was the most popular man on the boat. He was at home everywhere, from the cabins of the doctor and the paymaster to the sacred precincts of the captain's bridge. From early morning until last thing at night, there was no corner of the ship where his clear, somewhat nasal utterance was not audible.

Allan, on the other hand, was neither to be heard nor seen. He was busy all day long. Two typists were kept hard at work all day dealing with his letters. Hundreds of letters lay heaped up in his state-room, addressed and ready for dispatch on arrival. All his preparations were being made for his opening campaign.

Paris was his first destination. Thence he would go to Calais and Folkestone, where the Channel Tunnel was in process of construction, England having cured herself of her ridiculous fears of an invasion, which, if attempted, could be defeated by a single battery. Here Allan stayed for three weeks. Then they moved on to London, Berlin, Essen, Leipzig, Frankfurt, and back once more to Paris. At each of these places they stayed some weeks. Allan spent the mornings at work alone. After the midday meal he had daily conferences with representatives of great firms, engineers,

mechanicians, designers, geologists, geographical experts, oceanographers, statisticians, and members of the various faculties: an army of trained intellect from all parts of Europe—France, England, Germany, Italy, Norway, Russia.

In the evening he dined alone with Maud, unless he happened to have guests.

Maud's good-humor had not deserted her. The atmosphere of strenuous effort, in which Allan and she now lived, stimulated her. Three years before, shortly after their marriage, she had made exactly the same journey with Mac, and she had then found it difficult to forgive him for giving most of his time to strange men and to business affairs of which she knew nothing. Now that she understood the meaning of all these conferences and all the hours devoted to work, things were quite different.

She had plenty of time on her hands, but she arranged its distribution methodically. She allotted a part of the day to Edith; a part of it to visiting picture-galleries, museums, churches and other sights. On her previous trip she had not been able to do much in this way. Naturally Allan had accompanied her everywhere whenever she so wished, but she had soon come to feel that he was not much interested in all the beautiful pictures and sculptures, all the wonderful old tapestries and *objets d'art*. What he liked to see were the great factories and industrial establishments, technical museums, airships, machinery in every form, and all these things meant nothing to her.

Now, on the other hand, she was free to look about her alone and at her own sweet will, and she was delighting in all the thousand exquisite things which made Europe so dear to her. She went to theaters and concerts whenever she felt inclined. She laid in a rich store of memories. She dallied in old streets and narrow alleys, bought books and prints of the paintings and statuary in the museums, and all kinds of "views."

In Paris Allan left her alone for eight days. He had business to transact with surveyors and a lot of agents in the neighborhood of Nantes, hard by Les Sables on the coast of the

Bay of Biscay. After this they took ship, with several of the surveyors and agents and some engineers, for the Azores, where Allan busied himself for three weeks on the Fayal San Jorge, and Pico Islands. From the Azores they went to Bermuda, right across the Atlantic, on a cargo steamer, being the only passengers on board—a fact which was a source of great joy to Maud. Here, in Hamilton, to their delight they encountered Hobby, who had made the trip to Bermuda specially to meet them. In June, the business in Bermuda having been got through speedily, they were back in America. Allan rented a country house in Westchester County, and the same kind of activities kept him busy here as had absorbed him in London, Paris, and Berlin. It was a case of endless discussions with engineers, agents, experts of all kinds from all parts of the States. As long conferences with Lloyd now became frequent, the newspapers began to take notice of his proceedings. Reporters went sniffing about like hyænas that have scented carrion. Rumors of the extraordinary preparations in hand were soon current in New York.

But Allan and his trusty collaborators held their tongues, while Maud, who was besieged with questions, merely laughed and said nothing.

By the end of August, the preliminary works were completed. Lloyd sent out invitations to a conference to thirty men, representing all the great industries and banking houses in New York—invitations written in his own handwriting and consigned to special messengers so as to emphasize their importance.

And on the 18th of September, this memorable conference took place in the Atlantic Hotel, Broadway.

VI

THE CONFERENCE

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 nearby. 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 eight hundred miles to New York in eight hours; while the famous sportsman, Vanderstyfft, 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 not passed without notice, for every single one of them lived in the glare of publicity, his every action observed and noted.

Wall Street had experienced a slight feverishness during the morning. A trustworthy tip should mean the making of a fortune. The newspapers gave the names of all the men who had come to the conference, and did not forget to mention how much each of them was worth. By five o'clock in the afternoon it was a case of thousands of millions! Whatever might be under discussion, it was certainly something gigantic. Some of the writers talked as though they had been just lunching with Lloyd, and were entirely in his confidence, but in point of fact Lloyd had told them precious little. Others went even further and recounted textually what they declared Lloyd had said to them. The matter was nothing so wonderful, they said: it was merely an extension of the mono-rail electric railway from Chicago on to San Francisco. Another version was that the network of regular airship-communication was to be extended so as to embrace the whole of the United States, instead of being confined, as at present, to leading towns like Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis. A third announcement was that Hobby's famous project for turning New York into an American Venice was now at last to be carried out.

The reporters prowled round the hotel like police-dogs on the scent. Their heels sank into the melting asphalt of Broadway as they stood staring up at the six and thirty stories of the hotel, as though waiting for inspiration from its chalk-white walls. One resourceful individual hit on the happy expedient of smuggling himself into the hotel as a telephone official and thus penetrating into one of the millionaires' private suites, where he actually tested the telephone on the off chance of coming in for a significant word. But the manager of the hotel finding him thus occupied informed him politely that all the telephones in the hotel were working properly.

The great white tower of the hotel looked like a monument of silence in the midst of all the surrounding excitement.

Evening came. The resourceful ex-telephone official who had been frustrated in his efforts of the afternoon had donned a beard and attempted to make his way up to the roof as 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 maneuver. 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 honor 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.

Each one as he stepped out of the lift seemed to recoil for a moment before this wall of heat. Then he divested himself of his coat. The ladies were Maud—looking very bright and well, dressed completely in white—and Mrs. Brown, a feeble-looking little old woman with a yellow face and the distrustful expression of those who are at once miserly and deaf: the richest woman in the United States and a notorious usurer.

Every one knew every one else without being introduced. They had all met on other financial battle-fields and had fought many fights either against each other or shoulder to shoulder. They respected each other—on this side idolatry. Nearly all were either gray haired or white—quiet, worthy, prudent, sensible folk, and most of them had friendly, good-humored, almost childlike eyes. They stood about in groups, chatting and joking, or else walked up and down in twos conversing in undertones. The few who seemed silent or morose sat apart on the arm chairs which had been provided, gazing out in front of them somewhat forbiddingly, or else concentrating their eyes upon the Persian carpet spread over the roof. From time to time one or other of them would look at his watch and then at the door of the lift: there were still some stragglers to arrive.

Down below New York was bubbling over with excitement, all the greater for the heat. The city weltered in perspiration like a prize-fighter after a dozen rounds. It puffed like a steam engine after a long distance run. The motor-cars, almost sticking in the melted asphalt, buzzed and snorted up and down Broadway, the endless string of electric-cars whirred this way and that to the accompaniment of their warning bells; a more piercing sound rang out far away—the alarm-bell of a fire-engine dashing down a street. Bells seemed to be ringing everywhere, mingled with cries in the distance as though from some dreadful scene of slaughter.

All around one saw rows and clusters of sparkling lights. In the deep blue of the sultry evening, one could not say at first glance whether they belonged to earth or heaven.

Broadway itself stood out clearly in all its immense length like an endless, white-hot oven along which colored lights

whirled and little heaps of ashes moved hither and thither—masses of minute specks—men! A side street hard by gleamed like a river of molten lead. Silvery clouds of smoke went up from cross streets further away. In one direction isolated “sky-scrapers” towered aloft, ghostly white. In another, great masses of dark and somber tower-capped buildings rose to still greater altitudes, looming up like monstrous tombstones above the twelve- and fifteen-storied erections of a previous decade. In the far distance, high up, a dozen rows of faintly gleaming window panes told of a house of so many stories, not another vestige of which could be made out. Here and there forty-storied towers, with lights dimly burning; the roof-gardens of the St. Regis, the Metropolitan, the Waldorf-Astoria, and the Republic. On the horizon gleamed the lights of Hoboken, Jersey City, Brooklyn, East New York. In the space between two great skyscrapers there flashed every minute a dual jet of light, like a stream of electric sparks—the elevated railroad of Sixth Avenue.

All round the hotel twinkled the manifold illuminations of advertisers. Ceaseless flashes and streams of light lit up the streets and shot across the sky. A spark of lightning, as it were, touched a lofty tower-house, and the outlines of an enormous boot blazed out. An entire house lit up suddenly, and its lights resolved into the representation of a red bull—“Bull Durham Tobacco.” Rockets raced up into the heavens and exploded into advertising symbols. A violet-hued sun sailed inconsequently over Manhattan and sent forth jets of fire. Cones of rays from fireworks of all kinds fell in spreading clusters in all directions. The moon and the stars paled their ineffectual fires up aloft.

From the Battery came buzzing an advertising air-ship, constructed in the semblance of an owl with two large round eyes. On its belly the words flashed out in electric light, alternately: HEALTH!—SUCCESS—SUGGESTION—WEALTH—
14 PINE STREET.

Down below, six and thirty stories down, could be seen a dense mob swaying hither and thither—reporters, agents, brokers, idlers—all agog with excitement and suspense, their

eyes continually directed towards the roof-garden, with its garlands of light. The cries of the Broadway newspaper boys—"Extra! Extra!"—rose shrilly above the unceasing murmur of the crowd. The *World* had just achieved its greatest "scoop," by which it had thrown all the other papers into the shade. It was in a position to assert that the project in process of being launched by the millionaires was a submarine postal service—the America-Europe Lightning Mail—A.E.L.M. Just as letters were now dispatched by air-pressure in underground tubes from New York to San Francisco, so they were to be sent to Europe under the Atlantic through tubes of greater strength, laid down like cables, *via* Bermuda and the Azores. A matter of three hours from the New World to the Old!

Even the calmest of the great financiers on the roof-garden was unable to remain entirely impassive to the prevailing excitement, and it was a relief to every one when Hobby opened the proceedings.

Flourishing a telegram in his hand, he announced that Mr. C. H. Lloyd wished to express his regret that he was himself prevented by illness from being present to welcome them, but that he had requested him (Hobby) to introduce to them Mr. Mac Allan, for long on the staff of the Edison Works, and the inventor of the "Allanite" diamond-stone.

"Here he is!" said Hobby, pointing to Allan, who with Maud beside him sat in a wicker-work arm-chair in his shirt sleeves like the rest.

Mr. Allan, he went on, had something to say to them. He would submit to them the project which Mr. Lloyd himself had characterized as the biggest and most daring in the history of the world. Mr. Allan possessed the genius necessary to its carrying out, but in order to carry it out he needed money. And then, turning to his friend, he said: "Now then, Mac!"

Allan stood up.

But Hobby made him a sign to wait a moment, and, giving another glance at the telegram, continued, "I ought to have added that, in the event of the scheme winning the support of

the meeting, Mr. Lloyd will contribute twenty-five million dollars . . . Now, Mac, my boy!"

Allan took Hobby's place. The silence was oppressive. The streets down below buzzed unceasingly. All eyes were turned towards the speaker. So this was the man who had the extraordinary proposal to put before them. Maud's lips were wide apart from suspense and anxiety. Allan allowed his gaze to wander round his audience quietly, and no one could have guessed from his outward demeanor how nervous he felt. It would be no easy matter to face such a group of listeners, and he was better at anything than at speaking. It was indeed the first time he had ever addressed a large and important gathering. But his voice rang out clear and strong when he began.

He started off by declaring that he was afraid, in view of the kind things Mr. Lloyd had said about his scheme, that they might be disappointed by what he had to put before them. His project did not deserve to be called a bigger thing than the Panama Canal or Sir William Rogers' Park Street Bridge, connecting India and Ceylon. In fact, it was really a simple project enough.

At this point he took a piece of chalk out of one of the pockets of his white trousers and drew two lines on a blackboard, standing just behind him. Here was America and here was Europe. He undertook within a period of fifteen years to construct a submarine tunnel between the two continents, through which trains could run from the one to the other in twenty-four hours. That was his scheme.

The photographers chose this moment for their first flashlight snapshots, and Allan had to pause for a few seconds before continuing. Exclamations came up from the streets—the crowds had realized that the battle had begun.

It seemed at first as though Allan's epoch-making proposal—sensational enough even in our go-ahead era—had not impressed his hearers in the slightest degree. Many of them were undoubtedly disappointed. This was no new idea to them—they had often heard it sketched out before. It was "in the air" like so many projects—and it was one which

had never been put forward without evoking derision. Among these financiers there were some who earned more money while winding their watch than most men could earn in a month, men who would not move a muscle if the earth were to explode suddenly like a bomb, but there was not one of them who was disposed to have an hour of his time wasted. This had been their own fear in coming, for, after all, even Lloyd sometimes got on a wrong track. It was possible that this young fellow might have got on to some old chimera—a scheme perhaps for irrigating the Sahara and turning it into fruit-farms. This tunnel idea wasn't as bad as that. Even the silent and morose individuals breathed a sigh of relief.

Allan, for his part, had not expected to take his listeners captive in a sentence, and he was not at all dissatisfied with the effect produced by his announcement. He might have paved the way for it, but he had thought it better to sling it at them as though from a catapult. This seemed the best way to attack the inevitable phlegm of such an audience. It was essential that he should arrest their attention. And after all, despite their impassive countenances, he felt that he had succeeded. The arm-chairs creaked. Some of the men leaned forward, one or two of them lit fresh cigars. Mrs. Brown sat grasping her ear-trumpet. Mittersteiner, of the New York Central Bank, whispered something into the ear of J. D. Morse, the "Copper King."

And Allan proceeded, with increased courage and self-confidence.

The tunnel would have its entrance on the coast of New Jersey, some seventy miles south of New York; it would touch Bermuda and the Azores and the North of Spain, and end in France on the Biscayan coast. Both Bermuda and the Azores were necessary as oceanic stations from a technical point of view; with the one American and two European openings, they gave in all five starting points for the construction of the Tunnel. They were of the utmost importance also from the point of view of the profits. Bermuda would absorb all the passenger-traffic and the postal service from

Mexico, the West Indies, Central America and the Panama Canal, while the Azores would have all that from South America and Africa. These two oceanic stations would become as important centers of the world's traffic as London and 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 install 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-humored, 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 of sharpness, almost of bitterness and scorn. All the thirty slave-driving big brains into which Allan had been hammering his ideas and arguments were working for all they were worth. This proposal of Allan's was, indeed, no everyday affair. It needed and deserved consideration. It was no question of a couple of million of bushels of wheat or bales of wool, no mere matter of a few thousand shares in a diamond mine. A great deal more was here at stake. For some of them this project of Allan's meant a big pile of gold without much risk, for others a good deal of risk was involved. But they had to reflect upon the question of prestige. For they could not leave Lloyd out of account—Lloyd the all-powerful who stalked through the world, creating and destroying. Lloyd knew what he was about and this fellow Allan was evidently going ahead. During the last few weeks there had been big transactions on Wall Street in Montanas and in industrial securities. Now they knew that Lloyd had been at the back of all this, while putting forward some of his men of straw. It was manifest that this Lloyd, who was sitting quietly in his counting house smoking his cigars, had been unloading for weeks past specially for this occasion. He was always in first, had always pegged out the best claims before the rush came. But in this case it was not too late to get nearly even with him. They had only to get their cables off to all parts of the world that evening after the conference. To-morrow morning they might all be too late.

Yes, they had to think of prestige.

Some of them sought to solve the problem for themselves by subjecting Allan's personality to a microscopic analysis. While they had been listening to his address and noting all he had to say about the construction of the Tunnel and the technical difficulties involved therein, they had scrutinized him from his patent leather shoes upwards, his snow-white

flannel trousers, his belt, his shirt, his collar and his tie, to his massive brow, and the large crown of his head well covered with copper-red hair. The man's face, all wet with perspiration, glistened like bronze, but in spite of his hour's talking it showed no sign of fatigue. On the contrary, it was full of vigor and alertness. His eyes looked out boldly, as hard and strong as the "Allanite" which had made him famous. One felt that if this man wanted to eat nuts he could dispense with the crackers. His voice had rung out clear and resonant. The strong brown arm (tattooed with two crossed hammers) which they had watched as he drew the chalk lines on the black-board was the arm of an athlete and a boxer. They had indeed studied their man much as a boxer is studied by those who think of backing him. He was a good specimen—there was no doubt about it. One could lose on him without being ashamed of it. And then he was Lloyd's selection. They knew, too, that for twelve years he had worked as a youth in a coal mine and they reflected that in the intervening twenty years he had worked himself up to a good height—from one thousand yards underground in that mine up to the roof-garden. These were good credentials. The mere planning out of the great enterprise was a big achievement in itself, and the biggest achievement of all had been the getting of them altogether—the whole thirty of them—at a given hour and forcing them to sit there listening to him in a temperature of ninety in the shade. They seemed to see the strange thing happening before their eyes—each one of them in turn deciding to take his share in the venture.

Allan was speaking: "I shall need water-power equal to that of all the Niagara Power Works put together. Niagara is no longer available so I shall have to create my own Niagara."

They awoke from their musing, and sat looking at him.

They noticed one other remarkable thing about this man. Throughout the whole of his address he had neither laughed nor perpetrated a joke. Humor did not seem to be one of his characteristics. The assembled company had had only one laugh all the time. That was when the photographers had engaged in a heated squabble among themselves and Allan

had called out to them in his masterful way—"Stop your nonsense."

Allan ended up by reading tributes from the leading experts from all parts of the world—engineers, geologists, oceanographers, and statisticians.

What evoked the keenest interest of all was Lloyd's *resumé* of the expenses involved and the profits to be expected. Allan concluded with this, and the thirty brains set to work checking the figures with the utmost speed and precision.

The heat, meanwhile, seemed to have increased threefold. They were all bathed in perspiration, and great beads of sweat ran down their faces. Even the refrigerators, hidden behind the plants and shrubs, seemed to afford no relief. They might have been in the tropics. Japanese boys, dressed in cool snow-white linen, moved noiselessly in and out with glasses of lemonade, horse's-neck, gin-fizz and ice-water. But nothing was of any use. The heat rose in waves from the streets below—visible waves of vapor, which one could almost grip with the hands. New York, all asphalt and concrete, was like a monstrous accumulator which had taken in all the heat of the last week, and was now giving it out again. Broadway continued to hum and buzz along its whole length. It seemed almost as though the brain of New York herself, that symbol of frenzied energy and high ambition, was hot and feverish with the conception of some new, tremendous, epoch-making idea.

Allan stopped speaking quite suddenly, scarcely rounding off his final sentence. He had prepared no peroration. It had been an unconventional address, with its climax at the beginning. Its end came so unexpectedly that none moved for a while, and all ears were still on the alert when he took his abrupt departure, leaving his scheme for discussion by his listeners.

The advertising airship sailed over the roof-garden, bearing its glad tidings to Manhattan: "TWENTY-FIVE YEARS INCREASE OF LIFE!—GUARANTEED!—DR. JOSTY, BROOKLYN."

VII

TRIUMPH

ALLAN went down with Maud to their suite on the tenth floor to dine. He was so drenched with perspiration that he had to change everything. Even then the sweat broke out in beads again on his forehead. His eyes looked sightless from the great strain.

Maud dried his forehead and cooled his ears with a towel dipped in ice-water.

Maud was radiant. She chattered and laughed excitedly. What an evening it had been! The wonderful gathering of notabilities, the roof-garden, the garlands of lights, the magic of the panorama all around—never would she forget all these things. How strange they had looked sitting up there in a circle—all those famous names which had been familiar to her from her earliest youth, and which in themselves made an atmosphere of wealth and power and brilliance and scandal. There they had all sat listening to her Mac! She was indescribably proud of Mac. His triumph intoxicated her. Not for a moment did she doubt his ultimate success.

“Oh, how nervous I was, Mac!” she cried, giving him a hug. “And how wonderfully you spoke! I couldn’t believe my ears. You wonderful Mac!”

Allan laughed. “Well, I’d rather have talked to a meeting of devils than to those fellows, I can tell you that, Maud.”

“How long will they be, do you think?”

“Perhaps an hour or two, but they might take all night!”

“All night!”

“They might. Anyway, they will give us time to eat our dinner in comfort.”

By now Allan was recovering his equilibrium. His hands no longer trembled, and his eyes had got back their normal gaze. He performed his duties as an attentive husband, serving Maud with the most appetizing and tempting dishes, and

gradually calming down while so engaged, though the perspiration still coursed down his cheeks. He discovered that he was extraordinarily hungry. Maud, on the other hand, talked so much that she scarcely ate anything. She reviewed the entire company. She thought that Mittersteiner had a most notable and striking head. She commented on the extraordinarily youthful aspect of Kilgallan, and she said that John Andrus, the mining magnate, looked like a hippopotamus; C. B. Smith, the banker, on the other hand, reminded her of a little, sly, gray fox. As for Mrs. Brown, Maud complained that the old witch had treated her like a schoolgirl. Was it true that Mrs. Brown, out of sheer miserliness, would not have any light in her house?

While they were still at dinner Hobby made his appearance.

Maud jumped up, all excitement. "How do things stand?" she asked.

Hobby laughed, and threw himself into an armchair.

"I never saw anything like it," he exclaimed. "They are at it hammer and tongs! You would think it was Wall Street. C. B. Smith wanted to clear out of it, but no! they wouldn't let him. He declared he must be off, that the thing was too venturesome for him, and he made for the lift. But they were all after him, and simply dragged him out of the lift by the coat-tails. No lie, really! You should see Kilgallan in the middle of them all, overflowing with enthusiasm and calling out all the time, 'You can't pick holes in it! You can't find anything wrong with it!'"

"Well, Kilgallan would approve, naturally," said Allan. "He could have nothing against it." Kilgallan was the head of the Steel Trust.

"And Mrs. Brown! It's a blessing the photographers are there! She looks like a scarecrow in an ecstasy. She has gone stark staring mad, Mac! She almost scratched the eyes out of Andrus. She is beside herself, and keeps screaming out, 'Allan is the greatest man who ever lived! It would be a disgrace to America if his scheme were not carried out.'"

"Mrs. Brown?" Maud was astounded. "Why, she won't have a light in her house out of sheer miserliness!"

“In spite of that, Maud!” replied Hobby, laughing again, “she and Kilgallan between them will pull Mac through.”

“Won’t you have some dinner with us?” Allan asked.

“Yes, do, Hobby,” Maud chimed in.

But Hobby could not wait. He was much more excited now than Allan, although the whole thing was of no importance to him personally. He rushed away.

He returned to report progress every quarter of an hour.

“Mrs. Brown has booked herself for ten million dollars, Mac! Things are beginning now!”

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed Maud, still incredulous, and she clapped her hands together in her excitement.

Allan peeled a pear and glanced quickly at Hobby. “Well?” he said. “Tell us more.”

Hobby was too excited to sit down. Walking up and down the room, he took out a cigar from his case and bit off the end. “She takes out a pocket-book,” he said, lighting his cigar, “such a pocket-book! You never saw anything so dirty. I wouldn’t have touched it with the tongs! And she writes something in it. Dead silence! Now the others fumble in their pockets, and presently Kilgallan goes round and collects the various bits of paper—the photographers working at high pressure. Mac, your affair is through, or I’ll eat my hat!”

Then Hobby disappeared for a longer time. A whole hour passed.

Maud had grown very quiet. She sat quite still, listening anxiously for the sound of a footstep. The longer she waited the more nervous she grew. Allan sat in an armchair, meditatively smoking his pipe.

At last Maud could contain herself no longer, and she asked rather dejectedly, “And supposing they can’t agree, Mac?”

Allan took the pipe out of his mouth, raised his eyes, and, with a smile, answered calmly in his deep voice, “Well, then we shall go back to Buffalo and I shall go on making Allanite.” But, with a confident nod of his head, he went on, “They *will* agree all right, Maud!”

'At this moment the telephone-bell rang. It was Hobby.
"Come up at once!"

As Allan stepped out on to the roof-garden again, Kilgallan came towards him and clapped him on the shoulder.

"You are all right, Mac!" he said.

Quietly Mac handed a sheaf of telegrams to a red-coated servant.

Some minutes later the roof-garden was deserted. Every one had gone about his own business. The hotel servants were moving away the chairs and plants to make room for Vanderstyfft's great aeroplane.

Vanderstyfft took his seat in it and saw to the lamps. The propeller throbbed, the machine leapt forward a dozen paces and rose in the air, then vanished like a great white bird in the luminous clouds of New York.

VIII

THE WORLD IS STIRRED

TEN minutes after the conference was over the telegraph was in full play with New Jersey, France, Spain, Bermuda, and the Azores. An hour later Allan's agents had bought up land to the extent of twenty-five million dollars.

The land in question was of course at the points most favorable for the openings of the Tunnel; Allan had chosen the spots years before. For the most part it was land of the poorest and cheapest kind—marsh-land, sand-dunes, morasses, ridges, barren islands. Considering the immense aggregate extent of the land—amounting to the territory of a Dukedom—the price was not large. A deep and extensive “complex” in Hoboken, with a front of two hundred and fifty yards along the Hudson, was also secured. All the districts were at a distance from large towns, for Allan had no use for towns. The marsh-land and sand-dunes would serve all right as building ground for the new cities which would be called into existence.

While America still slept, Allan's cablegrams flew all over the world, agitating the money markets of every nation. And in the morning every city in the world was thrilled by the announcement of the Atlantic Tunnel Syndicate.

There had been wild excitement in the newspaper offices all night. Their rotary presses were doing double work. Many additional millions of the daily papers were sold next morning. Men pushed and struggled for the still damp sheets all over the city from the Battery to Two Hundredth Street—in elevators, on moving platforms, on the stairways to the stations, in the subways, everywhere. New streams of new editions kept gushing out all the morning.

The news beat all records!

Mac Allan!—Who was he? What had he done? This man whose name had been brought so sensationally before the

eyes of millions who had never heard it before—this man who had thrown New York right out of its stride.

Every one turned eagerly to the printed opinions of the various celebrities who had expressed themselves on the subject of the Tunnel.

C. H. Lloyd: "Europe will become an extension of America."

H. F. Herbst, the tobacco magnate: "You will be able to send a freight-car from New Orleans to Petrograd without unloading."

H. F. Bell, the multi-millionaire: "I shall be able to visit my married daughter in Paris every month instead of only three times a year."

De la Forest, Secretary of Commerce and Labor: "The Tunnel will mean the saving of one whole year of life to every business man."

There was an insistent demand for details of the scheme. In front of the newspaper offices such crowds collected that the drivers of the electric cars had to ring for minutes together before they could clear the route. For hours the compact masses of humanity stood and stared up at the *Herald* building, although for several hours the same photographs were thrown over and over again upon the screen: Mac Allan, Hobby, and the company on the roof-garden.

"Seven thousand million subscribed," "Mac Allan expounds his scheme" (moving-picture), "Mrs. Brown puts her name down for ten millions" (moving-picture), "C. H. Smith dragged back out of the elevator."

"We alone are able to show Vanderstyfft's arrival on the roof-garden." Moving-picture views: New York's white, many-windowed sky-scrapers; white clouds of steam; a white butterfly; a white sea-gull; Vanderstyfft's monoplane—circling round and swerving down on the roof-garden; portrait of Mr. C. O. Spinnaway knocked down by the monoplane and seriously hurt. New picture—Mac Allan says good-by to his wife and child and goes to his office."

And the series begins again.

Suddenly, about eleven o'clock, it stops. Something new?

All eyes are suddenly alert. A new portrait: Mr. Hunter, Broker, 15 Broad Street, has booked his seat for the first train from New York to Europe.

The crowd laughs and cheers, with waving of hats.

The telephone clerks were being worked to death. The telegraph and cable offices could not cope with the sudden rush of business. Every one made haste to discuss the situation over the 'phone with partners, associates, clients. All Manhattan was in a fever. Cigar in mouth, hat on back of head, coat and waistcoat off, perspiration rolling down cheeks and neck, every business man was shouting and gesticulating. Bankers, brokers, agents, clerks—all were busy working out figures, calculating chances. They must "come in," they must be in the running, and on the best terms to be managed. A tremendous struggle was ahead of them—a financial Armageddon. It would be a case of "the Devil take the hindmost!"

Who were financing the enterprise? How would it succeed? Lloyd? Who said Lloyd was in it? Rittersheimer? Who was this fellow Mac Allan, anyway, who had bought twenty-five million dollars' worth of land over night—land which was soon to be worth three times, five times, perhaps a hundred times as much?

The most excited people of all were to be found in the handsome offices of the Great Atlantic steamship companies. Mac Allan had dealt a death-blow at steamship traffic. The moment the Tunnel was ready—and it really looked now as though it would be ready one day—they might as well scrap all their hundreds of thousand tons of shipping. Passengers might still be got, perhaps, for their best and biggest and most luxuriously fitted liners, at prices reduced by half; but their smaller vessels could only be turned to account as floating sanatoria for consumptives, or else be sold to the negroes of West Africa. Within two hours an Anti-Tunnel Trust had telephoned and telegraphed itself into existence, and had entered into communication with the various governments of the world.

From New York the excitement spread like a conflagration

to Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg, St. Louis, San Francisco. London, Paris and Berlin simultaneously caught the fever.

Huge placards with the announcement, "A Hundred Thousand Workers," gave New York a fresh sensation during the hottest hours of the day.

Later the locality of the offices of the syndicate was made known—in Broadway. Here stood a brilliantly-white tower-building, thirty-two stories high, still in the hands of the workmen.

Within half an hour of the appearance of the placard, the entire army of unemployed, numbering just then about 50,000, began making their way from every corner of the city towards the whitewashed palisades surrounding the granite steps up to this imposing building. In the rooms on the ground floor, in which ladders and buckets of paint still stood about, they found Allan's agents awaiting them—cool, experienced men with the quick eye of the slave-driver, that pierces through a man's clothes and gauges the bones and muscles and sinews beneath. The shape of the shoulders, the outline of an arm, told them what they wanted to know. They detected dyed hair and any other efforts at "fake" or bluff. They discarded those who were too old or whom the murderous labor market of New York had already worn out. And although they dealt with hundreds of men in a few hours, woe to him who tried a second time! All he got was a look which froze him to the marrow. He was not likely to try his luck again.

IX

THE WORK BEGINS

At all the five stations on the coasts of France and Spain, at Bermuda, at San Jorgé (Azores), and at New Jersey, masses of laborers were making their appearance at the same instant. They arrived in carts and hired motor-trucks which rattled along over unfamiliar by-ways, lumbering up the sand-dunes, and sinking ankle-deep in swamps. At a certain chosen point, no different in nature from its surroundings, they clambered down from their seats, got out their surveying instruments and leveling apparatus, and set to work. They set to with a will, steadily, without fuss, just as though they were merely laying out a garden. They "pegged out" a strip of land which lay at a carefully fixed angle with the line of the sea-coast, and stretched well inland, and soon they were all stationed at fixed points, each at his own special task.

Now fresh trucks appeared, laden with beams, planks, slates, tiles, building materials of every description. It almost seemed as though these trucks had come along by chance and without any reference to the surveyors and engineers, who scarcely gave them a glance. They drew up. Beams and planks were tumbled out on the ground. Spades glittered under the blazing sun, hammers and saws began to work; the air was filled with noise.

Then arrived a handsome motor car, and a man got out and began shouting and gesticulating. He carried a bundle of leveling-poles under his arm, and made his way towards the surveyors. He was small and very light-haired. It was Hobby—in charge of the American station.

"Hullo!" he cried, laughing and wiping the beads of perspiration off his forehead. "In another hour," he went on, "we shall have a cook! Wilson cooks like a savage on

Tom's River." Then, sticking two fingers in his mouth, he gave out a shrill whistle.

From the trucks there started four men with more of the flagged leveling-poles on their shoulders.

"Here, these gentlemen will show you chaps what to do." And Hobby went off himself to the trucks, moving in and out among the planks and beams.

Then he vanished in his motor to visit the workers at Lakehurst, engaged on the construction of a temporary telephone line. He uttered some genial abuse, and then proceeded to the branch of the railroad, which ran past the land of the Syndicate. About halfway, a supply train, consisting of two locomotives and fifty cars, stopped in the middle of a meadow in which cattle were grazing. Behind was a passenger train with five hundred more workers. It was five o'clock. These five hundred workers had been taken on at two o'clock, and had left Hoboken at three. They were all in the best of spirits at having found work in the open air, and having been able to leave the stifling atmosphere of New York.

They threw themselves on the fifty cars of the supply train and began unloading them. In a very short time the meadow was strewn with huge piles of planks, sheets of iron, slates, tiles, stoves, provisions, tents, boxes, sacks, and bundles of every description. Hobby was enjoying himself thoroughly. He shouted and whistled, and clambered upon the flat cars to give his orders. An hour later the camp kitchens were duly installed, and the cooks at work. Two hundred men were told off to fix up sleeping quarters for the night, while the remaining three hundred continued to unload.

When it grew dark, Hobby ordered his "boys" to say their prayers and get to bed as comfortably as they could. He himself returned to the quarters of the engineers and surveyors and telephoned his report to New York. Afterwards he and the engineers went down to the sands for a bathe before turning in for the night. Though lying fully clothed on bare boards they fell asleep at once, and only awoke at daybreak.

At four in the morning about a hundred more motor-trucks arrived with fresh material. Half an hour later a new de-

tachment of a thousand men made its appearance. They had slept in the train, and looked tired and hungry. The kitchens were now at their busiest, and the batteries also were working at high pressure.

Hobby was up and about first thing. His work was a delight to him, and although he had not had many hours sleep he was in his usual condition of high spirits, and at once won the goodwill of his army of employees. He had provided himself with a horse—a gray—and he galloped untiringly all over the place the whole day through.

Along the railway line there were by this time great hillocks of materials. At eight o'clock a train of twenty flat-cars steamed in, laden only with rails, sleepers, carts, and two neat little locomotives for a narrow-gauge railroad. At nine, another train arrived, bringing a new battalion of engineers. Hobby now turned a thousand men on to the construction of the small branch of the railroad which went to the building ground two miles away. In the evening came a train with two thousand iron camp-bedsteads with blankets. Hobby clamored over the telephone for more workers, and Allan promised him another supply of two thousand for the next day.

Next morning they arrived in due course, and in their wake came endless trainloads of material. Hobby cursed! Allan was simply swamping him—he had not counted upon being taken so literally. But he determined to be equal to Allan's thoroughgoing methods—typical as they were of modern America.

On the third day the light railroad had reached the building ground, and by the evening one of the small locomotives steamed amid loud cheering into camp. She carried along endless car-loads of beams, planks, and sheet iron, and in a twinkling two thousand men were busying themselves strenuously constructing barracks and camp-kitchens and sheds. Unfortunately, there was a heavy storm in the night, and Hobby's city was shattered into pieces.

The only relief for his feelings he could find was a long and hearty oath. He asked Allan for twenty-four hours' grace,

but Allan took no notice, and kept sending on one train full of material after another, until Hobby went almost black in the face.

About eleven o'clock that evening Allan himself turned up, and Maud with him. He hustled round, shouting out orders and admonishments, cursing and swearing generously, and making every one realize that the Syndicate was going to have its money's worth in work and energy. Wherever he went he left behind him a wake of astonishment and respect.

Hobby was not a man to be easily discouraged. He was determined that the fifteen years' job should be carried through within that specified period, and he was prepared to work till he dropped. A battalion of workers was constructing a railroad embankment up to Lakewood. This was for ordinary trains. A rust-colored cloud of dust showed where they were engaged. Another gang was wrestling with the fresh supplies constantly arriving. A third had been turned on to making a great trench. A fourth was attending to the carpentry work required in the barracks.

Hobby, mounted on his gray horse, was ubiquitous. The workmen called him "Jolly Hobby." Allan they called "Mac." Harriman, the chief engineer—a sturdily-built thick-set man, who had spent his whole life on such jobs all over the world—came to be known simply as "Bull."

Three days after the first spade had been thrust into the ground, the spot had been transformed into a well-arranged field encampment. A week later it had developed into an extensive settlement, with extemporized barracks accommodating twenty thousand men, with slaughter-houses, dairies, bakeries, stores, canteens, a post and telegraph office, a hospital, and a cemetery. In addition to all this, there was a separate row of ready-made patent houses, which were molded in concrete on the spot and took only two days to fix up. The entire town was coated with dust, and looked quite white; the few patches of grass and the isolated bushes had become mere heaps of cement.

Eight days later an enormous black engine, on immense red wheels, came puffing and snorting into the town, followed

by an endless row of cars. It stood blowing off steam, and sending up clouds of black smoke in the glaring sunlight. It was greeted with loud cheers.

Next day there were several more of these engines, and in a week a regular army of them—great smoking demons they looked as they stood there, throbbing unceasingly, making the air pulsate with their exhalations. The whole place was enveloped in mist and smoke. The atmosphere was often so dense that electric discharges took place, and in the most perfect weather thunder rolled over the city.

Out of the midst of this city of bustle and noise enormous columns of dust swept up by day and by night. They formed into clouds such as may be seen during the eruption of a volcano; mushroom-shaped clouds, forced down by the higher air-currents and gradually torn into shreds by the wind.

To ships out at sea the effect was of a great, chalk-white island, several miles in extent, floating in the air. Sometimes the dust would float over to New York, and descend on the city like a rain of fine white ashes.

The working ground was here about four hundred and fifty yards in length, and stretched some four miles inland. It was excavated in terraces lower and lower. The deepest terrace of all, at the mouth of the tunnel, was to be about two hundred and twenty-five yards below the level of the sea.

To-day a flat region of marsh land was being marked off with a multitude of bright-colored pegs; to-morrow a sandy stretch was to be dealt with in the same way; the day after, a gravel-pit, a stone-quarry, a great basin of conglomerates, sandstone and chalk; and, finally, a ravine, so deep that the men working in it when seen from above were like insects—they seemed so small and gray, covered as they were with the white dust. Twenty thousand men labored away day and night upon these tasks, their picks and shovels glittering like specks of sunlight on the sea. A horn sounds, a great boulder tilts forward, quivers and falls, masses of men disappear in the resulting dust-waves. Steam hoisting-engines groan and moan, chains of buckets rattle and creak, cranes

swing, cars whizz through the air. Pumps, day and night, drive streams of dirty water through giant pipes.

Fleets of small locomotives with trucks dart under the dredgers, force their way between bowlders and over sand-hills. The moment they reach open land again, they scurry away, whistling shrilly and with deafening bell signals, down the barrack-street to the building ground with their load of sand and stone. Hither the trains have brought veritable mountains of sacks of cement, and gangs of workers are engaged in erecting permanent barracks, strong enough to give harborage to all the twenty thousand during the winter months.

Some distance away from the cutting—where the grass begins to incline at the gentlest angle—there stand four sinister-looking engines, apparently brand new, all smoking and puffing. In front of their wheels, picks and shovels glitter in the sun. A band of men are busying themselves removing the earth, and replacing it with blocks of stone, which they rattle down the slope out of tilting carts. On the stones they fix sleepers which are still sticky with tar, and when they have laid a row of these they screw the rails on to them. And when they have laid sixty yards of rail the four black engines begin to puff and hiss, and to move the steel links three or four times. Then they return to their work with their picks and shovels.

The four black monsters move about in this way all day long, and presently they stand between two high hills of rubble stones. A little later they stand lower down still in a passage between two steep walls of concrete, and gaze with their cyclopean eyes at the great stone wall in front of them, where, at a distance of thirty paces, two great arches have been excavated at the mouth of the Tunnel.

PART II

PART II

I

“UNCLE TOM”

IN France and at Cape Finisterre, and at the two Atlantic stations, troops of sweating men were eating their way into the earth in just the same fashion. Day and night, the same clouds of smoke and dust rose simultaneously at these five points of the globe. The army of the hundred thousand was made up of all races—Americans, French, English, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, mulattoes, negroes, Chinese. There was a babel of tongues. The engineers were mostly Americans, English, French, and Germans. Their most important task was to construct the power works, Allan's “Niagara,” which would give him driving force for the trains that were to run from continent to continent, and provide light and ventilation for the endless galleries of the Tunnel.

In accordance with the improved system of the Germans Schlick and Lippmann, Allan had enormous reservoirs made, into which the sea flowed at flood tide, to thunder thence into basins at a lower level, shooting down to force the turbines which drove the stream from the dynamos, and thence back into the sea.

Iron huts and rolling-stock from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Colorado, Northumberland, Durham, South Wales, Sweden, Westphalia, Lorraine, and France were included among Allan's requisitions. The coal mines made special efforts to increase their output so as to cope with the increased demand for transport and for smelting furnaces. Copper, steel, and cement experienced an unexampled rise in price. The great machine manufactories

of America and Europe began to work in double shifts. In Sweden, Russia, Hungary and Canada entire forests were cut down.

A fleet of cargo-steamers and sailing vessels was continually under weigh between France, England, Germany, Portugal, Italy and the Azores, and between American and Bermuda, transporting men and material.

Four steamers with leading experts on board (most of them French and German) were cruising about unceasingly, with a view to supervising and controlling the direction of the Tunnel within a section thirty miles in width, in accordance with known oceanographic soundings.

All the stations and centers of industry, as well as the steamers, kept in direct telegraphic communication with the Tunnel Syndicate Building, Allan holding all the strings of his great enterprise in his own hands.

A few weeks of sustained effort had enabled him to get the whole machinery into regular working order. His name, almost unknown previously, now flashed like a meteor all over the world.

Thousands of newspapers occupied themselves with his personality and career, and presently there can scarcely have been a newspaper reader in the world who did not know all about him.

His life story, however, as thus retailed, had a gap in it from his tenth to his thirteenth year. Allan had belonged to those hidden millions who spend their existence under the ground, and of whom none thinks.

He was born in the eastern coal district of America, and the earliest impression fixed in his memory was of fire. This fire stood of nights at different points of the sky. It seemed to him as though there were fiery heads upon thick, sturdy bodies, and that they wanted to frighten him. They came out in the form of red-hot hills, upon which red-hot men poured water until all vanished in great white clouds.

The air was full of smoke and vapor, and of the noise of blast furnaces. Generally it was dark, but at moments the whole sky was ablaze.

The men would congregate in groups in the streets of brick-built houses, they came and went everywhere in crowds—they were always black with coal dust—they had coal dust in their eyes even on Sundays. All their conversation seemed to turn upon the two words, “Uncle Tom.”

His father and his brother Fred were working in the Uncle Tom mine like all the others.

The street in which Mac grew up was nearly always ankle deep in a gleaming black mud. A shallow stream flowed hard by. The scanty grass that grew in patches along its banks was more black than green. The stream itself was a dirty black, sprinkled with iridescent drops of oil. Behind it stood long rows of coke-ovens, and behind them again rose trestles of wood and iron, on which small trucks ran unceasingly. But what caught young Mac’s attention most of all was a monstrous wheel which stood in the open air. This wheel would remain at a standstill for a time, and then go round with a whirr and so quickly that you couldn’t see the spokes. Suddenly the spokes would become visible again, and the wheel would slow down and stand still again. Then once more it would go round with a whirr, as quickly as ever.

In his fifth year, Mac learned from Fred and other young associates how money could be made without capital. You could sell flowers, open carriage doors, pick up walking sticks that people dropped, fetch motor cars, and do business in newspapers which you picked up in empty railroad coaches. Mac eagerly began his career in the city on these lines. He handed over all his earnings to Fred, and this qualified him for frequenting the saloons with the latter and his friends. He learned, too, how to get through the day without spending a cent. He lived like a parasite on everything that helped to carry him along. The next thing was for him to start in business on his own account. He gathered together empty beer bottles from the workers where new buildings were going up and sold them, saying: “Father has sent me.”

But he was caught doing this and severely punished, and this particular business came to an end.

In his eighth year Mac's father gave him a gray cap and a big pair of boots which had belonged to Fred. The boots were so loose that, with a shake of his feet, he could send them flying into the corner.

His father took him by the hand and led him to the mine. This day left an indelible impression upon Mac's brain. He could still remember vividly how, all excitement and alarm, he stepped through the clattering mine-house, holding on to his father. "Uncle Tom" was in full swing. The air quivered with harsh noises, small trucks rushed past, railroad trucks lumbered along, everything was in movement. High up whirred the great wheel which he had seen from a distance for years past. Behind the coke-ovens rose masses of flames, white clouds of smoke ascended and soot and coal dust descended; there was a buzzing and hissing in pipes the thickness of a man, cascades of water poured forth, and out of the high factory chimney there issued columns of black smoke.

The nearer they came to the soot-covered brick houses with the cracked window-panes, the louder and wilder became the din. There was a screeching as of a thousand children being tortured.

"Who is screeching so, father?" asked Mac.

"It is the coal that is screeching."

His father went up the steps of a great quivering house, in the walls of which there were cracks, and opened the door a little.

"Morning, Josiah! I want to show the kid your machine," he called out, and then turned round and spat on the steps. "Come along, Mac!" he cried.

Mac glanced into the great clean hall with its pavement of flags. The man named Josiah had his back turned towards them. He was sitting on a comfortable chair, his hands on brightly polished levers, and gazing motionless on a gigantic cylinder at the further end of the hall. A signal-bell sounded. Josiah moved one lever and the great machines to right and left began to swing their limbs. The cylinder, which seemed to Mac as big as a house, moved more and

more speedily, and round it whizzed a black wire rope as thick as a man's arm.

"The cage is going to the sixth level," his father explained. "It falls quicker than a stone. Josiah is working with eight hundred horse-power."

On a white bar in front of the cylinder arrow-marks were moving up and down, and as they came level with each other, Josiah again moved a lever and the cylinder slowed down and stood still.

Mac had never seen anything so tremendous as this winding machine.

"Thanks, Josiah," said Mac's father, but Josiah did not turn round.

They went round the machine-house and up a small iron staircase upon which Mac in his heavy boots could only move with difficulty. They were mounting in the direction of the shrill, moaning, child-like cries, and the noise was now so intense that one could no longer understand a word. The hall was immense and dark and full of coal-dust, and of clattering little trucks.

Mac's heart palpitated.

Here at this spot it was, where the coal was screeching, that his father handed him over to the sooty faced men and left him.

Then Mac's astonishment was evoked by the sight of a stream of coal. Countless lumps of coal went tumbling down a slide a yard wide until at last they dropped through a hole in the floor, like a black waterfall, and into railroad cars underneath. On either side of this long slide stood sooty faced boys, little fellows of Mac's own age, who snatched quickly at certain lumps of the coal and picked them out and threw them in the iron cars.

One of the small boys called to him to look out. This little fellow's face was entirely black from coal-dust, and it was only after a time that Mac got to recognize him by his hare-lip. He came from Mac's neighborhood, and Mac had had an encounter with him only the day before, having called him by his nick-name, "Hare."

“We have to get hold of the big bits, Mac,” he yelled in Mac’s ear. “They haven’t to be sold with the slack.”

Next day Mac was as well able as any of the others to distinguish which was coal and which was slack, by the shape, the size, and the luster. Eight days later he felt as though he had been for years in this black room so full of noise and of coal.

Bending over the ever-flowing river of coal, reaching out his hands to capture the bigger pieces—so Mac remained every day for two years, at his allotted place, the fifth from the top. Thousands of tons of coal slid past his small quick hands.

Every Saturday he received his wages, which he had to hand over to his father, minus a coin or two for pocket-money. He was nine years old and felt himself quite a man. When he went to the saloon on a Sunday he wore a stiff hat and a collar. A pipe hung from his jagged teeth; he chewed gum, and always had a plentiful supply of saliva between his tongue and his jaws. Yes, he was a grown man, and talked like one, though in the clear high voice of a boy who spent his week in a noisy workroom.

There were dozens of boys who even after a year of work had no notion where all the coal came from. Day and night clattered the iron doors of the shaft and the dripping cage unceasingly spat forth trucks of coal, day and night, fifty hundredweight at a time. Day and night the trucks raced down the iron slide of the shed, day and night they made their way down to a particular point over an opening in the ground, discharged the coal into it and moved along. Thence the coal was moved by an endless chain, and is shaken out on to great sieves. It was at this stage that the noise was produced which sounded so much like human cries. The big lumps of coal were sent off in the cars. So much all the boys knew, but that was about all they knew. Mac had been saying to himself for a month past that the trucks which went clattering through the hall could not possibly be all of them used for carrying coal. And this of course was so. Hundreds of trucks came daily from the other mines to

“Uncle Tom,” because it was here that all the chemical works were as well as the coke-ovens and the “dressing floors.” Mac had been round on an exploring expedition and had seen for himself. He knew that the coal which fell through the sieve was transported by a conveyor into the sorting floors. Here it was put into caldrons, in which the water washed out the coal, the slack sinking. The coal then ran into a huge *trommel* from five sieves, with holes of different sizes. Here it was rattled about and sorted out, passing through sieves and “screens.” The different kinds then went down channels into different receptacles, being classed as round coal, mixed coal, nut-coal 1, 2, and 3, and fell into the railway and were carried off. As for the “fine” coal, however, the slaty coal, and the slack, these were allowed to fall down a great perforated iron stairway which seemed to be standing still, but if you watched it closely you saw that it was in fact moving véry, véry slowly. In exactly two days, each step had reached the top, tipped over and discharged the coal into immense craters. Thence came the slack into the coke-ovens, to be burned into coke, and the gases driven down into the tall black “devils,” and turned into tar, ammonia and all kinds of things. This was the business, as young Mac had discovered for himself, of the chemical works of Uncle Tom.

In his tenth year, his father gave him a suit made of strong, thick yellowish cloth, and a woolen kerchief and took him for the first time to where the coal came from.

The iron gates clattered, the bell rang, the cage went down. At first slowly, then very swiftly—so swiftly that Mac thought the ground had given beneath him. For a moment he felt queer, but only for a moment. The iron cage sank down noisily to a depth of nine hundred yards, clanking violently against the guiding rails as it went. Water splashed down on them; the dripping black boarding that lined the shaft shone faintly in the glare of their safety-lamps. Mac felt that this was as he expected. For two years he had seen the miners coming out of the cage and going down in it with their safety-lamps, and only twice had anything hap-

pened amiss. Once the cage had come up with a bang against the roof, and the men had suffered injuries to their heads; on the other occasion the cable had broken, and two inspectors and an engineer had been thrown out into the dump. Such an accident might happen now, Mac knew, but it didn't happen.

Suddenly the cage stopped and they got out on Level No. 8. They were met by two men, naked down to their waists and with faces so blackened as to be unrecognizable.

"Brought us your youngster, Allan?"

"Yep!"

Mac found himself in a hot tunnel, the first few yards of which were lit up by the lamp in the cage. Looking down its length, he saw another lamp gleaming in the distance. It was coming nearer. Presently it came close up, and with it a boy named Jay, whom Mac already knew, with twenty iron trucks rattling behind him, filled with coal.

Jay grinned. "Hullo, there he is!" he cried. "I say, Mac, I won three drinks yesterday from the Poker machine. Hi! Hi! Boney!"

Mac was handed over to Jay and for a month he followed him about like his shadow until he had learnt his work. Then Jay was sent elsewhere and Mac took his place.

He was quite at home on Level No. 8, and it never occurred to him that any boy of his age could be anything but a pony-boy. At first the darkness, and even more the ghostly stillness, had depressed him. He felt now quite ashamed of his fears. It was as silent as a grave, but a fellow could whistle, after all. The only sounds he could hear came from the shaft, when the trucks were being put into the cage or taken out of it, and from the seams where the miners, for the most part invisible to Mac, were excavating the coal. At one point of the Level there was a borer at work. Here the noise was tremendous. Two men, who must have been deafened long ago, were busy pressing the pneumatic borer against the rock with their shoulders. Here, not a word could be heard.

Eight hundred and eighty men were at work on Level No.

8, and yet Mac seldom saw any one. Occasionally a master-miner, or an inspector—that was all. It was always an event when a lamp shone in one of the galleries and some visitor made his appearance. Mac spent all his time going to and fro along these desolate, dark, low passages. He had to collect the trucks at the working faces of the seam, and to take them to the shaft. Then he went back with the trucks, some of them empty, some filled with stone to block up an excavated seam, some with props, beams and planks for buttressing up the galleries. He was familiar with the entire labyrinth of galleries, knew every single beam that had been cracked by the inward pressure of the mine, could tell you the names of all the seams—George Washington, Merry Hunt, Fat Billy, etc., etc. He knew the danger-points where the heavy mine gases came out. He knew every “coffin-lid,” as they call the short props driven into the stone, which are apt to spring out and jam you against the opposite wall. He knew about the ventilating system—the series of doors which even the strongest man could not open until he had let out through a little opening in it the air pressing against it—the air which then rushed through like a cyclone. Some of the galleries were so full of moist, hot air that perspiration burst from your face as soon as you went into them. Hundreds of times a day he passed in and out of these galleries, hot and cold, just as so many thousands of pony-boys are doing to-day.

When his day’s work was done, he went up in the cage with his mates, to return again next morning, just as a clerk goes to his office and comes down from it by the elevator.

It was on Level No. 8 that Mac made acquaintance with Napoleon Bonaparte, “Boney” for short. That was the name of the gray horse that drew the trucks. Boney had been working down there in the darkness for many years and was half blind. His back was bent, and his head sank down to the ground, owing to the necessity of stooping in the low passages. Boney had so worn his old hoofs in the muddy pools between the narrow rails that they looked like cakes.

He was long past his prime, and his hair was going. Round his eyes and nostrils he had red rings, which were not pleasant to see. But in other respects all was well with him. He was fat and sturdy, and had grown phlegmatic. He always walked at the same pace. His brain apparently had fixed the pace, and now it could not be changed. Mac might whisk his brush at him, he would go no faster. Mac might hit him, "Boney," the old humbug, would pretend to make a spurt; he would shake his head quicker up and down and do some extra business with his old hoofs in the mud and make other demonstrations of zeal and goodwill, but not a jot faster would he go. Mac was not over-gentle with him. When he wanted Boney to go to one side he would give him a dig in the paunch with the elbow. Boney paid no attention to this, although he recognized that he ought to leave Mac room and pricked up his ears to show as much. When Boney fell asleep, as often happened, Mac hit him over the nose with his fist—for Mac could not afford to dally. If he didn't keep good time with his trucks, out he would go. They were good friends, Boney and he, none the less. Now and again, when Mac had whistled himself out, he would pat Boney on the neck and begin talking with him: "Well, old Boney, how are you to-day, my lad?"

After six months' acquaintance it occurred to Mac that Boney was dirty. It was only in the darkness, seen in the glimmer of a lamp, that he could pass for a gray. Had he been brought out into daylight, the poor beast might well have felt ashamed of his appearance.

Mac made a start by buying a curry comb. Boney, it was quite clear, had no recollection of this toilet requisite, for he moved his head round inquiringly when Mac first used it. This was a thing Boney wasn't in the habit of doing, even for an explosion. He liked the operation and swung his great belly from side to side in his efforts to get the utmost enjoyment out of it. But when it came to water—for Mac was going to do the thing thoroughly—Boney's flanks quivered as though he had had an electric shock and he moved his legs nervously. He was patient under the

combing process which followed, but when he felt that Mac had combed enough, he emitted a tremulous sort of half-whine, half-howl—his nearest approach to a neigh. Mac laughed until the galleries resounded.

Mac had been really fond of Boney. Even now, after all these years, he used to talk of him, and he had always since then taken a special interest in old grays. He would often stop and pat the neck of one and say: “Old Boney looked just like this, Maud, look at him!” But Maud had seen so many of these horses “like Boney” that she began to doubt whether the resemblance was very great. Mac knew nothing about pictures and had never spent a cent on one, but Maud once discovered a very primitive drawing of a gray horse among his belongings. She had been married to him for more than two years when she discovered this “craze” of his. They were driving over the Berkshire hills one day when suddenly he stopped the car.

“Do look at that gray, Maud!” he had said, pointing to one in the shafts of a cart.

Maud burst out laughing, “Well, Mac,” she said, “that’s a very ordinary old gray, like thousands of others.”

Mac had to admit that this was so. “Perhaps it is, but I had once a gray exactly like it.”

“When?”

“When?” Mac looked beyond her. There was nothing so difficult for him as talking about himself. “Oh, ever so long ago. In Uncle Tom.”

One other thing Mac had retained from Uncle Tom—a shrill cry like that of a bird of prey. He had recourse to it unconsciously when any one risked being run over by his car. He had used it to urge on old Boney, or to make him pull up, when a truck got off the lines.

Mac had been nearly three years on Level 8 when the great catastrophe took place which is still vivid in the recollection of many people. It cost two hundred and sixty-two men their lives, but to Mac it was destined to bring good fortune.

Three days after Whitsuntide, at three o’clock in the morn-

ing there was a fire-damp explosion on the lowest Level of Uncle Tom.

Mac was bringing back his string of empty trucks and was whistling a popular tune which the gramophone in Johnson's Saloon was just then bellowing forth every evening. Suddenly he heard above the din of the iron trucks what sounded like a distant thunderclap. He looked round him mechanically, still whistling: the props and beams had broken like wooden matches and the mine was collapsing. He tugged Boney by the halter with all his might and yelled at him "Hi! Hi! Get up!" Boney, frightened by the cracking of the props, set off at a gallop, extending his fat body to its utmost, and throwing out his old legs with an energy born of desperation—then vanished beneath the avalanche of stone!

Mac ran for his life. He escaped. But now to his consternation he saw the props and beams in the direction he was making for were breaking too and the roof giving in. He rushed round twice in a circle like a top, his hands to his ears, then made for a door to one side. The whole gallery came crashing down, the door began to crack, and Mac made a rush for it. He ran and ran, but found he was still running in a circle.

He began to tremble in all his limbs and lost all his strength. He saw that he had made his way into a stable, as Boney also would have done had not the mine come down on top of him. He had to sit down, for his knees gave under him, and he remained there struck dumb with terror, his mind a blank, for more than an hour. At last he looked to his lamp which was scarcely burning and held it up. He was completely shut in by rocks and coal. He tried hard to understand what could have happened but could make nothing of it.

Thus he sat for a long hour crying a little the while and then made an effort to pull himself together. He took a piece of chewing gum out of his pocket and his faculties began to come back to him.

Evidently it had been a case of fire-damp—that was clear.

Boney had been overwhelmed by the mine. As for himself—well, they would dig him out!

He remained sitting by his little lamp on the ground, having made up his mind that there was nothing to do but to wait. He waited two hours, then an ice-cold fear took hold of him and he jumped up terror-stricken. He took the lamp and went into the galleries to the left and to the right, looking for an opening in every direction. No, none! He could only go on waiting. He examined his provision-wallet, sat down again on the ground and allowed his thoughts to wander. He thought of Boney, of his father and Fred, who had gone with him to Johnson's Bar. Of the gramophone song. Of the poker-playing machine at Johnson's Bar. And in imagination he played sudden games with it—inserted his five cent piece, pulled the handle, let go—and, wonderful to relate, always won: full hand, royal flush . . .

A strange sound recalled him to actualities. A whizzing and snapping like the crackling of a telephone. He listened eargerly. No, it was nothing. All was still again. The stillness was becoming unbearable. He stuck his forefingers in his ears and twisted them about. He spat on the ground and tried to feel brave. Then once more he sat down, leaning his back against the wall and gazing idly at the heap of straw which had been placed there for Boney. At last he lay down on the straw, feeling utterly hopeless. Presently he fell asleep.

He awoke—after some hours he imagined. His lamp had gone out, and he plunged his feet into water when he took a step. Squatting down he sat upon poor Boney's last rations. He felt hungry, and taking a handful of oats began to chew them, listening anxiously the while, but hearing no sound or voice, nothing but the trickling and dripping of water.

The darkness was terrible. After a while he jumped up again, his teeth chattering, and moved forward quickly. He knocked up against a wall. Madly he beat his head against it, once, twice, thrice, then struck on the stone vehemently with his hands. His frenzy did not last long. He felt his

way back to the stall and began again to munch the oats, the tears running down his cheeks.

Hours passed. Still no sound. They must have forgotten him.

He grew cold. He must show what he was made of.

He sprang up and shaking his fist in the air, shouted: "If those blasted fools don't get me out, I will get myself out!"

He began to grope about and to think hard. He tried to realize his bearings and the formation of this gallery. There was no possible escape by the gallery to the south. If he made his way out at all it could only be through Merry Hunt and Patterson's seam. The opening of this seam was sixty, eighty, perhaps ninety paces off. Mac knew this well. The coal in Merry Hunt must have been crushed into dust already by the collapse of the mine. This had to be remembered.

Only at one o'clock that day had he shouted out to Patterson: "Hi, Pat; Higgins says all we want is a little less mud here!"

Patterson's sweat-bedewed countenance had been visible in the circle of light given out by the lamp, and he had shouted out in reply: "Oh, let Higgins go to the devil! Merry Hunt is nothing but muck, the mine has crushed it all up. You tell Higgins to shut his mug, Mac!"

Pat had strengthened the seam with good solid new props, for he had always had a fear that the rocky section of the mine would destroy him. The seam was steep, nearly sixty yards high and led by an incline to Level 7.

Mac counted his steps, and when he had reached sixty, he grew excited. When he reached eighty-five and came upon rock, he cried for joy.

Now he strained every muscle and sinew. After an hour's hard work—knee-deep in water—he had excavated a big niche in the rock. But he felt exhausted and the bad air made him vomit. He had to take a rest. Presently he began again, quietly and steadily. It was necessary for him to feel the stones above and to each side in order to make sure they would not come down and crush him, and he had

to insert wedges between dangerous-seeming blocks of stone and to drag props and beams out of the stable for use as buttresses, and to roll big bowlders to one side. Thus he labored hour after hour, gasping for breath. Utterly worn out, he slept for a time. On awaking, he set himself to listen for a few minutes, but could hear no sound. So he set to again.

He dug and dug. He went on digging in this way for several days and yet made only about five yards progress. Hundreds of times afterwards he dreamt that he was digging all over again, burrowing his way through the rocky ground.

At last he felt sure that he was close upon the wrecked gallery. Filling his pockets with oats, he made his way up into the gallery. Most of the props were still standing, the mine had only thrown down a small quantity of coal, and Mac trembled and cried out for joy as he noted that the coal could easily be shoved aside. He still had nearly sixty yards before him. Pushing along from prop to prop, he got gradually up the block to the top of the seam. Return was impossible for him, because his route was closing in behind him. Suddenly he came upon a coat which he recognized as Patterson's. Old Pat lay there, crushed to death! The sudden horror of it so affected Mac that for long he remained helpless and inert. When he mastered himself, he began to climb again. Under ordinary conditions a man could make the ascent in half an hour. But Mac was weak and exhausted, and had to displace whole tons of coal in order to make progress, assuring himself first that the props were still standing, so it took a very long time to win through. At last, utterly exhausted, he reached the gallery, which led direct from Level No. 8 to Level No. 7.

He lay down to sleep. When he awoke he climbed slowly up the rut.

At last he was above-ground. The gallery was free.

Mac crouched down and chewed some of the oats and licked his damp hands. Then he proceeded towards the shaft. He knew Level No. 7 as well as he did No. 8, but he was constantly brought to a full stop in galleries which had crumbled in, and

obliged to try afresh in others. He wandered about there for hours . . . He must get to the shaft—he must get to it! Then a pull at the bell and he was safe!

Suddenly—just when he had begun to tremble for fear lest escape was impossible—he saw gleams of red light. Lamps! Three of them!

He opened his mouth to shout, but he could not utter a sound. Or so it seemed to him.

Perhaps he did shout really. Two of the men swore they heard nothing. The third said he thought he heard a faint cry.

Mac's next conscious feeling was of being carried by some one, then of going up in the cage, very slowly. Then it seemed to him that some one had thrown some covering over him, and that he was being carried again. He could remember nothing more.

Mac had been shut up in the mine for seven entire days, though he thought he had been only three. He was the only soul saved from Level No. 8. It seemed almost as though he were a ghost. His story was made known all over America and Europe. "The Pony-boy of Uncle Tom Mine," he was called. Portraits of him as he was carried out, and as he sat up in bed in the hospital, appeared in all the papers.

The whole world laughed over Mac's first remark when he awoke. He said to the doctor, "Got any chewing-gum, sir?"

In eight days Mac was all right again. When they answered his questions about his father and Fred, he put his thin hands to his face and cried as a boy of thirteen does when left alone in the world. Apart from this, all went well with him. He was given plenty to eat, and people sent him cakes and wine and money. Finally a rich lady who had been moved by his story adopted him and arranged for his education.

Mac couldn't think of any other possible career than that of mining, so she sent him to a mining college. When his training was over he went back to Uncle Tom as a mining engineer. After two years there he was sent to the Juan Alvarez silver mine in Bolivia—a region in which a man has, above all things, to know the right moment for delivering a

straight blow from the shoulder. The mine petered out, and next Mac's job was on the tunnel of the Bolivia Andes Railway. It was here that his great idea occurred to him. The possibility of carrying it out depended on the invention of an improved borer. Mac set himself to solving this problem. For the diamond of the diamond-borer must be substituted something almost equally hard. Mac sought admission into the experimental section of the Wilkinson Works, and bent all his energies while there to the production of a steel implement of hitherto unknown hardness. After working for two years and getting within sight of his goal, he left Wilkinson's and started business on his own account. His "Allanite" soon made him well-to-do. It was then that he met Maud. He had never had time to trouble his head about women, and they meant nothing to him. Maud, however, took his fancy at first glance. Her Madonna-like head, with its soft brown hair and large, kind eyes, which in the sunlight seemed to glow like amber, her somewhat pathetic expression (she had just lost her mother), her sensitive and impressionable temperament—everything about her impressed and attracted him deeply. Perhaps it was her complexion that charmed him most of all. It was the finest and purest he had ever seen. She was then giving music lessons in Buffalo and working from early morning until night. He admired her pluck and courage. One evening he heard her talking about music, art and literature—matters of which he knew nothing—and his admiration of her talent and knowledge was boundless. He began to pay his addresses to her at once, and passed through all the stages of little absurdities common to men in love. At first he lacked courage, and there were hours when he was utterly despondent. One day he saw a look in Maud's eyes which inspirited him. He proposed to her there and then, and a few weeks later they were married. The following three years he devoted to his Idea.

And now, to-day, he was "Mac"—plain "Mac"—the hero of popular songs in every music hall!

II

TIME TELLS

DURING the first few months after the launching of the great project Maud saw her husband very seldom. She had early come to realize that this new enterprise of his was a very different matter from his work in the factory in Buffalo, and she was wise enough and strong enough to sacrifice herself to it. Often she did not see him at all during the day. Either he was at the building ground, or at the workshops in Buffalo, or else engaged at important board meetings. He began his work at six in the morning, and it kept him absorbed until late at night. Utterly fatigued, he would sometimes lie down on the leather couch in his working-room and sleep the night there instead of coming home.

To this too Maud resigned herself.

But to ensure his having at least some physical comforts on such occasions, she arranged that he should have a bedroom with a bath-room attached and a small sitting-room in which he could have a meal served—quite a comfortable little habitation—in the Syndicate building; and she saw that he was properly supplied there with pipes and tobacco and clean linen. She placed “Lion,” the Japanese, at his disposal. “Lion” knew better than anybody else how to look after Mac. He was able, with Asiatic equanimity, to say a hundred times over if necessary, with a little measured pause between the words: “Dinner, sir! Dinner, sir!” He never lost patience, and his mood was always the same. He was always at hand, and never in the way. He worked noiselessly and steadily like a well-oiled machine always in perfect order.

This resulted, indeed, in her seeing still less of Mac, but she bore herself bravely. When the weather allowed, she made arrangements for little dinners on the roof of the Syn-

dicade building, from which there was an entrancing view of New York. These dinners, to which some of Mac's friends and colleagues would be invited, gave her hours of happiness and she used to devote the entire day to arranging one. Nor did she worry unduly if Mac—as sometimes happened—was able to appear only for a few minutes.

Sundays, however, always saw Allan at home in Westchester with his wife and little girl; and it would almost seem as if on these occasions he sought to make amends for all his absences during the week, so exclusively did he devote himself to them, playing about like a simple happy boy.

Often, too, on Sundays he would go out with her to the building ground in New Jersey, just to "give Hobby a shove along."

Presently there came a month which was almost entirely given over to conferences with the founders and principal shareholders of the Syndicate, as well as with other financiers, engineers, agents, and architects. In New Jersey they had come up against unexpected difficulties; in Bermuda the building of the Tunnel had resulted in unforeseen troubles; in Finisterre, the supply of workers was inadequate and unsatisfactory—new workmen would have to be secured. Problems of every kind, all of the utmost urgency, had been accumulating from day to day.

Allan was now working as much as twenty hours a day, and for days at a time Maud had no communication with him at all.

He assured her that things would be different in a few weeks, when the first rush was over. She possessed herself in patience. Her only anxiety was lest Mac should overtax his powers.

Maud was proud to be the wife of such a man. The thought of his great enterprise uplifted her. She loved seeing him referred to in the papers as "the conqueror of the submarine continents," and reading all the enthusiastic descriptions of his work. She was still not quite used to the idea that her Mac had become a very famous man. Sometimes she would glance at him with eyes full of wonder and awe. And yet

she would reflect that he didn't seem a bit changed. He looked still quite simple and ordinary. She was almost afraid that his public fame might pale a little when people came to realize what a simple soul he really was. She kept a keen lookout for all the newspaper allusions to him and to the Tunnel. Sometimes she would go to a moving-picture theater to see herself as "Mac's wife," "snapped" coming out of their motor car, her bright dust-cloak fluttering in the wind. Newspaper men took every possible opportunity of interviewing her, and she would laugh till she almost cried next day when she found the article under some such heading as: "Mac's wife says he is the best husband and father in New York."

Although she did not admit it even to herself, it flattered her when people in the shops looked at her curiously; and one of the greatest triumphs of her life was when Ethel Lloyd on one occasion stopped her car on Fifth Avenue and pointed her out to her friends.

Mac had promised to spend three whole days with them at Christmas—without any work whatever. And Maud's heart beat with pleasure at the thought. It should be just such a Christmas as the first they had spent together. Hobby should be there on one of the days and they would all play bridge until they fell from their chairs! She sketched out a programme for every minute of the three days.

During the first weeks of December, as it happened, she scarcely saw Mac at all. He was closeted all day with the financiers, making preparations for the financial campaign which was to be taken in hand in January.

A sum of three thousand million dollars was required to start with.

For weeks together the Syndicate building was besieged by reporters, for the Tunnel had all along been a God-send to the newspapers. Now they wanted particulars as to all the stages of its construction. How was it to be administered? What system of ventilation was being adopted? How had the exact curve of the Tunnel been calculated? How was it that the total length of the Tunnel was about one-fifth less than the shortest steam route? ("Stick a needle

through a globe and you find the answer.") These and other such questions kept the public open-mouthed. In addition, there was always the steamship companies' campaign against the Tunnel to talk about—the great "Tunnel War" still being fought with noise and bitterness.

The section of the press which was against the Tunnel kept bringing forward all the old arguments. It was impossible to bore through such an enormous stretch of granite and gneiss. A depth of from 5,000 to 6,000 yards beneath the sea-level precluded all possibility of success for such an enterprise. No material could withstand the enormous heat and air-pressure. In short, the scheme was destined to complete failure. The papers in favor of it, on the other hand, kept reminding their readers of the actual features of the project. Punctuality! Security! The saving of time!—these were the watchwords. Trains would be run through the Tunnel as safely as overground—more safely even, for they would not be in danger from bad weather, storms and fogs. Nor would they run the risks to which steamers were liable. The case of the *Titanic* was recalled and that of the *Cosmos*, which went to the bottom with four thousand on board.

It was unnecessary to talk about airships, for there could be no question of their being available for general traffic, though two of them had succeeded in flying across the Atlantic.

It was impossible to take up a paper of any kind without coming upon some reference to the Tunnel or some illustration in connection with it.

In November there had at first been some diminution, and then a complete dearth of new information emanating from the publicity department of the syndicate. Allan had closed the building grounds, and photographs henceforth were not to be procured.

The fever of interest which the newspapers had wrought in the public mind died down, and after a few weeks the Tunnel had become an old story, which evoked no sort of excitement. The latest sensation was the International air-race round the world.

The Tunnel was quite forgotten.

This was according to Allan's plan. He knew his people and knew well that all this early enthusiasm had brought him his four thousand million dollars. He himself would be able to arouse a new wave of enthusiasm—without having recourse to mere sensationalism—at the right moment.

In December a widely discussed piece of news was published in the newspapers, which served to give some idea of the range of Allan's enterprise. This was to the effect that the Pittsburg Smelting and Refining Company had secured for the sum of twelve and a half million dollars the right to all the material excavated during the building of the Tunnel suitable for their purposes. (Shares in the P. S. R. C. went up 60 per cent. during the first six years of the great work.) Simultaneously appeared the announcement that the Edison Biograph Company had secured the sole right to take photographic and cinematographic records of the Tunnel during the whole period of its construction for the sum of a million dollars.

The Edison Biograph Company advertised their coup on immense posters. They announced that they proposed to produce a memorial for all time of the building of the Tunnel from the first shove with the spade to the starting of the first train! They would tell future generations the whole story of the greatest human achievement in all history! They would present their films first of all to New York, and then in thirty thousand moving-picture theaters all over the world.

It was impossible to think of a better advertisement for the Tunnel.

The Edison Biograph Company began its series that same day in its two hundred New York theaters, which were all packed to the full.

They showed once more the familiar scenes enacted on the roof-garden of the Atlantic Hotel, they showed the five great columns of smoke and dust ascending from the isolated building grounds, the fountains of stones thrown up by dynamite, the arrangements made for feeding a hundred thousand men, and the arrival of the workmen in the morning.

They showed one man who had been struck on the chest by a piece of stone, and who was still breathing, though on the point of death. They showed the hospital of the Tunnel city. They showed lumbermen in Canada cutting down an entire forest for Allan, and long strings of loaded cars all marked with the initials A. T. S.

This set, which took ten minutes to show, and which bore the simple title, "Railroad cars," made the strongest impression of all. Freight-trains—that was all! Freight trains in Sweden, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Germany, France, England, America. Train after train, carrying wood, coal, rails, iron ribs, tubes, and a thousand other things.

At the end came a quite short set—Allan on his way with Hobby to the building ground in New Jersey.

Every week the Edison-Bio Company had something new to show about the Tunnel, always ending up with a set showing Allan himself doing something or other.

Whereas Allan's name had previously meant as little to the public as the name of any record-breaking aëroplanist which was on all men's lips to-day, who broke his neck to-morrow, and was forgotten the day after, people began now to learn definite items of information about him and his work.

Four days before Christmas New York, and all the towns of the United States, large and small, were placarded with enormous posters in front of which great crowds congregated open-mouthed. These posters depicted a fairy city, a bird's-eye view of an ocean of houses. Never had such a city been dreamt of before! In its center, which shone brilliantly as New York on a sunny morning, rose a magnificent railroad-station, compared with which the Hudson Terminal, or the Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations, were mere toys. From it radiated a number of deep-lying thoroughfares, including one which led to the north of the Tunnel. All these were spanned by innumerable bridges, and flanked by gardens and terraces with fountains in full play. A solid mass of thousand-windowed sky-scrapers towered to each side of the railway station square. All around were boulevards and alleys crowded with people; some walking, some driving in motor

cars, some traveling by electric railways running on different levels. Beyond, endless blocks of buildings, stretching out to the horizon. In the distance lay the harbor, a fascinating picture, with its warehouses and docks, its busy quays, its steamers and sailing-ships, its funnels, masts, and rigging. In the foreground, to the right, an endless sunlit strand, full of basket-chairs, and faced by lofty *Hotels de luxe*. Beneath were the words, "Mac Allan's cities in ten years' time."

In the upper portion of the picture, high in the bright blue sky, could be seen a solitary aëroplane no bigger than a seagull. The pilot was evidently throwing overboard something which looked in the distance like grains of sand, but which grew in size until at last they took the form of leaflets, some of which, falling right into the town, were big enough to reveal the words: "Buy Building Plots!"

This was one of Hobby's notions!

On the same day full-page display advertisements of a similar kind appeared in all the great newspapers. Every available section of wall space in New York was placarded. In every office and restaurant, bar, saloon, in all the trains and stations and ferry boats, Allan's fairy city on the sand dunes displayed its charms. The whole of New York felt as though it had already been to Mac Allan's city!

Certainly, the fellow knew how to advertise.

All bluff and fake, of course! The biggest piece of bluff in the world!

But for every ten who so talked, there was always one who shouted back: "Bluff? Rubbish, man! You take it from me. Mac is a man who makes good. You wait a bit."

What really was one to think about it all? Were such fairy cities a possibility or probability of the near future?

Next day the newspapers began to publish answers to this question from men of note—bankers, captains of industry, statisticians, publicists of all kinds. They agreed that three-fourths, if not nine-tenths, of the traffic between the two continents would go by the Tunnel, and that the traffic would increase enormously—perhaps tenfold, perhaps much more.

No one could tell. Immense crowds of people certainly would be pouring daily into the Tunnel cities. It was possible that in twenty, fifty, or a hundred years' time they would have acquired enormous dimensions, almost impossible for us, with the comparatively limited population of to-day, to guess at.

Next day Allan published particulars as to the prices of land.

He had not the effrontery to ask the kind of prices that prevailed in Manhattan, where it was a case of covering a square yard with thousand dollar notes, but his prices were unblushing enough to dumbfound the strongest spirits. The real estate agents nearly went off their heads. They were inarticulate in their rage: "Who the——! What the——! How were they to earn their living if this fellow Allan were allowed to rake in all the dollars?"

Why, it was the biggest land speculation the world had ever seen! This rascal Allan had bought up sandy deserts by the square mile, and was selling them as building land by the square yard. In the cheapest quarters of his infernal Tunnel cities he would be clearing hundreds per cent., in the dearest thousands per cent.

But the individual speculators looked at each other distrustfully. They scented out secret dodges of all sorts—trusts, "corners." Like a closed hostile phalanx they took up their stand against Allan's prices. Now he had the further audacity to announce that these "favorable" figures would be increased in three months' time. Oh, would they indeed? The speculators laughed sardonically. Well, time would tell whether he would find purchasers for his mud-patches—and fools big enough to buy water at the price of whisky!

Time told!

Those very steamship companies which had been so inflamed against Allan secured for themselves the best building sites, quays and docks. Lloyd's bank contrived to gulp down a big morsel, and Wanamaker another.

And now every one had to follow suit. Every day the newspapers recorded fresh purchases—every one was deter-

mined not to be left out of it. You never could tell what might result from it all!

Allan kept going ahead. He had worked up the public interest to the desired temperature, and now he was going to turn it to all possible account.

On the 4th of January he made his appeal in all the newspapers for the first three thousand million dollars, two thousand million from America and one from Europe; one thousand million to be raised by bonds, and two in the form of shares.

The prospectus contained all the essential particulars in regard to the costs of construction, the opening of the Tunnel, its possibilities of profit, etc. With an average of 30,000 passengers every day, it would show a profit. It was certain, however, that an average of more than 40,000 could be counted upon. In addition, there would be an enormous revenue from freight, postal service, pneumatic tube delivery, etc., etc.

It dealt in figures such as had never been seen before—amazing figures which took away the breath!

It bore the signatures of all the founders and chief bondholders of the Syndicate, including the leading bankers and most famous business men in the States, while, to the surprise of all New York, the name of Lloyd's right-hand man, Woolf, until now director of Lloyd's bank, appeared as that of the treasurer.

III

WOOLF

LLOYD himself had put Woolf in this position, thus connecting his name for all time with the Tunnel.

His portrait appeared in the evening papers: a worthy, earnest, somewhat corpulent gentleman of an Oriental cast of feature—swollen lips, a strong, crooked nose, short, dark, crisp hair and short dark beard; his eyes dark, prominent, melancholy.

“Began as a dealer in old clothes. Is now Financial Treasurer of the A. T. S., with two hundred thousand dollars a year. Speaks twelve languages.”

The “old clothes” item was an invention which Woolf himself had perpetrated himself once in jest. But there was no doubt about the fact that Woolf had risen from the ranks. Until he was twelve he had, as Samuel Wolffsohn, trudged about in the mud of his native Hungarian village and kept himself alive on raw onions. His father was a washer of dead bodies and a grave digger. In his thirteenth year he entered a bank in Budapest as an apprentice, and remained there five years. Here in Budapest his shoes began to pinch, as he expressed it himself. Discontent, consciousness of power and ambition drove him to a desperate resolve. He set himself frenziedly to the mastering of English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Polish, his brain absorbing all these languages quite without difficulty, like blotting-paper. So as to familiarize himself with them the more, he became a peddler of carpets, an orange seller, a waiter, a student in turns. His goal was Vienna. He got there eventually, but here also his shoes pinched. He felt tied down. Berlin was his next step.

He packed another hundred thousand syllables into his

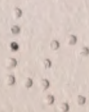
memory and learnt the foreign newspapers off by heart. In two years' time he succeeded in getting a job with a stock-broker on a bare living wage. But even in Berlin his shoes pinched him.

He said to himself that he must move on to London, and he bombarded the London banking houses with offers of service. Without result. They did not want him. However he was determined to make them want him. His instinct made him take up Chinese. This difficult language he absorbed like the others and he practiced talking with Chinese students whom he recompensed with postage stamps. He lived almost as economically as a dog. He never gave tips, not a penny. He had the nerve to ignore the insolent resentfulness of the Berlin waiter. He never took the electric railway, but walked everywhere painfully on his flat feet, which were much troubled with corns. He gave lessons in languages for 80 pfennig, and he undertook translations. Money! Money! Money! His ambition tortured him. He felt he had no time for rest or recreation, no time for sleep or love-making. Humiliations and misfortunes could not curb his spirit. Suddenly he decided to venture all on a single throw. He gave up his billet. His teeth had to be made presentable, so he went to a dentist to whom he had to pay thirty marks. He purchased a pair of the latest thing in boots, had a suit of clothes made for him by an English tailor and turned up in London as the finished article—a gentleman. After four weeks of fruitless effort he knocked up against a Wolffsohn at Tayler and Terry's the bankers, a man who had already passed through the same kind of metamorphosis. This Wolffsohn spoke as many languages as he himself and thought it would be good fun to try to puzzle his new friend with the few words of Chinese that he knew.

But he didn't succeed in doing so. It was the greatest success of the younger man's life. The London Wolffsohn sent for a Chinese interpreter and found to his astonishment that the young alien was a really good Chinese scholar. Three days later young Samuel was once again in Berlin, but not to stay there. He was now Dr. C. Wolfson (without an "h"),

of London, and he continued his journey that evening in a *wagon-lit* towards Shanghai. In Shanghai he felt happier. Here he had air to breathe in. But even here his shoes pinched him. Moreover there was no passing himself off as an Englishman, no matter how carefully he imitated his fellow clubmen. He decided to be baptised and become a Catholic, though no one had tried to induce him to do so. He saved money (his old father was able now to give up the washing of dead bodies) and set out for America. Here at last he could breathe really freely. Here at last his shoes were roomy and comfortable. The line was free, and he could go full steam ahead, using all the energy he had stored up in him. He now dropped the last syllable of his name, as a lizard does its tail, and called himself Sam Wolf, but in order that he might not be taken for a German he inserted a second "o." He disguised his English accent next, shaved off his mustache, and began to talk through his nose; he took to singing cheerfully as he walked about and in hot weather was always the first to appear in his shirt-sleeves. He lay back like a true-born American citizen to have his boots blacked. But he had arrived at a point where the world could not go on shaping him any more. He had had to go through all the various changes down to date in order to be really himself. After some years on the Wool Exchange in Chicago, he came to New York. Now at last he had come to his natural abiding place. His range of knowledge, his natural genius, his unparalleled powers of work soon brought him to the very forefront and he began to tread firmly and steadily in his patent-leather shoes upon the backs of others just as others had done upon his. He abandoned, however, the loud voice of the broker and became genial and amiable. And as an outward symbol of the fact that he had arrived and could afford to do as he pleased, even to cultivating an individual appearance, he allowed a short beard to adorn his chin.

In New York a piece of good luck befell him very similar to that which he had experienced in London. He came upon Lloyd. He was at the Union Exchange at this time, by no means yet at the top of the tree. Fate so willed it that



he had to venture upon a small maneuver against Lloyd. He made two clever moves and Lloyd—a past-master in maneuvering—felt that he was up against a man of talent. These were not the tactics, he said to himself, of P. Griffith and T. Lewis. No, this was something new. Accordingly he made Mr. Woolf's acquaintance and engaged his services forthwith. Woolf rose and rose—there was no stopping him. At forty-two—somewhat corpulent and a little asthmatic—behold him installed in his place of honor in the Atlantic Tunnel Syndicate!

Woolf had made only one pause on his journey upwards, but it was one that cost him dear. He had lost his heart to a pretty Viennese girl in Chicago and had married her. Her beauty lasted only a short time and nothing remained but a quarrelsome, arrogant, ailing wife who worried him to death by her jealousy. Only six weeks ago she had died. He did not grieve over her. He sent his two boys to a boarding-school in Boston, to be educated as cultured young Americans. He found a little flat in Brooklyn for a fair-haired young Swedish woman who was taking lessons in singing. Then he drew a deep breath and began work for the Syndicate. On the very first day he made himself acquainted with the names and personalities of every member of his immense staff of sub-managers, confidential clerks, cashiers, book-keepers, junior clerks, stenographers and typists; on the second day he had the strings of the whole business in his hands; on the third it seemed as though he had held his post for years.

Lloyd had recommended him for it as being the most remarkable financier whom he had ever met, and Allan, to whom Woolf's personality was alien and antipathetic, was obliged to admit before a week was out that he was at least a most wonderful worker.

IV

THE PUBLIC COMES IN

THE prospectus was out and the Tunnel began to suck in the dollars.

The bonds were for a thousand dollars. The shares were for a hundred, twenty and ten.

The great bare hall of the New York Stock Exchange was at its noisiest on the allotment day. For many years nothing had been put upon the market the probable fate of which was so uncertain. It might be brilliant, it might be a fiasco. The speculating world was in a fever of excitement but was inclined to hold its hand, nobody having the courage to start first. But Woolf had spent several weeks traveling about in sleeping cars and had satisfied himself as to the attitude which would be taken up by the heavy industries, which had the biggest interests in the Tunnel. He was not in the habit of concluding any negotiation until satisfied that he could count on his man. Thus it came about that punctually at ten o'clock the representatives of the heavy industries started a rush. They acquired seventy-five millions of dollars' worth of bonds.

The dam had burst.

To Allan what mattered most, however, was that the general public should come in. He did not want the Tunnel to be financed by a little gang of millionaires, he wanted it to be the work of the People, the work of America, the work of all the world.

Surely the People would rise to the occasion!

Mankind has always been disposed to marvel at daring and at wealth. There is nothing men fear so much as death and hunger, and daring and wealth stand for victory over death and hunger.

Barren of thought itself, the great public always jumps at new ideas, as a refuge from its own dullness. A vast army of newspaper readers, it enjoyed being excited three times a day by the recorded adventures of men and women whom it had never seen; depressed by its own impotence and poverty, it stood agape, watching the manifold activities of the rich and famous. Exciting experiences were the lot of the favored few. For countless thousands and tens of thousands there was nothing in existence. Existence was a continual struggle to them, so unrelenting, so exhausting that many could not support it but for the cheap momentary relaxations offered them by the theater and the music-hall, the "movies" and the prize ring. Monotony was the bane of the people. A new tune—that was what they wanted. They are sick to death of the old tunes.

And Allan was giving them a new tune. A new tune that was worth while, a new tune hammered out of iron and charged with electricity—a tune of their own day and in time with the beat of the railways clattering unendingly over their heads.

Here was a man who did not pretend to peg out claims in eternity, who did not come talking unintelligible nonsense to them about the unseen. He stood for the present, he wasn't trading in dead pasts or incalculable futures. He promised you something definite and tangible, something you could get a grip on. He was proposing to dig a hole through the earth. That was all.

Yet simple though the proposition was, they could realize how daring it was too. And then the millions involved!

At first, the money of the small investor came dribbling in very, very scantily, but soon the dribblets grew into streams. The words "Tunnel Shares" buzzed throughout the world. People recalled how this man and that had made their fortunes through Victoria Mines shares and Continental Radiums. These Tunnel shares might throw all other such things into the shade. It was not a question of making a thousand dollars or so. It was a chance of making a haul big enough to keep you comfortable for the rest of your life.

Week after week a river of men flowed over the granite steps of the Syndicate Building. The shares were to be bought at a hundred other places, but there was a general desire to get them from the fountain-head. Chauffeurs, waiters, elevator-boys, clerks, shop-girls, manual laborers, thieves—Jews and Christians, American-born and immigrants—men of every race under the sun and of every variation of color, rubbed shoulders as they waited their turn and joined in excited talk over shares and dividends.

On many days the pressure was so great that the officials had not time to pile up the money. They simply threw it behind them for other employees to pick up and stow away in great baskets. The stream of money seemed to grow steadily in volume as the days advanced. It was a strangely fascinating sight for the eyes of almost penniless men. A mere handful of those hundred-dollar notes—just a real crowded handful—and they, poor ciphers now, would be men indeed! They passed out of the building, their brains rocking as though drunk, dreaming mad dreams of wealth.

In Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, in all the cities, big and little, of the United States, similar scenes were being enacted. There was scarcely a farmer or a cowboy or a miner in the whole length and breadth of the land who was not speculating in A. T. S. shares.

The Tunnel sucked in the money like a giant with an unquenchable thirst.

V

A BUSY MAN'S WIFE

THE great machine was working at high pressure now.

It was an axiom of Allan's that everything could be done in half the time one was told it would require. And every one who worked with him got in the way of keeping time by him.

The immense Syndicate building, suggestive of a thirty-two-storied bee-hive made of iron and concrete, was in a never-ceasing whirl of work and energy from morning till night, from its treasure-holds in the basement to its Marconi station on the roof. Its eight hundred rooms hummed with the activities of officials, clerks, typists innumerable. Its twenty elevators shot up and down continually. There were elevators which went only to the tenth floor, elevators which went only to the twentieth, and one which went right up to the top. There was an elevator upon which one stepped while it was moving. There was not a wasted square yard of space in the whole structure. There were Post and Telegraph offices, counting house offices, offices for everything, ships, iron, steel, cement, wood. Until late into the night, the Building shone out dazzlingly in the midst of the rush and bustle of Broadway.

A gigantic advertising design of Hobby's contriving, formed by thousands of small lights, extended over the entire frontage of the four highest stories. It took the form of an immense chart of the Atlantic Ocean, framed in the colors of the Stars and Stripes. The Atlantic was represented by blue waves, rising and falling. To the left lay North America, to the right Europe with the British Isles, standing out compactly like two clusters of shining stars. Tunnel City, Biscaya, Azora, Bermuda and Finisterra were indicated

by red-colored lights which gleamed forth like beacons. On the Ocean, nearing Europe, was a steamer vividly depicted by lights. She was not moving however. Beneath the rising and falling waves gently curving lines of red lights outlined the Tunnel, passing Bermuda and the Azores on its way to Spain and France. Through the Tunnel an endless succession of fiery trains shot to and fro between the continents: trains of six cars, starting every five seconds. Above this dazzling design could be read in great broad simple letters, which emitted a haze of milk-white radiance, the words "Atlantic Tunnel."

The greater the excitement round Allan and his affairs, the better he felt. He was in the best of humors. He looked, too, in the best of health, alert and vigorous. His eyes had got back their genial, boyish expression, their quiet, steady look. Even his mouth, of late compressed, seemed to soften and smile more easily. He ate with more appetite and enjoyment, and slept soundly, dreamlessly.

Maud, on the other hand, showed signs of suffering in her face. Her bloom and freshness had disappeared. Her youth seemed to have fled, and she had passed from a girl into a woman. Her cheeks were no longer rosy. She was thinner and paler. She had an anxious, careworn expression on her face, and lines creased her forehead.

She was miserable.

In February and March she had had some beautiful weeks which had made up to her to some extent for the dull and weary winter. She had gone with Mac to Bermuda and the Azores. While on the sea she had had Mac to herself almost all day long. But on their return she had found it harder than ever to settle down.

Mac now was on the move for weeks together—Buffalo, Chicago, Pittsburg, Tunnel City. He spent most of his time in trains. And when he returned there were always accumulations of work waiting for him.

It is true that he turned up in Westchester oftener than formerly, as he had promised, but even on Sundays he had to devote himself to work which allowed of no postponement.

Very often he had time only to sleep and have his bath and breakfast.

Maud now took up music again. She practiced assiduously and went in for a course of lessons. What a lot she had unlearnt! For two whole weeks she attended all the great concerts. On two evenings in the month she herself played in a Home for young saleswomen and waist-makers. But with her pleasure in music there was mingled more and more a dull aching longing. She began to play less frequently, then she gave it up altogether. Instead, she went to lectures on Hygiene, Ethics, the Protection of Animals, the Bringing up of Children. Her name began to appear on the committees of societies for visiting the sick and taking care of orphans—those modern ambulances for the wounded in the battle of life.

Towards evening she would ring up Mac and the sound of his voice in reply always soothed her.

“Will you be home to dinner to-night, Mac?” she would ask, her ears alert for his answer.

“To-night? No, impossible, I’m afraid. But to-morrow I shall manage to come. How is Edith?”

“Better than I am, Mac,” she would say with a laugh.

“Can you bring her to the ’phone?”

And Maud, made happy by this, would lift up the little girl so that she could lisp out something.

“Good-by then, Mac,” Maud would say. “It doesn’t matter about to-night, but I won’t listen to any excuses to-morrow, mind! Do you hear?”

“Yes, I hear. To-morrow for certain. Good-night, Maud!”

Later it often happened that Lion could not get his master to answer the telephone. It was impossible for him to be interrupted.

And Maud, unhappy and resentful, would throw down the receiver, struggling with her tears.

During the evenings she read. She got through whole shelves of books. But it seemed to her that most books were nothing but lies. Life seemed to her very different. Now

and then indeed she would come on a book which intensified her wretchedness and she would walk up and down the quiet, empty rooms, tears in her eyes. At last she happened on a great idea—she herself would write a book! A quite unique book—what a surprise it would be for Mac! The idea took complete possession of her. She spent an entire morning going about town trying to find the particular kind of album which she had in mind to use for the purpose. At last she found the very thing—bound in alligator skin and with yellowish paper. Immediately after lunch she set to work. On the opening page she wrote:

THE LIFE AND SAYINGS OF MY LITTLE DAUGHTER EDITH,
WRITTEN BY HER MOTHER, MAUD.

“May God protect her, my sweet Edith,” she wrote on the second page. And on the third she began: “To begin with, my sweet little daughter was born on the . . .”

Mac should be given the book as a Christmas present. The task kept her delighted and absorbed during several evenings which she had to spend alone. She noted down conscientiously every tiniest detail of her little daughter's daily life—all her quaint expressions, all her questions, wise and simple, all her opinions and remarks. Sometimes, however, her mind would wander from the book and she would become lost in her own thoughts and feelings.

It helped her to live on from Sunday to Sunday, when Mac visited her. These Sundays were real festivals to her. She saw to it that the house looked spick and span, and she composed a special *menu* which should make up to Mac for his “scratch” meals during the week.

But it happened sometimes that he did not come even on the Sunday.

On one Sunday he was suddenly called away to the steel-works in Buffalo. On the following Sunday he brought home with him the superintendent of the building ground in Bermuda, Mr. Schlosser, and Maud saw practically nothing of him, as he and his guest spent the entire day discussing technical questions.

One afternoon that week Maud arrived at the Syndicate Building at an unusual hour, and sent word to Mac by Lion that she wished to speak to him at once.

As she stood waiting in the room adjoining Mac's office, she heard a thick guttural voice repeating a number of names.

"Manhattan . . . Morgan Co. . . . Sherman . . ."

She recognized the voice of Woolf, whom she could not abide. Suddenly he stopped and she heard Mac cry out:

"Immediately—tell her I will come immediately, Lion."

Lion returned and gave his message in a low voice.

"I can't wait, Lion!" Maud exclaimed.

The Japanese looked embarrassed as he turned to go back to his master, his eyes blinking.

Almost simultaneously Mac entered the room, looking in the best of spirits.

He found his wife with her pocket-handkerchief to her face, weeping bitterly.

"Maud?" he cried anxiously. "What's the matter? Anything wrong with Edith?"

Maud only sobbed louder. Edith! Edith! He had no thought for her, for herself. Might not something be the matter with her? Her shoulders shook with her sobs.

"I simply can't stand it any longer," she sobbed, burying her face deeper still in her handkerchief. It seemed as though her tears would never stop flowing. All her misery and bitterness must out.

Mac stood by her, not knowing what to do or to think. At last he touched her shoulder and said, "I say, Maud dear, I couldn't help Schlosser's spoiling our Sunday. He had come over here specially from his station and it wasn't possible for him to stay more than two days."

"It isn't that at all. That one Sunday——! Yesterday was Edith's birthday . . . I had been waiting . . . I had felt . . ."

"Edith's birthday!" cried Allan, really taken aback.

"Yes. You had forgotten, I suppose!"

Mac was at a loss. He was thoroughly put out. "How *could* I have forgotten it!" he said. "I did think about it

the day before yesterday." After a brief pause he continued, "Look here, Maud, I have to keep so many things in my head just at present. Only just now while we are making a start . . ."

Maud sprang up and stamped with her foot, her eyes flashing scorn, while the tears continued to course down her cheeks. "That's what you always say—you have been saying it for months past! Oh, I'm utterly sick of life!" she sobbed out and threw herself into the arm-chair again, covering her face once more with her handkerchief. Mac felt more helpless than ever. He stood there getting redder and redder in the face like an embarrassed schoolboy. Never had he seen Maud before like this.

"Listen, Maud," he began again. "It's a case of there being more work than one man can get through, but it will soon be better." And he besought her to have patience for just a little longer and meanwhile to pass the time by going to theaters and concerts.

"Oh, I have tried all that already," she replied, "and it's no use. It bores me to death. And it's always the same thing—waiting, waiting, waiting!"

Mac shook his head and gazed at her helplessly.

"Well, what are we to do with you, girlie?" he asked. "What shall we try? Would you like to go into the country for a bit?"

Maud lifted her head quickly and looked at him with moist, expressionless eyes.

"Do you want to get rid of me?" she asked.

"I want to do what is best for you, dear, that is all. You are making me very unhappy—really you are!"

"I don't want to make you unhappy . . ." Maud began, but the sobbing broke out anew and she could not continue.

Mac took her on his knee and tried to soothe her with caresses. "I shall come home to-night," he ended by declaring, feeling now that everything had been comfortably settled.

Maud dried her tears, now beginning to smile.

"Very well. But if you come later than half-past eight, we part forever. I have often thought we should have to

part," she said. "No, Mac!" she went on seriously but lovingly. "No, that is no way to treat a wife." She put her hot cheek up against his bronzed face and whispered: "Oh, I love you so, Mac! I love you so!"

Her eyes were shining as she went down in the elevator from the thirty-second floor. She felt well and happy, and was already a little ashamed of her ill-humor. She thought of Mac's discomfiture, the trouble in his eyes, his helplessness, and also his bewilderment at her inability to realize the importance of all this work. "What a goose I have been!" she said to herself. "What must Mac think of me? He must think I have neither courage nor patience nor any understanding of his work. And what a silly I was to let him see that I had even considered the possibility of leaving him."

Allan gave Lion orders to see that he was out of the office punctually by a quarter to eight. Two minutes before the hour he rushed into a store and purchased a heap of presents for Edith, and some for Maud, without making much effort at selection.

"She is quite right," he thought to himself, as his motor rushed northwards. And he cudgeled his brains to discover some way to find more time for devoting himself in future to his family. But to no purpose. The truth was that his work was increasing instead of diminishing, from day to day. "What am I to do?" he asked himself. "I wish we could find a substitute for Schlosser. He isn't self-reliant enough."

Then he remembered that he had some urgent letters in his pocket which he must sign. He read them and affixed his signature. By Harlem River he had finished with the lot. He stopped the car and had them posted. It was now half-past eight.

"Take the Boston Post Road, Andy, and let her rip, but don't run over anybody," he said to the chauffeur.

Andy let her rip down the Boston Post Road in such fashion that pedestrians staggered back and a mounted inspector followed full gallop only to be hopelessly outdistanced. Mac stretched out his legs on the seat in front of him, lit a cigar,

and closed his tired eyes. He had almost fallen asleep when the car pulled up. The whole house was gayly illuminated.

Maud ran down the steps like a young girl and threw her arms round his neck. As they walked through the front garden to the door she exclaimed, "Oh, I am such an utter goose, Mac!"

From now on she promised herself and him she would be patient and never complain again.

VI

MAUD'S RESOLVE

MAUD kept her word but it was not easy.

She no longer complained if Mac remained away on Sunday or brought home so much work that he could scarcely devote a minute to her. Mac, she told herself, had undertaken a superhuman piece of work, one which would have killed any other man, and it was "up to her" not to add to his burdens. The only way she could help was to make his scanty moments of leisure as delightful as possible.

Whenever he returned to her he found her in good spirits, and she never allowed him to discover that she had been fretting all day for him. And, strange to say, it never even occurred to Mac that she could be unhappy.

The summer passed, autumn came. The leaves yellowed and fell in heaps from the trees in front of Allan's house, where they lay waiting for a breath of wind to scatter them.

Mac asked her one day whether she would not like to move to Tunnel City. She concealed her astonishment. He explained that he had to go there twice a week, and that he was contemplating devoting an hour or two every Sunday morning to a sort of reception at which every one employed there, from the head engineer to the day laborer, could put before him his requirements or difficulties.

"If you wish it, Mac!"

"I really think it would be best, Maud. I shall transfer my office work to Tunnel City so far as I can. I'm afraid, though, it will be rather lonely for you out there."

"It won't be worse than in Westchester, Mac," she replied, smiling.

The removal was to take place early in the New Year. While making preparations for it Maud would often stop and

ask herself: "My God! how shall I occupy myself in that desert of cement?"

She must find something to do that would keep her busy and drive away foolish thoughts and fancies.

At last a splendid idea occurred to her, and she set herself eagerly to prepare for putting it into execution. She felt a different person, and went about smiling so mysteriously that even Mac noticed it.

She amused herself for a while by provoking his curiosity but she was not able to keep her secret to herself for very long. Well, it was just this. She must have something to occupy her, something worth doing, some real work. Not just something to distract her. Why not work in the Tunnel City Hospital? No, Mac was not to laugh. She was absolutely in earnest. She had already begun a course in hospital work—in Dr. Wassermann's Children's Hospital.

Mac looked thoughtful.

"Have you really made a start?" he asked, still incredulous.

"Yes, Mac, I began four weeks ago. Now I am provided with an occupation when we move to Tunnel City. If it weren't for that I couldn't get on."

Mac was dumb with astonishment. Maud was delighted as she watched his face. Presently he nodded his head, thoughtfully.

"I dare say it *is* a good thing, your having work to do," he said simply and seriously, "but whether hospital work——" Suddenly he burst out laughing. He had conjured up a picture in his mind of his little Maud in nurse's uniform. "Shall you insist on a high salary?" he asked jestingly, rather to Maud's annoyance.

He regarded her plan as the expression of a mood, a passing fancy. He did not believe it would last. Even now he did not realize how essential it really was for her to have something to occupy her mind. She was annoyed that he should take so little trouble to try and understand her.

"In the old days it did not seem to matter," she said to herself next day. "I must have changed."

That evening she was alone. It was raining hard, and the air was fresh and cool. She sat writing in her journal.

She was noting down sundry remarks that had been made by Edith, and illustrated the naïve inhumanity and the childlike egoism of her idolized little daughter—characteristics common to all children, as she was careful to add. She expressed her thought thus: “It seems to me that only mothers and wives can really live unselfishly. Men and children cannot. Men are just big children, with this difference: they can be unselfish and sacrifice themselves in the small outward, you might almost say the unessential, matters of life. Their deeper, their really important habits and desires they never put aside for the benefit of one they love. Mac is a man and like all men an egoist. I cannot refrain from this criticism, although I love him with all my heart.”

Having satisfied herself that Edith was sleeping soundly, she put on a shawl and went on to the verandah. Here she sat listening to the falling rain. To the south-west in the distance was the dusky glow of New York.

When she got up to go to bed, her glance fell on the book lying open on the table. She read what she had written, and although in her heart she was a little pleased with her own wit and wisdom, she shook her head and wrote underneath: “An hour later, after listening to the falling rain. Am I right in my criticism of Mac? Is it not I who am the egoist? Does Mac ever require anything of me? Is it not I who require Mac to sacrifice himself? I believe that everything I have written here is utter nonsense. Somehow nothing seems to go right to-day. The rain is coming down beautifully. It is the giver of peace and sleep. *Mac's little donkey.*”

PART III

PART III

I

INTO THE DARKNESS

MEANWHILE Mac Allan's boring machines at the five working centers had eaten their way for the depth of a league into the darkness. The tunnel mouths looked like two awful gateways leading down into the underworld.

By day and by night, without a pause, endless trainloads of stone came rushing at express rate out of these gateways; and by day and by night, without a pause, workmen and trains of materials went in at mad speed. The double openings were like dark inflamed wounds, ever discharging and drawing in blood afresh. In the depths within there was the raging activity of thousands of human hands.

Mac Allan's work was something utterly new in the world's history. It was madness, a hellish struggle to save every second. His path was a rush through the stone.

With such machines and such boring equipment as he possessed and with the working methods of former times, Allan would have required ninety years for the completion of his task. But he did not work for only eight hours a day—he worked for all the twenty-four. He worked through Sundays and holidays. He worked with six shifts of men in the excavation. He compelled his men to give, in four hours, an output of work that would have been the result of eight hours at the old slow rate.

The place where the boring machines worked, the head of the drift, was known among the Tunnel men as "Hell." The din was here so awful that in spite of plugged ears almost all the workers became more or less deaf. Allan's borers, as they cut their way into the working face of the rock, set up

a shrill ringing sound, and the rock cried out like a thousand children in their death agony, laughed like an army of madmen, raved like a hospital of fever-stricken wretches, and at last roared as with the thunder of a great waterfall. Through the blazing hot working galleries, for five miles, there arose the fearful din of indescribable sounds and discords, so that no one would have heard a warning crash even if the whole mass of rock had suddenly collapsed in ruin. And as the deafening noise would have swallowed up words of command or bugle signals, every order had to be given by optical devices. Huge reflectors flung out their dazzling cones of light, now gleaming white, now blood red, athwart the chaos of sweat-streaming knots of men, isolated figures, tumbling blocks of stone, that themselves looked in the obscurity like falling men, and the dust rose whirling like thick clouds of steam in the reflected rays. And in the forefront of this chaos of struggling men and falling rock there quivered and crept ever onwards a gray dust-covered mass, like a monster of primeval ages—Allan's great boring machine!

Allan had planned it down to the smallest of its details. It was like a monstrous armored cuttle-fish, with insulated electric wires and motors for its intestines, men working stripped to the skin in the hollow of its head, and a tail of cables and wires dragging behind it. Driven by an energy that might compare with that of two express locomotives it crept forwards, and while a brilliant light shot out from its jaws as it worked with the lips, feelers and antennæ of its variously armed mouth, it gripped the face of the rock. Quivering as with the fury of some primeval monster, trembling with the rage of destruction, it bit its way head-deep into the stone, howling and thundering as it penetrated it. It drew back its teeth and arms, and shot something into the hole it had made. These teeth and antennæ were borers tipped with "Allanite." They were hollow and water-cooled, and what it pushed through the hollow borers was a blasting explosive. Like the cuttle-fish of the sea it suddenly changed its color. Blood seemed to steam from its jaws, the seams of its back sparkled with evil menace, and it drew itself

backwards veiled in a red mist—and then it crept forward again. So it went on forwards and backwards, day and night, for long years without a pause.

The moment that it changed its color and drew back, a crowd of men flung themselves on the rock face, and in feverish haste wound together the wires that hung from the bore holes. Then, as if scourged by terror, the crowd dashed back from its work. There was a roar, a thunder, a long moaning echoing sound. The shattered rock came rolling dangerously near the fleeing men, a hail of stones pursued them and clattered upon the armor plating of the boring machine. Clouds of dust whirled around its glowing sides. Suddenly it changed color again to a dazzling white, and hordes of half-naked men swarmed into the eddying dust cloud, and began to hurl away the yet smoking débris.

But the greedy monster, rolling onward, stretched out a terrible equipment of destruction, forceps and grippers, and pushing forward its lower jaws of steel, devoured rock, stone, and loose débris which a hundred men, with distorted features shining with sweat, pushed into its gaping mouth. Its jaws began to grind and swallow it all, its belly crawling on the ground worked it with a gulping movement, and behind it poured out a stream of crushed rock and stone.

The hundred sweating demons that struggled above it among the rolling stones, dragged at chains, shouted and roared, as the mass of débris melted away and sunk rapidly under their feet. It was a rush to get the stones out of the way—that was the only means of pushing on.

But already groups of men, black with dust, were hewing and digging under the jaws of the monster to smooth the track for its progress. Men with sleepers and rails panted at their work, as the sleepers were laid down and the rails bolted on to them, and the monster flung itself forward.

On its dust-covered body, its flanks, its arching back, dwarfed looking men hung, and bored in the roof and sides and bottom of the gallery, and in projecting blocks of stone, holes that could be filled with blasting explosives and fired at the given moment.

And just as in front of the boring machine the work went raging on with feverish haste and demon energy, so behind it there was the same feverish, demoniac storm, as the stream of broken stones came pouring from it. For, just half an hour later, the machine must have a free track for two hundred yards behind it, so as to run back and wait for the next explosion.

As soon as the stones poured out on the ever moving grid or screen behind the machine, workmen of herculean build sprang upon it and worked at the great blocks that no human strength could lift. As they moved upon the grid that stretched some ten yards behind the machine, they fastened to the cranes that projected from its sides chains they had slung round the blocks, and then they were swung up and away. The movement of the grid shook the crackling and rattling heaps of stone into low-built iron trucks, like those of a coal mine, which ran in endless succession from left to right along a half-circle of tram line, stopping behind the grid only for the few moments that were needed to receive their load of blocks and débris. They were drawn by a mine-locomotive, driven by storage batteries. Groups of men, with pale faces and a crust of dirt on their lips, pressed around the grid and the trucks, rushing, turning, shoveling and shouting, and the fierce light of the electric projectors beat down with merciless, blinding force upon them, while the blast of air from the ventilating shaft blew over them like a hurricane.

The struggle around the boring machine was like a murderous battle, and every day there was a toll of wounded and often of deaths.

After four hours of mad work the gangs of men were sent away. Utterly exhausted, boiled in their own sweat, pallid and only half conscious, they flung themselves on the damp stone heaps in the wagons, fell asleep at once and only woke as they came out into the daylight. The workers used to sing a song that had been composed by one of themselves. The song began thus:

“In there where the tunnel thunders,
In the hot hell, O my brothers,
Gee, how hot a hell it is!
A dollar extra for an hour
For an hour a dollar extra,
Mac will pay us for our sweat.”

Hundreds fled from the “hell,” and many after a short shift of work there broke down completely. But a continual supply of new recruits was always waiting to take the place of those who fell.

II

FORWARD!

THE little mine locomotive went rattling for a mile or more through the Tunnel till it came to the place where the big full-gauge railroad trains were waiting. There the little trucks were swung up on cranes and emptied. As soon as the wagons were loaded the trains started off—a dozen or more in each hour—while other trains bringing men and material came rolling in.

Towards the end of the second year the boring from the American side had been pushed forward for about sixty miles. Along all this enormous length of the excavation the work went on with feverish, raging energy. For Allan unceasingly—daily, hourly—scourged men on to the utmost effort of exertion. Without a moment's hesitation he dismissed the engineer who failed to exact the excavation of the required number of cubic yards, and as mercilessly discharged the workman who had broken down.

Where the iron trucks were rattling by, and the roughly-bored tunnel was still full of dust, rock splinters and a deafening din, battalions of workmen were busy by the light of the electric projectors, fitting together uprights, baulks and planks of timber, to make the boring safe from falls of rock. A band of experts laid down the electric cables, and arranged a temporary system of pipes and hose for the water and for the air that was pumped into the galleries.

Round the trains gangs of men crowded to unload the new materials and distribute them along the workings, so that when any one wanted anything he had only to stretch his hand and take it—beams and planks, clamps and girders, screw bolts, cables, borers, blasting cartridges, chains, rails and sleepers.

At every three hundred yards one found a gang of dusky figures at work with raging haste between the upright posts of the gallery, boring into its walls. They were cutting and blasting out an opening about as high as a man, and as a train came yelling past them they had to fly for safety to the spaces between the posts. But soon the opening was so deep that they need no longer trouble themselves about the passing trains. Then in a few days more the rock wall in front of them rang hollow, and they broke through and found themselves in a parallel gallery, where the trains were rushing past as in the other one. Then they went three hundred yards further on, to take in hand the cutting of a similar cross passage.

These cross communications served for ventilation and a hundred other purposes.

But on their heels followed another gang whose task it was to line these connecting passages with carefully-finished walls of masonry. Year by year they did nothing else. But every twentieth passage was left in the rough as it was originally bored.

Forward—ever forward went the work.

A train came roaring in, and stopped by the twentieth cross passage. A crowd of grimy men sprang from the wagons, and carrying on their shoulders drills, picks, girders, sacks of cement, sleepers, rails, pushed with headlong speed into the cross passage. Forward! The train rolls away. The passage has swallowed up the grimy gang of workers. There is the shrill sound of the drills, the sharp note of explosions as the rock is bored and blasted; the passage is widening and enlarging. It joins the main tunnel at an angle. Its walls are of iron and concrete. So is its floor and its roof. A railroad track is laid along it, and it becomes a siding. These sidings are planned so that at every six thousand yards the ever-moving trains of material or *débris*-laden trucks can, if desired, be shunted from one of the main galleries to the other.

In this extremely simple way a stretch of six thousand yards can be isolated and cleared for construction work.

The six thousand yard long forest of baulks, posts, poles and cross ties thus changed itself into a six thousand yard long structure of iron frames and plates.

If there was a "hell," there was also a "purgatory." And just as there were "hell men" who worked at the driving forward of the Tunnel, so there were "purgatory men," for the place where this construction work went on was known as "purgatory."

Here there was a free track, and a sea of railroad cars poured into this section of the Tunnel with swarms of men hanging on to them. The battle began at a hundred points at the same time; now were heard reports like cannon shots, bugle calls, and was seen the flashing of the electric projectors. The gallery was enlarged to the required height and width by blasting. Girders and rails were thrown thundering on the ground. The Tunnel was full of ironwork brightly daubed with red lead paint. Frames and plates came pouring into the place from the iron works of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. The old rails were torn up. Dynamite and melinite broke up the ground, and pick and shovel were busy turning it over. Look out! Here comes a shouting, panting gang with distorted mouths, swollen muscles, throbbing arteries, curving themselves like snakes, one behind the other, as they bring along the foundation girders, of huge double-headed steel beams, destined to support the railroad track in the Tunnel, a single line in each great gallery. A party of engineers, with their measuring instruments and apparatus, are crouching on the ground, working with every nerve at full stretch, while the sweat marks their half-naked bodies with grimy stripes. The base girder, twelve meters long and eighty centimeters deep and bent slightly outwards at each end, is embedded in concrete. It is like laying the keel plates of a ship. Girder is fitted on to girder, and a stream of concrete flows over them so that they are buried in it. Then come the sleepers. Next, as a hundred ants drag along a straw, so a hundred groaning men, with bent knees, bring along the great steel rails, each thirty meters in length, which are to be bolted on to the sleepers. Behind

them creep others bringing sections of the ribs that are to form an iron lining for the whole of the oval Tunnel. When put together, these ribs or frames have the shape of an ellipse slightly flattened at its lower end. Four sections fitted together form the frame—a base section, two side pieces (the abutments), and a roof piece or cap. They are made of inch-thick iron, and joined together with strong plating. The Tunnel echoes to the rattling blows of the riveting machines. Frame joins on to frame. A lining of red painted iron encircles the Tunnel. And already further back the concrete workers are climbing among the frames, building up between them a three-foot thick lining of reënforced concrete, that no power in the world could burst through.

On both sides of the great railway track, at a sufficient interval, tubes of various kinds were laid down, and welded and screwed together—tubes for telephone and telegraph wires, for cables carrying the power current, huge pipes for water, great conduits into which air was being pumped continually by machines far away in the upper daylight. There were special tubes for the pneumatic express post. A bed of sand and rubble covered the tubes. Sleepers and rails for the construction trains were laid over them, a solid track that allowed the cars laden with materials and débris to pass through at express speed.

Hardly was the frame riveted up, when the railroad track for the six-kilometer section was complete. The trains were run in, and went rushing through the Tunnel, while the masons still hung about the iron framing, busy with the concrete work.

Fifteen miles behind the working face, where the boring machines were thundering, the Tunnel was already completely finished.

III

CHANGE

BUT this was not all. A thousand details had to be provided for in advance. As soon as the tunnels bored from the American side joined up with those that, starting from Bermuda, were eating their way through the gneiss rock, the whole length must be ready for traffic.

Allan's plan had been completed, down to the smallest particular, years in advance.

At intervals of ten miles he had small stations excavated in the rock, where the platelayers were to be posted and housed. At intervals of forty miles there were to be larger stations, and a still more important one at every one hundred and sixty miles. All these stations served as depots for reserve storage batteries, machines, and stores of provisions. In the larger stations were installed transformers, high voltage, refrigerating, and ventilating machines. There had to be, besides, branch tunnels for sidings into which trains could be shunted.

For all these various works special battalions of workers were formed, and all these gangs were cutting their way into the rock and hurling behind them avalanches of stone.

Like a volcano in violent eruption the Tunnel mouths were throwing out stone by day and by night. Unceasingly and in quick succession, the loaded trains came rushing out of the yawning gateways. With an easy upward glide that delighted the eye, they took the steep ascent. At the top a train stopped for a moment, and then, what at first sight seemed to be only débris and rubbish suddenly began to move, and off the cars there sprang blackened, begrimed, and almost unrecognizable men. Then the train moved on to one of the

hundred sidings, and was taken in a great curve through "Mac City" (as the tunnelmen's town in New Jersey was generally called), till it reached one of the hundred tracks near the sea, where it was unloaded. Here, by the seaside, everything was easy and bright enough, for the men were having their "light week."

Mac Allan had dug out two hundred cubic kilometers of stone, enough to build a rampart from New York to Buffalo. He owned the greatest stone quarry in the world; but he did not waste a shovelful of the material. He had carefully leveled up the whole of a huge stretch of land, and, as it fell away gradually to the sea, he had raised the level, forcing the shallow water back for a good thousand yards. But beyond this, where the sea was deeper, every day thousands of car loads of stone were shot into the water, and gradually a huge embankment rose above the waves. It was one of the quays of Allan's Haven, that the world had heard so much about in the advertisement of the future city. Two leagues further off his engineers were constructing the largest and best-equipped bathing strand that the world had yet seen. Here gigantic seaside hotels were to be built.

But Mac City itself looked like a vast rubbish ground, on which no tree, no green plant grew, no beast or bird lived. It glittered in the sunlight so that it dazzled one's eyes. Far and wide the ground was covered with railroad tracks, a network of rails with sidings branching out from them in a set pattern, like the magnetic figures that iron filings form at poles of a magnet. Over all the network trains were running, driven by electric motors or by steam—everywhere the locomotives were droning, puffing, whistling and rattling. Beyond, in the temporary harbor, lay rows of noisy steamers and tall-masted sailing ships, that had brought iron, timber, cement, corn, cattle, and provisions of all kinds from Chicago, Montreal, Portland, Newport, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Galveston. And to the north-east there was a thick, impenetrable cloud of smoke that marked the position of the railway station for materials.

The rough sheds first erected had disappeared. On the

terraces where the works were installed there was a glitter of glass roofs, where the great machinery halls and the power stations crowded round the towering office buildings. In the midst of the stony desert arose a twenty-story building, the "Atlantic Tunnel Hotel." It was snowy white and brand new, and served as the stopping place for the crowds of engineers, agents, and representatives of great firms, and the thousands of curious visitors that came over every Sunday from New York. Opposite it Wanamaker had erected a temporary twelve-story store. Broad roads, all perfectly paved and laid out, ran straight across the wide space, passing over the railroads by bridges. But on the edge of this wilderness of stone there were comfortable villages of workmen's dwellings, with schools, churches, recreation grounds, bars, and saloons, these last run by men who had once been champion borers or pacemakers in the works. Hidden away in a wood of little dwarf firs, there stood all alone, dead and forgotten, a building that looked something like a Jewish synagogue. It was a crematorium, with long, empty-looking corridors. Only one of these galleries as yet contained urns; and all of these bore the same kind of inscription under the names—English, French, Russian, German, Italian, Chinese names. The record always ran, "Killed by an accident in the Atlantic Tunnel—crushed by a rockfall—run over by a train." They were like the epitaphs of soldiers killed in battle.

Near the sea stood the new white-walled hospitals, constructed on the most up-to-date system. And here, too, a little apart from them, was a new villa in a freshly laid out garden. It was Maud's home.

IV

THE GAME OF PATIENCE

MAUD had managed to get as much power as possible into her little hands.

She had become the superintendent of the Convalescent Home for Women and Children at Mac City. She was, besides, a member of a committee of doctors (among them some women physicians) that looked to the hygiene of the workmen's dwellings and the care of young mothers and their infants. On her own initiative she had founded a school of needlework and domestic economy for young girls, and a club for women and girls. She had plenty to do. She had her "Office" just like Mac, and employed a private secretary and a typist. She had at her call a crowd of nurses and teachers—among them daughters of the first families of New York.

Maud never offended any one; she was careful, friendly, thoughtful, her interest in the affairs of others was evident. All loved her, many revered her.

In connection with her duties as a member of the Hygiene Committee she had visited nearly all the homes of the workers. In the Italian, Polish and Russian quarters she had carried on an energetic campaign against filth and vermin. She arranged that from time to time all the houses should be disinfected and cleansed from top to bottom. The houses were nearly all built of concrete, and could be as easily washed out as a scullery. Her visits had drawn her near to the people, and whenever she could she helped them in word and deed. Every available place in her school of domestic economy was filled. She had engaged exceptionally able teachers, for cooking as well as for dressmaking. Maud lived night and day with the institutions she had founded. She had studied

a whole library of literature bearing on the subjects that concerned them, so as to master the necessary technical knowledge. And it was—to tell the truth—no easy matter for her to manage everything so thoroughly and so successfully, for she had naturally no particular talent for organization. But she succeeded. And Maud was proud of the praise that the newspapers gave to her foundations.

But the special field of her activity was the Convalescent Home for Women and Children.

The Home stood close beside her villa. She had only to pass through a couple of gardens to reach it. Every day, punctually at nine o'clock in the morning, she went all over it. She took a personal interest in each one of her patients, and when the budget of the hospital was exhausted she gave help freely out of her own purse.

She had work, work that she enjoyed; she saw its results; her relations with the life of the people around her had become wider and more practically useful, but Maud was honest enough to confess to herself that all this was not enough to take the place of quiet domestic happiness.

For two or three years she had lived in the most perfect happiness with Mac—until the Tunnel came and took him away from her. True, Mac still loved her. He was indeed attentive to her, worthy of her love, but it was not as it had been before. There was no mistake about that.

She saw him now more often than in the first years of the great work. He had indeed given up his office in New York, but he had fitted up a work-room for himself in Tunnel City, where he often stayed for weeks with only brief intervals of absence from it. She could not complain of this. But Mac himself had changed. His simple ways, his frank cheerfulness, that in the beginning of their married life had surprised and delighted her, were less and less in evidence. In his home he was as serious as he was when at work or before the public. He tried hard to appear to be as lively and in as good spirits as before, but the effort seldom succeeded. He was absorbed in his task, his features were thinner and harder, and his eyes did not lose that obvious absent-minded ex-

pression which ceaseless concentration on one and the same idea will produce.

The times were past when he used to take her in his arms and fondle her. He kissed her when he came and went, looked into her eyes and smiled—but her woman's instinct would not let her be deceived. It is true that all through the year, engrossed though he was with his work, he never forgot any of the "famous days," such as Edith's or her own birthday, and the anniversaries of their engagement and marriage. But Maud once saw by chance that in his pocket book these days were marked in red ink—and she gave a smile of resignation. He obviously noted them mechanically, no longer with a daily reminder of them from his heart.

Maud liked, after her work was done, to sit with some sewing in her hands and give free play to thought. Then she always went back to the time when Mac won her. The more the Tunnel separated her from Mac the more persistently, though it both consoled and pained her, she dwelt upon the little experiences of her first days of married life. She cherished deep down in her heart a spite against the Tunnel. She hated the Tunnel because it had become more important than herself. Ah! the little vanity of the first year had long since vanished. It mattered nothing to her whether or not Mac's name were known in five continents. When at night the ghostly white glare of Tunnel City shone through her windows, her hatred of it was often so strong that she closed the shutters so as not to see it. When she saw the trains rattling into the Tunnel, she shook her head. It was all madness! But for Mac it seemed that nothing could be more natural. Yet, notwithstanding it all—and this hope kept her courage up—she hoped that some day Mac would come back with his heart to her. After all, the day would come when the Tunnel would set him free again. If only the first train were running through it. . . .

But, good heavens, there were still years before that! Maud sighed. Patience! patience! She had always her work. She had her beloved Edith, who was growing into a little lady, and looking out on life with keen and curious eyes.

She had Mac oftener than before. She had Hobby, who dined nearly every day with her, and told all kinds of amusing stories, and with whom she could so easily gossip. Then, too, her housekeeping made greater demands on her than at first. For Mac brought many guests home with him, famous men, whose very names were a passport for admittance to the Tunnel. Maud enjoyed such visits. These celebrities were for the most part elderly gentlemen, with whom one could chat freely. They all had one quality in common; they were all very simple, not to say shy in manner. They were very learned men, who discussed geological, physical and technical questions with Mac, and often spent a whole week at some station thousands of feet below sea-level, trying to discover something with their instruments. But Mac chatted with these celebrities just as he talked with her or with Hobby.

But when these great lions took their departure, they bowed low to Mac, and pressed his hand, and could not thank him enough. And Mac smiled his peculiar good-humored smile and said, "All right, sir," and wished them a pleasant journey.

Once, too, a lady arrived.

"My name is Ethel Lloyd," said the lady as she raised her veil. "I have read so much about the schools that you have brought into existence," she began, speaking very courteously and earnestly, "that at last I longed to learn something of your methods. As perhaps you know, I have something to do with efforts of much the same kind at New York."

Ethel Lloyd had a natural dignity with a touch of inborn pride that was not unpleasant, and a natural frankness and heartiness that were charming. She had lost the childish airs that had pleased Allan long ago, and had become a thoroughly self-possessed lady. Her sweet and delicate beauty of earlier years had become riper. In those past years she had given one the impression of a pastel portrait. Now everything about her seemed brilliant and shining—her eyes, her mouth, her hair. She always looked as if she had come direct from her toilet table. The marks on her chin had

become slightly more defined, a shade darker, but Ethel no longer tried to cover them with powder.

Maud showed Ethel the hospital, the schools, the kindergarten and the various rooms of the women's club. Ethel declared that it was all splendid, but without indulging in exaggerated praise as a younger woman would have done. And finally she asked if she could be of use in any way. No? Well, it was all the same to Ethel. At the house she chatted so charmingly with Edith that the child immediately took to her. Then it was that Maud overcame her prejudice against Ethel, and asked her to stay to dinner. Ethel telephoned to her father and stayed.

Mac brought Hobby home to dinner with him. Hobby's presence made Ethel feel more self-possessed than she would have been if only the quiet and silent Mac had been there. She led the conversation, she was effusive in her praise of Maud's work. Maud's jealousy awoke again. "She is talking at Mac," she said to herself. But to her consolation Mac showed only the merest polite interest. He looked at the beautiful and accomplished Ethel just as he would have looked at some typist.

"The library at the women's club seems to me rather incomplete," said Ethel.

"It will be increased in the course of time."

"It would be a great pleasure to me, Mrs. Allan, if you would allow me to present a few books to it. Hobby, you will support my proposal."

"If you have a few books to spare," said Maud.

A few days later Ethel sent great cases of books. Maud thanked her heartily, but felt sorry they had met. For after that Ethel came often. She acted as if she were one of Maud's dearest friends, and lavished presents upon little Edith. At last one day she asked Mac if she might not be given an opportunity of visiting the Tunnel.

Mac looked at her in amazement, for it was the first time a lady had put such a question to him.

"That you cannot do," he answered shortly and almost roughly.

But Ethel was not upset. She laughed heartily and said, "But, Mr. Allan, have I given you any reason to be annoyed?"

After that she did not come quite so often. Certainly Maud had no regrets on that score. She could not like Ethel Lloyd, no matter how much she tried to do so. And Maud was one of those people who cannot get on with any one unless they can really take to him.

It was for this reason that Hobby's society was so welcome to her. He came to the house every day. He came to lunch and dinner whether Allan were there or not. She missed him when he stayed away. And that, too, even when Allan was with her.

THE WORK GROWS

“HOBBY is always in such splendid spirits,” Maud would often say of him. And Allan would answer, “He was always a wonderful fellow, Maud.”

He would smile, and never notice that in Maud’s frequent allusions to Hobby’s good spirits there was implied some slight reproach to himself. He was not like Hobby. He had not Hobby’s talent for cheerfulness, Hobby’s easy good humor. He could not, like Hobby, after a twelve hours’ spell of work, give nigger dances and songs and perform all manner of amusing absurdities. Had any one ever seen Hobby doing anything else? Hobby grinned all over his face; Hobby rolled his tongue in his cheek and then out came some witty piece of mischief. Where Hobby appeared every one at once got ready to laugh; Hobby was bound to be witty. No, he was not like Hobby. He did not deceive himself. It seemed to him that for a man such as he was it was better to have no family interests—and this though in his heart he loved Maud and his little daughter.

Hobby did his work and was free. But he, Allan, was never free. The Tunnel grew and the work grew with it. And with that he had his special anxieties, about which he spoke with no man.

He was already doubting whether the Tunnel could really be finished in fifteen years. According to his calculations, it might be possible under the most favorable conditions. He had calmly and deliberately fixed this term in order to win for his enterprise public approval and the gold of the people. If he had fixed it at thirty or fifty years, half the amount of money would not have been given to him.

But now he realized that in the time named he would hardly

be able to get through with the double tunnels of the Biscaya-Finisterra and the America-Bermuda sections.

At the end of the fourth year of construction the galleries of the American section had been pushed forward 150 miles from the coast of America, 50 miles from the other starting-point at Bermuda. On the French section about 125 miles had been bored from the Biscaya station and 70 from Finisterra. Not the sixth part of the Atlantic Tunnel was ready. How were the great borings from Finisterra to the Azores and from the Azores to Bermuda to be managed in time?

Then there were the financial difficulties. The preliminary works, and the borings in the Serpentine rock off Bermuda, had swallowed up much greater sums than he had taken into account in his calculations. There could not be any idea of the second issue of three thousand millions of capital before the seventh year of construction, at the very earliest until the sixth year. He would soon be compelled to carry the work forward over long distances as a single gallery Tunnel, which would make the construction endlessly more difficult. How would it be possible with a single gallery Tunnel to get out the stone, the stone and débris that increased and grew in quantity so that already it threatened to block the galleries? It lay piled up everywhere between the rails, and in the cross-cuts and stations, though the trains were groaning under their loads.

Allan spent months in the Tunnel trying to find quicker working methods. In the galleries on the American side each separate machine, each new invention or improvement, was tested, before it was brought into use in the other working places. Here too, the employees were trained, the "hell men" and the "purgatory men," to be sent afterwards to the other stations as pacemakers. They had to be gradually acclimatized to the mad speed and the heat. An untrained man would have broken down in the first hour in "Hell." Allan sought out every minute touch that gave even the slightest advantage in the expenditure of power, money and time. He reduced the division of labor to the extreme point, so that each worker, year in, year out, had to perform precisely

the same duty, until he did his work automatically and more and more quickly in consequence. He had his specialists, who trained and drilled his battalions, till they made "records" (as for instance in the unloading of a car) and these "records" were then taken as the normal standard of work to be accomplished. A second lost could never be regained, and it cost a fortune in time and money. If each man lost a second in the minute, with an army of 180,000 men, of whom 60,000 were always at work, that meant a loss of 24,000 working hours in a single day. From year to year Allan had succeeded in raising the output of work five per cent. And in spite of all this it was going on too slowly.

Besides this the situation at the head of the excavations gave Allan great anxiety. It was absolutely impossible to crowd more men into the last five hundred yards, unless they were to be knocking against each others' knees. He experimented with various blasting materials until he found one—"Tunnel explosive, No. 8"—which broke up the rock into fairly regular blocks that it was easy to get away. He listened for hours to the suggestions of his engineers; without a sign of weariness he discussed their proposals, and tested and proved them. All unexpected, as if he had come up out of the sea, he made his appearance at Bermuda. Schlosser was sent back to the construction office at Mac City. A young Englishman, John Farbey, hardly thirty years of age, took his place. Allan called together the engineers who were already almost breathless with the speed of the work, and told them they must accelerate it by 25 per cent. They *must*. For he—Allan—would have to be up to time. How it was to be done was their business. . . .

Then unexpectedly he made his appearance at the Azores. He had succeeded in engaging for this working center a German, Michael Müller, who had for some years held a high post under the constructors of the Channel Tunnel. Müller weighed two hundred and forty pounds, and was generally known by the name of "fat Müller." He was liked by his men—partly because his stoutness gave some suggestion of the comic—and he was an indefatigable worker. Presently

Müller was driving his borings forward even more quickly than Allan and Harriman were doing at New Jersey. Müller, this smiling, talkative mass of fat, seemed to be followed everywhere by good fortune. His galleries and borings proved to be the most interesting from a geological point of view and the most productive, and gave abundant proof that at an earlier period this part of the ocean bed had been dry land. He hit upon a great hot-ash deposit, and on iron ores. The Pittsburg Smelting and Refining Company, which had in good time secured the mining rights for all materials sent up from the workings, thanked its good fortune. Its shares went up 60 per cent. The actual bringing out of the ore did not cost it a cent. Its engineers had simply to indicate the required number of freight-cars and these were placed in position for their load. And daily, hourly, there was a quiver of excitement at the chance of untold treasures offering themselves for the taking. In the last month Müller had hit upon a seam of coal five yards thick—"splendid coal," as he said. And that was not all. This coal bed lay directly in the axis of the boring, and there seemed to be no end of it. Müller was driving right through a mine. His only enemy, his everlasting enemy, was the water. His tunneling was now eight hundred yards under the sea bed, and yet the water reached it. Müller had a battery of "Mammoth Turbine Pumps" installed, that continually forced a river of dark colored water into the sea.

Allan made his appearance at Finisterra and Biscaya, and here as at Bermuda, he declared that he must keep his word as to time, and therefore required accelerated work. In spite of the outcry that arose in the French press, he dismissed the chief engineer, Monsieur Gaillard, a white-haired, polished Frenchman, of great ability, and put in his place an American, Stephen Olin Mühlenberg.

As if he had sprung out of the earth, Allan arrived at the various power stations. Nothing escaped his attention, however trifling it might seem, and the engineers breathed again when he took his departure.

Then Allan made his appearance in Paris, and the news-

papers broke out into columns of articles about him and long drawn interviews. Eight days later it became known that a French Company had secured a concession for the construction of an express railway line—Paris-Biscaya—so that by this means all the Tunnel trains would be able to run direct into Paris. At the same time all the great cities of Europe were deluged with posters, showing one of Hobby's magic cities, the future Tunnel station of "Azora." Hobby's fairy city, like his proposed city at the American terminus, caused on the one hand much shaking of heads, and on the other just as much excitement. Hobby had once more given free play to his fancy. The Syndicate had bought a tract of land in the island of San Jorgé, some small islets close by, and a group of sand banks. But in a few years the extent of the ground would be increased fourfold. The islands would be joined together by huge, wide embankments, and the sand banks raised to the same level by pouring débris upon them. At first men could not realize that at this building site Allan could tumble into the sea 4,000 cubic kilometers of rock (and more if he wished) and thus build up this wonderfully constructed island.

As at the projected American city, so also at the future Azora, there was to be a vast and splendid harbor, with its breakwaters, quays and lighthouses. And besides this there was shown the seaside pleasure resort, with its hotels, terraces and parks and a *plage* looking out on the ocean.

But the greatest wonder of all was excited by the prices named by the Tunnel Syndicate for sites in its projected city. They were, from the European point of view, simply exorbitant. But the Syndicate had calmly and relentlessly fixed its gaze upon the European market for capital, as a snake fixes its eyes upon a bird. It was easy to see that Azora would attract the whole of the wealthy tourist traffic of South America. And it did not need much thought to understand that Azora, which could be reached in fourteen hours from Paris, and in sixteen from New York—would be certain to be the most famous seaside resort in the world, a rendezvous for the fashionable circles of England, France and America.

European capital came pouring in. Rings of speculators were formed to buy great stretches of land in the hope of selling them in small plots ten years hence at a big profit. From Paris, London, Liverpool, Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna, the gold came flowing in streams into Woolf's coffers, into his "big pocket," to use the expression that had become proverbial among the public.

VI

SPRING TIDE

WOOLF swept into his "pocket" this gold, just as he had swept in the three thousand millions supplied by the capitalists and the public, and the sums that came from Bermuda, Biscaya, Finisterra and Mac City. And he did it without returning any thanks. There had been in due time no lack of warnings of financial panics and crashes, as a result of such a huge stream of gold being diverted to one object. These prophecies of the dabblers in finance had been fulfilled only to the very slightest extent. A few manufacturing businesses were left stranded for want of resources, but in a short time they had pulled themselves together again.

For Woolf's money did not stand idle. Not a cent was hoarded. It had hardly reached his hands, when it began again to circulate in the old way.

He sent it all over the world.

This spring tide of gold overflowed the Atlantic and went rolling over France, England, Germany, Sweden, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Russia. It leaped over the Ural, and rolled on into the depths of the Siberian Forests and the Baikal Mountains. It flowed over South Africa, the Transvaal and Orangia; over Australia and New Zealand. It flowed into Minneapolis, Chicago and St. Louis; into the Rocky Mountains, Nevada and Alaska.

Woolf's dollars were millions of fiery little warriors that fought with the gold of all nations and all races. They were all little Woolfs, filled to the neck with Woolfish instinct, and with "Money" for the watchword. They hurried in armies through the cables on the ocean bed, they flew through the air. And as soon as they reached the scene of action they were transformed. They changed into the little steel hammers

that clattered day and night in busy workshops; they changed into the flying shuttles of weavers at Manchester; they sped here and there as Zulus over the sand bed of the South African diamond fields. They changed into the connecting shaft of some engine of a thousand horse power. They changed into some giant machine of polished steel, working furiously twenty-four hours each day, driven by steam and at times hidden in the steam clouds. They changed into a train-load of railroad sleepers on the way from Omsk to Peking; or into a ship's hold full of grain bound from Odessa to Marseilles. In South Wales they turned into miner's trucks eight hundred yards underground. They squatted on a thousand buildings all over the world, drawing mortgage interest from them. They were reaping wheat in Canada, and growing as tobacco plants in Sumatra.

They fought for him. At a nod from Woolf they turned their backs on Sumatra and were stamping out gold in Nevada. They left Australia and flew away to alight in a swarm on the cotton market at Liverpool.

Woolf gave them no rest. Day and night he hunted them through a hundred changes. He sat in the arm-chair in his office, smoked cigars, perspired, dictated at once a dozen telegrams and letters, with the telephone receiver at his ear, while at the same time he carried on a conversation with some stock-broker. He would listen with the right ear to the voice in the instrument, while with the left he heard the report of a clerk. He spoke in one voice to the clerk and then with another shouted into the telephone. With one eye he watched his shorthand writer or typist to see if they were ready for further dictation, while he kept the other eye on the clock. In the same second he thought of Nelly, who would by this time have been waiting for him twenty minutes, and would pull a long face when he arrived late for dinner; thought that the broker in the matter of the Rand Mines was an idiot, but had been far seeing in the case of Garnier Frères; thought—in the background of his hairy perspiring skull—of the great battle he would fight and win to-morrow on the Vienna bourse.

Each week he had to provide a million and a half of dollars for various payments, and each quarter hundreds of millions for interest and sinking funds. At these times he would not leave his office all day long. For the battle was then in full swing, and Woolf purchased the victory at much loss of perspiration, fat, and breath.

He would call his Army Corps back. And they came, many a dollar a little heroic victor, who had secured some booty—eight cents, or ten, or even twenty. Many came back crippled, and some had fallen on the field of fight—but that was war!

For years Woolf had been carrying on this breathless, furious struggle, day and night, in days of stress, in times of success, with here an advance, there a retreat. Hourly he gave his orders to his lieutenants in the five continents, and hourly he examined their reports from the scene of operations.

Woolf had a genius for money. He could smell it a league away. He had sent over untold thousands of shares and bonds to Europe, for in his opinion the American money was safer there in case he had to call up his reserve army of gold for active service. He had drawn up prospectuses that read like poems by Walt Whitman. At the annual general meetings he went straight to his point, and the Syndicate had in the course of years raised his salary to three hundred thousand dollars. He was indispensable.

Woolf worked till his lungs were panting. Every piece of paper that he took in his hands showed the greasy mark of his thumb, though he washed his hands a dozen times a day. Despite all his wearing energy, he grew fatter and fatter. But after he had put his perspiring head under a stream of cold water, brushed his hair and beard, put on a fresh collar and left his office, he looked like a dignified gentleman without a trace of hurry and haste about him. With a thoughtful air he took his seat in his elegant black enameled car, with its silver dragon that hooted like the fog-horn of an ocean liner, and rolled down Broadway to enjoy himself for the evening.

He usually dined with one of his lady friends. He liked to dine well, and drink a bottle of good expensive wine.

Each evening at eleven he went to his club to play for a couple of hours. He played a careful game, not too high and not too low, silently, and at times pulling at his black beard with his red puffy lips.

Twice every year he made his way to Szentes on a visit to his old father. Many telegrams came in advance heralding his arrival. All Szentes was in excitement. The famous son of old Wolffsohn! The fortune maker! What a head he had!

Woolf had built a pretty house and laid out a beautiful garden for his father. Musicians came and played and danced there during his visit while all Szentes crowded up against the garden railings.

Old Wolffsohn, with his thin face and shaking head, bent himself this way and that, saying with tears in his eyes:

“Thou hast become a great man, my son! Who would have thought it? Great is my pride! I thank God each day!”

And at Szentes Woolf made himself popular by his kindly ways. He talked with high and low, young and old, with the same American and democratic simplicity. He was so great and yet so modest with it all!

Old Wolffsohn had only one wish to be fulfilled before God called him.

“If I could only see him,” he would say, “this Mr. Allan. What a man he is!”

And Woolf would answer: “You shall see him. If he comes again to Vienna or Berlin—and he is coming—I will wire to you. You go to his hotel, say you are my father, and he will be delighted to see you.”

But old Wolffsohn would stretch out his thin aged hands and shake his head and cry out, “I shall never go to see him—this Mr. Allan. I would not dare to do it, or to speak before him. My feet would not bear me up.”

Every time the parting was hard for both. Old Wolffsohn tottered with feeble feet for a few paces beside his son's saloon carriage, and cried aloud, while the tears ran down Woolf's cheeks. But as soon as he had closed the window and dried

his tears he was the old Woolf again, the Rabbinical side of his brain in absolute control of his being.

Woolf had accomplished his set purpose. He was rich, famous, redoubtable. The Finance Ministers of great nations received him with respect. Apart from a touch of asthma he was in good health. His appetite and his power of endurance were remarkable. He could enjoy life, and he was a lucky man. His misfortune was that he had to analyze everything, and that he had time for reflection, in Pullman cars and in the deck chairs of steamers. All the men he had met in his life were sharply cinematographed in his memory. He had compared these men one with another, and himself with each and all. He was always self-critical. To his no small dismay he discovered that he was quite an ordinary, everyday man. He knew the market, the markets of the world. He was like a stock exchange record, a bourse "ticker"—a man packed with figures even under the nails of his toes—but what else was he? Was he after all one whom you could call a personality, a man with real individuality? His father, who lived in an atmosphere two thousand years behind his own ideas, was, despite it all, more of an individuality than he was. He himself had become an Austrian, a German, an Englishman, an American. In all these changes he had lost something of himself, and—now what was he? Well, the devil only could say exactly what he was now. His memory, that abnormal memory, which a year afterwards still kept mechanically the very number of the railway car in which he had traveled from San Francisco to New York, that memory was like an ever wakeful conscience. It remembered where he had got that idea which he had brought out as something quite original and his own, where he had learned this trick of raising his hat, that way of speaking or smiling, that way of looking at some one who was boring him. As soon as he recognized all this, he understood how his instinct had led him to adopt the pose that was the safest; reposeful, tactiturn dignity. And even this pose was pieced together out of a million elements that he had borrowed from other men!

He thought of Allan, Hobby, Lloyd, Harriman. They were

all *men!* Up to and including Lloyd, he considered them all as narrow, as people who could only think within a defined compass, and in general did not think at all. But for all that they were men, original men, individual personalities. He thought of Allan's strong character and influence. Wherein lay his strength? Who could say why he seemed a strong man? No one. His power, the kind of—well, terror, that he inspired? Where did it come from? No one could say. This Allan did not pose. He was always natural, simple, always himself, and yet there was this influence. He had often looked at Allan's brown, freckled face. It expressed neither nobility nor genius, and yet he could never sate his gaze on the simple frankness of those features. When Allan said anything, even carelessly, that was enough. No one would think for a moment of neglecting his orders.

With these reflections Woolf always came back to the same point—his relations with Allan. Allan was attentive to him, and dealt with him in an obliging, friendly way—but all the same he did not act towards him as he did towards the others, and Woolf was quite conscious of this difference.

He heard Allan calling nearly all the engineers, heads of departments and employees, simply by their names. But why did he always address him as "Mr. Woolf" without ever, even by a slip of the tongue, being more familiar? Out of respect? Oh, no, my son, this Allan feels respect only for himself! Absurd as it seemed even to Woolf himself, it was one of his most secretly cherished wishes that Allan would some day give him a slap on the shoulder and say—"Hallo, Woolf, how do you do?" But he had been waiting years for this.

It was then that it became clear to Woolf that he hated Allan. Yes, he hated him—without any reason. He wished to see Allan's self-assurance shattered; Allan's glance grow unsteady; Allan some day dependent on him.

Woolf was all hot passion as he pondered. And after all it was quite possible. There might come a day when he, Woolf . . .! Why should it not be possible that some day he might obtain absolute control over the Syndicate?

Woolf closed his black, gleaming eyes, and his fat cheeks quivered.

This was the cleverest thought that had been framed in his mind in all his life, and it hypnotized him. He need only have a thousand million of shares at his back—and then Mac Allan would see what manner of man Woolf was!

Woolf lighted a cigar and dreamed his dream.

VII

THE EPIC OF IRON

THE Edison Biograph was doing splendid and steady business with its Tunnel Film, which had now developed into a new series of pictures each week.

It showed the black smoke bank that always hung over the depot of materials and the railway station at Mac City. It showed the countless array of cars that were drawn thither by a thousand panting locomotives from every State in America. It showed the freight stages, fixed cranes, traveling and gantry cranes. It showed "purgatory" and "hell," full of men madly working, while a phonograph echoed the din as it resounded through the galleries, six miles behind the working face. Although taken through a muffled receiver, the noise was so overwhelming and terrible that the audience stopped their ears.

And the audience, who ten minutes before had been enjoying themselves over an awful melodrama, felt that all the varied smoke-enveloped and resounding pictures of toil which the screen displayed before them, were scenes in a far greater and more important drama.

The Edison Biograph told the epic of iron, greater and mightier than all the epics of ancient days.

Iron mines near Bilbao in the north of Spain, Gellivara, Grängesberg in Sweden. A mining town in Ohio, the air full of a rain of ashes, the chimneys rising like a forest of lances. Flaming blast furnaces in Sweden, with tongues of fire shooting up all round the horizon by night—an inferno. Iron works in Westphalia. Palaces of glass with great machines invented by men, mammoths with their dwarf-like makers and guides standing beside them. A group of huge, demon-like things—the towering blast furnaces all ablaze, and girt with

iron bands shooting out their flames into the sky. The iron bars go rushing up; the furnace is receiving its charge. The poisonous gases go roaring through the shaft of the tower, heating the blast to a thousand degrees. As the furnace door opens a stream of iron shoots out into the foundry hall. The men are all aglow with deadly pale faces gleaming in the blinding glare. Then the huge crucibles for the Bessemer and Thomas processes, bulky masses revolving on an axis, high as the roof, now erect, now tilted side-long under the impulse of hydraulic rams, and belching out fiery serpents and jets of sparks as the blast drives through the molten steel. Then the Martin furnaces, the furnaces for the rolling-mills, the mills, the steam hammers, smoke, whirling sparks, men all aglow, and through every inch of the film genius and victory. A red hot sparkling block of iron runs down the track to the rolling mill and is caught between the rollers, it stretches out like a piece of wax, longer and longer. It is run back again through the last pair of rollers that give it shape, and there it lies hot and glowing, then cools down black, conquered and ready for its work, and the legend of the picture runs thus: "*Krupp of Essen makes a rail for the Tunnel line.*"

Last of all a gallery in a coal mine. A horse's head comes into sight, then the horse; a young boy in knee boots is with it; a long train of coal trucks is being dragged along. The horse nods its head as it passes, and the boy, as he comes near, stops and grins at the audience with his sallow, grimy face.

The lecturer speaks: "Twenty years ago, Mac Allan, the constructor of the Tunnel, was a boy like that in a coal mine."

There is a mighty burst of applause! A rejoicing over the success of human strength and energy—each thinks of himself and his own hopes!

The Edison Biograph was showing the film every day in thirty thousand theaters. There was no obscure little town in Siberia or Peru where it was not to be seen. So it came to pass as a matter of course, that all the higher officials were

as well known to the world as Allan himself. Their names fixed themselves in the memory of the public like the names of Stephenson, Marconi, and Koch.

Only Allan himself had not yet found time to go and see the Tunnel film, though the Edison Biograph Company had more than once tried to bring him to it almost by main force.

For the Edison Biograph promised itself especially good results from a scene of which the title would be: "*Mac Allan sees himself on the Edison Biograph.*"

VIII

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

"WHERE is Mac?" asked Hobby.

Maud kept her chair from rocking for a moment.

"Let me see! . . . In Montreal, Hobby."

It was evening, and they were sitting together on the verandah of the first floor, looking out on the sea. The garden lay silent beneath them in the darkness. Maud and Hobby had played four sets of lawn tennis in the afternoon, and were now taking it easy after dinner. The house was dark and quiet.

Hobby yawned. He was tired and sleepy.

Maud, however, sat and rocked herself to and fro. Her eyes were moist.

She glanced at Hobby. In his light-colored suit, with his very fair hair, he looked almost white in the darkness. Only his face and tie were dark. He looked like a photographic negative. Maud smiled, remembering a story which Hobby had told her during dinner about one of Woolf's so-called "nieces," who had sued him because he had turned her out of the house. She fell to thinking of Hobby himself. He pleased her. Even his absurdities pleased her. They were the best of comrades and had no secrets from each other. Sometimes indeed he wanted to tell her things which she preferred not to hear and she had to beg him to desist. He and little Edith were almost as closely attached to each other as father and child. It often looked almost as though Hobby were indeed head of the household.

"Hobby might just as well have been my husband as Mac," she reflected, and she felt herself becoming hot and the blood rushing to her face.

At this moment Hobby laughed softly to himself.

“What are you laughing at, Hobby?”

Hobby stretched himself out and his chair creaked.

“I was just wondering how I am going to get through the next seven weeks!”

“Why, have you been losing at cards again?”

“Yes, six thousand dollars! To Vanderstyfft. These rich beggars always win.”

Maud laughed.

“You have only got to say a word to Mac.”

“Yes, yes, yes!” replied Hobby. “That’s how things happen when one’s a fool.”

And both sank again into thought. Maud had a strange impulse suddenly, as she moved to and fro in her rocking chair, her eyes always on Hobby. Her heart was full of trouble and excitement.

“Frank,” she exclaimed, leaning forward towards him as he lay back with his eyes closed, “Frank, how would things have been if I had married you?”

Hobby opened his eyes, astonished. Her question, and her use of his Christian name, which he had not heard in this way for years, startled him. Her face too was dangerously near his. Her white hands were on the arm of his chair.

“How can I answer that?” he replied nervously, trying to laugh.

Maud’s eyes looked straight into him, glowing, as it seemed to him, with tenderness and affection. Her little face looked wan and white.

“Why didn’t I marry you, Hobby?”

Hobby held his breath. “Because you were fonder of Mac,” he said at last.

Maud nodded. “Should we have been happy together, Frank, you and I?”

Hobby’s agitation increased and he could not move from his seat without coming too near her.

“Who knows, Maud?” he smiled.

“Did you really love me, Frank, or were you only pretending?”

“I did really.”

“Do you think you would have been happy with me?”

“I think so.”

Maud nodded, and her eyebrows rose as she seemed to ponder the matter. “You do think so, Frank?” she whispered, her eyes full at once of joy and misery.

Hobby could bear the situation no longer. What could induce Maud to bring back these old memories? He wanted to tell her that all this was nonsense. But he was weak.

“And we have been real good friends, haven’t we, Maud?” he said in as matter-of-fact tones as he could command.

Maud nodded, almost imperceptibly. She continued to gaze into his eyes, and so they remained for some seconds. He made a slight movement—he felt he could not sit still any longer. Then—how came it about?—their lips met.

Maud drew back quickly. She gave a little stifled cry, stood up, remained motionless for a second, and then disappeared into the house.

Hobby rose slowly from his wickerwork arm-chair and looked round him, with an embarrassed expression on his face.

Then he pulled himself together. He pulled out his watch mechanically, and passed through the dark room on his way to the garden down below.

“Never again, my boy,” he said to himself. “Maud shan’t see me again for a while.”

He took down his hat, lit a cigarette with trembling fingers and left the house, excited, disturbed, yet with a feeling of happiness within him at the same time.

“How the devil did it happen?” he asked himself, suddenly standing still to think.

Meanwhile Maud sat crouched up in her dark room, her hands clasped, looking straight in front of her with terror-stricken eyes. “Oh, the shame of it! the shame of it. Oh Mac! oh Mac!” she whispered. And she began to cry, silently and passionately. Never again would she be able to look Mac in the eyes, never again. She must tell him, she must go away from him. And Edith? She had reason to be proud of her mother now!

She started up, Hobby was going. Should she call out to him to come back? Her face was burning and her hands moved convulsively. Oh, no! In God's name, no! What had come over her? All day long she had been a prey to perilous thoughts. That evening she had not been able to take her eyes from Hobby's face. She had wondered how she would feel if Hobby kissed her.

Now he was gone, and she lay on her bed, weeping bitterly. Gradually she became calmer and she made up her mind to tell Mac everything.

Next morning, when she went down to the sea to bathe with Edith, she still felt something weighing on her heart, even when not actually thinking of what had happened. Everything would come right, of course. And she felt that she had never loved Mac so intensely before. But he ought not to neglect her so . . . And those strange disquieting thoughts kept coming back. What really were her feelings for Hobby? Did she really love him?

Hobby remained away for three days. He worked like a slave during the daytime and the evenings he spent in New York, playing billiards and drinking whisky. He borrowed four thousand dollars and lost every cent.

On the fourth day Maud sent him a note, saying she counted on seeing him that evening. She had something to say to him.

Hobby came. Maud blushed when she saw him, but she welcomed him laughingly.

"We shall never be so stupid again, Hobby!" she said. "Do you hear? Never! Oh, I have been reproaching myself so! It was my fault, not yours, you know. At first I thought I must confess to Mac, but now I have decided not to. Or do you think I ought to?"

"You might sometime when there's a good chance. Or if you like, I——"

"No, no, not you, Hobby. Yes, when I get a chance I will confess. You are right. And now we are just old friends again the same as ever, Hobby?"

"All right," Hobby replied, and thought how pretty her

hair looked and how sweet she looked then, blushing in her confusion, and how good and true she was—and that the kiss had cost him four thousand dollars!

“The racquets are there. Will you have a game?”

So they were old friends again. But Maud could not always refrain from glancing at Hobby in a way that reminded him that they had a secret between them.

PART IV

PART IV

I

“THE SONG OF MAC”

MAC ALLAN stood like a phantom goading on the work.

The whole world watched, spellbound, the breathless rush beneath the sea-bottom. The newspapers had a standing headline which first drew all eyes, like the news from some scene of war.

During the first few weeks of the seventh year, Allan was overtaken by misfortune. In the American galleries the great October catastrophe happened which was to jeopardize his work.

Mining accidents and mishaps were a daily occurrence. Workmen were buried in collapsing rock, blown to pieces in blasting, or crushed out of human semblance by trains. Death made the Tunnel its home and hauled in the tunnel-man with little ceremony. Great masses of water had again and again burst into all the galleries. The pumps had been barely able to cope with them, and thousands of men ran the risk of drowning. These brave fellows sometimes stood up to their chest in water, which very often was hot, and gave off steam like geysers. True, in most cases the presence of great quantities of water could be ascertained beforehand, and the necessary steps could be taken. By the aid of specially designed appliances, resembling the transmitter apparatus of wireless telegraphy, electric waves were sent into the mine, on a method first suggested by Dr. Levy, of Göttingen, and as soon as quantities of water or ore deposits were met with, these waves were reflected and caused interferences with those in transmission. The boring machines had been again and again buried by falling earth,

and these accidents were not unattended by loss of life. Whoever was unable to get away in the nick of time was crushed. Carbonic acid poisoning was quite common. The Tunnel had even given birth to a new disease, akin to one observed in workers in caissons, the caisson disease; the people called it "the bends." Allan had established a special sanatorium on the coast for these invalids.

On the whole, however, the Tunnel had not in six years swallowed up more victims than other big engineering works. In all there had been 1,713 deaths, a comparatively low figure.

But the tenth of October of the seventh year was Allan's black day . . .

It was Allan's practice to hold, every year, in October, a general inspection of the American section of the work, which occupied several days. Among the engineers and employees it was termed the "New Court." On October the 4th he inspected the "City." He visited the workmen's houses, abattoirs, baths, and hospitals. He came to Maud's convalescent home, and Maud was in a state of excitement all day long, and flushed crimson at the compliments he paid to her management.

On the following day he entered the Tunnel with Hobby, Harriman and the engineer, Bärmann.

The Tunnel inspection lasted several days, because Allan checked every station, every engine, every siding, every cross-cut and every depot. As soon as one point was finished, they stopped a train by signal, swung on to a flat-car and went a little way further.

The galleries were as dark as cellars. At times swarms of lights flashed by; iron scaffoldings, with human bodies hanging in them; a red lamp would gleam, the bell of the train clang, and shadows dart to one side.

The dark galleries were filled with the thunder of the trains flying by. They rattled and roared; piercing shrieks floated in the remote darkness. From somewhere a howling as of wolves came, a blowing and snorting as of a hippopotamus emerging from the water, then powerful, gruff voices were

heard, as of Cyclops in furious strife. The noise was such that one could not hear oneself speak. Thirty miles behind the drilling machine blared like a gigantic ram's-horn blown by the powers of Hell.

The news that Mac was in the Tunnel spread like wild-fire. Wherever he went—unrecognizable through dust and dirt, but yet at once recognized—the gangs began to sing “the song of Mac”:

“Three cheers and a tiger for him!
Take off your cap to Mac,
Mac's the man for us!
Mac's the boy to lick creation,
Three cheers and a tiger for Mac!”

On the truck carting away the rocks sat the men coming off shift, and the trains left an echo of song in the roar and thunder of the gallery.

Mac was popular, and—so far as the fanatical hatred between workmen and capital allowed—was a favorite among his men. He was one of themselves, made of the same stuff, though stronger a hundredfold.

“Mac!” they said, “yes, Mac is a boy!” That was all, but it was the highest praise.

In the “Purgatory” galleries electric riveting machines clanged and buzzed, like propellers under full steam, while the iron shrieked. Here too the people sang. The whites of the eyes looked out of the grimy faces, the mouths opened rhythmically, but not a sound was to be heard.

The last eighteen miles of the advanced southern gallery had to be covered almost wholly on foot, or on slow running material trains. Here the gallery was a forest of rough posts, a scaffolding of beams, shaken by an inconceivable uproar, the fury of which one again and again forgot, and then awakened to new. The heat (118° F.) disrupted pillars and beams, although they were frequently watered, and the ventilation devices incessantly forced in fresh cooled air. The air was bad, used up, the foul air of a mine.

In a small cross-cut lay an oil-begrimed, half-naked body—

a fitter, struck down by heart failure. There he lay with the work raging round him, and hurried feet stepped over him. They had not even closed his eyes.

Then they reached "Hell." In the midst of the howling eddies of dust stood a small livid-hued Japanese, motionless as a statue, and gave the optical commands. Now red, now white, gleamed the cone of light of his reflector, and now and again he shot a ray of light of a grassy green into a swarming pack of men, so that they looked like corpses who still toiled.

Here no one paid any heed to them. No greeting, no song—utterly exhausted people who labored half unconscious. Here indeed they had to keep an eye on each other, in order not to be struck down by a post which panting men dragged over the rubble, or by a block of stone which six pairs of brawny arms swung on to a truck.

The gallery here already lay very deep, five thousand yards below sea level. The glowing atmosphere filled with splintery dust seared the throat and lungs. Hobby yawned continuously, and Harriman's eyes bulged out of his red face as though he were choking. Allan's lungs, however, were used to air poor in oxygen. The thundering work, the swarms of men dashing to and fro, made him lively. Involuntarily his eyes assumed a commanding and triumphant expression. He emerged from his repose and taciturnity, flitted hither and thither, shouted, gesticulated, and his muscular back gleamed with perspiration. Harriman crept up to Allan with a sample of rock in his hand, and held it before his eyes. He then put his hands in front of his mouth and yelled into Allan's ear: "This is the unknown ore!"

"Ore?" piped Allan back in the same way. It was a rusty brown, amorphous rock, very easily broken. Geologically, it was the first discovery during the construction of the Tunnel. The unknown ore, which had received the name of Submarinium, was rich in radium and the Smelting and Refining Company was expecting every day to strike big deposits of it. Harriman yelled this into Allan's ear.

Allan laughed. "It might suit them!"

Out of the drilling machine came a red-haired man of

enormous bony structure, with long gorilla-like arms. A pillar of dirt and oil, gray powder in a paste on his sleepy eyelids. He looked like a rock trammer, but he was one of Allan's chief engineers, an Irishman named O'Neil. His right arm was bleeding, and the blood mingled with the dirt into a black mass like cart grease. He continually spat dust and sneezed. A workman was playing a jet of water on him. O'Neil turned around and bent this way and that in the jet of water, entirely naked, and came up to Allan dripping.

Allan pointed to his arm.

The Irishman shook his head, and pressed the water out of his hair with his big hands.

“The gneiss is getting grayer and grayer!” he bellowed into Allan's ear, “grayer and harder. The red gneiss is child's play compared to it. Every hour we are compelled to put new crowns on to the drill. And the heat, good Lord!”

“We shall soon be going up again!”

O'Neil grinned. “In three years!” he yelled.

“Have you no water ahead?”

“No.”

Suddenly they all grew green and of a ghastly lividness; the Japanese had directed his cone of light on to them.

O'Neil at once pushed Allan on one side; the drilling machine was coming back.

Allan waited while three shifts came off, then he climbed on to a rock train and rode back with Harriman and Hobby. They dropped at once into an exhausted sleep. Allan awoke with the crude, cruel light of day piercing his eyes like a knife.

The train stopped in front of the station building, and Mac City breathed again. The “youngest Court” was over, and it had been let off leniently.

The engineers went into the bath room. Hobby lay in his basin as if asleep, and smoked a cigarette. Harriman, on the contrary, puffed and snorted like a hippopotamus.

“Coming along to breakfast, Hobby?” asked Allan. “Maud will be awake by now. It is seven o'clock.”

“I want to sleep,” answered Hobby, with a cigarette in

his mouth. "To-night I have got to go in again. But I will come to supper without fail."

"Sorry; I shan't be here then."

"New York?"

"No, Buffalo. We are trying a new type of drill, invented by fat Müller."

Hobby was not very much interested in drills, and therefore he turned the talk on to fat Müller. He laughed softly. "Pendleton wrote me yesterday from Azora, Mac," he said, sleepily. "I hear Müller is a fearful drinker! Pendleton writes that he gives garden-parties and drinks them all under the table."

At this moment the little Japanese passed them, spick and span; he already had the second shift behind him. He took off his hat politely.

Hobby opened one eye. "Good-morning, Jap!" he called out.

"That's a smart fellow!" said Allan, when the Japanese closed the doors behind him.

Twenty-four hours later the smart fellow was dead!

II

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

ON the following morning, a few minutes before four, the catastrophe happened.

The place where the drilling machine of the advanced Southern gallery was grinding away the rock face on this unlucky 10th of October was just three hundred miles from the mouth of the Tunnel. Twenty miles behind it the machine of the parallel gallery was at work.

The working face had just been formed. The reflector with which the little Japanese gave the orders flashed chalky white in the rolling rock, and the gangs of half-naked men who were forcing up the fuming dump heap. At this moment an arm was thrown upwards, a second collapsed, a third sank down with startling suddenness. The fuming dump rolled forward with mad speed, swallowing bodies, heads, arms and legs like a whirling hurricane. The deafening noise of the work was swallowed in a dull growl, so terrific that the human ear could barely take it in. The head swam in a pressure which split the drums of the ears. The little Japanese suddenly sank under. It grew inky night. Not one of all the "Men of Hell" had seen more than a tottering man, a grimacing mouth, a sinking post. No one had heard anything. The drilling machine, that ironclad made of steel, driven forward by the power of two express engines, was lifted off the rails like a tin toy, dashed against the wall, and smashed. Human bodies flew through the air like projectiles amid a hail of blocks of rock, the iron rock trucks were swept away, smashed to shreds and crumpled up into balls; the forest of pillars came smashing down and buried every living thing beneath the rock.

This happened in a single second. A moment later all was

as silent as death, save for the detonation of the explosion thundering in the distance.

The explosion caused devastation along a distance of fifteen miles, and the Tunnel roared for sixty miles as though the ocean were thundering into the galleries. Behind the clangor, however, which rolled in the distance like a huge bronze ball, came stillness, a frightful stillness—then clouds of dust—and behind the dust, smoke; the Tunnel was on fire!

Out of the smoke trains came headlong, hung with bunches of affrighted people, then unrecognizable specters came dashing along on foot in the darkness, and then nothing more.

The catastrophe, unfortunately, happened just when the shift was being changed, and in the last mile or so about two thousand five hundred people were cooped up. More than half of them were hurled to destruction, torn to atoms, crushed and overwhelmed in an instant, and no one had heard a cry.

But then, when the roar of the explosion resounded in the distance, the deathly silence of the gallery, immersed in inky darkness, was broken by despairing screams, by loud wailings, by maniacal laughter, by cries for help, curses, by bellowing and animal howls. Everywhere there was upheaval and commotion. Boulders came pelting down, boards were split, and there was a slipping, sliding, and crunching. The darkness was appalling. The dust sank down like a dense rain of ashes. A beam shifted to one side, and a man crept panting out of a hole, sneezed, and cowered dazed on the dump heap.

“Where are you?” he shouted. “In the name of God!” Again and again, ceaselessly, he cried out the same thing and nothing answered him but wild cries and animal groans. The man shrieked louder and louder in fear and pain, and his voice grew ever shriller until it was the voice of a madman.

Suddenly, however, he grew silent. A gleam of fire flickered in the darkness. A tongue of flame came licking out of the slit in the heap of fragments, and suddenly a swelling

sheaf of fire shot aloft. The man, a negro, gave a shriek, which died away into a groan of horror, for—merciful God!—in the midst of the flame a man appeared! This man climbed up through the flame, a smoking bundle with a yellow Chinese face, a specter fearful to behold. He crept silently higher and higher, and then slipped down. At that moment a memory dawned in the distraught brain of the negro. He recognized the specter.

“Hobby!” he yelled; “Hobby!”

But Hobby heard nothing, answered nothing. He stumbled, fell on to his knees, beat the sparks out of his clothes, uttered a hoarse rattle, and gasped for air. For a time he cowered dazed on the ground, a dark mass in the lurid fire. He looked as though he would fall, but he only fell on both hands, and now began slowly and mechanically to creep forward, instinctively making his way towards the voice which shouted his name incessantly. Unexpectedly he stumbled against a dark figure and paused. The negro sat squatting there, his face streaming with blood, and continued to yell.

They sat crouching opposite each other a while, and looked at each other.

“Come away!” Hobby stammered, and stood up automatically.

The negro caught hold of him.

“Hobby!” he screamed, beside himself. “Hobby, what has happened?” Hobby licked his lips and tried to think.

“Come away!” he then whispered again with a hoarse voice, still dazed.

The negro clung to him and tried to stand up, but fell shrieking to the ground. “My foot!” he screamed. “Great God in Heaven, what has happened to my foot?”

Hobby was incapable of thinking. Quite instinctively he did what one does when a man falls. He tried to lift the negro up. But they both fell headlong.

Hobby fell with his chin against a girder. The pain shook him up. In his dazed condition he felt as though he had been hit on the jaw, and, half unconscious, he set himself up for a

desperate defense. But then—then something remarkable happened to him. He saw no opponent, his hands had buried themselves in the rubbish. Hobby came to himself. Suddenly he knew that he was in the gallery, and that something frightful must have happened! He began to tremble; all the muscles of his back, which had never moved so in all his life, twitched convulsively like the muscles of a terrified horse.

Hobby understood.

He half drew himself up, and saw that the drilling machine was burning. To his astonishment he saw heaps of naked and half-naked men lying on the rubbish in the dump in the most dreadful contortions, and none of them stirred. He saw that they lay everywhere, next to him and round about him. They lay with open mouths, stretched out at full length, with crushed heads, jammed between pillars, impaled, smashed to atoms. They lay covered with rubbish to the chin, curled up into a ball. It was a hideous chaos of stone blocks, girders, posts, and fragments of trucks inextricably mixed up with human heads, backs, boots, arms and hands! Hobby shrank back in horror, he shook so that he had to hold fast to something to prevent himself from falling. Now he understood those strange sounds which had filled the half-dark gallery far and near. That whining, whimpering, snorting and roaring of animals—those unimaginable sounds, never heard before—they came from human beings! His skin, his face and his hands grew rigid as with cold, his feet were paralyzed. In his immediate vicinity lay, propped half upright, a man with the blood running out of the corner of his mouth as out of a well. The man no longer breathed, but he held his hollow hand under his mouth, and Hobby heard the blood splashing and running. It was the little Japanese, quite dead. Suddenly his hand sank down and his head dropped, till it struck the hard substance beneath.

“Come away, come away!” whispered Hobby, distraught with horror. “We must get away from here!”

The negro gripped hold of Hobby's belt and dragged after him with his uninjured foot as best he might. Thus they

crept together through the maze of pillars and corpses and rock, towards the screaming and animal sounds.

“Hobby!” groaned the negro, and sobbed with anguish and dread. “Mister Hobby, the Lord bless your soul, don’t leave me, don’t leave me here! O Lord, mercy! I have a wife and two little children outside—don’t abandon a poor negro. O mercy!”

The burning drilling machine cast glaring and malignant tongues of light and black flickering shadows into the dark chaos, and Hobby had to take care not to tread on limbs and heads projecting out of the stones. Suddenly, between two overturned iron trucks a form rose, a hand felt its way towards him, and he recoiled. Then he looked into a face which stared at him with vacant idiocy.

“What do you want?” asked Hobby, in a fright like the grip of death.

“Out of here!” screamed the face.

“Get away!” answered Hobby. “That’s the wrong direction!”

The expression of his face did not change. Without any sound the form disappeared, as though swallowed up by the débris.

Hobby’s head had grown clearer, and he tried to collect his thoughts. His burns smarted, his left arm was bleeding, but otherwise he was unhurt. He remembered that Allan had sent him to O’Neil with an order. Ten minutes before the explosion he had been speaking to O’Neil, next to the trucks. Then he had climbed into the drilling machine. Why, he no longer remembered. He had hardly stepped on the machine when he suddenly felt the ground rock under him. He looked into a pair of astonished eyes, then he saw nothing more. Thus far he knew all, but it was a riddle to him how he had got out of the drilling machine. Had the explosion dashed him out?

While dragging the groaning and wailing negro behind him, he thought the position over. It did not seem to him to be hopeless. If he could reach the cross-cut in which the dead fitter lay yesterday, he was saved. There he would find lint

for bandages, oxygen apparatus, and emergency lamps. He clearly remembered that Allan had tested the lamps. The cross-drivage was on the left. But how far away? Three miles, five miles? That he did not know. If he did not succeed he must die of suffocation, because the smoke grew more intense every minute. Hobby crept onwards in despair.

Then he heard close at hand a voice pant out his name. He stopped and listened, gasping.

“This way!” panted the voice. “It’s me. O’Neil!”

Yes, it was O’Neil, the big Irishman. He, whose bones usually occupied so much space, sat rammed together between posts, the right half of his face covered with blood; he looked ashen, and his eyes were red, painful fires.

“I’m done for, Hobby!” panted O’Neil. “What has happened? I am done for and am suffering torture! Shoot me!”

Hobby tried to shift a girder to one side. He gathered all his strength, but suddenly and inexplicably fell headlong to the ground.

“It’s no good, Hobby,” continued O’Neil. “I am done for! Shoot me and save yourself.”

Yes, O’Neil was done for, Hobby saw. He took the revolver out of the pocket. It lay in his hand as heavy as a hundred weight, and he could scarcely lift his arm.

“Shut your eyes, O’Neil!”

“Why should I?” O’Neil smiled a despairing smile. “Tell Mac it wasn’t my fault—thanks, Hobby!”

The smoke was acrid, but the burning fire grew feebler and feebler, so that Hobby hoped it would go out. Then there would be no further danger. But two short, violent detonations followed. “Those are the blasting cartridges,” he thought.

At once it grew lighter. A big post was burning fiercely, and threw its light far through the gallery. Then Hobby saw some men, naked and begrimed, as yellow as saffron in the glare, wriggle their way out, and others slowly climb forward step by step. Moans and shrieks came from the rocks, hands

projected out and beckoned with cramped fingers, and here the ground would bulge up high, but the layer of stones always sank down again.

Hobby crept apathetically onwards. He was panting. The sweat dripped from his face, and soon he was half-unconscious through exertion. He paid no attention to the arm which projected out of the rubbish and tried to grip hold of his foot; heedlessly he climbed through a stream of blood pouring down from the ceiling. How much blood there was in a man, he thought, and took his way direct over a dead body lying on its stomach.

The negro, whom fate had made his companion in this dreadful hour, wound his arms round his neck and howled and cried for pain and fear, and at times kissed his hair and implored him not to abandon him.

“My name is Washington Jackson,” panted the negro, “I come from Athens in Georgia and I married Amanda Bell from Danielsville. Three years ago I took on the Tunnel job, as a stone carrier. I have two children, six and five years old.”

“Hold your jaw!” shouted Hobby. “Don’t grip so tight.”

“O, Mister Hobby,” cajoled Jackson, “you are good, people say so—O, Mister Hobby——” and he kissed Hobby’s hair and ear. But suddenly, when Hobby hit him on his hands, mad fury overcame him: he thought Hobby wanted to shake him off. With all his strength he twisted his hands round Hobby’s neck and panted: “You think you can leave me to die here like a dog, Hobby! You think that!” And he fell with a loud shriek to the ground, because Hobby had pressed his thumbs into his eyes.

“Hobby, Mister Hobby,” he implored plaintively, and cried and stretched out his hands, “don’t leave me; by your mother, your good old mother——”

Hobby was struggling for air. His breast contracted, he grew stiff, and the thought came that it was all over with him.

“Come!” he said, when he got his breath again. “You

cursed devil! We must get through under this train! If you throttle me again, I shall knock you down!"

"Hobby, good Mister Hobby!" And Jackson crept behind Hobby, whimpering and groaning, holding with one hand to Hobby's belt.

"Hurry up, you idiot!" Hobby's temples were near bursting.

The gallery was almost completely destroyed for a length of three miles, blocked up with pillars and rock. Everywhere figures were to be seen climbing, bloody, crushed, shrieking, whining and mute, panting forward with all possible speed. They climbed over trains of rock and material lifted from the rails, they crept over and under heaps of rubbish, and pressed their way between beams. The farther forward they got the more comrades they met, all of them hastening ahead. Here it was quite dark, and only a livid tongue of light writhed in now and again. The smoke pressed forward, pungent, and as soon as they smelt it they put on a desperate pace.

They mounted brutally over the bodies of the crawling injured, they knocked each other down with their fists to win a single small space, and a colored man swung out his knife and blindly struck down every one who got in his way. In a narrow passage between an overturned wagon and a maze of posts a positive battle was raging. Revolvers rang out, and the shrieks of those hit mingled with the howls of fury of those throttling each other. One after another disappeared through the fissure, and the wounded crept groaning after.

Then the path grew clearer. Here there were fewer trains in the way, and the explosion had not demolished all the posts. But here it was entirely dark. Panting, gnashing their teeth, streaming with sweat and blood, the fugitives slipped and climbed forward. Forward! Forward! The fury of the instinct of self-preservation abated little by little, and gradually a feeling of comradeship awakened again.

"This way, this way the road is clear!"

"Can we pass along here?"

“On the right of the car!”

Three hours after the catastrophe the first people from the destroyed wood gallery reached the parallel gallery. Here as well the wiring conveying the light was destroyed. It was black night, and all of them gave vent to a yell of fury. No train! No lamps! The men of the parallel gallery had long since fled and all trains were gone.

The smoke came, and the mad race began anew.

The squad slid, ran and dashed for an hour through the darkness. Then the first ones collapsed in exhaustion.

“It is senseless!” they shouted. “We cannot run three hundred miles!”

“What are we to do?”

“Wait till they fetch us!”

“Fetch us? Who will come?”

“We shall die of hunger!”

“Where are the depots?”

“Where are the emergency lamps?”

“Yes, where are they?”

“Mac——!”

“Yes, wait for Mac——!”

And suddenly a lust for revenge awoke in them. “Wait for Mac! When we get outside——!”

But the smoke came and at once they fled headlong, until again their knees bent beneath them.

“Here is a station, hello!”

The station was dark and deserted. The machines stood still. Every one had been driven away by the panic.

The horde forced its way into the station. They were well acquainted with the stations. They knew that there were here sealed boxes with food, which only needed to be opened.

There was creaking and cracking heard in the darkness. No one was really hungry, because hunger had been expelled by dread. But amid the supplies a wild instinct to fill their stomachs awoke in them, and they threw themselves like wolves on the boxes. They stuffed their pockets full of food. Not content with that, beside themselves with fear

and fury, they scattered bags of biscuits and dried meat, and smashed bottles by the hundred.

“Here are the lamps!” shouted a voice.

They were emergency lamps with dry batteries, which only needed to be turned on.

“Stop, don’t turn on, I shall fire!”

“Why not?”

“There might be an explosion!”

This thought alone was enough to freeze them. They grew quiet with fear.

But the smoke came, and again the hunt began.

Suddenly they heard shouting and shots. Light! They dashed through a cross-cut into the parallel gallery. And there they were still in time to see how, in the distance, crowds of men were fighting for a place on a car, with fists, knives, and revolvers. The train started off, and they threw themselves in despair on the ground and shouted: “Mac! Mac! Wait till we come!”

III

PANIC

PANIC swept through the Tunnel. It swept thirty thousand men through the Tunnel. The men in the uninjured galleries had stopped work at the moment of the explosion.

“The sea is coming!” they shouted, and turned to fly. The engineers held them back with revolvers in their fists. When a cloud of dust blew in, however, and maddened people came dashing up, no threat could hold them back any longer.

They swung up on the rock trains and scurried away.

At a switching point a train ran off the rails, and the ten behind were suddenly held up.

The hordes forced their way into the parallel gallery, and held up the trains here by standing between the rails and shouting. But the trains were already crammed to overflowing, and there were bitter fights for a place.

The panic was the greater because no one knew what had happened—they only knew that something very dreadful had occurred! The engineers tried to bring the people to reason, but when more and ever more trains full of demented people, shouting: “The Tunnel is burning!” came rolling up—and when the smoke crept forward from the dark galleries, they too were seized by panic. All the trains moved outwards. Those coming in with material and relief shifts were stopped by the wild screaming of the hordes of people racing by, and then likewise started to travel outwards.

Thus it happened that two hours after the catastrophe the Tunnel was completely deserted for sixty miles. The machine men in the inner stations also fled, and the machines were at a standstill. Only here and there a couple of courageous engineers had remained behind in the stations.

Engineer Bärmann defended the last train.

It consisted of ten cars, and stood in the finished part of the "Purgatory," where the iron ribs were riveted, fifteen miles behind the point of the catastrophe. The light plant was destroyed here too. But Bärmann had put up accumulator lamps, which flashed into the smoke.

Three thousand men had worked in the "Purgatory," about two thousand had already gone, and the last thousand Bärmann wanted to convey in his train.

They came pelting up in troops, and threw themselves mad with fright into the cars. More and still more came. Bärmann waited patiently and doggedly, for many "Flash-fire men" had to cover three kilometers to reach the train.

"Start the engine! Start!"

"We must wait for them!" shouted Bärmann. "No dirty business now! I have six shots in my revolver!"

Bärmann was a gray little man, short-legged, a German, and stood no jokes.

He went backward and forward along the train and stormed and cursed at the heads and fists which moved excitedly up above in the smoke.

"No dirty business, or you will all come out!"

Bärmann had his revolver in his hand ready to fire.

At last, when the threats grew louder, he took up his post next to the driver of the leading engine, and threatened to shoot him down if he started without command. Every buffer, every chain of the train was full of people, and all were shouting: "Start, start!"

But Bärmann still waited, although the smoke became unendurable.

Then a shot rang out and Bärmann fell to the ground; then the train started.

Hordes of despairing people ran after it, mad with fury, finally coming to a stop breathless, gasping, foaming at the mouth.

Then they started on the three hundred mile road, over sleepers and ballast. The farther the mass rolled onwards, the more threatening became the cry: "Mac, you're a dead man!"

Behind them, however, far behind them, came still more, ever more, ever others.

There began that dreadful run in the Tunnel, that run for life of which the newspapers were full later.

The hordes became wilder and madder the longer they ran, they destroyed the depots and the machines, and even when they reached the section where the electric light was still burning, their fury and dread did not decrease. And when rescue trains appeared, and there was no more danger whatever, they fought with knives and revolvers to get into them first.

When the catastrophe happened deep down in the Tunnel, it was still night in Mac City.

The place was feverishly astir and noisy as by day. To the horizon the earth was covered with ever-moving lava streams, from which sparks, flashes of fire and vapors rose. Myriads of shimmering lights darted hither and thither, like infusoria in the microscope. The glass roofs of the engine sheds on the terraces of the cut gleamed like green eyes in a moonlit winter's night. Whistles and bells rang out sharply, iron hammered and the earth trembled.

The trains shot down and up as usual. The enormous machines, dynamos, pumps and ventilators worked and clanked as usual.

It was cool, and the men coming out of the Tunnel, warm as a baker's furnace, drew shivering together, and, as soon as the train stopped, with chattering teeth dashed into the canteen to get hot coffee or grog. Then they lumbered noisily into the electric cars, which conveyed them to their barracks and houses.

A few minutes after four the first rumors of the disaster spread abroad. At a quarter past four Harriman was awakened and appeared, half asleep and almost dropping with fatigue, in the Central Office.

Harriman was an energetic and resolute man, hardened in the battle-fields of labor. To-day, however, as luck would have it, he was in a wretched mood. He had worked all through the night. A telegram had reached him in the evening saying that his son, the only thing that had remained

to him in his life, had died of fever in China. He had suffered heavily and dreadfully, and finally had taken a double sleeping-draught in order to get to sleep. He was still asleep, as he telephoned into the Tunnel in order to learn more about the catastrophe. Nobody knew anything, and Harriman sat apathetic and unconcerned in his seat and slept with open eyes. At the same time it grew light in thousands of workmen's houses. Voices spoke and whispered in the streets, that affrighted whisper which one hears so clearly in the deepest sleep. Women ran together. From north and south dark troops of women and men moved towards the gleaming glass roofs of the terraces leading to the Central Office.

They assembled in front of the bare, high building, and began to shout, "Harriman! We want to know what has happened!"

A clerk with provocatively indifferent air appeared.

"We know nothing definite."

"Get away! We don't want a clerk! We want Harriman!—Harriman!"

More and more people were collecting. From all sides the dark bundles came creeping up and combined with the multitude in front of the office building.

Harriman at last appeared himself, pale, old, weary and drowsy, and hundreds of voices shouted at him the question, in all languages and tones: "What has happened?"

Harriman indicated by a sign that he wanted to speak, and the mob grew quite still.

"In the southern gallery an explosion has occurred at the drilling machine. We know nothing more." Harriman was scarcely able to speak aloud. His tongue lay in his mouth like a metal clapper.

A wild howl answered him. "Liar! Swindler! You won't tell us!"

Harriman felt the blood rise to his face, and his eyes bulged out of his head in anger; he tried to speak, but his brain would not work. He turned away, banging the door behind him.

A stone flew through the air and smashed a pane in the

ground floor. A clerk was seen to scurry away in fright.

“Harriman! Harriman!”

Harriman again appeared in the doorway. He had washed in cold water and was now rather more awake. His face looked as red as a lobster under his grayish-white hair.

“What nonsense is this, smashing in the windows?” he shouted. “We know nothing more than I said. Be sensible!”

Voices shouted against each other.

“We want to know how many are dead. Who has been killed? Names?”

“You are a pack of fools, you women!” shouted Harriman in anger. “How am I to know this already?” And Harriman turned slowly about and went back into the house, a curse between his teeth.

“Harriman! Harriman!”

The women pressed forward.

Suddenly there was a hail of stones. For the People, which otherwise submits unthinkingly to Justice, at such moments creates its own laws from an innate sense of what is right, and carries them into instant execution on the spot.

Harriman came out again, full of fury. But he said nothing.

“Show us the telegram!”

Harriman stood still. “Telegram? I have no telegram. I had a telephone report.”

“Out with it!”

Harriman made no objection. “Very good, you shall have it.” In a moment he came back with a slip from a telephone block in his hand and read it over aloud. In the far distance they heard the words, on which he laid stress: “Drilling machine—south gallery—explosion in shooting—twenty to thirty dead and injured.—Hobby.”

And Harriman handed the slip to those nearest him and went back into the house.

In an instant the slip was torn into a hundred fragments, so many wanted to read it at once. The crowd grew quiet for some time. Twenty to thirty dead—certainly that was

frightful, but no great catastrophe. There was room for hope. It was not to be assumed that *he* should happen to have been working at the drilling machine. The greatest tranquilizing effect was produced by the knowledge that Hobby had sent the telephone report.

Yet the women did not go home. Their old unrest came back, their eyes gleamed, their hearts beat. A weight lay upon them and they exchanged questioning glances.

What if Harriman were lying——?

They poured over to the station, where the trains were coming up, and waited trembling, freezing, muffled up in wraps and blankets. From the station the track could be seen down to the mouth of the Tunnel. The wet rails gleamed in the light of the arc lamps until they merged into thin lines. Right below two gray holes yawned. A light appeared, flickered unsteadily, a beam shot out, and suddenly the blinding cyclops eye of a train was seen climbing up the track.

The trains were still running quite regularly. At equal intervals the material trains ran down, and at unequal intervals, as usual, the rock trains came up, sometimes only one, often three, five, ten behind each other, as they had done night and day for six years. It was the same picture as all of them had seen a thousand times. Yet they stared in growing suspense at the trains which came up.

If they brought men, the arrivals were surrounded by a crowd which stormed them with questions. But they knew nothing, they had already been on the outward journey.

It is inexplicable how the rumor could have circulated at the surface barely ten minutes after the catastrophe. The incautious word of an engineer, an involuntary call at the telephone—it had become known. Now, however, nothing was heard, nothing at all, the news was carefully guarded.

Up to six o'clock the material trains and men went in regularly.

At six o'clock the men in readiness were informed that a material train had run off the rails and the way first had to be cleared. However, they were to keep themselves in

readiness. At this the experienced fellows nodded and threw glances at each other. "Good Lord! Things look pretty bad inside there!"

The women were ordered to clear out of the station. But they did not comply with the order. They stood immovable, held riveted by their instinct between a network of rails, and staring down the track. Larger and larger crowds joined the multitudes. Children, youths, workmen, and the merely curious.

The Tunnel, however, still spat out rock without ceasing.

Suddenly the crowd observed that the material trains went in less frequently and a wild eddy of voices arose. Then no material trains at all went in, and the multitude grew still more uneasy. Nobody believed the fairy tale that a derailed train had blocked up the way. Every one knew that this happened daily and the trains dashed into the Tunnel in equal number.

Now it was day.

The newspapers of New York were already doing business with the catastrophe: "The Ocean bursts into the Tunnel! Ten thousand dead!"

Cold and bright, day came over the sea. The electric lamps went out at a stroke. Only far out on the wharf, where suddenly the thick smoke of the steamer funnels became visible, the flashlight still revolved, as though they had forgotten to turn it off. After a time that too went out. The gleaming fairy town lay there looking suddenly fearfully gray and bare: with its cold network of rails, its ocean of trains, cabled masts and high houses here and there, over which gray clouds slowly drew. With the cold light, came an icy current of air and an icy drizzle. The women sent their children home to fetch coats, wraps and blankets. They themselves, however, did not shift from the spot.

The rock trains which from now onwards came flying up, were all filled with men. Even the material and workmen's trains which had only gone into the Tunnel a short time before came back again.

The excitement rose higher and higher.

But all the men who came out were in complete ignorance as to the extent of the catastrophe. They only started out because all those behind them came out.

Once again the women stared, full of anxiety and dreadful fear, on the two little black holes down below which looked upward like two malignant eyes, with eaten-away sockets, out of which looked evil and horror itself.

About nine o'clock the first train came on which man sat next to man, all gesticulating excitedly even before the train came to a stop. They came from the interior of the Tunnel where the panic had spread its first frights. They shrieked and howled: "The Tunnel is burning!"

An immense shout and howl arose. The multitude rolled hither and thither.

Then Harriman appeared on a flat-car, waved his hat and shouted. In the morning light he looked like a corpse, livid and bloodless, and every one attributed his appearance to the accident.

"Harriman! Keep quiet, he wants to speak!"

"I swear I am speaking the truth," shouted Harriman, when the multitude had quieted down, clouds of vapor pouring out of his mouth with each word. "It is nonsense to say that the Tunnel is burning! Concrete and iron cannot burn. Owing to the explosion a couple of posts behind the drilling machine caught fire, then the panic arose. Our engineers are already at work putting out the fire! You need not——"

But Harriman was not allowed to end. He was interrupted by wild whistling and shouts, and the women picked up stones. Harriman got down from the flat-car and returned to the station. He sank powerless into a chair.

He felt that all was lost and that no one but Allan could prevent a catastrophe here, up above.

Yet Allan could not arrive before the evening!

The cold station room was filled with engineers, doctors and employees who had hurried up to be in readiness to render help.

Harriman had drunk two pints of black coffee to counteract

the effects of the sleeping powder. He had overdosed himself and had fainted twice.

What was he to do? The only sensible thing he had heard was a message of Bärmann's, telephoned by an engineer in Bärmann's name from the sixteenth station.

In Bärmann's view the posts in the timber galleries had caught fire themselves owing to the heat, and the fire had caused the explosion of the blasting cartridges. This was reasonable, but surely the detonation could not have been so violent as to be heard in the twelfth station.

Harriman had sent in rescue trains but they had returned, as the outcoming trains were running on all four lines and forced them back.

Harriman had telegraphed at half-past four to Allan, who received the telegram in the New York-Buffalo sleeping car. Allan had replied that he would hurry back by a special train. An explosion was out of the question because the explosives would only burn in fire. Moreover in the boring-machine itself the quantity of explosives was extremely small. Send rescue trains! Occupy all stations with engineers! Flood the burning gallery!

It was all very well for Allan to talk. It was utterly impossible at the moment to send a single train into the Tunnel, although Harriman had immediately directed the regular shunting of the trains on to the up-lines leading out of the Tunnel.

However, the lines got clear some time later and Harriman sent four rescue trains one after the other into the Tunnel.

The mob gloomily let the trains pass.

A few women gave vent to low abuse directed against the engineers. The excitement of the mob grew minute by minute. Then, at about ten o'clock, the first trains with workmen arrived out of the "sweeping fire."

There was no longer any doubt now that the catastrophe was more frightful than any one could have imagined.

More and more trains came up and now they brought men who shouted: "Every soul in the last twenty miles is dead!"

IV

SUSPENSE

THE men with the grimy yellow faces who came out of the Tunnel were surrounded and stormed with a thousand questions which they could not answer. A hundred times they had to tell what they knew of the accident, although what little they knew could be told in a dozen words. Women who found their husbands threw themselves on their necks. The others wept quietly, ran hither and thither, shouted and uttered curses, then stood still and stared down at the Tunnel mouth, until impelled again to vent their anguish in movement.

There was still hope; for the statement that "every soul in the last twenty miles was dead" had already proved an exaggeration.

Finally, that train arrived the departure of which the engineer Bärmann had prevented until he was shot down. It brought the first dead man, an Italian, who, indeed, had not lost his life in the catastrophe, but had engaged in a desperate knife affray with a countryman, an *amico*, about a seat on a car, and had cut the other man down. His abdomen had been slit open by his *amico* as the latter fell, and he died on the way out. Still, he was the first dead man. The photographer of the Biograph Company turned the handle of his apparatus.

When the dead man was carried into the station beneath, the fury of the multitude flared up. And suddenly all of them shouted out, just like the people in the Tunnel: "Where is Mac? Mac must pay!" An hysterically screaming woman forced her way through the others and ran to the dead man, tearing out her hair in handfuls and rending her clothes.

“Cesare! Cesare—!” Yes, it was Cesare.

But when the excited hordes of workmen of Bärmann’s train (mostly Italians and negroes) declared that no more trains were coming, the crowd grew quite still.

“No more trains?”

“We are the last!”

“What are you?”

“The last!! We are the last!”

It was as though a hail of shells had been dropped into the crowd. They dashed hither and thither, senseless, beside themselves, their hands to their temples.

“The last! You are the last!!”

Women fell to the ground and wailed, children cried; in others, however, the lust of vengeance flamed up at once. And suddenly the whole enormous multitude began to move.

A swarthy, angular Pole climbed on to a block of stone and shouted: “Mac has got us in a trap—a trap! Revenge for our comrades!”

The crowd raved. Suddenly in every hand there was a stone, the weapon of the people, and there were stones here in plenty.

Within the next three seconds not a window of the station building was whole.

“Out with Harriman!”

But Harriman did not show himself again. He had telephoned for the militia because the few policemen of the Tunnel city were powerless. Now he sat pale and gasping in a corner, quite unable to think.

Imprecations against him filled the air and the crowd made as if it would take the building by storm. But the Pole had another proposal to make. The engineers should all die as well. Their houses should be burnt down over their heads, and their wives and children in them.

“We will do for the lot!” shouted the Italian woman whose husband had been stabbed. “The whole lot! Revenge for Cesare!” And she ran in front, a fury in tatters with disheveled hair.

The multitude poured over the dump field into the gray

rain. Their husbands, their breadwinners and fathers dead. Revenge! Amid the noise snatches of song were heard, and gangs at various points sang at the same time the Marseillaise, the Internationale and the Union Hymn. "Dead, dead, thousands dead!"

A blind fury of destruction, demolition and murder had flared up in the excited mass. Rails were torn up, telegraph poles mowed down and the watchmen's houses swept away. The police were bombarded with blocks of stone and hissed. It seemed as though all had suddenly forgotten their pain in their fury.

In front, however, stormed the wildest gangs; fanatical women grown wild beasts, rushing towards the villas and country houses of the engineers.

.

During this time the desperate race beneath the ocean continued. All whom the falling rock, fire and smoke had left alive ran incessantly forward away from the finger of death which sent its hot, pungent breath ahead. There were some wanderers inside there, who, with chattering teeth and hair on end, stumbled forward; couples, who shouted and cried; hordes who panted behind each other with whistling lungs; injured men and cripples who lay on the ground imploring mercy. Many stood bereft of their strength by the fear that no one could traverse this enormous distance on foot. Many gave it up. They laid themselves down to die.

The rescue train sounded their bells to signal that they were coming. Within the darkness men dashed towards them sobbing with excitement at being saved, but when it began to go further into the Tunnel they were seized with fear, and jumped off to reach by foot the second train which, they were told, was waiting five miles away.

The rescue train went ahead slowly. The demented men of the last trains had thrown out a good deal of stone in order to make room in the cars, so that the line first had to be cleared. And then came the smoke! It was pungent and biting; breathing became difficult. But the train continued ahead until the reflectors were no longer able to penetrate the

walls of smoke. Engineers jumped from the train and, wearing smoke masks, ran forward into the choking gallery and swung bells. They did indeed succeed in inciting a small number of exhausted men who had long given up all hope to make a last effort and to cover the remaining mile to the train.

V

“LET MAC PAY!”

MAUD slept very late that day. She had taken the place of an absent nurse in the hospital and had gone to bed at two o'clock. When she woke up little Edith was already sitting up. They had no sooner begun to chatter than a servant entered and handed Maud a telegram. A great disaster had happened in the Tunnel, she said, with restless eyes.

“Why did you not bring the telegram before?” asked Maud somewhat angrily.

“Master telegraphed me to let you have your sleep out.”

The wire had been handed in by Allan on his way. It read: “Catastrophe in Tunnel. Do not leave the house. Shall come about six to-night.”

Maud grew pale. Hobby! she thought. Her first thought was for him. He had entered the Tunnel after supper; merry and joking . . .

“What is the matter, Mammy?”

“An accident has happened in the Tunnel, Edith.”

“Are many people dead?” asked the little girl, unthinkingly.

Maud did not answer. She looked straight before her. Had he been deep in the gallery at that time?

Maud slipped on her bathing cloak and called up the central office. It was some time before she got through. They knew nothing or would know nothing. Hobby? No, there was no news of Mr. Hobby.

She dressed quickly and again rang up the central office. At last she succeeded in speaking to Harriman, who gave her to understand that the catastrophe was greater than had been supposed.

Maud grew more and more anxious. Now for the first time

she was struck by Mac's remarkable instructions. “Do not leave the house!” Why? She did not understand Mac. She went over through the garden into the hospital and spoke in nervous whispers to the nurses on duty. Finally she returned to her room still more restless and excited.

“Why should I not leave the house?” she thought. “It is not right of Mac to prohibit my going out!”

Again she tried to telephone, but unsuccessfully.

Then she took a wrap. “I will see,” she said half aloud to herself. “Mac can say what he likes. Why should I remain at home? Just now too! The women will be anxious and need some one to talk to them.”

She put the wrap down again. She fetched Mac's telegram from the bedroom and read it for the hundredth time.

Why this order? Was the catastrophe so great?

But in that very case it was impossible for her to remain behind! It was her duty to go and help the women and children. She grew angry with Mac. She wanted to know what had really happened. But still she hesitated to disregard his strange instructions. And somehow she felt a secret dread, she knew not why. At last she slipped on her yellow waterproof coat and hastily fastened a scarf over her hair.

She went.

At the door, however, she suddenly felt an inexplicable foreboding that to-day, to-day above all times, she ought not to leave Edith alone. Oh, that wretched Mac, who had done all this with his stupid telegram!

She fetched Edith from the “School,” wrapped her in a cape and pulled down the hood over her fair hair.

“I'll be back in an hour's time!” said Maud, and they went.

The weather was wretchedly wet and dreary.

In a few minutes they came in sight of the Tunnel city, with its offices, farms and forest of cable masts which lay gray and dreary in the rain and dirt. Maud was immediately struck by the fact that no rock trains were running! This was the first time for years! But the chimneys continued as always to belch smoke.

Suddenly she stood still.

"Listen!" she said. Edith listened, looking up at her mother.

A hubbub of voices came, wafted down the wind. Now they saw people, a gray thousand-headed throng in motion. In the dusk, however, it was impossible to say what direction they were taking.

"Why are the people shouting?" asked Edith.

"They are uneasy on account of the accident, Edith. When the fathers of all the little children are in danger, the women of course are very anxious."

Edith nodded and after a while she said: "I suppose it is a big accident, Mamma?"

Maud shuddered.

"I believe it is," she answered, lost in thought. "It must be a big accident! Let's walk faster, Edith." Maud put on a quicker pace, she wanted—indeed, what did she want? She wanted to act . . .

Suddenly she saw with some surprise that the people were coming nearer! The shouting grew louder. And she saw a telegraph pole sink down and disappear. The wires above her quivered. She paid no more attention to Edith's animated questions, but hurried forward quickly and excitedly. What were they doing? What had happened? Her head grew hot and for a moment she thought of turning and locking herself up in the house as Mac had ordered her to do.

But it seemed to her cowardly to flee from unhappy people from fear of seeing the misfortunes of others. Even though she might not be of great help she could certainly do something. They all knew her, women and men, and used to greet her and do small services for her whenever she appeared! And Mac? What would Mac have done if he were here? He would have gone to them, she thought.

The throng drew near.

"Why are they shouting so?" asked Edith, who began to get frightened. "And what are they singing, Mamma?"

In fact, they began to sing, a wild, howling song that

grew louder as they approached. Shouts and cries emerged from it. It was a mob that was scattered over the gray dump field. Maud saw a gang demolish a small field locomotive with stones.

“Mamma——?”

“What was that? I ought not to have come out,” thought Maud and stood still in fright. It was too late now to go back.

They had discovered her. Terror gripped her when she saw the front ranks stretch out wild arms towards her, suddenly abandon their path, and run in her direction. She gained courage again when she saw that they were mostly women.

She went to meet them, suddenly filled with unbounded compassion for these poor people. Oh, Heaven, something dreadful must have happened!

The first troop of women came panting up.

“What has happened?” cried Maud, and her concern was unfeigned. But she grew pale when she saw the faces of the women. Dripping with the rain, half dressed, with a wild fire burning in their eyes, they looked like maniacs.

They did not answer her. The distorted mouths howled triumphant and shrill.

“All are dead!” the voices shrieked to her in all tones and all languages. And suddenly a woman’s voice screamed: “That is Mac’s wife, strike her dead!”

Maud saw—she did not believe her eyes—a ragged woman with tattered wrap and eyes askint with fury pick up a stone. It whizzed through the air and brushed her arm.

Instinctively she drew Edith to her, and stood upright.

“What has Mac done to you?” she cried. No one answered her.

A howl which sounded like a single cry went up. Stones whizzed suddenly through the air from all sides, and Maud shrank and trembled in every limb. She turned round, but they were everywhere, all at a distance of ten paces—she was girdled round. In all the eyes which her wandering affrighted glance sought out there burnt the same glow of hate and mad-

ness. Maud began to pray, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead. "My God—my God—protect my child!"

Incessantly the woman's voice rang out like a shrill signal: "Kill her! Let Mac pay!"

A stone block struck Edith on the bosom with such force that she staggered.

Little Edith did not scream. Only her hand twitched in Maud's, and she looked up in fright at her mother with wondering eyes.

"Oh! Heaven, what are you doing?" Maud screamed, and she crouched down and threw her arms round Edith. Dread and despair made the tears burst from her eyes.

"Mac must pay!"

"Let Mac know how it feels!"

If Maud had been cowardly, if she had thrown herself on her knees and stretched out her hands, perhaps, at the last moment, she would have been able to waken some human feeling in these raving people. But Maud, little sentimental Maud, suddenly grew courageous! She saw that Edith was bleeding from the mouth, and had gone deadly pale. The stones came in a hail, but she did not implore mercy.

She drew herself up suddenly in fury, pulled her child to her, and shouted with gleaming eyes into all those faces filled with hate: "You are beasts, you are scum, dirty scum! If I had my revolver I'd shoot you like dogs! You beasts! You vile, cowardly beasts!"

Then a stone flung with great force caught Maud on the temple, and without uttering a sound, with hands outstretched, she dropped to the ground over Edith.

A wild yell of triumph burst forth. Shouts, laughter, and the hubbub of cries: "Mac shall pay! Yes, he shall pay, he shall feel it in his own body—he caught them in the trap—thousands——"

But not another stone was now thrown. The mad crowd suddenly moved onwards. "Let them lie, they will get up themselves!" Only the fanatical Italian woman bent over those lying on the ground, and spat at them. Now for the houses of the engineers! Onwards! They should all be

made to understand! But the fury had cooled down after the attack on Maud. All of them had the obtuse feeling that something had happened that was not right. Groups broke up and scattered over the field. Hundreds dropped behind quietly, and stumbled away across the rails. When the furious band at the head, led by the Italian woman, reached the villas of the engineers, their numbers had so fallen off that a single policeman could have held them in check.

It, too, gradually dispersed.

Now once more misery and despair broke forth. Everywhere women were running, weeping. They ran in the rain, in the wind, they stumbled and fell heavily.

Cruelly, malignantly, impelled by a dark madness of the masses, all of them had gone away from Maud and Edith, and the two lay for a long time in the rain in the open dumping field, unobserved by any one.

Then a little girl of twelve, with red stockings hanging down, ventured to them. She had seen them stone “Mac’s wife.” She knew Maud, because the year before she had been many weeks in the hospital. She was prompted to come here by a purely human impulse. At a little distance she hesitated, and did not venture to approach closely. At some distance stood a couple of women and men, who also did not dare come near. Finally, the girl went a little nearer, pale with dread, and then she heard a gentle movement.

She drew back frightened, and suddenly began to run fast.

The hospital lay seemingly dead and deserted in the pouring rain, and the girl did not venture to ring. Not until some one came out of the door, a nurse, did she walk up to the railing and say, pointing in the direction of the station: “They are lying over there.”

“Who are lying over there?”

“Mac’s wife and his little girl.”

Down below in the gallery at that time they were still running.

VI

ON THE RACK

ON his arrival in New York, Allan learned by a telegram from Harriman that Maud and Ethel had been attacked by the mob. But no more than this. Harriman had neither the courage nor the cruelty to tell Allan the whole terrible truth—that Maud was dead, and that his child lay dying.

Allan had reached New York in his motor in the evening twilight of this awful day. He was driving himself, as he always did when he traveled at exceptional speed.

His car flew madly through the midst of the vast crowd of women, tunnelmen, journalists, and curious onlookers, who stood sheltered by their umbrellas around the station buildings. Every one knew his heavy dust-colored car, and the note of his motor horn.

In a moment the car was surrounded by an excited crowd. "There is Mac!" they shouted. "There he is! Mac! Mac!"

But they suddenly became quite silent as Allan stood up. The halo that surrounded him—the halo of his career, his genius and his strength—had not yet been dimmed, and it inspired the crowd with something of awe and reverence. Indeed Allan had never seemed more worthy of such respect than in this hour when fate was breaking him. And yet just now, when they were running for their lives amid the smoke of the Tunnel, they had sworn to strike him down wherever they met him.

"Out of the road there!" he shouted in a loud voice. "There has been an accident, and we are all sorry for it. We shall save all that can be saved!"

But now angry voices rang out from all sides. They were cries such as had been heard ever since the morning: "You

are responsible for it. . . . Thousands are dead. . . . You caught them in a trap!"

Allan stood still with his foot on the step of the car. Boldly, calmly, he faced the excited outcry. But suddenly—even as his lips opened to answer—he collapsed. A cry had reached his ears, the mocking outcry of an angry woman, which seemed to cut through him, and he heard the other voices no more. A cry like this hammered on his ears again and again, terribly and remorselessly:

"They have killed your wife and child . . ."

Allan drew himself up, stretched himself, as if he were trying to see further, his head fell helplessly back on his broad shoulders, his darkening countenance became suddenly sallow, all the expression went out of his eyes, and on his face there was a look of horror. In every eye around him he read that this awful voice had told the truth. Every eye echoed back to him the terrible tidings.

Then Allan lost all command of himself. Allan was a miner, a workman like all the rest, and his first feeling was not grief, but rage.

He pushed the chauffeur aside, and let the car spring forward before he himself had yet taken his seat at the steering wheel. The car plunged into the midst of the crowd, who flung themselves out of its track with cries of terror. They gazed frantically after him, as he shot away into the darkness of the twilight and the rain.

There came a clamor of mocking voices: "Now he is hard hit! Now he knows what it's like!"

But there were a few who shook their heads and said: "It was not right—a woman, a little child——"

But the mad Italian woman called out, screaming with rage: "I threw the first stone! I! I hit her on the head! Yes, I did it!"

"You should have killed him! Mac! Mac's guilty! But his wife? And she was good!"

"Keel Mac!" screamed the Italian woman, in the highest note of her bad English. "Keel him! Keel him as dead as a dog!"

The house looked lonely and deserted in the wretched twilight. With one look at it, Allan knew enough. As he walked up the gravel walk of the garden, and heard the flints crackling under his feet, there came suddenly into his mind an experience he had years before when he was making the Bolivian Andes railway. He was sharing a hut with a friend, and his comrade had been shot by strikers. Allan, unaware of this, came back from his work, but, in some puzzling way, the mere sight of the hut in which his murdered friend lay had made an uncanny impression upon him. There was the same air about the house.

In the entrance hall there was a smell of carbolic acid and ether. As he saw Edith's little white fur mantle hanging up, a sudden darkness rose before his eyes, and he almost broke down. Then he heard a maidservant sobbing and calling out: "The master! The master!" and as he heard the sound of her lamentations and her helpless outcry, he pulled himself together again. He went into the half-darkened living-room, where the doctor came forward to meet him.

"Mr. Allan . . .!"

"I am prepared, Doctor," said Allan half aloud, but in such a calm, ordinary voice that the doctor looked into his eyes with a wondering glance. "And the child, too, Doctor?"

"I am afraid she cannot be saved. The lung is injured."

Allan gave a silent nod, and went towards the stairs. In imagination he thought of the little girl's clear, ringing laughter echoing in that stairway. At the top a nursing sister stood by the door of Maud's bedroom, and made a sign to Allan.

He entered. A single candle was lighted in the room. Maud lay on the bed stretched out at full length, looking strangely flat, rigid, and waxen white. Her face was beautiful and peaceful, but it looked as if there lingered on her bloodless features a trace of questioning, a question put gently and humbly, and her pale half-opened lips seemed to show some slight astonishment. On the edges of her closed eyelids

there was a reflection of moisture, as of a last tear flowing from them. Never in his life did Allan forget that glittering trace of a tear under his wife's pale eyelids. He neither sobbed nor wept, but sat dumbly beside her death-bed, and stared at Maud. An indescribable sensation had numbed his soul. He could think nothing out, but thoughts went hither and thither through his brain in colorless confusion, and he paid no attention to them. There she lay, his little lady. He had loved her, and married her for love. She came from a lowly condition, and he had shaped out a brilliant life for her. He had guarded her, and every day told her to be careful with the motor-car. He had always been anxious about her, without ever telling her so. He had often left her in these last years, when he was involved in work. But he had loved her none the less. His good, sweet little Maud. That was all that was left of her now. He cursed Fate.

He took Maud's hand, and looked at it with sunken, burning eyes. It was cold, but that must be, for she was dead, and the coldness gave him no shock. He knew every line of that hand, every nail, every joint. Over the left temple they had drawn down her brown silky locks, but through the web of hair he could see a dark, ugly mark. There the stone had struck her, that stone which he had blasted from the rock thousands of yards beneath the sea. Cursed be men and himself! Accursed be the Tunnel!

All unsuspecting, she had met this evil fate as it came upon her in blind rage that swept far beyond its track. Why had she not followed his warning advice, though it was intended to protect her only from insult?

He had never thought of this!

Allan thought how he himself had shot down two men at the storming of the Juan Alvarez Mine. He would have shot down hundreds without a thought, if it was a question of defending Maud. He would have followed her without a word into the depths of the sea; he would have defended her against a hundred thousand wild beasts, so long as he could move a finger. But he was not here. . . .

These thoughts ran through his brain, now endearments,

now imprecations, but all the time he was not really thinking.

There was a timid knock at the door: "Mr. Allan. . . ."
"Yes?"

"Mr. Allan . . . Edith. . . ."

He stood up, and looked to see if the candle was firmly fixed in its stick, so that there might be no mishap. Then he went to the door, and as he stopped there, looked at Maud again. In spirit he seemed to see himself throwing himself upon the woman he loved, embracing her, sobbing, crying out, begging her pardon for every instant in which he had not made her happy—but, in reality, he was standing at the door and looking at her.

Then he went out.

On the way to the death-chamber of his little girl, he drew all his remaining strength up out of the depths of his heart. He forearmed himself, as he recalled in memory all the terrible moments of his life, all those unfortunates whom the dynamite had torn asunder, or flying rock splinters had bored through, or that man whom the fly-wheel had caught up and smashed against the wall . . . and as he passed the threshold he thought: "Remember how you once picked Patterson's legs out of the slack . . ."

He came just in time to witness the last expiring breath of his little girl. Doctors, nurses, and servants were standing about the room, the women were crying, and even the doctors had tears in their eyes.

But Allan stood dumb and dry-eyed: "Think in hell's name of how Patterson's boots were cut off, think of it, and don't break down before these people!"

After an eternity a doctor went to the bed. One could hear his breathing. Allan thought the people would leave the room, but they all remained.

Then he went to the bed, and stroked Edith's hair. If he were alone he would have taken her little body in his arms, but he did not dare to do any more.

He went out.

As he walked down the stair it was as if suddenly there

broke out above his head a loud wailing outcry, but in truth it was all stillness, except for a low sound of sobbing.

Below he met a nurse. She stopped as she saw that he wished to say something to her.

“Who are you?” he said at last, with a great effort.

“I am Nurse Eveline.”

“Nurse,” Allan went on, and his voice sounded strange, weak and hesitating, “might I ask you to do me a service? I won’t—I cannot do it myself. I would like very much to keep some little locks of hair of my wife and child. Could you see to this for me? But no one must know of it. Will you promise me this?”

“Yes, Mr. Allan.” She saw that his eyes were full of tears.

“I shall be grateful to you all my life, Nurse.”

In the dark parlor, a tall, slight woman was sitting in an armchair, sobbing quietly, and pressing her face into her handkerchief. As he passed she rose, stretched out her pale hands towards him, and whispered: “Mac . . .”

But he passed on, and it was only some days later that it occurred to him that the woman was Ethel Lloyd.

Allan went into the garden below. It seemed to him to have become terribly cold, and he pulled his coat tightly round him. He walked up and down on the tennis ground, then pushed his way between dripping shrubs down to the sea.

Allan glanced over the bushes, and looked at the gable of the house. There they lay. Then he glanced south-eastwards over the sea. There, beneath it, lay the others. Below there lay Hobby with fingers cramped together and neck bent as a suffocated man lies.

It was growing colder every moment. An awful chill seemed to be coming in from the sea. Allan was freezing. His hand stiffened as if in the greatest cold of winter, and his face was set. But he saw quite plainly that the sand was nowhere frozen, though it crackled as if there were fine ice crystals under his tread. He walked up and down for an hour. Then he went back through the garden, and reached the road.

Andy, the chauffeur, had lit the lamps, for it was night now.

“Drive me to the station, Andy. Drive slowly!” said Allan, in a low faltering voice, as he took his seat in the car.

Andy drew his sleeve across his face. There were tears on it.

The walls of men stood as before on either side, for they were waiting for the return of the rescue parties.

No one was shouting any longer. No one raised a hand. He had now become like one of themselves. He was bearing the same sorrow. The people made way for him as he drove through them and alighted. They had never seen a man look so pale.

VII

INTO THE PIT

ALLAN walked into the cold board-room at the station as if it were a waiting-room.

There was neither ceremony nor formality in the works department. No one thought of lifting a hat or disturbing himself in any way. But now the excited conversation became suddenly silent, and those, who, out of weariness, had flung themselves on the chairs, all rose to their feet.

Harriman went to meet Allan with a look of dread upon his face.

“Allan . . . ?” he said, stammering like a drunken man.

But Allan cut him short with a wave of his hand. “Later, Harriman.”

He had a cup of coffee brought from the refreshment-room, and as he gulped it down he listened to the reports of the engineers.

He sat with head bent forward as if waiting for a spring, looked at no one, and hardly seemed to hear them. His features were as if hard set with cold, colorless, with lips that had turned blue and white at their edges. His eyelids, of a leaden gray, had fallen over his eyes, the right one, which at times quivered nervously, lower than the left. But his eyes had no longer a human look in them. They looked like bits of glass with an ugly glitter in them. Often too his unshaven cheeks quivered and his lips moved as if he were biting grains of something hard between his teeth. With each breath he drew, the nostrils widened, though the breath came soundlessly.

“It is quite certain, then, that Bärmann was shot?”

“Yes.”

“And nothing has been heard of Hobby?”

"No. But he was seen going towards the working face."

Allan nodded and opened his mouth as if he could not help a yawn—"Go on."

For two hundred and sixty miles the Tunnel was all in order, and the machines in charge of the engineers were working. Robinson, who commanded the working parties, had telephoned that the smoke barred all progress beyond the two hundred and eightieth mile. He was coming back with one hundred and fifty-two rescued men.

"How many are dead?"

"According to the working returns there must be about twenty-nine hundred." A long deep silence.

Allan's blue lips quivered as if he were struggling against a convulsive outbreak of grief. He dropped his head lower, and eagerly gulped down the coffee.

"Allan," said Harriman with a sob in his voice.

But Allan gave him a quiet look of surprise and said, "Go on!"

Robinson had further telephoned that Smith, who was at work at the station of the two hundred and seventieth mile, asserted that there must be an air pump working further on, but telephonic communication in that direction was interrupted.

Allan looked up. "Can it be Hobby?" he thought. But he dared not express this hope.

When Allan went on to discuss what had happened in the daylight, Harriman did not play a brilliant part. Tired out, he sat there with his aching head supported on his hand, and without any expression in his swollen eyes.

But when it came to the question of the outbreak and the destruction that followed, Allan turned with a sudden jerk to Harriman.

"And where were you, Harriman?" he asked in cutting tones and full of contempt.

Harriman pulled himself together and raised his heavy eyelids.

"Believe me, Allan," he replied, raising his voice in his

excitement, "I did all that could be done! I tried everything. But I couldn't fire on them!"

"What do you say?" shouted Allan, and his voice was threatening. "You should have flung yourself against them even if they had driven a couple of holes through your head. You had your fists at the worst—hadn't you? And you could have fired on them too—yes, why the devil couldn't you? Your engineers were standing by you, and you had only to give them the order."

Harriman was purple in the face. His thick neck became swollen. "What are you talking about, Allan?" he replied, indignantly. "You didn't see the people. You weren't there."

"I wasn't, more's the pity! I thought I could depend on you. I deceived myself! You are getting old, Harriman! Old, I say! I've no more use for you! Go to hell!"

Harriman stood up, leaning his red fists on the table.

"Yes. Go to hell!" Allan cried out once more in brutal anger.

Harriman went white to the lips and stared in consternation into Allan's eyes, those eyes that glared with merciless contempt and brute rage. "Sir!" he gasped out, and drew himself up with the air of one resenting a deep insult.

Then Allan too sprang to his feet and struck his fist on the table so that it resounded to the blow. "Don't expect any courtesies from me, Harriman," he shouted out loudly. "Get away with you!" And Allan pointed to the door.

Harriman tottered as he went. His face had gone gray with shame. It came into his mind to tell Allan that his own son was dead, and through the whole forenoon of the day he had been struggling against the effects of a double dose of opium. But he said nothing. He went.

He went down the steps like an old broken man, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Harriman has run away! The Bull has run away!" said the people mockingly. But he did not hear them.

After Harriman had gone Allan dealt with the cases of

five engineers who had abandoned their posts and joined the fugitives. He dismissed them on the spot.

Next, he asked to speak with Robinson over the telephone. One of the clerks called up the stations and directed them to stop Robinson's train. Meanwhile, Allan studied the plan of the galleries where the damage had been done. It was so silent in the room that one could hear the rain drops coming in through the broken window panes.

Ten minutes later, Robinson was at the apparatus. Allan carried on a long conversation with him. No news of Hobby! Did Robinson think it possible that there were still men alive in the wrecked galleries? Well, it was not quite out of the question yet.

Allan gave his orders. In a few minutes a train of three carriages, with doctors and engineers on board, flew down the incline and vanished into the Tunnel.

Allan himself was in command, and the train dashed at such a mad speed through the echoing empty Tunnel, that his fellow travelers, though used to high speeds, were themselves anxious. After a bare hour of running they met Robinson. His train was full of men. The people on the trucks, who had sworn vengeance against Allan, broke out into loud murmuring, and their faces darkened, as by the light of the lamps they recognized him in the gloom.

Allan went on. At the next siding he shunted his train on to the line that Robinson had just run over, because he was surer of finding it clear, and he never slackened his mad speed until he found himself running into the smoke.

Even here engineers were at work in the damaged stations. They had closed the steel screen doors, against which the smoke came rolling like mountains of piled up clouds. But, nevertheless, the stations were so full of smoke that to hold on there was only possible so long as the machines kept pumping fresh air in and sufficient oxygen apparatus were available. For the engineers, just as for Allan himself, the Tunnel was a work for which life and health were to be freely put at stake.

In the station at the two hundred and seventieth mile

they found Smith, who was here keeping the machines at work with the help of two operatives. He repeated that there must be a ventilating pump still working further on in the Tunnel, and once more Allan thought of Hobby. If only, after all, fate would leave him at least his friend!

He pushed on deeper into the gallery. But the train now could go forward only slowly, for the track was blocked with quantities of fallen stones. The smoke was so thick that the cone of rays from the electric headlight was thrown back as if from a wall. After half an hour the train was held up by coming upon a great heap of dead bodies. Allan got off, with a safety mask on his face, and pushed on into the mass of smoke. In a moment he had lost all sight even of the great headlight.

It was perfectly silent all around him. Not a sound, only the low beating of the valve in the oxygen apparatus of the safety mask. Allan groaned. No one could hear him now. Groaning and grinding his teeth like some wounded wild beast, he plodded onwards, and at times he felt as if he must break down under the immense burden of his sorrow.

At every few steps he came upon bodies of men. But when he turned his light upon them they were always dead, staring at him with fearfully distorted features. Hobby was not among them.

Suddenly he heard a gasping sound, and held up his lamp. At the same moment a hand touched his arm and a stifled voice whispered "*Sauvé!*" The man fell down in a heap just in front of him. He was a young fellow wearing only a pair of drawers. Allan took him up in his arms and carried him back to the train, and he remembered how once a man had in the same situation dragged him out of the dark gallery of a mine. The doctors soon brought the senseless man back to consciousness. He was Charles Renard, a Canadian, and he told how there was one of the air conduits in there still in working order, and to this circumstance he owed his life. Had he noticed any other sign of life further on in the Tunnel?

The rescued man nodded. "Yes," he said, "sometimes I heard laughter."

"Laughter?" They looked at each other in astonishment.

"Yes, laughter. Quite plainly."

Allan ordered by telephone trains and relief parties of workers. Then at once he pushed forward again. The train-bell was kept clanging. It was murderous work, and the smoke often drove them back for awhile. But about mid-day they had forced their way almost to the two hundred and eightieth mile, and here they suddenly heard a shrill far-off burst of laughter. It was a horrible sound. They hurried forward. The laughter could be heard more and more distinctly. It sounded wild and insane, such laughter as divers have at times heard from a submarine, after an accident when the crew are smothering.

At last they reached one of the smaller stations and made their way into it. There they made out in the gloom two—three—four men dancing and waltzing amid awful destruction, and continually breaking out into bursts of shrill delirious laughter. The air came puffing out of a ventilating conduit into the stations, and it was thus the wretches had remained alive. Close by them was an oxygen producing apparatus which they left untouched.

But the poor creatures cried out in terror and huddled back as they suddenly saw the lights and the men with their masked faces. They all rushed away into a corner, where a dead man lay stretched out stiff, and whimpered out prayers in their agony of terror. They were Italians.

"Is there any one here who speaks Italian?" asked Allan. "Take the masks off."

A doctor stepped forward, and struggling with a fit of coughing, spoke to the madmen.

"What are they saying?"

The doctor could hardly speak.

"If I understand aright, they believe they are in hell," he said with an effort.

“Well, in God’s name, tell them we’re come to take them to heaven,” cried Allan.

The doctor spoke to them again and again, and at last they understood him.

They wept, they knelt down, and stretched out their hands imploringly. But when any one approached them they began to rave again. They had to be seized and bound one by one. One of them died on the way out; two were sent to an asylum; but the fourth recovered quickly and was soon quite well again.

Allan returned to Smith’s Station from this expedition almost unconscious. Would there never be an end to these horrors? He sat there breathing quickly, and quite exhausted. He had now been six and thirty hours without sleep.

But it was in vain that the doctors urged him to go away.

VIII

THE RECKONING

THE smoke was creeping nearer and nearer. Slowly, step by step like a conscious being that first feels its way before it moves onward. It came slipping along the walls of the cross passages and into the stations, it rolled along under the roofs and filled every atom of space. The mine ventilating pumps sucked it out, the compressor pumps forced millions of cubic yards of fresh air into the workings. And at last, at first almost imperceptibly, the smoke began to thin.

Allan awoke and looked with smarting bloodshot eyes into the gray gloom. He did not know at first where he was. Right in front of him there lay a long bodied machine of bright steel and brass, with its mechanism working quite noiselessly. The fly wheel, so placed that it was half below the base level, seemed to be standing still. But as one looked longer at it one saw a play of light upon it, a gleam that went and came; it was making nine hundred revolutions each minute, but was so exactly adjusted that it gave the impression of being at rest. Then all at once he realized where he was. He was still at Smith's Station. A figure was moving in the haze of smoke.

"Is that you, Smith?"

The figure came nearer and he recognized Robinson.

"I have relieved Smith, Allan," said Robinson, a tall thin American.

"Have I slept long?"

"No, only an hour."

"Where are the others?"

Robinson reported that the others were trying to get the section quite clear. The smoke was breaking up and it was becoming more endurable. In the nineteenth station, at the

two hundred and eighty-sixth mile, seven men had been found alive.

More and more men living! Did the awful Tunnel still hold yet more of them?

And Robinson further reported that in the nineteenth station an engineer named Strom was running the machine. He had rescued six men and all were well. The engineers had not yet succeeded in re-establishing telephonic communication and speaking with the station.

“Is Hobby among them?”

“No.”

Allan looked at the ground, and after a pause he said: “Who is this Strom?”

Robinson shrugged his shoulders.

“That is the curious part of it. No one knows him. He is no Tunnel-engineer.”

Then Allan remembered that Strom was an electrical expert, who had been employed at one of the power stations at the Bermudas. Later on the following facts came out: Strom had been merely visiting the Tunnel. At the time of the explosion he was in Bärmann’s section of it, and had the nineteenth station about two miles behind him. He had visited this station an hour before, and as he did not feel much confidence in the men in charge of it he turned back at once. Strom was the only one who pushed further into the Tunnel, instead of taking to flight in the outward direction.

A couple of hours later Allan met him. Strom had been at work for forty-eight hours, but no one would have seen a trace of exhaustion in him. Allan was particularly struck by the careful way in which his hair was parted. Strom was not a big man, he was not broad across the chest. He was barely thirty years of age, a Russo-German from the Baltic Provinces, with a thin expressionless face, dark little eyes, and a black pointed beard.

Strom had taken six desperate and hopeless fugitives into his station. He had plugged the cracks in the entrance gates of it with engine waste soaked in oil, so that the atmosphere

kept fairly endurable. He had pumped a continual stream of water into the burning galleries. But he would only be able to keep at his post for three hours more; then he would be thoroughly knocked out—and he knew it well enough.

From this advanced station further progress could be made only on foot. At every step onwards they had to clamber over derailed and upset wagons, heaps of stone, broken posts and sleepers. Then there came a clear space and they pushed on quickly.

Suddenly Allan stood still.

“Listen!” he said, “was not that a voice?”

They stood and listened. They heard nothing.

“I heard a voice quite plainly!” repeated Allan. “Listen. I will give a shout.”

And, indeed, there came in answer to Allan’s shout—a thin, subdued tone, like a voice sounding far off in the night.

“There is some one in the gallery,” said Allan, all excitement.

And now the others believed that they also heard a thin, far-off voice.

Alternately shouting and listening, they searched the dark gallery. At last in a cross-cutting, through which a breeze from an air conduit was blowing like a hurricane, they came upon a gray-haired man, who was sitting on the ground with his head leaning against the wall. Near him lay a dead negro with his round mouth, full of white teeth, wide open. The gray-haired man gave a feeble smile. He looked as if he were a hundred years old, with his thin withered features, and the scanty hair that fluttered in the draught of air. His eyes were abnormally wide open, so that the white cornea was visible all round the pupils. He was so exhausted that he could not move. He could only smile.

“I was quite sure, Mac, that you’d come and save me!” he stammered in hardly intelligible words.

Then Allan recognized him.

“Yes, it is really Hobby!” he cried in astonishment and delight, as he raised the gray-haired man to his feet.

"Hobby!" said the others incredulously, for they did not yet recognize him.

"Hobby——?" asked Allan, hardly able to conceal his joy and emotion.

Hobby made a languid movement of his head, "I am all right," he stammered. Then he pointed to the dead negro and said: "The nigger gave me a lot of trouble, but he died at last, in spite of all I could do."

In the hospital Hobby wavered for weeks between life and death, until his strong constitution pulled him through. But he was never again the Hobby of earlier days.

His memory was destroyed, and he could never say how he got to that advanced cross gallery. This only was clear—that he had by him an oxygen generating apparatus and lamp that belonged to the little cross-cutting in which the dead engine-fitter had been laid the day before the catastrophe. Besides, Jackson, the negro, had not been suffocated but had died of hunger and exhaustion.

One by one the trains came out of the Tunnel; one by one they rushed into it. Inside battalions of engineers fought heroically with the smoke. The struggle was not without its dangers. Dozens became seriously ill with smoke poisoning, and five died—three Americans, a Frenchman and a Japanese.

But the army of mere laborers remained idle. They had given up all work. They stood in thousands in long ranks on the embankments and saw how Allan and his engineers pushed on the work. They stood without moving a hand. The great electric light dynamos, the ventilating machinery and the pumps were all worked by the engineers, who could hardly keep their eyes open for fatigue. And amongst the holiday-making crowds of workmen, there mingled numbers of curious onlookers, attracted by the atmosphere of horror. Each hour the trains poured out fresh crowds of these visitors. The Hoboken-Mac City Line was doing splendid business. It took two million dollars in a week. The Syndicate had at once raised the fares. The Tunnel Hotel was crowded with newspaper reporters. Thousands of motor-cars came

rolling through the city of sidings, packed with ladies and gentlemen who wanted to have a look at the scene of the disaster. They gossiped and chattered, and brought well-filled luncheon baskets with them. But they stared in silent horror at the four pillars of smoke that rose continually above the glass roofs by the Tunnel mouth, curling up into the blue October sky. It was the smoke which the ventilating engines were sucking out of the galleries of the Tunnel. And yet to think that there were men in them! For hours these curious visitors would wait, though as a matter of fact they saw nothing, for the dead bodies were brought out only at night. A strong smell of chloride of lime came from the station buildings.

The task of clearing the Tunnel required many weeks. The work was heaviest in the burned-out galleries in the forward sections, where the Tunnel lining was of wood. Here progress could be made only step by step. And here the bodies of the dead lay in heaps. They were for the most part terribly disfigured, and it was sometimes difficult to decide whether one had before one the blackened remains of a wooden upright or the carbonized body of a man. They were everywhere. They lay under falls of débris; they squatted behind blackened and burnt beams, grinning at their discoverers. Even the bravest were overcome by fear and horror in this awful chamber of the dead.

Allan was ever at the front, working indefatigably.

In the halls where the dead were laid out, and in the hospitals, there was a succession of those heart-rending scenes that follow every great disaster. Weeping men and women, half distraught with grief, sought for those who belonged to them, recognized them, shrieked and fainted. But most of the victims of the catastrophe could not be identified.

The little crematorium outside Mac City was working day and night. Ministers of the various religions and sects had offered their services, and performed in turn the mournful ceremony. All through many nights it was lighted up as bright as day, and endless rows of wooden coffins were always standing in the halls of the dead.

Around the shattered boring machine alone four hundred dead were found. In all the catastrophe had swept away the lives of two thousand, eight hundred and seventeen men.

When the wreck of the boring machine was cleared away, a yawning cavity came into sight. The borers had suddenly broken into a great hollow cave. By the light of the electric projectors it was seen that the cave was about a hundred yards wide. It was not so high. A stone took five seconds to fall from roof to floor, which meant a height of about fifty yards.

The cause of the catastrophe could not be fixed with certainty. But the most weighty authorities were of opinion that this cavity had become filled with gases as the result of chemical decomposition, and these had forced their way into the working galleries and had been exploded by the blasting.

Allan at once proceeded to explore the cave that was thus discovered. It was a chasm about a thousand yards long, and quite dry. Its floor and walls were composed of the hitherto unknown, incompact ore, which the geologists had named "Submarinium," and which contained a marked quantity of radium.

The Tunnel galleries had been put into order again and the engineers made their regular rounds in them.

But the work was at a standstill.

IX

THE STRIKE

ALLAN published a proclamation to the workmen who were on strike. It gave them three days to decide whether they would resume work. If they did not they were dismissed.

Huge meetings were held on the open spaces of Mac City. Seventy thousand men packed themselves together, and speeches were delivered simultaneously from ten cars serving as platforms.

The same words rang out unceasingly through the damp October air; the Tunnel—the Tunnel—Mac—the catastrophe—three thousand men—the Syndicate—and again, the Tunnel—the Tunnel . . .

The Tunnel had devoured three thousand men, and inspired this army of workers with terror. How easily they themselves might have been burned up or smothered in its glowing depths—and how easily it might happen that there would be another such catastrophe, perhaps on a more awful scale! Death might come upon them in some yet more dreadful form. They all shuddered as they thought of the “Hell.” A kind of infectious terror came upon them, which terror spread to the workings at the Azores, and Bermuda, and in Europe. There, too, work was at a standstill.

The Syndicate had bought some of the leaders of the workmen, and pushed them to the front on the platforms.

These bribed leaders spoke for the immediate resumption of work. “We are sixty thousand,” they shouted. “With the workers of the other stations and the auxiliary services, we are a hundred and eighty thousand! The winter is at our doors! Where are we to turn? We have wives and children. Who will give us food? We shall bring down the

wages rate of the whole labor market, and men will curse us!"

Every one could see this. They referred to the enthusiasm with which the work had been taken in hand, to the good relations between the workers and the Syndicate, and the comparatively high wages. "In the 'purgatory' and the 'hell' many earned their five or six dollars a day, though anywhere else they would have been good only for shoe-polishing or street cleaning. Am I lying or not?" They pointed in the direction of the workers' villages, and cried out, "Look at your houses, your gardens, your recreation grounds! You have baths and reading-rooms. Mac has made men of you, and your children are growing up clean and healthy. Go to New York or Chicago, and you will have a miserable time compared to this." They insisted on the fact that in six years there had been no serious accident, and that the greatest precautions would be taken by the Syndicate to prevent a second catastrophe.

There was nothing to be said against all this. But suddenly the terror came again upon them, and all the talk in the world could not do anything to get rid of it. Men shouted and hissed and threw stones at the speakers, and told them to their faces that they were bribed by the Syndicate.

"No one shall ever again stir a hand for that accursed Tunnel!" This was the line taken by the opposing speakers. "No one!" And a thunder of applause that could be heard a mile off expressed the general agreement with them. These speakers reckoned up all the dangers of the work. They dwelt upon all the victims the Tunnel had demanded even before the catastrophe. In round numbers 3,800 dead in six years! Was that nothing? Did no one think of those 3,800 men who had been run over, blown to pieces, crushed to death? They spoke of the "bends" from which hundreds had suffered for weeks, and many would suffer all their lives.

"We can see through Mac!" howled these speakers. (Some of them were bribed by steamship companies that wanted to defer the completion of the Tunnel as long as possible.) "Mac is no friend of the workers! Nonsense and lies! Mac

is the executioner employed by the capitalists! the greatest executioner the world has ever seen! Mac is a wolf in sheep's clothing! He keeps 180,000 men busy. Every year he dumps 20,000 broken-down men into his hellish hospitals, and then sends them to the devil, crippled for life! Whether they starve in the streets or rot in the asylums, it's all one to Mac! He has used up in these six years an immense mass of human material! What does it all come to? Let Mac find some other way of getting his men together! Let him bring blacks from Africa as slaves for his 'hell'! Let him buy convicts from the Government out of the jails and penitentiaries! Do you see the rows of coffins over there? Placed coffin to coffin, there would be a mile and a half of them! It is for you to decide!"

A roar, a hurricane of cheers and howls—that was the answer!

All day long the storm of debate raged in Mac City, swaying this way and that. The same arguments—for and against—were repeated a thousand times.

On the third day Allan himself spoke.

In the morning he had been present at the cremation of the remains of Maud and Edith. He was still overpowered with grief and sorrow, yet he spoke for hours to thousands. The longer he spoke and the louder he shouted through the megaphone, the more he felt his old power, and his old faith in his enterprise coming back to him.

His speech, which had been announced by huge placards, was repeated at the same time at various points of the open spaces in German, French, Italian, Spanish, Polish and Russian. It was distributed in hundreds of thousands of copies all over the world. At the same hour it was trumpeted out through the megaphones in seven languages to armies of workers at Bermuda, Azora, Finisterre and Biscaya.

Allan was received in silence. As he made his way through the crowd, it opened out to give him room, and many even touched their caps. But not a cheer was to be heard, and a lane of icy silence, in which every word seemed frozen up, marked his path. As he appeared on the railroad car in the

midst of the sea of heads—the same Mac they all knew, with whom each of them had some time spoken, whose hand each of them had clasped—when he appeared a great wave seemed to sweep over the ground, the mass of people swayed as in a storm, there was a convulsive movement of the vast army that pressed together as wedges are driven by hydraulic rams towards one central point; but there was no sound to be heard.

Allan shouted through the megaphone. He trumpeted his arguments to the four points of the compass. "Here I stand to speak to you tunnelmen!" he began. "I am Mac Allan, and you all know me! You have been yelling out that I killed three thousand men in the Tunnel! That is a lie! Fate is stronger than a man. It was labor killed the three thousand! Labor kills hundreds every day all over the world! Labor is a battle, and a battle means that men are killed! In New York alone, as you know, labor kills five and twenty men every day! But no one in New York thinks of giving up work for that reason! The sea kills twenty thousand men every year, but for all that no one thinks of giving up all work upon the sea! You have lost friends, tunnelmen; I know it! I have lost friends as well as you! We are quits! As we are comrades in work, so too we are comrades in loss, tunnelmen! . . ." He tried to arouse once more the enthusiasm that for six long years had urged his armies of workers to an output of work hitherto held to be impossible. He said that he was not making the Tunnel merely for his own pleasure; that the Tunnel would link America and Europe in brotherhood, uniting two worlds, two civilizations; that the Tunnel would give bread to thousands; that the Tunnel was not being made merely to enrich a few capitalists, but that it belonged just as much to the people; that this had been precisely his object. "The Tunnel down there belongs to you yourselves, tunnelmen. You yourselves have all an interest in the Syndicate!"

Allan marked how the spark flew over the heads of the people. There were outcries, shouting, movements here and there. The contact had been effected. . . .

"I myself am a working man, tunnelmen," trumpeted Allan. "A working man like yourselves. I hate cowards! Away with the cowards! Only the brave shall remain! Work is not a mere means of eating till one is full! Work is an ideal! Work is the religion of our time!"

There was shouting.

So far all had gone well for Allan. But when he called upon them to resume work again there was suddenly icy silence once more all around him. The terror was coming upon them again . . . Allan had lost.

That evening the leaders of the workers held a meeting that lasted till early morning. And in the morning their envoys declared that they would not take up the work again.

The men of the Ocean stations and the European section sided with their American comrades.

That morning Allan dismissed a hundred and eighty thousand men. Notice was given that they must clear out of their living quarters within forty-eight hours.

The Tunnel was still. Mac City was like a desert. But here and there stood parties of militia soldiers, rifle in hand.

PART V

PART V

I

REVOLT

THE Edison Biograph earned a fortune in these weeks. It even showed the catastrophe in the Tunnel, the people fleeing for their lives in the galleries. Spectators came in thousands.

The newspapers, too, reaped a golden harvest, and editors were inflated with success. A catastrophe, the Tunnel shafts, mass meetings, the strike—these were so many bombs flung into the midst of the giant army of readers scattered over the world athirst for sensations and horrors.

The *Socialist Press* of the five continents drew Mac Allan as the blood-stained ghost of Time with men's skulls in his jaw and armor-plated safes in his hands. In the *International Press* he was daily dragged to pieces. They branded the Tunnel Syndicate as the most shameful slavery in the world's history—as the most unheard of tyranny of Capital.

The workmen who had been dismissed took on a threatening aspect. But Allan checkmated them. On the booths, at every street corner, on all the cable-posts, a proclamation appeared, which ran as follows: "Tunnelmen, the Syndicate will not be robbed of a single screw without defending itself. We hereby declare that in all the Syndicate's buildings machine guns have been placed in readiness. We further declare that this is no joke!"

How had this Mac come by the guns? It appeared that these weapons had been secretly in position for years—against eventualities! Mac was evidently a man to be reckoned with!

Forty-eight hours after the dismissal there was neither water nor light in the workmen's colonies. There was there-

fore nothing for it but to go if they did not want to come to blows with the Syndicate. But the tunnelmen had no intention of giving in without a row! They wanted to show the world that they were there, and before they went they intended to let themselves be seen and heard.

Next day fifty thousand tunnelmen arrived in New York. They started in fifty trains, and by twelve o'clock they had all arrived in Hoboken; it was like the advance of an army. The police had no reason to forbid the masses an entry into New York; whoever wished to go there was at liberty to do so. But at the various police-stations the telephonic apparatus was in constant use with tidings of this army's movements. The Hudson River Tunnel was closed to all vehicular traffic for nearly two hours, for the tunnelmen were passing through it—a never-ending stream of men—and the galleries reverberated with their march and songs. As soon as the last one had passed out, the army drew itself up for parade, and then wheeled into Christopher Street. At the head went a band, making an infernal noise. Then followed banners with the word "Tunnelmen" embroidered upon them. Hard upon them came numbers of other banners belonging to the various workmen's unions, and behind these again, waving over their heads, were hundreds of flags of all nationalities: first the Stars and Stripes, then the Union Jack, then the flags of Canada, Mexico, the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Venezuela, Haiti, France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Persia, Holland, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand. Behind this gaudy forest trotted hordes of negroes. These men had, for the most part, worked themselves up into a passion, and rolled their eyes and screamed madly; some fortunately had kept their senses, and showed their white teeth while casting unmistakable glances at any ladies that let themselves be seen. In the midst of them jogged a board with gigantic letters "Hellmen!" In their wake followed a troop bearing a gallows. In the noose hung a figure—Allan's! He was recognizable by a flaming red wig on a round head, which had been made out of a sack, and by white teeth, outlined in

paint. Shrouded in a mantle cut out of a horse-cloth, similar to his well-known striped ulster, the figure bore a striking resemblance to Mac. In front of the hanging Allan went a huge sign-board, which read:

Mac Allan, Murderer of Five Thousand!

Over the sea of heads, of caps, stiff hats, and headgear of every description which raged through Christopher Street and Washington Street towards Broadway, hung a row of such scarecrows.

Behind Allan, Lloyd swung on a halter. The head of the effigy was painted light brown, the eyes and teeth were tricked out in a horrible manner, and the notice which headed this corpse ran:

Lloyd, Thief of Billions—
Cannibal!

Then followed Hobby with a fair wig made of straw, so miserably thin that he fluttered in the wind. His poster ran:

Hobby!
He nearly escaped, but we've caught him!

Then came Woolf. He wore a fez on his head, had puffy red lips and big protruding black eyes. Round his neck hung numberless little dolls on threads.

Woolf with his harem!
Jew and champion swindler!

Then came well-known financiers and the chief engineers of the different stations. Amongst these fat Müller of Azora received the lion's share of notice. He was as rotund as a balloon—his head was represented by an old top hat.

A fat mouthful for Hell!

Amongst the moving mass of humanity marched dozens of bands, all playing at once, and filling the narrow cutting

of Broadway with a din as of thousands of window-panes falling simultaneously on an asphalt paving. The hordes of workmen yelled, whistled, laughed, every jaw was tired out by the strain of adding to the uproar. Some battalions sang the International, others the Marseillaise, others sang anything, just letting their voices go. But the accompaniment to the overpowering row was the steady tramp and stamp of feet, a sullen accord of boots, which, hour by hour, repeated the same word, "Tunnel—Tunnel—Tunnel . . ."

The Tunnel seemed to have come to New York to speak for itself.

One group in the middle of the procession created great excitement. In front of it went flags of all nations, and an immense board bore the words:

Mac's cripples!

The group consisted of a swarm of men maimed in hand, foot or leg; men with wooden legs, and even some who swayed along on crutches, like pendulums.

The Tunnelmen marched in lines of tens, and the procession was nearly five miles long. Its tail just appeared out of the Hudson River Tunnel as its head reached Wall Street. In perfect order, the army of men turned through Broadway. The streets through which it passed, rendered as smooth as glass in consequence of the motor traffic, were next day pock-marked all over by the hobnailed boots of the pedestrian corps. Traffic was delayed. Endless queues of electric-cars, carriages and motors, waited for the end of the procession. Every window was packed with curious onlookers. Everybody wanted to see the Tunnelmen who, with their yellow faces and bent backs, paddled along in their heavy footgear. They brought an atmosphere of terror with them out of the Tunnel. For they had all been in those gloomy galleries where Death, at work, had robbed them of their associates. A rattle of chains seemed to arise from the ranks.

Photographers focused and snap-shotted; moving-picture

operators turned their handles. Out of the barbers' shops rushed soaped customers, the towel under their chins, out of bootmakers', ladies with one shoe in their hand, out of clothiers', clients half undressed in the act of trying on. The saleswomen, work-room girls and book-keepers, hung, crimson in the face with excitement and craning their necks out of curiosity, far over sills of windows twenty stories up. They screamed, they waved their handkerchiefs. But the volume of sound which arose from the street carried their shrill cries upward, and the mass below knew nothing of their presence.

In a modest private car which waited in the midst of the surging flood of men, amongst hundreds of other vehicles, sat Lloyd and Ethel. Ethel trembled with excitement and curiosity; she kept calling out: "Look at them—just look at them—look—look! Look!" And she blessed the lucky chance which had brought her into the thick of the spectacle. "Father—here they are, bringing Allan! Don't you see him?"

And Lloyd, who sat cowering well back in the car, peeping through a small window, said calmly: "Yes, I see, Ethel."

As Lloyd was carried past she gave a clear, ringing laugh, wild with delight. "There *you* go, father!"

She left her seat at the window and put her arms round Lloyd. "There you are. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, Ethel!"

Ethel knocked on the window as the "Hellmen" passed. The negroes grinned at her, and pressed the horrible black-red palms of their hands against the window panes. But they could not stand still, for the men behind were already on their heels.

"Mind you don't open the window, child!" said Lloyd phlegmatically.

But as Mac's cripples passed Ethel raised her eyebrows. "Father," she said in a suddenly different tone, "do you see them?"

"I see them, child!"

The next day Ethel gave ten thousand dollars to be divided amongst "Mac's Cripples."

Lloyd knew quite well that they were in imminent danger, but he did not betray the fact. He was not afraid of being done to death; but he knew that as soon as a voice should call out, "That's Lloyd's car!" something would happen. Curiosity would make them surround him and their weight would crush the vehicle. He would be dragged out, and they would both be crushed to death. At best Ethel and he would have the pleasure of being carried through New York on niggers' shoulders with the procession—and the idea of this he did not relish. He admired Ethel as usual. She gave no thought to danger! In this respect she was like her mother. It reminded him of a little scene which had been enacted in Australia in the days when she was still a mite. A dog sprang at Ethel's mother. What did the child do? She struck the animal with all her baby strength and said indignantly, "You go on, you!" And the dog for some reason or other drew back.

Suddenly the motor hummed and the car started.

Lloyd leant forward and laughed so that his tongue appeared suddenly between his teeth. He explained to Ethel the danger in which they had been for the space of a whole hour.

"I am not afraid," said Ethel, and added smilingly, "Why should I be afraid of men?"

"That's right, child. A man who fears is but half a man."

Ethel was six and twenty, very independent and her father's tyrant, and yet Lloyd still treated her as a child. She let him do it, for in the end he always gave in to her.

When the forest of red flags arrived at the Syndicate buildings, the Tunnelmen found the heavy doors of the structure closed, and both the lower stories barricaded with iron shutters. Not a single face showed itself at one of the four hundred windows. On the granite steps leading up to the heavy oaken doors stood a solitary watchman—a bulky Irishman, in a gray linen uniform. His merry blue eyes watched the advancing army of workmen as he soothingly and good-na-

turedly raised his hand—a giant's hand in a white cotton glove, looking like a shovelful of snow—repeating to the accompaniment of a gurgling, oily laugh, “Keep your shirts on, boys! Keep your shirts on, boys!”

As if by chance, three shining fire-engines (marked “home-ward bound”) rattled through Pine Street, and seeing that their progress was impeded, shut off steam and waited patiently.

But the truth must out that the genial Irishman with his big white gloves and with no weapon—not even a baton—in his possession, had a whistle in his pocket! Should he be forced to blow that whistle, in the space of one minute these three polished, innocent and waiting engines, which swayed on their springs out of sheer stifled force, would spurt two thousand gallons of water per minute in amongst the crowd; besides this, the five-yard-wide road which lay along the window-ledges of the first floor, and which had escaped the notice of the crowd, would fall down, and from across it in big letters it would send the message fleetly up the street: “Beware! Two hundred policemen are inside this building, so look out!”

A monstrous shrieking towards the four hundred windows of the Syndicate's building arose—a thunderous noise in which the mad shindy of the music seemed as nought.

And presently Mac's effigy was hanged! To the accompaniment of an ear-piercing din he was dragged up and down to the gibbet. The rope gave under the strain, and Mac fell with a helpless gesture over the onlookers' heads. The cord was knotted and the execution was repeated amidst yells and shrieks.

Later, standing on two shoulders, a man made a short speech. Not a single word, not even the sound of his voice could be gathered in the overwhelming storm of noise. But this did not matter, for he spoke with his hungry face, with his arms, which he threw into the air, with his hands, whose cramped fingers kneaded the words and flung them amongst the multitude. He shook, froth on his lips, both fists raised against the giant building. And with this his speech was

at an end, and all had understood it. A hurricane of screams swept along. They took up the cry as far as the Battery.

Towards the end it might have been necessary to bring the firehose into action, for the excitement in front of the building became fanatical. But it seemed as if ordained by Providence that the demonstration should not reach a point at which the rotund Irishman might be flattened out or the three shining nozzles brought into play. For whilst two thousand demonstrated in front of the building, forty-eight thousand pressed behind—with an automatic energy. So it happened that each two thousand, which, worked up to a state of fury, faced the cavernous building, no sooner reached the point of extremest congestion than it was shot out like a bolt from a compressed air machine into Wall Street.

The crowd passed through Pearl Street, up the Bowery to Fourth and from there to Fifth Avenue and the vulgar palaces of the millionaires. These stood silent—without signs of life. In front of Lloyd's yellow and somewhat weather-stained Renaissance palace, which was separated from the street by a strip of garden, the crowd drew up again, for Lloyd was to be "hanged" there. His house was as lifeless as the others. Only in the corner window of the first floor stood a woman looking out. It was Ethel. But as none believed that any would be courageous enough to let themselves be seen, Ethel was taken for one of the maids. The procession hurried past Central Park to Columbus Circle, and thence to Madison Square. Here the remaining effigies were set alight and burnt amidst fanatical cries. That was the end of the demonstration. The tunnelmen separated. They lost themselves in the saloons along the East River, and in one hour great New York had sucked them up.

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The signal had been given to fall in again at ten o'clock at the Tunnel Station of Hoboken. But here the tunnelmen were met by a surprise. The station was entrenched behind policemen's broad chests and as the men only arrived piecemeal, their spirit of adventure had evaporated. Notices an-

nounced that unmarried workmen need no longer seek work in Mac City. Only the married men would be sent back. A herd of agents took control, and at intervals of half an hour trains were rolling back to Mac City. At about six o'clock the last one was steaming out of the station.

II

BACK FIRE

WHILST the noise roared round the Syndicate buildings, Allan held a conference with Woolf and the second financial director of the Syndicate, Rasmussen. The financial position of the Syndicate was in no wise alarming, but it was also not satisfactory. For the following January, the second loan of a thousand million had been prepared, but under the present circumstances it was out of the question. Nobody would provide a cent.

The menace of explosion in the American south galleries, the news of the strike, both were repeated on every Exchange in the world. The shares fell twenty-five per cent. in a few days, for everybody wanted to be rid of them as soon as possible and no one was anxious to back a losing game. A week after the catastrophe a panic seemed imminent. But Woolf stepped, with the courage of despair, into the breach—and the panic was averted! He improvised a seductive balance sheet for the public, bribed a host of financial “experts” and swamped the press of the Old and the New Worlds with reassuring announcements.

The exchange improved, then remained stationary. Woolf began the murderous battle of letting the Exchange fall no lower and trying to screw it upwards. In his office in the tenth story of the building, he worked with dogged energy at his plans of campaign. Whilst the hordes howled below, he put his propositions quietly before Allan. The mineral by-products of the Tunnel were to be made the most of. Woolf had offered a contract to the Pittsburg Smelting and Refining Company. The Company was to collect the ore, and the Syndicate would take over the production the same day. For this he demanded sixty per cent. of the net profits.

The Company knew full well that the Syndicate was hard up and offered thirty per cent. Woolf swore that he would rather be buried alive than accept the scandalous offer. He immediately turned to the "American Smelters," whereupon the Pittsburg Company returned with an offer of forty per cent. Woolf came down to fifty per cent. and threatened that, in the future, the Syndicate should not draw up another handful of ore; the galleries would simply be carried under or over the reef. Finally, they agreed on forty-six and a third per cent. Over that last third Woolf fought like a Turk and the Pittsburg people remarked that they would rather have dealings with the devil than with that "shark."

Woolf had changed greatly within the last two years. He had grown stouter and more asthmatic. His dark eyes still had that slightly sad, oriental light and his long black lashes were so thick that they seemed artificial. But the fire in his eyes was dulled and he was turning quickly gray. He no longer wore his beard cut short, but in thick gray tufts on his chin and on both cheeks. With his powerful forehead, his wide protruding eyes and his broad curved nose, he was not unlike a buffalo. This impression was strengthened by the bloodshot eye. During the last years, he had a hard battle with a perpetual congestion in the head. As each volley of cries reached him from below, he drew himself together and his eyes showed a flickering light. He was not more cowardly than other men, but the breathless speed of the last years had affected his nerves.

And besides this, Woolf had other cares, which he wisely kept from the world . . .

After the conference, Allan remained alone once more. He walked up and down his office. His face was thin, his eyes dull and miserable. And no sooner was he left to himself than disquieting thoughts came over him and he felt that he must move about. A thousand times did he walk up and down dragging his grief with him from one end of the room to the other. Sometimes he stood still and considered.

Then he telephoned to Mac City and asked after Hobby, who had fever and could be seen by nobody. So he pulled

himself together and went out and returned in the evening somewhat refreshed—ready for the fray again. He worked at various projects for the improvement of the submarine shaft. The unlucky shaft, in which death had for millions of years glowered at the tunnelmen, was to prove a mine of incalculable worth.

The projects interested him and forced gloomy visions aside. Not for a second did he dare think of the things that lay behind him . . .

It was late when he turned in, and he considered himself fortunate when he slept for two hours at a stretch without being the prey of terrifying dreams. Once only, he dined at Lloyd's. Ethel Lloyd chatted with him before dinner. She showed such feeling over the death of Maud and Edith that Allan began to see her in a new light. Suddenly she seemed to have grown older and to have matured.

Afterwards, Allan spent some uninterrupted weeks in the Tunnel.

A break of over a month, which under ordinary conditions of traffic could only have been rendered possible through prodigious financial sacrifice, was very welcome to him. From the continuous working at high pressure, all the engineers were exhausted and needed rest. Allan did not attach any importance to the workmen's strike. Nor did he show any signs of anxiety when the Union, the electricians, the iron and cement workers, the masons, the carpenters, decreed the closing of the Tunnel.

For the moment, what was necessary was to cope with the galleries, if they were not to fall into a state of neglect. For this work, an army of eight thousand engineers and volunteers were at his disposal and these he divided over the different stretches. Under tremendous physical strain, these eight thousand defended the undertaking. The bells of the solitary trains passing through the empty Tunnel clanged monotonously. The Tunnel was silent, and each and all needed time to accustom themselves to the deathlike stillness reigning in the galleries which but recently had hummed with life.

In the shaft on which so much depended, there were, day

and night, a thousand half-naked, perspiring workmen of the Cleveland Mining Company busy with the boring machines, with blastings and engine shafts. The overheated shaft buzzed and rang with work, just as if nothing had happened. The daily output was of colossal value.

But, for the rest, it was all dead. The Tunnel town was extinct. Wanamaker had shut his store, the Tunnel Hotel had put up its shutters. In the workmen's colony women and children huddled—they were the widows and orphans of the dead men.

III

AT THE WHEEL AGAIN

THE proceedings which had been instituted against the Syndicate fell through, by reason of the bringing forward of a plea of *force majeure*.

As long as the case remained undecided Allan was forced to stay in New York. But now he was free, and he left the country immediately. He spent the winter in the Azores and Bermuda and remained a few weeks in Biscaya. Once he turned up at the power station on the Ile de Quessant—then all trace of him was lost.

Spring found him in Paris, where, in an old hotel in the Rue Richelieu, he put up under the name of C. Connor, merchant from Denver. No one recognized him, though everybody must have seen his portrait hundreds of times. He had purposely chosen this hotel to avoid the class of men he most hated—the idle rich, and the gossips who go from hotel to hotel and treat their meals as religious functions.

Allan lived alone. Each afternoon found him seated at the same little marble table on the Boulevard, drinking his coffee and gazing silently and nonchalantly at the passers-by. From time to time his glance turned to a balcony on the second floor of the hotel opposite; years ago he had stayed there with Maud. Sometimes a woman in a light frock appeared on the balcony; a spell seemed to come over him then. He went daily to the children's corner in the Luxembourg Gardens, and watched the mites playing. There was a bench there on which Maud and Edith had once sat, and to this same bench Allan went regularly and watched the children as they scrambled round.

During the course of the spring and summer he took the

same journey which, years before, he had undertaken with Maud and Edith. He went to London, Liverpool, Berlin, Vienna, Frankfort, accompanied only by dreary, bitter-sweet remembrances. He stayed in the same hotels, and often even in the same rooms. His nights he passed sleeplessly on a sofa in a darkened room. There he sat with wide open dry eyes, motionless. Sometimes he murmured remarks to Maud, as he would have done had she been alive: "Go to sleep, Maud." "Don't spoil your eyes!" He reproached himself for having acted as a task-master to her while he had been in the throes of preparing his great undertaking. It seemed to him that he had never made her understand the full extent of his love, that he had never even loved her enough—not as he loved her now. Full of pain and remorse, he remembered that he had often neglected Maud's reproaches. Alas! He had not really understood how to make his darling happy. With burning eyes, overpowered by misery, he would huddle in the silent rooms till daybreak. "It is daylight, the birds are singing, do you hear?" he heard Maud say. And Allan answered in a whisper, "Yes, I hear them, dear heart." Then he would throw himself on the bed.

One day he came to the conclusion he would like to possess objects that had stood in the rooms so sacred to him—a chandelier, a clock, an inkstand. The proprietors, who took Mr. Connor for a fanciful rich American, demanded unheard of prices, and Allan paid them without turning a hair.

In August he returned to Paris and settled down once more in the old quarters in the Rue Richelieu, the light in his eyes gloomier than before. He gave the impression of a man suffering from melancholia who passes through life blindly, buried in his own thoughts. For weeks he would not utter a word.

One evening he was walking through the Latin Quarter, in a busy and sinuous street, when suddenly he heard his name. He stood still and looked round. Nobody seemed to recognize him—he saw no face he knew. And then he saw his name, in gigantic letters facing him.

It was a gaudy notice of the Edison Bio: "Mac Allan, constructeur du 'Tunnel' et Mr. Hobby, ingénieur en chef, conversant avec leurs collaborateurs à Mac City."

Allan went hesitatingly into the darkened hall. A sentimental film was in progress—this bored him. But a little child, who reminded him distantly of Edith, appeared on the screen, and the power of resemblance held him in the overcrowded room. This little Yvonne had the same charm of manner, the same serious way of chatting with her elders . . .

Suddenly he heard his name fall from the lecturer's lips, and at the same instant, "his town" lay before him, shimmering through the dust and smoke. A group of engineers stood at the station—every face was familiar to him. At a signal they all turned round awaiting a motor, which drew up slowly. In the motor he saw himself, and at his side, Hobby. Hobby got up, called something out to the engineers, and they all broke into a laugh. A dull pain came over Allan when he saw Hobby: impudent, exuberant Hobby! The Tunnel had done for him as it had done for so many others.

The motor passed on slowly, and he saw himself stand up and lean back over the car. An engineer touched his hat and made a sign of assent. The lecturer commented: "The genial constructor gives orders to his colleagues!"

The man who had touched his hat seemed to look inquiringly towards the audience, and his glance rested on Allan, as if he had discovered him. Then Allan recognized the features! they were Bärmann's—those of the man who had been shot on the 10th of October.

Suddenly the Tunnel trains began running; they flew down the steep inclines, one after another, throwing a cloud of dust into the air behind them.

Allan's heart beat. He sat as if possessed, restless, his head burning, his breath coming so spasmodically that people at his side laughed.

But the trains disappeared. . . . Allan rose. He left at once. He stepped into a car and drove to his hotel. Here he inquired of the manager when the next American liner

was due to sail. The manager mentioned a Cunarder which was sailing from Liverpool next morning. The night express had already started. "Order a special at once," said Allan. The manager gazed at Allan, surprised at his voice and tone. What extraordinary change had come over the man since midday? He seemed another being.

"Certainly," he replied, "but I must have certain guarantees from you, Mr. Connor."

Allan stepped towards the lift. "Why? Say Mac Allan from New York orders the train!"

Then the manager recognized him and drew back dumb-founded—he buried his surprise in a deep bow.

A transformation had, indeed, come over Allan. He slept soundly that night—the first night for a long, long time. Just once did he awaken—as the train thundered through a tunnel. "They have built the galleries too small," he muttered and then slept on.

At daybreak he felt refreshed and healthier—full of determination. At ten o'clock he reached the vessel, which in a fever of impatience at the delay, was blowing clouds of steam out of its funnel. His foot was scarcely on the ship's gangway when the screws began to revolve.

Half an hour later, the whole ship knew that the late comer was none other than Mac Allan.

Once on the high seas, Allan began sending off wireless messages.

On Biscaya, the Azores, Bermuda, New York, Mac City, messages fell like rain. In the dark galleries under the sea, a life-giving stream was flowing. Allan was once more at the wheel.

IV

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON

THE first person whom Allan visited was Hobby, whose country-house was a little way outside Mac City.

Mac rang, no one answered. The bell was out of order. The house looked as if it had been forsaken for a long time, and yet all the windows were wide open and the garden door was locked. Allan decided to climb over the fence. The garden was full of dead oak leaves and as forsaken as the house. Hobby seemed to have disappeared.

Allan's surprise and pleasure were therefore all the greater when he suddenly saw Hobby before him. He was sitting on the steps that led into the garden, his chin in his right hand, deep in thought.

Hobby was as usual elegantly dressed, but the clothes were those of a young man and the wearer seemed aged and shrunken.

He sat in the attitude of a healthy, intelligent man and Allan already felt happier. But as he raised his eyes and Allan saw his sad, wandering expression, his wrinkled, drab and aged face, he knew that Hobby's health had failed.

"So there you are again, Mac," said Hobby, without attempting to shake hands or move. "Where have you been?" And round his eyes and mouth the wrinkled skin formed into tiny angles. He smiled. His voice sounded strange and gasping, though at the back of it the old ring was there.

"I've been in Europe, Hobby. How are you, old man?"

Hobby again looked straight in front of him. "I'm better, Mac. My damned head is at work again, too."

"Do you live quite alone, Hobby?"

"Yes, I threw the servants out, they worried me."

“What does the doctor say?”

“He seems pleased. Patience, is what he keeps on saying—patience.”

“Why are all the windows open? It looks so desolate.”

“I like draughts,” answered Hobby with a strange laugh.

A shiver passed over his whole body and he tossed his white hair as they climbed up to his study.

“I’m at work again, Mac. You’ll see. It’s something quite new.” And he winked his right eye, just as the old Hobby used to do.

He showed Mac some sheets scrawled all over with wild lines and signs. The drawings were supposed to be of his nine dogs. But they might have been the work of a child, while all round the walls hung Hobby’s ambitious designs for railway stations and warehouses, all showing the genius of the master-hand.

Allan had the good sense to praise the sketches.

“Yes, they really are fine,” said Hobby proudly and while he was speaking, he poured out two glasses of whisky. “It’s gradually coming back to me, Mac. Only I get tired so easily. You’ll be seeing birds soon. Birds. When I sit here just like this, I often see strange birds in my mind—millions of ’em, and they’re all moving. Drink, old man, drink, drink.”

Hobby dropped into a shabby leather armchair and yawned.

“Was Maud with you in Europe?” he asked suddenly.

Allan twitched and turned pale. A sensation of dizziness overcame him.

“Maud?” he murmured, and as he said it the mere fact of pronouncing her name made him cringe.

Hobby blinked and struggled with some idea. Then he got up and said: “Have some more whisky?”

Allan shook his head. “Thanks—I don’t take much during the day.” And with a sad expression on his face, he gazed through the withering trees far out to sea. A small black steamship was making its way slowly towards the south. He watched it mechanically and, as he watched, it suddenly remained motionless between two boughs.

Hobby sat down again and a long silence followed. The wind blew right through the room and shook the last leaves from the trees. Over the sandhills and the sea heavy clouds passed rapidly and awoke in his mind an eerie feeling of hopelessness and gloomy forebodings.

Then Hobby spoke again.

"That's the way with my head sometimes," he said, "I know quite well what has happened. But I get muddled. Maud—poor Maud! Have you heard, too, that Herz has blown himself up with his whole laboratory? The explosion tore up a big part of the street and killed thirteen other people."

Doctor Herz was a chemist who worked at explosives for the Tunnel. Allan had already had this news on board.

"It is a pity," added Hobby, "for that new discovery of his must have been first rate." And he smiled greedily. "Such a pity!"

Allan turned the conversation on to the sheepdog, and for a time Hobby seemed to follow him. Then he went off again at a tangent.

"What a dear Maud was!" he said, apropos of nothing. "An absolute child! And yet she always pretended to be cleverer than any one else. Sometimes she grumbled that you left her alone so often. And I used to say to her, 'Never mind, Maud, you know it can't be otherwise.' Once we kissed each other. I remember it as if it were to-day. Heavens! How distinctly I seem to hear her voice—she used to call me Frank——"

Allan stared at Hobby. But he asked no questions. And Hobby stared into space with a frightened, sightless look in his eyes.

After a while Allan got up to go. Hobby went with him as far as the garden gate.

"Now, Hobby," said Allan, "won't you come with me?"

"Where to?"

"To the Tunnel." Hobby turned pale and trembled like an aspen leaf.

"No—no," he kept repeating, with a furtive, uncertain look.

And Allan regretted his invitation, for Hobby was feeling it keenly.

“Good-by, Hobby, I’ll come back to-morrow.”

Hobby stood at the gate, his head slightly bent, a colorless figure with the wind playing through his white hair.

As the dog barked angrily at the retreating figure, Hobby laughed—a sickly, childish laugh, which rang in Allan’s ears far into the night.

Within the next few days Allan came to terms with the Workmen’s Union. They were easier to deal with now. As a matter of fact the Union could no longer keep up the boycott of the Tunnel. With the beginning of winter, thousands of farm hands were drifting from the West in search of work. Last winter, the Union had had to pay out immense sums to the unemployed, and this winter the distribution would be greater than ever.

Since the work on the Tunnel had ceased, business in the quarries, in the iron foundries, and in the machine factories had dwindled incredibly, and an army of men was thrown on to the streets. Wages fell, for there was such a glut of labor that even the earners received but scant remuneration.

The Union held meetings, and Allan addressed them in New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburg, and Buffalo. He was tough and tireless. His voice rang clear and his fist struck powerfully through the air as he spoke. As his buoyant nature showed itself again, his old power over an audience seemed to return. The newspapers echoed with his name.

Everything seemed in his favor, and Allan hoped to set the work going in November—December at latest.

Then, quite unexpectedly as far as Allan was concerned, a second storm swept over the Syndicate—a storm of further reaching results than the October catastrophe.

Through the giant edifice of the Tunnel Syndicate an ominous rumble was heard . . .

V

THE GENTLE ART OF HIGH FINANCE

WITH his accustomed dignity, Woolf drove in his fifty horse-power car along Broadway. On the stroke of eleven he appeared at the club, drank his coffee and played his game of poker. He understood that nothing makes the world more suspicious than a change in a man's mode of living, so he spent his time in every particular as in the old days.

But he himself was changed. For Woolf had his cares, which he had to bear alone. That was not easy.

It was no longer a change for him to sup with one of his "nieces," or "flames." His excited nerves needed orgies, excesses, gipsy choruses and dances to quiet them. In the evening, enervated by fatigue, his forehead burnt like a furnace. Night after night, it ended in his seeking oblivion in drink.

He was a careful spendthrift. His enormous income more than sufficed to cover his extravagances. This was not the key to his anxieties. Two years ago he had been caught in a whirlpool of quite another kind, and, in spite of his mighty efforts to reach the calm water, month by month he was drawn nearer to the heart of the maelstrom.

And now his bushy buffalo head had laid a plan of campaign worthy of a Napoleon. He had toyed with an idea, he had almost caressed it. He had cared for it and nourished it. The thought—elusive as smoke—gradually materialized. And one day it stood before him as mighty as a mountain and it overpowered him.

Woolf had to come to a decision!

He could snap his fingers at mere money. Those days were long over in which money for money's sake meant anything to him. He could make it out of the dirt in the street, out

of the air, for there it lay in millions in his brain, and he had only to coin it. Without a name, without a penny in his pocket, he would wager to pile up a fortune in the inside of a year. The money was nothing—only a means to an end. Woolf was now only a satellite circling round Allan. He wanted to be an orb round which other revolved!

Why shouldn't he do what all the others had done—the Lloyds and other industrial magnates? It was just what young Wolffsohn had done twenty years before when he had staked his all on one stroke, rigged himself out so well, put thirty shillings into his pocket, and set out for England. It was his fate, more powerful than himself, that forced him into it, and even appointed the time.

From this moment Woolf was an altered being. His plan was ready, engraved in his brain, minutely detailed, invisible to the world. In ten years' time Woolf would be the new great power. In ten years that new great power would annex the Tunnel.

He did what thousands have done before him, but what none ever did on so massive a scale. It was no ordinary fortune he wanted. He had reckoned that for his plan fifty millions were necessary. So he set out to get fifty millions. He played his cards coolly, carefully, untroubled by pricks of conscience.

He speculated on his own account, although his contract specially forbade it. But his contract was merely a piece of paper, dead and worthless, and this clause had been added to it to tie his hands. He no longer cared. He bought up the whole of the Georgia cotton crop, sold it again the next week, and made two million dollars. With the Syndicate to back him, he did his business without touching one dollar of their money. In a year he had his five million dollars. With these he made a dead set for the Cuban tobacco crop. But a cyclone destroyed the plantations, and the five millions dwindled away. Woolf did not lose heart. He tried again with cotton, and this was true to him. He won. He seemed to hold a series of winning cards in his hand, for his luck pursued him, and each time he put up a big fight. Then

followed disaster. Copper, in which he had made a corner, played him false. There were large stores of it of which he knew nothing; they were thrown on the market, and almost ruined him. He lost, and, at last, had to draw on the Syndicate's reserves.

He was caught in the whirlpool. He puffed out his chest, drew a long breath and struck out . . . but the current was treacherous. Woolf was a magnificent swimmer, but he made no headway. In fact, glancing backward, he had to acknowledge that he was losing ground. He swam madly, and swore that when once he reached smooth water nothing would ever make him tempt providence again.

These were the man's cares, of which no one could relieve him.

Last year he had been able to show a handsome balance in hand. He still enjoyed the Syndicate's fullest confidence,

Times were bad; the October catastrophe had devastated the market, and he turned pale when he thought of the following January.

It was now a matter of life and death.

Money! Money! Money!

He was short of three or four million dollars—a mere nothing—two or three strokes of good fortune, and he would have the ground under his feet once again.

He fought for his luck heroically.

At first, he only undertook small risks, but, as summer approached and he felt himself gaining ground, slowly he made up his mind for a splash. He was not afraid of playing with fire. He tried cotton, and laid his hand on copper. If only these giant speculations succeeded he was saved.

He traveled all over Europe and Russia, nosing out spots which were worth storming. He cut down his own expenses to the lowest figure. No more specials, no more extra coaches; he contented himself with an ordinary first-class compartment. He cut down expenses also in the matter of philandering—in the old days a big item.

He rushed across Europe like a fury, and left behind him everywhere agents and representatives. He sold timber in

Westphalia and iron structures in Belgium, he changed his holdings of stocks every day. With a brutal lack of consideration he threatened the speculators in real estate in London, Paris and Berlin who possessed land values in Biscay and the Azores, and were backward in their payments through the crisis. They had to climb down. Numerous small banks broke. Woolf knew no mercy, he was fighting for his life.

In Petrograd, for the small consideration of three million roubles, he had received wood concessions in the North of Siberia to the value of one hundred million, on which he made twenty per cent. He turned the undertaking into a joint stock company, and drew out half the Syndicate's capital. But he did this in such fashion that the Syndicate had almost the same income as before. These proceedings were not regular, but, in case of anything happening, he had his own spare cash ready. He made money anywhere and anyway he could.

This mad chase round Europe left him no time for anything else. But he could not find it in his heart to return to America without seeing his father. He arranged a three days' festivity, in which the whole village of Szentes took part. Here in his birthplace, in the very corner of Hungary where as a poor man's child he saw the light, the first disquieting message reached him.

A few of his small speculations had gone wrong—the outposts of his army were defeated. The first cable he thrust carelessly into his deep American pocket. But with the receipt of the second, he became oblivious to his surroundings; he heard the singers no longer—he seemed to have lost one of his senses—and as the third one was handed to him, he ordered the horses to be harnessed and drove to the station.

He had no eyes for the well-known landscape glowing in ardent sunlight—his gaze looked far away into the distance—into New York, into Mac Allan's face!

In Buda-Pest more Job's comfort awaited him; the corner in cotton could no longer be kept up without gigantic losses, and his agent was awaiting the word to sell. Woolf wavered. Three days before he would have made millions out of cotton.

Why had he not sold? Why? He knew cotton—had he not worked in it for three solid years? He knew the market—Liverpool, Chicago, New York, Rotterdam, New Orleans—every single broker; he dived daily into the maze of figures, he listened with his keen ear all over the world. He was a living seismograph, which marked the most delicate shocks and tremblings and registered every deviation in the markets.

From Buda-Pest he traveled to Paris, and only when passing through Vienna did he give his Liverpool agent orders to sell. It was to him physical pain—but he suddenly lost courage to risk all.

An hour later he regretted this order, and yet he could not decide to recall it. For the first time since he had known his own strength did he mistrust his instinct.

He felt languid, as after an orgy; he could come to no decision and waited for something, he knew not what. It seemed to him that a weakening poison had entered his system. Evil forebodings arose in his mind, sometimes fever gripped him. He would feel drowsy and wake up suddenly. He would dream that he was 'phoning to his representatives in the big cities, and all, one after the other, answered that everything was lost. He awoke again as the voices united in a lamentable chorus of misery. And yet all he had heard was a jolt of the train at a curve. He sat up and stared into the lamp in the roof of the compartment. Then he took out his notebook and began to add up. And while he counted, a paralysis overpowered his feet and arms, and crept towards his heart. He dared not put his Liverpool losses on paper. "I dare not sell!" he muttered to himself. "I'll wire as soon as the train stops. Why is there no telephone on these antediluvian trains? If I sell now I am a dead man, unless copper brings in forty per cent., and that's unlikely. I must risk all—it's my last chance!"

He was speaking Hungarian! That, too, was surprising, for he generally did all his business in English, the only language in which money transaction could properly be made.

When the train came finally to a standstill, a curious weakness held him back on the cushions. He felt like a general

whose whole army is under fire. And he had no faith in the outcome of the battle. His head was full of figures. Whenever he looked he saw them, seven or eight in a row, column after column, enormous sums of enormous length. The figures were all accurately printed, and as if cut on copper plate. They appeared of their own accord, changed for no reason, crossed from the debit to the credit column, or again disappeared in a flash.

They made him break into a cold perspiration—he felt he was going off his head. So great, so ghastly was his rage that in his helplessness he cried.

Pursued by demoniacal figures, he arrived in Paris. It took him a few days to pull himself together. He was like a man who, without any warning of sickness, falls down in the street, and, when convalescent, lives in perpetual fear of another attack.

A week later he learnt that his instinct had not misled him.

The corner in cotton had gone over into other hands as soon as he had sold. A “ring” had got it into their power, had held it for a week, and sold out again one million to the good!

Woolf foamed with anger! If only he had followed the dictate of his instinct, he would have been on solid ground!

That was his first great mistake. Within the next few days he made a second. He held on to copper too long; only three days too long—and then he sold. He made on it, but three days earlier he would have scored double. He made twelve per cent.; three days sooner it would have been twenty-five per cent. Twenty-five! And he would have been in sight of land! He turned purple in the face.

How was it that he continued making mistake after mistake? Cotton he sold a week too soon, copper three days too late! He had grown uncertain. His hands were always damp with perspiration, and he shivered. He sometimes stumbled in the road, a sudden dizziness overcoming him; he even lacked courage at times to cross a street.

It was October. To be exact, the tenth of October—the

anniversary of the catastrophe. He still had three months before him, and there was just a faint possibility that he might save himself. But he must rest for a few days and get up his strength.

He set out for San Sebastian.

He had been there three days, and had improved so greatly that he was feeling in the mood for philandering again, when a message came to him from Allan to the effect that his presence was required immediately in New York, and that he would be expected by the next steamer.

He started next day.

VI

LLOYD'S WARNING

ONE day in October Ethel Lloyd sent in her name to Allan, to his great astonishment.

She entered his room, and glanced round quickly.

"Are you alone?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes, quite alone, Miss Lloyd."

"That's all right," Ethel laughed softly. "But don't be alarmed. I am only an express messenger. Papa has sent me to you with a letter, but I was to give it to you only if you were by yourself."

She drew a letter out of a pocket in her cloak.

"Thanks," said Allan, as he took it from her.

"It must be something rather special, but you know how strange he is in many ways." She went on chattering volubly, Allan occasionally putting in a word. "You have been in Europe, haven't you?" she asked. "We had a wonderful experience this summer—we went all the way to Canada in a caravan. There were five of us, two men and three women. We were in the open air all the time. We slept out in the open, and did our own cooking. We took a tent with us, and a little rowing-boat, which we had stowed away up on the roof of the caravan. Those are plans, aren't they?"

Ethel had been allowing her gaze to stray unceremoniously all round the room, a thoughtful smile on her beautifully-shaped lips.

Allan's room looked dreadfully prosaic. A well-worn carpet, a couple of the leather arm-chairs inevitable in such an office, and a safe. Half a dozen desks and tables strewn with documents. Stands covered with maps and plans. A wilderness of papers lying about the floor. The walls covered with immense plans of sections of the Tunnel or of the

building grounds, together with charts of the ocean, and diagrams representing the curves of the Tunnel, which looked like architectural designs for suspension bridges.

Ethel laughed. "How beautifully neat you keep your room!" she said.

The plainness of it had not surprised her. She thought of her father's office, the only furniture of which consisted of a writing-table, a chair, a cuspidor, and a telephone.

She looked Allan in the eyes. "I believe your work is the most interesting any human being ever carried through," she said, with a look of genuine enthusiasm in her face. Suddenly she jumped up and clapped her hands delightedly.

"Heavens, what a view!" she cried. She had glanced out of the window, and caught sight of the panorama of New York.

Thin columns of white smoke were rising in the sunlight from thousands of flat roofs. New York was at work like some monstrous steam-engine with a myriad of valves. The windows of the immense tower-houses glittered. Down below tiny ant-like creatures and little specks of cars moved about on Broadway. Between two groups of sky-scrapers there was a vista of the Hudson, with a tiny steamer on it—a mere toy it looked, with its four funnels: an ocean liner of fifty thousand tons.

"Isn't it magnificent?" cried Ethel.

"Have you never seen New York before from such a height?" asked Allan.

Ethel nodded. "I have flown over it with Vanderstyfft several times," she said. "But you have to keep your veil tightly pressed to your face, and you see nothing."

Ethel spoke quite naturally and simply, and seemed the incarnation of frankness and cordiality. Allan asked himself how it was that he never felt quite at his ease with her. He could not manage to talk unreservedly with her. Perhaps it was only her voice that irritated him. There are only two kinds of women's voices in America—a deep, soft voice which seems to come from low down in the larynx (Maud's had been

like that), and a sharp, nasal voice, with a sharp, resonant sound. Such was Ethel's.

Ethel made ready to go. At the door she asked Allan whether he would not come for a trip some day on her yacht.

"At present every moment of my time is taken up with important business, I'm afraid," he replied, opening Lloyd's letter.

"Well, some other time. Good-by!" and Ethel went off gayly.

Lloyd's letter was brief and bore no signature. It ran: "Keep an eye on S. W."

S. W. was S. Woolf. Allan felt the blood coursing to his head.

Lloyd would not send him such a warning without good reasons for it. Was it his instinct that had prompted it? Or had he spies at work? Allan became a prey to gloomy forebodings. Financial matters were outside his province, and he had never troubled his head about Woolf. That was for the General Administration to look after, and apparently all had gone well all these years.

He sent at once for Rasmussen, Woolf's deputy. In quite an ordinary tone of voice he asked him to get together a committee for the purpose of making out a complete statement of the financial position of the Syndicate. He was anxious to resume work soon, and wanted to know what amount of money would be immediately available for the purpose.

Rasmussen was a Swede of distinction, who had preserved his European courtesy of manner throughout a twenty years' residence in America.

He bowed and inquired, "Do you wish the committee to begin work to-day, Mr. Allan?"

Allan shook his head. "There's no such hurry as all that, Rasmussen," he replied. "But to-morrow morning. Can you choose its members by then?"

Rasmussen smiled. "Certainly."

That evening Allan spoke with admirable effect to the council of delegates of the mining companies.

On that same evening Rasmussen shot himself.

Allan's face went white when he heard the news. He at once recalled Woolf and instituted a secret inquiry. A condition of chaos was discovered. It became apparent that embezzlement on an enormous scale that could not yet be gauged had been going on by means of fraudulent entries and all kinds of subtle manipulations. Whether Rasmussen or Woolf were responsible was not yet ascertainable. But it was found that Woolf's balance for the previous year had been "cooked," and that the Reserve Fund betrayed a deficit amounting to from six to seven million dollars.

VII

CALLED TO ACCOUNT

WOOLF crossed the Atlantic in blissful ignorance of the fact that two detectives accompanied him.

He had come to the conclusion that it was best to let Allan know of the losses. But he had continued to make these latter appear a mere bagatelle by the side of other transactions which promised enormous gains. This made him feel more at his ease. When the news of Rasmussen's suicide reached him by wireless, he became seriously alarmed. He telegraphed back message after message. He declared he would answer for Rasmussen's honesty, and would at once set an inquiry on foot. Allan ordered him to stop telegraphing, and told him to come to see him the moment he arrived in New York.

Woolf did not realize that the ax had been sharpened for him already. He hoped to be able to conduct the inquiry himself and to find some way out. Possibly Rasmussen's death might be his saving. To save himself he was ready to stick at nothing, however rascally. He would make up to Rasmussen's family for anything he might have to say against the other's reputation.

The moment the steamer arrived at Hoboken, Woolf got into his car and drove to Wall Street. He at once asked to see Allan.

Allan kept him waiting, five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour. Woolf was disturbed. With every minute he had to wait, some of the courage he had worked up oozed out. When at last he was shown into Allan's room he disguised his nervousness by affecting the asthmatic cough to which he was liable.

His top-hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth,

he walked in and began talking at once. "You keep your people waiting, Mr. Allan, I must say," he remonstrated, with an oily laugh, and he took his hat off to wipe his forehead. "How goes it with you?"

Allan rose from his seat. "Oh, here you are, Woolf!" he said, quietly, in a voice free from expression of any kind, and he looked about for something on his writing-table.

Allan's tones reassured Woolf for a moment until it was borne in on him that he had been addressed as Woolf instead of as Mr. Woolf. It had once been one of his greatest wishes that Allan should talk to him thus familiarly, but now it did not seem a good omen.

He sank into an arm-chair, bit off the end of a new cigar so violently that the sound of his teeth meeting could be heard, and lit it.

"This is a sad business about Rasmussen, Mr. Allan?" he began, panting for breath, the match still in his hand. He waved it about now until it went out, then threw it on the floor. "Such an extraordinarily gifted fellow! Such a pity! He would have brought off a really splendid thing for us. Gad, he would! As I telegraphed to you, I guarantee Rasmussen's honesty."

He broke off, Allan's gaze having suddenly met his. Allan's look was cold—that was all. But it was so devoid of all human sympathy, or even interest, that it had an alarming effect, and Woolf's mouth closed.

"Rasmussen is another story," answered Allan, in business-like tones, and he took up a bundle of telegrams from the desk. "We'll keep to the point, I think, and talk about you, Woolf!"

Woolf felt chilled to the bone.

He bent forward, his lips twitching, and nodded like a man who admits his guilt, and then he took in a deep breath, and said earnestly, "I have already telegraphed to you, Mr. Allan, that I had bad luck on this occasion. I bought the wool a week too soon. I allowed myself to be hurried into it by my Liverpool agent—idiot that the fellow is. The

tin I bought too late. I regret the loss, but it can easily be made good. Believe me, Mr. Allan, it is not very pleasant for me to have to confess that in this case I have made a mess of things."

He rose with difficulty from the chair, breathing hard, and laughed constrainedly.

But Allan was in no mood for laughter. He made an impatient movement with his head. Internally he was boiling with rage and indignation. He had never so loathed any one as he loathed this hairy asthmatic Jew at that moment. Now that after a year of hard effort he had at last succeeded in getting once again on solid ground, this rascally crook of a stock-jobber must upset him. He had no reason to let him off easily, and he went for him ruthlessly. "That is not the question," he said quietly, only the quivering of his nostrils betraying the intensity of his feeling. "The Syndicate will indemnify you for any losses you may have made speculating on its account. But"—and Allan took his hands off the desk, upon which he had been leaning, and stood up straight, fixing on Woolf eyes which now looked black and almost murderous—"Your last year's balance was a fraud, sir! A fraud! You have been speculating on your own account, and have lost seven million dollars."

Woolf sank back in his chair. He was ashen-gray. His features twitched. He put his fleshy hand on his heart and gasped for breath. His mouth remained open, and his blood-shot eyes started out of his head.

Allan changed color, going red and white alternately in his efforts to control himself. Then he went on in the same quiet, cold accents: "You can look at these for yourself," as he threw the bundle of telegrams down on the floor at Woolf's feet.

Woolf still lay back in the chair gasping for breath. The ground seemed to have given beneath him. The heavy lids sank over his eyes. He saw nothing but a whirling darkness as of night . . . At last he came to himself.

"Allan!" he began, conscious now that no lie could help him.

Allan remained silent.

“Our position was desperate, Allan,” Woolf gasped out. “It was a question of getting money—money at any price!”

Allan was losing his self-control. He had no pity for this wretch, nothing but loathing and scorn. He would finish with him once and for all. He went white to the lips as he made answer:

“You have paid a million and a half into the Buda-Pest Bank in the name of Wolffsohn, more than a million in London, and two or three millions to other banks. You have been using our money for your own speculations, and now you have done for yourself. I give you till six to-morrow morning. At six exactly I shall have you arrested.”

Woolf staggered to his feet, his whole body trembling, great beads of perspiration rolling down his face. His eyes mechanically took in the names of various European banks affixed to the telegraph forms. Should he try to explain to Allan why he had gone in for these speculations? Should he attempt to explain his motives, and show that it was not from mere greed for gold? But Allan had too simple a nature to understand how a man could long for power. Allan had acquired power without longing for it or striving for it. It had come to him unsought. This mechanician had only three ideas in his head, and had never troubled to think about the world and its problems. Even if he could be made to understand, he would be like a wall of granite. He would stand inflexibly for that middle-class notion of honor which was well enough in small things, but sheer imbecility in matters of real importance. No, Allan would not condemn him and despise him any the less. Allan! This same Allan who had the lives of five thousand men upon his conscience and who had taken thousands of millions from the people without knowing for certain that he could fulfill his promises. Allan's turn would come too—let him look out! . . . Woolf's brain began once more to seek for some way of escape.

For several seconds he remained lost in thought, oblivious to his surroundings. He did not hear Allan ordering a servant to bring a glass of water as Mr. Woolf was feeling ill.

He did not come to himself until Lion stood by him and offered him the glass.

He drank it to the last drop, breathed deeply and looked again at Allan. Allan seemed less formidable to him now. Supposing he could say something that would soften his heart. Mastering himself, he spoke again: "Listen, Allan, you cannot be in earnest. Here we are—you and I. We have been working together for seven, eight years. I have earned millions for the Syndicate——"

"That was your business."

"Certainly. But listen, I admit it was wrong. But it wasn't merely for the money. I can explain my motives to you. I want you to understand them . . . No, you can't mean it, Allan. The matter can be arranged—and I am the only man who can arrange it. . . . If you do for me, you do for the Syndicate."

Allan was aware that Woolf was right in this. The seven millions might go to the devil, but the scandal was a catastrophe. But he remained obdurate.

"That is my affair," he replied.

Woolf shook his great, buffalo-like head. He could not grasp it. Allan could not really intend to do for him. It was unthinkable. He looked again into Allan's eyes inquiringly, only to be convinced that here was a man from whom he could expect no mercy. He was up against a stronger man than himself—a born American. He, the naturalized American, stood no chance against him.

"Allan!" he cried in his desperation. "You are driving me to my death! You can't intend to drive me to my death."

"I have nothing more to say to you," Allan replied, moving towards the door.

"I will give back all the money," Woolf shrieked, gesticulating wildly.

Allan left the room, and the door shut with a bang.

Woolf, still trembling from head to foot, took his hat. Allan was in the adjoining room and would hear him if he called. He opened his mouth, but no sound came. It didn't matter. It would have been no good.

He went out, his teeth chattering with rage and fright, his eyes suffused with blood. 'Curse that fellow Allan! But his hour would come too!

His car was waiting for him. "Riverside Drive!"

The chauffeur had glanced at his face as he gave the order. "Woolf is ruined," he thought to himself.

Woolf crouched in his car, seeing and hearing nothing. The ice-cold sweat on his skin chilled him to the bone. He nestled in under his wraps like an animal in its lair. He had a feeling of nausea in his mouth. "He's done for me," he kept saying, "he's done for me."

Night came on and the chauffeur asked whether he should not drive homewards.

Woolf seemed lost in thought. At last he said in an expressionless voice, "Hundred and Tenth."

It was the address of Renée, his mistress of the moment. He had no one to whom he could talk, no friend, no acquaintance even, so he went to her.

Woolf feared lest he might have betrayed himself to his chauffeur. He pulled himself together now. When they reached Renée's house he got out and said in a voice as matter of fact as ever, and with a touch of his usual peremptoriness: "Wait."

But the chauffeur said to himself. "All the same, he's done for."

Renée made no signs whatever of being glad to see him back. She was in a sulky mood, feeling bored to death and miserable. She was so much taken up with herself and her annoyances, that she did not notice that there was anything wrong with him.

Woolf was so tickled by this proof of her self-absorption that he laughed out loud at it, and his laughter—for all that it had a vein of desperation underlying it—brought him back into the mood in which he was wont to talk with Renée. He talked French with her. The language made a different man of him. For a few—a very few—seconds, he seemed to forget that he was a condemned man. He joked with her, called her his "spoilt child," and, with his cold, damp lips kissed

her on her charming, girlish mouth. Renée was extraordinarily pretty, a fair-haired French beauty from Lille. He had seen her in Paris during the previous year and had imported her. He told her now that he had brought her a marvel in the way of a cloak and beautiful feathers from Paris, and her face lit up with pleasure. She ordered the table to be laid and began to chatter about all her moods and fancies.

Oh, she detested New York, she detested all these Americans—all so polite to women but at heart so indifferent to them. She wished to heaven she were back in Paris earning her living as a modiste.

“Well, perhaps you will be able to go back, Renée,” said Woolf with a smile, which broadened as he watched her face. They sat down to their meal, but he could eat nothing. He drank large quantities of Burgundy, drank till his head grew hot.

“Let’s have some music and dancing, Renée,” he cried. Renée telephoned to a Hungarian restaurant in the Jewish quarter, and in half an hour the dancers and musicians arrived.

Woolf promised the performers a hundred dollars on condition that they never stopped for a moment. Without a pause they alternated songs and dances and music. Woolf lay back on the sofa like a corpse, only his gleaming eyes showing signs of life. He kept pouring down great draughts of red wine and yet did not get drunk. Renée sat crouched up in an arm-chair, a beautiful scarlet shawl wrapped round her, her greenish eyes half closed, and looking like a red panther. She always looked bored to death. Woolf had been fascinated by her matchless indolence. But if any one disturbed her, she would flash out like a devil.

The pretty young Hungarian would have charmed Woolf at any other time. But to-night neither her beauty nor the music nor the wine could solace his restlessness. At eleven o’clock Woolf dismissed the dancers and took leave of Renée, without even troubling to give his usual excuse that he “must go and work.”

Returning to his own house he drank a cognac and walked up and down his brilliantly lit sitting-room. Stopping in front of a small lacquer-work cabinet, he opened it. It contained a number of locks of hair, blond, golden, red, auburn. Every lock had its label, like a medicine bottle. Each label was dated. Woolf looked at them all and laughed out loud scornfully. Like all men who have much to do with women who sell themselves, he had nothing but contempt for the sex.

But the sound of his own laughter startled him. It reminded him of a laugh he had heard somewhere. He remembered presently that it was an uncle of his who had laughed so—an uncle whom he had detested. That was strange.

He continued to walk up and down. The walls and the furniture got on his nerves. He could bear the loneliness no longer. He would go to his club.

It was three o'clock in the morning now. The streets were empty. At the club, members were playing poker at three tables, and at one of them Woolf took his place. It was wonderful what cards he held. Everything went his way. Soon he had won two thousand dollars. At six o'clock the game was abandoned and Woolf went home on foot. Two men with spades on their shoulders walked behind him talking. Another workman, much the worse for liquor, was rolling along the street singing and shouting inarticulately.

Arrived at his house, Woolf drank a glass of whisky so strong that he became half dazed. He had a hot bath and fell asleep in it, awaking only when his servant became anxious and knocked at the door. He dressed and went out. It was now broad daylight. A motor-car was standing near by and Woolf hailed it. But it was engaged. He walked down the street, followed by a man who kept on the other side—one of Allan's detectives, he surmised. Thinking to escape him Woolf jumped suddenly on a car that was passing.

He drank coffee in a saloon and wandered about the streets during the morning.

New York was in the full swing of its daily twelve-hour race. Everybody and everything was in a rush. Woolf had a sensation of being left behind. He quickened his pace, but

still everything and everybody seemed to rush past him. Manhattan, the heart of New York, was sucking them all in and shooting them all out by a thousand veins and arteries. He felt himself merely one of myriads of molecules. Every five minutes he was passed by an immense gray motor omnibus, in which a man could swallow down a breakfast sandwich and cup of coffee on his way to office. Woolf's eye was caught continually by the bold aggressive advertisements which diversified the scene. Certainly advertising had grown into a fine art. He smiled, momentarily forgetting his troubles.

From the Battery he saw three lemon-colored advertising aeroplanes cruising over the bay one after another, carrying for the benefit of possible purchasers on their way into the city the exciting announcement: "Wanamaker Remnant Day!"

Who, of all the thousands all around him, would remember that it was he who invented this kind of aerial advertising twelve years ago?

Woolf wandered about hour after hour until he came to Central Park, dizzy and stupefied, incapable of thought.

It began to rain and the park was deserted. He almost fell asleep.

He shuffled along, his head bent, his legs giving under him, looking like his old father, whom the fates had reduced to such poverty. He seemed to hear a voice within him saying: "The son of the old washer of corpses."

Now he was wide awake again. Where was he? In Central Park. What had brought him here? Why had he not escaped from New York and gone thousands of miles away? He looked at his watch. It was a few minutes after five. So he had nearly an hour, for Allan was a man of his word.

He began to consider things seriously. He had five thousand dollars on him. He could go a long distance on that. He would get away at once. Allan should not have him. He had succeeded in shaking off Allan's detectives. This was a comfort to him. He went into a barber's shop and had his beard shaved off, making his plans the while. The shop was in Columbus Circle. He would go to One Hundred and

Twenty-fifth Street by the subway and then take whatever train suited best.

At ten minutes to six he left the barber's. He bought some cigars and went down into the subway at seven minutes to the hour.

To his surprise he saw waiting here a man whom he knew, a fellow passenger on his voyage back to New York. This man saw him, but fortunately did not recognize him. Yet they had played poker together in the smoking-room every day.

An express dashed in, filling the station with noise and smoke. Woolf became impatient and looked at his watch. Five minutes to.

Suddenly he noticed that his acquaintance had disappeared. Looking round, he saw him standing at the back, deep in the *Herald*. A sudden fear seized Woolf, and he trembled in every limb. Supposing this man who had traveled with him all the way from Cherbourg were one of Allan's detectives? Three minutes to six. Woolf took some steps to one side, glancing furtively at the man as he did so. He continued to hold up the paper, but it was slightly torn, and in the aperture Woolf caught a glimpse of an eye.

His heart throbbed. The game was up. The train had started. Woolf threw himself on the rails in front of it. The man who had been watching him rushed forward to pull him back. Too late!

VIII

THE SPECTER

HALF an hour later the whole of New York was thrilled by the cries:

“Extra! Extra! Suicide of Woolf! All about Banker Woolf!”

The newspaper boys tore along the streets shouting, yelling—

“Woolf! Woolf! Woolf! Woolf crushed to death!”

Every one in New York had known Woolf by sight. Every one was familiar with the appearance of his fifty horse-power motor-car as it went down Broadway, with its silver dragon emitting notes of warning deep enough in tone for an ocean liner. Woolf had been a feature of New York, and now he was dead. The papers that favored the Syndicate headed the news: “Accident or Suicide?” Those that were opposed to it had in big lettering: “First Rasmussen! Now Woolf!”

“Woolf! Woolf! Woolf!” The newspaper boys went tearing about, unceasingly shouting the name.

Allan heard of the suicide five minutes after it had taken place. A detective told him over the telephone.

Startled and horrified, he walked up and down his room, unable to work. The streets were full of mist and only the higher stories of the tower buildings stood out clear in the rays of the setting sun. As soon as he could, he got into communication with the head of the Press Bureau, and with the acting head of the financial department.

All night long, the last interview with Woolf kept coming back to his mind—that last picture of him, lying back in the arm-chair, gasping for breath.

He reflected on all the disasters connected with the Tunnel. The future looked hopeless.

Woolf's suicide kept thousands awake that night. Rasmussen's death had made people nervous about the Syndicate, but this new tragedy seemed to confirm the worst fears. The Syndicate was going to smash. All the biggest banks in the world were involved in its fate, to the extent of millions of dollars, all the great industries, all classes of the public down to the newspaper boys. The excitement of New York was transmitted all over the world from San Francisco to Petrograd, from Cape Town to Sydney. Shares went down with a rush. Woolf's death was the beginning of the great landslide.

A committee of the principal bondholders met and debated for nearly twelve hours. There were stormy scenes and responsible and usually quiet men raged and stormed at each other. On the 2nd of January, the Syndicate had to meet liabilities amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars for which no adequate provision had been made.

The committee published a statement in which they made it known that the financial situation at the moment was unfavorable, but that they were not without hope of its being shortly improved. This necessarily guarded statement indicated the fatal condition of affairs quite clearly.

Next day ten dollar shares could be bought for a dollar. Countless individuals who had been "bitten" by the speculation years before were ruined.

There was a run upon the banks. Not only were those banks besieged which were known to be deeply involved with the Syndicate, but also many others which had no connection with it whatever. It was the worst thing since the crisis of 1907. Some of the smaller establishments went to smash at once, and even the big houses tottered. They tried in vain to soothe the minds of people by reassuring announcements in the newspapers. Immense sums had to be paid out. Offices had to be kept open all night in order to cope with the rush. The price of gold rose by leaps and bounds. Rates of interest beat all records. The New York City Bank was sup-

ported by Gould, Lloyd's bank was able to hold its own, the "American" was backed by a great London bank—the only European bank which came to the rescue at all, all the others maintaining an attitude of self-defense. The money markets of New York, Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna were all thrown into complete confusion and dismay. No day passed without its victims. Firm after firm of stockbrokers suspended payment, well-known financiers decamped or committed suicide, big industries put up the shutters.

Panic everywhere! In France, England, Germany, Austria, and Russia. Germany was the first to suffer, and within a week was almost as much a prey to alarm as America itself.

The industries which had thriven most on the Tunnel—iron, steel, copper, coal, and machinery—were, of course, those which were hardest hit. Hundreds of thousands of laborers were thrown out of work. Hundreds of thousands of others went on strike, determined to fight this time to the bitter end and not to listen to smooth words and mere promises that would be broken the moment the employer found it convenient.

The great strike broke out in Lille, Clermont-Ferrand and St. Etienne, and spread thence in every direction. It soon extended to England, Italy, Spain, Canada and the States. Entire cities were threatened with starvation. Furnaces became extinct, mines flooded, fleets of steamers lay idle. Every day brought new tidings of disaster. Railways, electric power stations, gas factories lacked coal. Not one-tenth of the usual trains were now running, and the Atlantic traffic was almost at a standstill.

Outbreaks of violence now began, first in Westphalia then in the London Docks. This was on December 8th. The streets by the West India Docks were strewn that evening with the bodies of dead and wounded, policemen as well as laborers. On the 10th a general strike was proclaimed throughout England and France, while Germany, Russia and Italy followed suit shortly afterwards.

War had definitely broken out between Capital and Labor all the world over.

All the terrible consequences of such a war soon became manifest. The mortality of infants and young children multiplied appallingly. Everywhere there was a scarcity of food, provisions were allowed to rot away in trains and cargo vessels. As Christmas approached the great capitals were threatened with famine, and were almost entirely without artificial light. Men and women froze in their dwellings, and the weak and sickly died off in thousands. Every day brought its tale of murders and robberies. The specter of Revolution hung over the world.

In the midst of all this turmoil and tragedy, the Tunnel Syndicate still lived. It was a shattered wreck, but it still lived.

This was Lloyd's achievement. He had called together a meeting of all its strongest supporters, and had addressed them himself—the first time he had spoken in this way, on account of his physical ailments, for over twenty years. The Syndicate must not fall, he told them. The times were desperate and its fall would result in world-wide disaster, more awful than anything they had yet witnessed. The general strike could not last, as things were, more than two or three weeks, as the workmen would be starving. The crisis could be brought to an end by the New Year. But sacrifices must be made to this end. Those present must make up their mind to find the money required at once. Bondholders and shareholders must be paid every cent due to them on January 2nd, if the Syndicate was to be saved.

Lloyd himself set an example. The day was won.

The meeting was a secret one. Next day the papers announced that the Syndicate's financial affairs had been righted and that all its liabilities were to be met as usual.

IX

SMALL CHANGE, PLEASE!

ON New Year's Day all the New York theaters, concert-halls and restaurants are wont to be full to overflowing.

But this year everything was different. Only in a few of the biggest hotels was the mode of life unaltered. The street-cars were not working. Only at rare intervals was there a train running—worked by engineers—on the elevated railroads or the subways. In the harbor the ocean liners lay empty, and enveloped in mist. In the evening the streets were almost dark, only a few lamps being lit, and none of the electric light advertisements were in use.

At midnight a dense crowd of men had already begun to congregate outside the Syndicate Building, prepared to wait there until the morning, when they were to recover their interest—there were rumors that the Syndicate would close its doors on the 3rd, and they were taking no risks.

The night was very cold, several degrees below freezing point. A fine snow fell like white sand from the dense black sky which swallowed up the higher stories of the great structure. Shivering, with chattering teeth, they kept shoving this way and that in the attempt to warm themselves, the while they exchanged hopes and forebodings in regard to the fate of the Tunnel. They were packed together so close that they might have slept standing, but no one so much as closed an eye. Their anxiety was too great. It was still on the cards that the doors would be closed after all in spite of announcements. If so their shares would there and then become worthless.

At eight o'clock there was a sudden movement throughout the dense throng. The first lights had been lit inside the Syndicate Building.

At nine o'clock—while the clock was still striking—the heavy church-like doors of the building opened. The crowd flowed into the beautiful vestibule and thence into the public offices, brightly lit. An army of fresh, alert, dapper officials busied themselves behind the small office windows. The business of paying out the money was transacted like clock-work at all the pay-desks. Everything was done quickly, methodically. Each man, as he got his money, found himself moved along by those pressing after him.

Towards ten o'clock, however, there was a partial stoppage. Three of the pay-desks were closed simultaneously owing to a scarcity of small change. This evoked alarm and the officials were appealed to excitedly by dozens of voices. It was announced that the pay-desks would be closed for five minutes. The public was requested to have small change ready, to save time.

The situation of those waiting at the desks was anything but pleasant, for the pressure had increased. Hitherto, sections of the dense mass in the central hall had been released regularly as the money was paid out, but now that there was no outlet it had become crammed in every corner. If those who were already in allowed themselves to be pushed on and out of the other door, all their ten hours of waiting would have been lost and they would have had to come back after all the thousands now pushing their way in from outside. They were in no humor for trifling. They shouted and yelled.

The excitement increased.

Suddenly the pay-desks opened again, and the clerks began again to hand out money as quickly as before. But it was too late. The news that payment had been interrupted had had its effect outside, and thousands of now frenzied men were fighting their way in. The crowd was so great that egress became impossible. The doors began to crack and give, and in another minute the clerks and officials took flight, the mob surging into the counting house over the broken débris of the pay-desks, and out of it through all the many doors. After them came a fresh crowd stumbling through

scattered piles of papers, overturned desks, heaps of coins, shouting and cursing and vowing vengeance.

One thing alone was clear to all—their money was lost! Their money! Their hopes! Everything!

The whole building was now in an uproar. The enraged mob set themselves to smash everything within reach—windows, tables, chairs. They forced their way upstairs into the upper stories.

The building, as it happened, was almost empty. It had been decided some time before to economize by vacating all the floors that were not absolutely required, and to sublet them. Most of the offices had been already transferred to Mac City, others were being made ready for the new tenants.

The second and third floors were filled with letter-files, files of accounts, plans, and so forth, which it was intended to remove during this first week of the New Year.

The mob in its rage began to hurl these things out of the window into the street and into the elevators and the elevator shafts.

Three young mechanics, more venturesome than the rest, took possession of the lift and made their way up to Allan's room on the thirty-second floor. As the three reached Allan's room he came out of the door.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“We want our money!”

“Go to hell!” And Allan slammed the door in their faces.

They stood staring at the door, entirely taken aback. This was not at all what they had intended. And they decided to beat a retreat.

As they descended in the elevator, it looked indeed as though they were going, if not to hell, to purgatory. At the twelfth story they found themselves enveloped in smoke, and at the eighth they saw great tongues of flame. The Syndicate Building was on fire!

X

FIRE!

No one knew how it happened or whose doing it was!

A man suddenly appeared on a window-sill on the third floor. Holding both his hands up to his mouth to serve as a megaphone he shouted out to the crowd below at the top of his voice, "Fire! Fire! The building is on fire! Get back!"

It was a bank clerk named James Blackstone. At first nobody could make out what he was saying, amid the din. But, presently, as he kept on shouting one and another began to realize. And they realized that what looked like mist up above was really smoke. Now it became thicker and darker. There could no longer be any doubt about it. The great building was on fire.

There were thousands of men still inside, rushing about in their wild fury, but now they came streaming down pell-mell over the granite steps into the street. Most of them had seen the terrifying sight of the burning lifts laden with bundles of paper, the flames shooting up into the higher stories.

The crowd in the street continued to watch Blackstone on his window-sill. Now he was moving, he seemed to grow bigger—he had jumped! He fell on a dense group of men who had rushed down the steps. It was a wonder none of them were killed. Blackstone was lifted and carried away—he had only dislocated one of his feet.

From Blackstone's first shout until his jump no more than five minutes had elapsed. Ten minutes later Pine Street, Wall Street, Thomas Street, Cedar, Nassau Street and Broadway were full of fire-engines and ambulance cars.

Kelly, the Head of the Fire Department, realized at once the great danger to the entire business quarter and he requisitioned more engines from Brooklyn, a step which had not

been taken since the great fire in the Equitable Buildings.

The northern passage of Brooklyn Bridge was blocked, and eight fire-engines shot over the suspension bridge to Manhattan.

The Syndicate Building was now emitting smoke like a gigantic oven.

The burning elevators had each at a certain point in their ascent come to a stop and then fallen headlong to the basement, sending out great showers of sparks as they did so. In the vestibule, explosions could be heard coming from the shaft like the discharge of cannon. Now all that remained of the burning papers went sweeping upwards to the dome of glass, which burst in the heat. A great volume of flame escaped skywards like the eruption of a volcano.

High above it, circling round and round like some great eagle whose eyrie was on fire, was an aeroplane. An Edison-Bio cinematographer was on board, busily taking records of the exciting scene, with its picturesque background of snow-covered sky-scrapers.

XI

ALLAN ESCAPES

ALLAN escaped on to the roof of the Mercantile Café Company, which lay eight stories below him.

A few minutes after the appearance of the three young artisans, he had discovered that the building was on fire. When Lion came in with the news, trembling with fear and excitement, he began to snatch up papers from the tables, and shove them into his pockets.

He threw Lion some keys. "Open the safe," he ordered, "and don't worry. The building is fireproof." He was deadly pale. This new and final disaster overwhelmed him. "This is the end of everything," he said to himself.

The whole catalogue of mishaps and catastrophes came back to his memory. He continued mechanically, hardly knowing what he did, to collect together the drawings and plans and documents of all sorts lying about the room.

The telephone bell rang. It was Kelly calling up to tell Allan that he must get down on the Mercantile Café Company's roof at once.

Allan went on gathering things together, and handing them to Lion to put in the safe.

Lion was almost mad with fright, but dared not disobey. There were warnings of a terrible storm in his master's set face.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and the Russo-German Strom entered the room. He was wearing a short overcoat, and stood with his hat in his hand. He stood like a man determined to wait patiently, resolute of purpose, but not importunate. "It is time to get away, Mr. Allan," he said. Allan wondered how Strom had got there, but he couldn't stop now to think that out. He remembered that

Strom was in New York to discuss with him the shrinkage in their corps of engineers.

"You go on, Strom," he said, "I shall follow." And he went on picking up the papers. Looking up presently he saw Strom still standing near the door. "Still there?" he exclaimed.

"I am waiting for you, Mr. Allan," Strom replied in his quiet, resolute tone of voice.

Suddenly a great cloud of smoke blew into the room, and a white-helmeted chief of the Fire Department made his appearance. "Kelly has sent me to tell you, Mr. Allan," he said, "that in another five minutes you won't be able to get down to the roof."

"I want exactly five minutes more," Allan replied, still working energetically.

At this moment they heard the click of an instantaneous shutter, and a photographer was discovered busy with his camera.

"How did you come here?" cried the Fire Chief, astonished.

"I climbed up after you," was the reply.

Allan could not help bursting out laughing. "Now, Lion," he shouted a few seconds later. "Come along, we must clear out."

The corridor was black with dense vapor. They had no time to lose. One by one they got out on the roof. On three sides of it angry columns of smoke went rushing up, entirely obscuring the view. The photographer hustled round with his camera, snapshotting everything.

To the eyes of those watching anxiously from neighboring windows, the descent seemed even more dangerous than it really was.

The roof of the Mercantile Café Company looked like a glacier. As they reached it, Kelly walked up to Allan. They were old friends. "I am glad I got you down, Mac," he said. "Thanks, Bill," Allan answered. The words were reproduced that evening in all the papers.

XII

HUNTED

It had been one of the biggest fires on record in New York, but, strange to say, only six men lost their lives in it.

While the smoke was still whirling in clouds over the city, and bits of charred paper still kept falling from the gray sky, the newspapers came out with illustrated descriptions of the burning building, and of Kelly's band of heroes, together with portraits of the victims.

The Syndicate was obviously completely done for. Tens of thousands of letters and plans of the utmost value had been burned. The annual meeting of shareholders was due on the first Tuesday in January—four days after the fire. The Directors had no option but to admit failure.

That evening a mob of roughs gathered round the Central Park Hotel, where Allan had his quarters, and began to shout and yell. The manager became nervous, and showed Allan letters which he had received threatening to destroy the building if Allan remained in it.

Allan handed them back with a bitter smile. "I understand," he said. He moved across to the Palace Hotel under an assumed name. Next day he had to move again. Three days later there wasn't a hotel in New York that dared to take him in. Hotels which not long before would have given him precedence before reigning princes now closed their doors against him.

He could not go to the Tunnel City, for threats had been made that it would be set on fire if he did, so he betook himself to Buffalo by a night train. The steel works were under police protection. They were no longer his property, however, for he had disposed of them to Brown, the famous millionaire.

From Buffalo he was obliged to move on to Chicago, but here also he was in danger. He stayed for a few days with Vanderstyfft in Ohio, but three granaries on Vanderstyfft's model farm were set on fire, and fearing other such demonstrations, he took his leave.

At last he found a haven in Canada. Ethel Lloyd wrote to him on her father's behalf placing his Manitoba place, Turtle River, at Allan's disposal. "Papa will be very glad," she said, "if you will stay there as long as you like. You will have some trout fishing, and there are good horses for you to ride. I recommend 'Teddy' to you in particular. We shall join you there in the summer. New York has already begun to quiet down."

The sensational newspapers, unable to trace his whereabouts, jumped to the conclusion that he had made away with himself, and came out with headlines to the effect that the Tunnel had "done for him" too.

But those who knew him best prophesied that he would presently reappear in New York. And he did so sooner than any one expected.

The wreck of the Syndicate had involved absolute ruin to great numbers, but the final disaster had not been fatal to so many as those which had preceded it. The actual bankruptcy had been anticipated, and things generally were in such a terrible condition already that they could not be made much worse. The progress of the world seemed to have been thrown back twenty years. Industry was at a standstill everywhere.

On the Missouri and the Amazon, as on the Volga and the Congo, steamers and barges lay empty and idle. Workhouses and asylums of all kinds were overcrowded. Everywhere there was bitter poverty, hunger, and misery.

Economic causes lay at the back of all this, and it was folly to assert that Allan was responsible, but the newspapers never ceased to hold him to blame. Day after day they continued to accuse him of having swindled the people out of their money by his false promises. After seven years' work only one-third of the Tunnel was built. He could never in

his heart have believed that the whole work would be completed within fifteen years.

At last, in the middle of February, a warrant was made out for his arrest on the definite charge of having consciously misled the investors.

Two days later New York resounded with the cry: "Mac Allan comes back! Mac Allan arrested!"

The liquidators of the Syndicate, and Lloyd also, urged Allan to be cautious, but he threw caution to the winds. While confined in the Tombs Prison he received daily visits of some hours' duration from Strom, in whose hands he had left the control of the Tunnel.

Allan worked strenuously, and the time passed speedily for him. He set himself to planning out the completion of the Tunnel on the basis of a single gallery. He saw nobody except Strom and his legal advisers.

Ethel Lloyd called on one occasion, but he refused to see her.

The trial lasted three weeks, and covered the whole history of the enterprise and of all its disasters.

Ethel Lloyd was present throughout the proceedings, listening eagerly to everything.

Allan's appearance caused much sensation and some surprise. People expected to see him looking a broken man, an object for pity. But he seemed as well as ever. He held himself erect, his face was calm and strong. He spoke quietly, slowly, in his wonted concise, downright American fashion, which served sometimes to recall the fact that he had started life as pony boy on "Uncle Tom."

There was great excitement also when Hobby was called into the witness-box. Could this gray-haired man be the once elegant and frivolous Hobby who had ridden down Broadway on an elephant?

The crux of the whole case lay in the question of the fifteen years estimated for the building of the Tunnel.

Had Allan felt honestly convinced that the work could be completed within that period?

Every one expected Allan to reply in the affirmative. His four counsel were dumbstruck by his reply.

No, he had not felt convinced. He had hoped, however, that with favorable conditions it would be completed within that period.

The speeches of counsel took two whole days. Then came the fateful day when the jury must give their verdict. They dared not declare Allan not guilty. They had no anxiety to be blown up by dynamite, or to be shot on the thresholds of their homes. They declared him guilty of consciously misleading the public. Allan was condemned to an imprisonment of six years and three months.

It was an American verdict, unintelligible to Europe. It was given under the pressure of the feeling of the public and the conditions of the moment, and political motives had their influence in it. The elections were imminent, and the Republican Administration was anxious to placate the Democratic Party. Allan heard the verdict calmly, and at once lodged an appeal.

In the meantime he was taken to the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta.

In June the Court of Appeals had the case brought before it. The verdict was not reversed, and Allan was taken back to Atlanta.

There remained the Supreme Court. After several months the case came up for its final hearing. Things were serious now.

Fortunately the financial crisis had partially subsided, and business had been showing signs of improvement. Feeling was no longer as bitter as it had been. There were a hundred signs that Allan's case would now go in his favor.

Allan's appearance on this occasion evoked fresh surprise, for now he looked thin and ill, and there were heavy lines on his forehead. His hair had become gray over the temples, and there was no light in his eyes. He seemed utterly indifferent as to his fate.

The excitement attendant on the previous trials had not affected him, but the imprisonment in Atlanta had undermined his health. A man of his stamp could not thrive when withdrawn from active life; he went rusty, as it were, like

a machine out of use. He grew restless and could not sleep. He began to have dreadful dreams—hideous nightmares, full of all kinds of horrors connected with the Tunnel and its disasters. Once he dreamed that he saw Woolf's body cut into three pieces, each of them alive and beseeching him for forgiveness.

The Supreme Court decided in his favor, and his release was the occasion of great rejoicing. Ethel Lloyd was again present in court, and waved her pocket-handkerchief about triumphantly. Allan had to be guarded on his way to his car, there was such a rush to greet him and congratulate him. The streets rang with cries of "Mac Allan! Mac Allan!"

The wind had changed indeed!

Allan had now but one idea—to be alone, and to think out his plans for himself.

He betook himself to Mac City.

PART VI

PART VI

I

FIGHTING ALONE

THE Tunnel was dead.

A step sounded like a knell in the empty galleries—a voice re-echoed as in a cellar. In the stations the machines hummed monotonously by day and night, attended by silent, embittered engineers. Solitary trains clattered in and out. Only in the submarine cutting, where the workmen of the Pittsburg Refining and Smelting Company were, was there bustle. Tunnel Town was forsaken, buried in dust, extinct. The air which once thundered with the milling stones of the cement-mixing machines and the steam hammers was still—the earth no longer trembled. In the port lay rows of disused steamships. In the galleries, machines which had once sparkled like fairy palaces were blackened, lifeless ruins. The harbor searchlight was extinguished.

Allan lived on the third floor of the works. His windows looked out upon a sea of lines which stretched, unused and covered in dust, far into the distance. During the first weeks he did not even leave the building. Then he spent some time in the galleries. He associated with no one but Strom. Hobby had deserted his country house some time before. He had given up his profession, and bought a farm in Maine. In November, Allan had a three hours' interview with old Lloyd, and at that meeting his last hopes were dashed to the ground. Disheartened and embittered, he boarded a sea-going steamer belonging to the Syndicate. The call which he made at the various ports was barely mentioned in the newspapers, and no one troubled to read the notices. Mac

Allan was as dead as the Tunnel—new names were on the lips of the public.

When, in the early spring, he returned to Mac City, not a soul gave him a second thought—except only Ethel Lloyd.

She waited for him to call on her father. But as time passed and he did not appear, she wrote him a short, friendly note.

Allan did not answer the letter.

Ethel was surprised and hurt. She sent for the cleverest New York detective, and ordered him to watch Allan, and give her immediate information as to his doings. The very next day the detective gave her a precise account of him. Allan worked daily in the Tunnel. He usually returned to his rooms between eleven and twelve at night. He lived completely cut off from the world, and since his return he had not received a soul. The way to him was over Strom's body, and Strom was as inexorable as a jailer.

Towards sunset that very day Ethel arrived at the Tunnel town, and sent in her name to Allan. She was asked to speak to Mr. Strom. For this she was prepared, and had made her plan of action carefully. She would soon settle him. She had seen him when Allan's case was on. She hated him and admired him at the same time. She abhorred his inhuman frigidity and his scorn, but she delighted in his courage. To-day he would meet Ethel Lloyd!

With her most seductive and winsome smile, she felt sure she would instantly dazzle and disarm Strom.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Strom," she began, in soft, flattering accents. "My name is Ethel Lloyd, and I should like to see Mr. Allan." Strom did not turn a hair. Neither her name, nor her silver fox furs, nor her pretty, smiling lips made the slightest impression upon him. Ethel had the humiliating feeling that he was bored to extinction by her visit.

"Mr. Allan is in the Tunnel, Miss Lloyd," he said coldly. Against his glance and the impudence with which he lied, Ethel rebelled, and tore the mask of amiability from her face. She became white with rage.

"You lie," she answered, with a quiet, angry laugh. "I have just been told that he is here."

Strom did not get excited. "Madam, I cannot force you to believe me. I bid you good-day." That was all.

Such a thing had never yet occurred in Ethel Lloyd's life. Trembling in every limb, and pale with excitement, she answered: "You will hear from me again, Mr. Strom. Never have I been treated as you have treated me to-day! But one day *I* shall show *you* the door. Do you hear?"

"When that happens, I shall make less fuss about it than you are doing, Miss Lloyd," he said freezingly.

Ethel looked into his icy eyes, and into his expressionless face. She wanted to tell him straight out that he was no gentleman, but she restrained herself, and was silent. Instead, she threw him a contemptuous glance, and went.

And as, with tears in her eyes, she hurried down the steps, she kept saying to herself: "He has gone mad, that sphinx! The Tunnel makes them all mad, Hobby, Allan—it only takes a couple of years for them all to become lunatics!"

And Ethel cried with passion and disappointment as she drove back to New York. She had made up her mind to use all her powers against this Strom, behind whom Allan had entrenched himself, but the man's impudent and chilling look had swept her determination on one side. She sobbed with anger at her weak tactics. "But I'll make that man remember Ethel Lloyd," she said revengefully, and laughed. "I'll buy up the whole Tunnel, just to have the pleasure of turning this fellow out. You wait and see."

That night at table, she sat pale and silent opposite her father.

"Pass Mr. Lloyd the sauce," she said imperiously to the butler. "Can't you see?"

And the man, who knew Ethel's moods only too well, did as he was ordered without so much as blinking.

Old Lloyd looked shyly into the cold imperious eyes of his pretty daughter.

Ethel let no obstacles stand in her way. She had seen Allan. She had made up her mind to speak to him, and she

would do it, cost what it might. But for nothing on earth would she turn to Strom again. She loathed him! And she was convinced that she would gain her ends.

The following evenings the old man was forced to dine alone. Ethel excused herself. Every afternoon at four o'clock she went to Mac City, and returned by the evening train at half past ten. From six till nine she waited in a hired motor which she ordered from New York, ten steps away from the main entrance to the offices. Enveloped in furs, she sat there, shivering with cold, a strange adventurous excitement in her blood, ashamed of the part she was playing, and staring through the frozen panes, which now and then she breathed on to thaw. In spite of a few lamps which seemed to tear shimmering holes in the black night, it was pitch dark outside, and only the confused tangle of rails shone dully. Each time some one came near and passed, Ethel looked up sharply, and her heart beat.

On the third evening she saw Allan for the first time. He came straight across the lines with a man, and she recognized him immediately by his walk. But the man at his side was Strom! The two went close by the car, and, as he passed, Strom turned his face towards the glittering frost-covered window. Ethel imagined that he had guessed who sat in the car, and she was afraid that he would call Allan's attention to it. But he went straight on without saying a word.

Two days later Allan came out of the Tunnel earlier than usual. He jumped out of a slow train and, without haste, crossed the lines. Nearer and nearer he came, silently and thoughtfully. Just as he had his foot on the entrance steps Ethel opened the door of the car and called him by name.

Allan stood still for an instant, and looked round. Then he turned to go up the steps. "Mr. Allan!" Ethel called again, and hurried up to him. He stopped and looked inquiringly at her veiled face.

He wore a wide brown overcoat, a muffler, and high boots, which were covered in mud. His face was thin and hard. For an instant they stared at one another in silence.

“Miss Lloyd?” asked Allan in a deep, even voice.

Ethel was embarrassed. She had but a vague remembrance of Allan's voice. She hesitated to raise her veil, for she felt that her cheeks were crimson. “Yes,” she said uncertainly, “it is,” and she pushed it up.

Allan looked at her with earnest, clear eyes. “What are you doing here?” he asked.

Then Ethel regained her composure. She realized that her chance was lost if in this instant she did not strike the right note. Instinctively she did what was right. She laughed as lightheartedly and happily as a child, and said: “It is a wonder that you did not scold me, Mr. Allan! I want to speak to you, and as you will see nobody, for two long hours I have sat in this car watching for you.”

The expression on Allan's face did not change. But his voice sounded not unfriendly as he asked her to come in.

Ethel breathed once more. The dangerous moment was over. She laughed again as she stepped into the lift.

“I wrote to you,” she said, smiling.

Allan did not look at her. “Yes, yes, I know,” he answered absently, and stared at the ground. “But, really and truly, at that time——” And Allan murmured something that she could not understand. At the same instant the lift stopped. Lion opened the door of Allan's apartment.

“And here is old Lion still!” exclaimed Ethel, and put out her hand to the thin Japanese as if to an old friend. “How are you, Lion?”

“Thank you,” whispered the amazed Lion in an inaudible tone, and bowed, shuffling.

Allan begged Ethel to excuse him a moment, and Lion showed her into a large, well heated room, and left her at once. Ethel unfastened her mantle and pulled off her gloves. The room struck her as tasteless and uninteresting. There was no doubt about it that Allan had chosen the furniture by telephone and left all the arrangement to the upholsterer. The result was that the curtains were too short and that the window mullions were uncovered, letting three or four steely stars peep in. Some time elapsed. Lion came and

served tea and toast. At last Allan entered. He had put on another suit and changed his high boots.

"I am at your command, Miss Lloyd," he said quietly, seating himself on the sofa. "How is your father?" And Ethel read in his face that he did not appreciate her presence.

"Father is well, thank you," she answered absently. She could now see Allan clearly. He had turned quite gray and looked years older. His sharpened features were quite still, stony, full of hidden bitterness and dumb obstinacy. His eyes were cold, without life, and did not permit of a searching study. Ethel had really intended to complain of Strom's behavior, but when she saw Allan, so changed, so estranged, and so distant with her, she checked her impulse. Her heart told her that there must be some way of getting behind this icy reserve.

She adopted a friendly and confidential tone, as if they had once been, and still were, the best of friends. "Mr. Allan," she said, as with a bright look in her blue eyes she gave him her hand, "you don't know how glad I am to see you again!" She could scarcely hide her excitement.

Allan gave her his hand, which had grown hard and coarse. He smiled a little, but in his eyes was a quiet, good-natured contempt for this kind of womanly sympathy.

Ethel did not care. Nothing would intimidate her now. She looked at Allan and shook her head. "You don't look well," she continued. "The life you're leading just now doesn't suit you. I understand quite well that you needed peace and quiet for a time, but I don't think too much of it is good for you. Don't be angry with me for saying so. You require—your work—you miss the Tunnel! That's what's the matter!"

She had hit upon the truth; she had struck the weak spot in Allan's armor. He sat there and stared at her. He did not answer a word and made not the slightest attempt to interrupt her.

Ethel had taken him by surprise, and she used his bewilderment for her own ends. She spoke so quickly and excitedly that it would have been impossible for him, without being

unmannerly, to interrupt her. She reproached him for cutting himself off from his friends, for burying himself alive in this dead city; she described her experience with Strom, she spoke of Lloyd, of New York, of friends and acquaintances, and always returned to the Tunnel. Who would complete the Tunnel if he didn't? To whom would the world trust this duty? Apart from all that, she told him openly that it would all be wasted if the work were not soon put in hand again . . .

Allan's gray eyes had grown somber and dark with the grief, pain and bitterness and longing that Ethel had awakened in them.

"Why do you say that to me?" he asked, with an unwilling glance at Ethel.

"Oh! I know I've no right to speak to you so," she answered, "unless it be the right of a friend or an acquaintance. But I say it to you because——" But she could find no reason, and she went on: "I am only reproaching you because you bury yourself alive in this room, instead of moving heaven and earth to finish the building of the Tunnel."

Allan shook his head cautiously and smiled resignedly. "Miss Lloyd," he answered, "I can't understand you. I *have* moved heaven and earth, and I am still doing my best. But for the present there is no chance of the work being put in hand again."

"Why not?"

Allan gazed at her in astonishment. "We've no money," he answered curtly.

"But who can create money if you can't?" Ethel retaliated in a hurry, with a quiet laugh. "So long as you lock yourself up here, certainly nobody will give you money."

"I've tried everything," he answered, and Ethel saw she was beginning to weary him.

She picked up her gloves. "Have you spoken to father?" she asked.

Allan nodded and avoided her glance.

"To Mr. Lloyd? Certainly," he said.

"Well, what then?"

“Mr. Lloyd held out no hopes at all,” he replied, looking at Ethel.

Ethel laughed her lighthearted, childish laugh.

“When was that?” she said.

He considered a moment. “It was last autumn.”

“Yes, in the autumn. Father’s hands were tied then. Now the case is quite different.” And Ethel fired off her broadside. “Papa told me that I might take the work over. But he naturally feels he cannot make the advances. You, he says, must go to him.” She said it quite simply.

Allan sat still. The blood rushed to his head. He suddenly seemed to hear the thunderous labor of the works again. Could it be true? Lloyd? His excitement was so great that he got up. He was silent awhile. Then he looked at Ethel. She was buttoning her gloves, and this little act seemed to need her entire attention.

Ethel rose and smiled at Allan. “Of course papa didn’t tell me to say this. He must never know even that I have been here.” She held out her hand.

Allan looked at her with a thankful glance. “It was really very friendly of you to come and see me, Miss Lloyd!” he said, and took her hand.

She laughed again. “Oh, please don’t say that. I have nothing doing just now, and I thought I’d just come and see what you were doing. Good-by.”

II

PLANS AGLEY

THAT evening Ethel was so bright that it did old Lloyd's heart good to see her. And after dinner she slipped her arms round his neck and said: "Has my dear old father time to-morrow morning to talk something very important over with me?"

"To-day, if you like, Ethel."

"No, to-morrow. And will he do all I want him to do?"

"If he can, my child."

"He can!"

The next day Allan received a very friendly invitation in Lloyd's own handwriting, which clearly betrayed Ethel's dictation.

Allan found Lloyd in excellent spirits. He was more shriveled, and Allan had the impression that the old man was growing rather childish. For example, he had completely forgotten Allan's visit of the past autumn. He gossiped about all the innovations which had come about in the course of the past months, about scandals and elections. Although his brain seemed to be giving way, he was still lively and full of interest in everything, observant and quick as ever. Allan chatted absent-mindedly, for he was full of his own thoughts. He could find no means of bringing the conversation round to the Tunnel.

Lloyd told him of plans he had made for observatories which he intended to present to various nations, and as Allan was on the point of veering round to the topic which was his only interest, the man-servant announced that Miss Lloyd was waiting for the gentlemen.

Ethel was dressed as if for a ball. She looked dazzling.

Everything about her was bright and fresh and elegant. Without the disfiguring, ugly mark on her chin, she would have been the most celebrated beauty in New York. Allan was surprised when he saw her. He had never realized before how lovely she was. But what surprised him still more was her talent for acting when she greeted him.

"Why, is that you, Mr. Allan?" she exclaimed, and looked at him with shining, straight blue eyes. "How long is it since we met? Where have you hidden yourself all this time?"

"Ethel, don't be so curious!" her father remonstrated.

Ethel laughed. At dinner she was in the best of spirits.

They sat down at a big round mahogany table, which Ethel herself had profusely decorated with flowers. Lloyd's head looked almost grotesque in such surroundings—a brown mummy in a sea of blooms. Ethel was constantly looking after her father. He was only allowed to eat certain things, and laughed like a child when she refused him everything that he enjoyed, and which the doctor had forbidden him.

Pleasure showed itself in every line of his face when Ethel put some lobster mayonnaise before him.

"To-day we won't be so strict, dad," she said, "because Mr. Allan is here."

"Mind you come often, then, Allan," gurgled Lloyd. "She's kinder to me when you're here."

At every opportunity that presented itself Ethel let Allan understand how pleased she was to see him.

After dinner they took coffee in a lofty hall, which resembled a palm-house. It was so dark that only their profiles could be seen. Lloyd had to be careful of his inflamed eyes. "Sing us something, child," said Lloyd, and lighted a big black cigar. They were specially prepared for him in Havana, and were the only luxury which he permitted himself.

Ethel shook her head. "No, dad; Mr. Allan doesn't like music."

The brown mummy-skull turned to Allan. "You don't like music?"

"I have no ear," Allan answered.

Lloyd nodded. "How could you?" he began with the thoughtful importance of an old man. "You have to think, and you don't need music. It was just the same with me years ago. Then as I grew older and the necessity to dream came over me, suddenly I loved it. Music is only for women, children and weak-minded folk——"

"Shame, father!" called Ethel out of the depths of a rocker.

"I enjoy the privilege of old age, Allan," he continued idly. "Besides, Ethel has brought me up on music—my little Ethel, who sits there mocking at her father!"

"Isn't papa a dear?" said Ethel, and looked at Allan.

Then, after a little heated discussion between father and daughter, in which Lloyd was badly beaten, Lloyd began of his own accord to speak of the Tunnel. "How is the Tunnel getting on, Allan?"

In all his questions it was easy to see that he had been carefully primed by his daughter and that Lloyd was trying to draw him on kindly.

"The Germans are anxious to have a regular airship service," said Lloyd. "You'll see that it will easily go forward now, Allan."

The moment had come. And Allan said clearly and loudly, "Give me your name, Mr. Lloyd, and I will begin to-morrow."

Whereupon Lloyd answered thoughtfully, "I have wanted to make proposals to you for some time, Allan. I have even thought of writing to you whilst you have been away. But Ethel said: Wait till Allan comes to you. She wouldn't allow it!"

Lloyd chuckled triumphantly at the trick he was playing on Ethel.

Suddenly there appeared on his face a look of surprise as Ethel, striking the palm of her hand on the arm of the chair, got up, pale to the lips, and said, with eyes blazing, "Father, how dare you say such a thing?"

She threw the train of her dress over her arm, and banged the door.

Allan sat dumbfounded. Lloyd had given her away! Lloyd turned his head excitedly.

"Now, what have I done?" he stammered. "It was only a joke! I didn't mean it. What have I said wrong?" he asked, perplexed by Ethel's sudden exit.

He pulled himself together, and tried to seem bright and confident. "Oh, she'll come back," he said quietly. "She has the best heart in the world, Allan! But she is not to be counted on; she is very moody, just as her mother was. And then she comes back after a time, kneels near me, and strokes me and says: 'I'm sorry, papa; to-day's one of my bad days!'"

Ethel's chair was still rocking. There was silence. Somewhere in the great hall an invisible fountain babbled and splashed.

In the street motors were tooting like ships in a fog.

Lloyd looked at Allan, who sat silently there; then he glanced at the door and listened. After a pause he rang for the man-servant.

"Where is Miss Lloyd?" he asked.

"Miss Lloyd has gone to her room."

Lloyd's head fell. "Then we shan't see her again, Allan," he said in a quiet and disappointed tone. "I shall not see her to-morrow either. And a day without Ethel is to me a lost day. I have nothing but Ethel." He shook his little bald head and could not be reassured. "Promise me you will come back to-morrow, so that we may calm Ethel down. Who can understand such a girl? If only I knew I've done wrong?"

Lloyd spoke sadly. He was deeply grieved. Then he was silent, staring straight in front of him. He gave the impression of an unhappy, desperate man.

After a time Allan got up and asked Lloyd to excuse him.

"I've robbed you of your good humor too, through my stupidity," said Lloyd, nodding as he gave Allan his little hand, which was as soft as a girl's. "She was so pleased that you were coming! She was in such high spirits! The whole day she's called me dad." And Lloyd remained sitting

alone in the half-lighted palm-hall, very small in the big room, staring in front of him—an old, desolate man.

In the meantime Ethel, full of shame and anger, sat in her room tearing up half a dozen handkerchiefs and hurling inconsistent reproaches at her father.

“How could father say it? . . . How could he? . . . What must Mac think of me now?”

Allan wrapt himself up in his coat and left the house. Lloyd's car was waiting for him, but he dismissed it. He went slowly down the avenue. It was snowing. Soft flakes were falling, and his feet passed silently over the white carpet.

Allan had a bitter drawn smile on his lips. He understood! His character was open and straightforward, and he seldom thought of the motives of others. He had no passions, nor did he understand passion in his fellow creatures. He was without guile, and never imagined intrigue and craft in others.

He had not thought it very strange that Ethel should look him up in the Tunnel town. In the old days she had often been to his house, and was a real friend of his.

He had considered it an act of friendliness—her coming and telling him that Lloyd would help. Now he saw through her! He was to be beholden to her alone! He was to gain the impression that she, Ethel, had talked her father into great financial enterprises! In a word, it was to depend on Ethel Lloyd whether he could go on building or not. But, by God, Ethel did not know him!

Allan's step became slower and slower. His last hope had been Lloyd. But under these conditions it was out of the question! His last hope was gone . . .

The next morning he received a telegram from Lloyd, in which the old man begged him to come to supper. “I will ask Ethel to sup with us, and I am sure she will not refuse. I have not seen her to-day.” Allan wired back that he could not possibly come that night as a mass of water had burst into the north gallery. That was true, but his presence was in no wise necessary.

Day after day he was in the dreary galleries, and his heart took to it the gloom of his surroundings. The inaction that was forced upon him ate into his very being.

About a week later, one clear winter's day, Ethel came to Mac City. She arrived at Allan's office just as he was having a conference with Strom. She was entirely wrapped in white fur, and looked fresh and bright.

"Hullo!" she began, without beating about the bush and just as if nothing had happened. "How lucky to find you in! Father sent me to fetch you." She completely ignored Strom.

"Mr. Strom!" said Allan, taken in by Ethel's composure and *sang froid*.

"I have had the pleasure!" murmured Strom, as he bowed and left.

Ethel took not the slightest notice.

"Yes," she went on, "I have come to call for you, Mr. Allan. This evening there is a concert at the Philharmonic, and father wants you to come to it with us. My car is down below."

Allan looked quietly into her eyes.

"I must get on with my work, Miss Lloyd," he said.

Ethel looked at him piercingly and pouted.

"Good heavens, are you still angry with me because of the other day? I know I was wrong," she said, "but listen—was it nice of papa to say that? Just as if I were intriguing against you? Now, father said I must bring you with me to-day. If you still have something to do, I can wait. The weather is beautiful, and I shall go for a drive in the meantime. May I count on you? I'll 'phone to papa immediately . . ."

Allan wanted to refuse. But as he looked at Ethel, he knew that refusal would wound her pride deeply, and then his hopes would be forever buried. Yet he could not make up his mind to accept, but answered vaguely: "Perhaps, but I can't say yet."

"By six o'clock you can surely make up your mind?" said Ethel in a friendly, modest tone.

"I may be able to. But I fear that it is not possible for me to come."

"Good-by," she called out gayly. "I'll come at six, and hope that I may have luck."

Punctually at six Ethel was at the door.

Allan excused himself with regrets, and Ethel drove off.

III

BURNT BRIDGES

ALLAN had burnt his bridges behind him.

In spite of the hopelessness of the situation, he determined to make a final attempt. He turned once again to the Government, but without result. He stayed three weeks in Washington, and was the guest of the President, who gave a dinner in his honor, and they paid him just the respect and honor due to a dethroned monarch. But the Government could take no part for the moment in the building of the Tunnel.

Thereupon Allan tried for a last time with the banks and financiers, without tangible result. Some bankers and capitalists led him, however, to understand that they might eventually take a part in it if Lloyd would lead the way. So Allan came back to Lloyd.

Lloyd received him in a very friendly manner. He asked him into his quiet study. He talked Wall Street and markets with him, and described in minutest detail the present state of the petroleum, steel, sugar, and cotton markets. An extraordinary fall after an extraordinary rise. The world was quite ten years behind in economic development, try as she would to go with the times.

As soon as Allan was able to interrupt Lloyd, he went straight for what he wanted. He described the attitude of the Government, and Lloyd listened with bent head.

“That’s all true! They haven’t been fooling you, Allan. You must make up your mind to wait three to five years.”

Allan twitched. “I can’t!” he cried out. “Three to five years! I had put all my hopes in you, Mr. Lloyd!”

Lloyd wagged his head thoughtfully to and fro. “It can’t be done!” he said decisively, and pressed his lips together.

They were silent. It was all over.

But, as Allan was taking leave, Lloyd asked him to stay to dinner. Allan was undecided, but it was scarcely possible for him to leave yet. Though it was ridiculous, he still had a little hope.

“Ethel will be speechless with surprise! She has no idea that you are here.” Ethel—Ethel.—Now that Lloyd had once mentioned the name of his idol he could talk of nothing else. He poured his heart out to Allan. “Fancy,” he said, “Ethel was away in the yacht a whole fortnight during that very bad weather. I had bribed the telegraphist—oh, yes, bribed, for one must do such things where Ethel is concerned—but he didn’t telegraph. Ethel had seen through me. She is in a bad temper, and we have quarreled again. Yet each day that I don’t see her is a misery to me. I sit and wait for her. I’m an old man, Allan, and have nothing but my daughter.”

Ethel was amazed when she saw Allan come in. She frowned, then went quickly forward to meet him and held out her hand to him, while a slight flush crept over her cheeks.

“You, here, Mr. Allan! How splendid! I must confess that I haven’t had much good to say of you for some weeks past!”

Lloyd chuckled. He said to himself that Ethel would be in a better temper now.

“I was prevented from coming to the concert,” Allan replied.

“I thought you never told untruths, Mr. Allan! Listen to him telling untruths, papa. He was prevented! What prevented him? You just didn’t want to. Say it out straight.”

“Well, I didn’t want to.”

Lloyd looked frightened. He was prepared now for a storm. Ethel was capable of breaking a plate and rushing out of the room. He was astonished when she merely laughed.

“You see? He *has* to be truthful!”

She was light-hearted and good-humored all that evening.

“But you mind what I tell you, my friend,” she said,

when he was leaving. "You mustn't behave so abominably a second time, or I shall not forgive you."

"I'll be careful," answered Allan, jestingly.

Ethel studied his face. She did not like his tone of voice. But she did not betray her feelings, and merely rejoined, "Well, we shall see!"

Some evenings later Allan was to be seen with Ethel in Lloyd's box in the Madison Square Palace.

They arrived after the concert had begun, and their entrance evoked so much attention and comment that the Egmont overture was almost completely lost.

Ethel's costume was worth a fortune. It was a creation which had taxed the resources of the three greatest fashion artists in New York. The dress was a tissue of silver embroidery and ermine, and it showed off her neck and shoulders to perfection.

They were alone, for at the last moment Ethel had persuaded her father to remain at home on the plea that she thought he was not looking well. She had done so with so many endearing expressions that the old man had settled down in his arm-chair, quite content to wait patiently for her return.

Ethel was anxious to be seen alone with Allan, and she saw to it that the box was brilliantly lit. During the interval all glasses were turned in their direction, and they could hear their names spoken on every side.

Allan's prestige came back in a flash now that he was to be seen sitting by the side of the millionaire's daughter. Embarrassed, he drew back as far as possible.

Ethel, however, turned towards him with a meaning smile, and then bent forward out of the box, displaying all her beautiful teeth as she laughed gayly, thoroughly enjoying her triumph.

Allan was a prey to mingled emotions. His memory went back to that evening when he and Maud had occupied the box opposite, and he had sat waiting for Lloyd to send for him. He remembered distinctly little details of Maud's appearance that night—her almost transparent rosy ear, the slightly

hectic flush on her cheeks, the dreamy look in her eyes. He remembered, too, the very tone of voice in which Ethel had said, "How do you do, Mr. Allan?" when he was in Lloyd's box. He asked himself now: Do you wish that Lloyd had never come that evening, and that the Tunnel had never been begun? And he shuddered at himself as he reflected that his answer was—No.

On the following day shares in the Tunnel began to move slightly, and one newspaper declared boldly that Ethel Lloyd and Allan were about to become engaged.

Another paper published a contradiction from Ethel Lloyd at once. She declared that the man who had made the statement was an absolute liar; "Mr. Allan and I are good friends, however," she added, "and I am proud of the fact."

Quite unceremoniously she turned up every afternoon in her cream-colored motor at the Tunnel offices in Hoboken which Allan now made his headquarters and took him for an hour's drive. Allan made no resistance. Often, during their drive together, they did not exchange a word.

The rumor of their engagement was repeated continually in the papers, with the result that Tunnel shares continued to look up. Industry and commerce generally were on the mend, and it was indubitable that the regular appearance of Ethel Lloyd's motor at Hoboken station at 6 p. m. had its effect upon the money-market.

Allan began to be sensitive on the subject. He made up his mind to act. One day, in the course of their drive, he proposed to Ethel. She laughed merrily as she looked at him with wide-open eyes. "Don't talk such nonsense," was all she said.

Allan, suddenly looking very white, stood up in the car and called out to the chauffeur to stop.

"What are you doing," Ethel exclaimed, reddening, much astonished. "We are thirty miles from New York."

"That doesn't matter," he said, and got out without another word.

He walked on through woods and over fields for two hours,

quivering with chagrin and anger. He had done with this schemer. Never again would he speak to her or have anything to do with her. The devil take her!

At last he reached a railway station and took a train back to Hoboken. He arrived at midnight, ordered his motor, and drove at once to Mac City.

He went back to the interior of the Tunnel. He would spend all his time there henceforth.

IV

THE TIDE TURNS

ETHEL LLOYD went for a trip on her yacht, and remained away eight days. She took Vanderstyff as a guest, and led him such a life that he swore he would never cross her path again.

On returning to New York, she made her way at once to Hoboken to get news of Allan. She was informed that he was in the Tunnel, working. She immediately sent a message to him, asking him to forgive her. His proposal had taken her by surprise, she told him, and she had been betrayed into replying foolishly. She asked him to come to dinner next evening. She was not waiting for any reply, so he could see for himself that she counted upon his coming.

Allan was now in a difficult position. Ethel's telegram reached him in the Tunnel, and he read it by the light of a dirt-begrimed safety-lamp. He saw a dozen such lamps gleaming in the dark gallery; nothing else was visible. He thought of the miles of galleries lying empty and idle, all the thousands of engines going to rust. He thought of all the disheartened engineers at lonely stations, eating their hearts out over their monotonous work. Many hundreds of them had already left him. And as he folded up the telegram he had a vision of what might be—trains thundering through the galleries, and making their way in triumph from the old world to the new . . .

Ethel welcomed him with playful reproaches. Surely he must have known what a capricious, badly-brought-up person she was! Anyway, from that time on, her motor would be waiting for him as before every day at six o'clock at the Tunnel station. She felt she knew better now how to man-

age him. She had been too outwardly attentive to him before.

Henceforward, she had only to mention that she wanted to see something at a certain theater, and Allan of his own accord engaged a box and sat out the performance patiently, even when bored to death. They went about everywhere together. Allan, driving himself as of old, would take her down Fifth Avenue in his own car. He even consented at last to let her enter the Tunnel.

She had studied all the printed accounts of the Tunnel, but her lack of knowledge of things mechanical had prevented her from being able to picture the reality in her mind. She had had no idea of what three hundred miles in an almost dark tunnel actually meant. The noise as of thunder which accompanied the train, and which was so tremendous that they had to scream to make themselves heard, thrilled her delightfully. The building stations, the giant ventilators, evoked her amazement. She had not realized in the least what wonderful machinery was at work here day and night under the sea.

A red light glowed out of the darkness like a beacon. The train stopped. They had reached the scene of the disaster. Ethel was struck dumb by the sight. It would have signified little to her to be told that this chasm was eighty or a hundred yards in depth and more than a hundred in width, and that a thousand men were engaged day and night in it.

But now she saw for herself that eighty or a hundred yards was a tremendous depth—equal to the height of a twenty-story building. And down at the bottom she could see minute objects moving about in the light of the arc-lamps. Was it possible they were really men?

Suddenly a little cloud of dust rose, and a sound like that of a cannon reverberated throughout the gallery.

“What was that?”

“Blasting.”

They got into the cage and went down. They slid down past the arc-lamps, and the workers seemed to come towards

them perpendicularly. When they reached the bottom Ethel could not restrain her astonishment as she realized the height from which they had come. The mouth of the Tunnel looked like a small black door. Immense shadows, shadows as of gigantic demons, moved about on the walls . . .

Ethel emerged from the Tunnel almost dizzy with excitement, and could not stop talking about all she had seen. The locks of the Panama Canal were child's play compared to the Tunnel, she declared to Allan.

Next day the papers came out with long interviews in which she was made to describe all her impressions anew.

On the following day, it was announced definitely that she and Allan were engaged.

The marriage took place at the end of July. Ethel celebrated the occasion by inaugurating a Pension Fund for the Tunnel workers with a sum of eight million dollars. The wedding ceremonies were carried out in princely style in the great banquet hall of the Atlantic, the hotel on the roof garden of which the famous meeting of financiers had taken place nine years earlier.

New York had not seen so brilliant a gathering for many years as that which attended the wedding. Old Lloyd himself, hermit that he was, absented himself. He had gone for a cruise on the *Goldfish* with his doctor.

Ethel was radiant. She wore the "Rose" diamond and looked young and happy and sparkling.

Allan also looked happy. He even laughed and joked; he was determined that no one should say there was any ground for the theory that he had sold himself to Ethel. But he was really in a state of feverish worry, though he disguised it well. He could not help thinking sadly and bitterly of Maud and all the past. At nine o'clock Ethel and he drove off to Lloyd's house, where they were to stay for the first few weeks. They did not exchange a word *en route*, nor did Ethel want Allan to talk. He lay back in the car, looking very tired, and gazed out on the streets with half-closed, unseeing eyes. Once Ethel put out her hand to take his, but it felt cold and lifeless.

At Thirty-Second Street the car had to stop for a minute. Allan, looking up, caught sight of a placard bearing the words: "THE TUNNEL. A HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN."

He opened his eyes for a moment, but the look of utter weariness in them came back at once.

Ethel had had the palm room lit up for the occasion, and she asked Allan to stay with her in it for a while.

She sat down just as she was in her wedding robes, the Rose diamond above her forehead, and smoked a cigarette, glancing covertly at Allan from time to time through her long eyelashes.

Allan walked up and down restlessly just as though he were alone.

It was very quiet in the room. There was a splashing from a hidden fountain, and now and again there could be heard the faint rustling of a plant.

"Are you very tired, Mac?" asked Ethel.

Allan stood still and looked at her. "Yes," he replied, in an expressionless voice. "What a crowd it was!" He was only ten paces away from her, but they seemed miles apart. Never was there a lonelier honeymoon couple!

Allan looked ill and gray. His eyes were dull and lusterless. He could no longer dissemble.

She stood up and went near him. "Mac," she said softly.

Allan looked at her.

"Listen, Mac," she began, in her gentlest voice, "I must talk to you. Listen. I don't want you to be unhappy. On the contrary, I want with my whole heart to make you happy. Don't imagine that I am so foolish as to imagine that you married me for love. I have no claims whatever upon your heart. You are just as free as ever, not tied to me in that way in the least. You needn't try to make me think that you love me in the very slightest degree. I claim nothing from you, Mac—nothing. I should be ashamed to do so. Nothing except the right, which I have had for weeks past already, of being near you a little always."

She ceased speaking for a moment. Allan remained silent.

She went on: "Now, there shall be no more play-acting, Mac. That is all over and done with. I had to do a little play-acting in order to get hold of you, but now that I have got you I need do no more. Now I can be my own self, and you will see that I am not merely the capricious, ill-tempered creature that has been such a terror to men. Are you listening? I must have my say out so that you may understand me . . . I liked you from the moment I saw you. Your scheme, your own ability and energy, aroused my enthusiasm. I am rich—I knew as a child that I was going to be rich. I said to myself that I ought to live a wonderful life. At sixteen I dreamt of marrying a prince. At seventeen I thought of giving my money away to the army. At eighteen I had no plans of any kind. I lived just like any other young girls who have rich parents. But I found it all dreadfully boring. I was not unhappy, but I was far from being happy. I just existed from day to day, filling time as best I could. As it seems to me now, I gave no time at all to thinking. Then Hobby turned up with your scheme. Out of pure curiosity I forced Dad to tell me about it, for he and Hobby were disposed to keep it a secret. I studied your plans with Hobby, and pretended I understood everything. For it really did interest me enormously. Hobby told me all about you and what a splendid fellow you were, and I became anxious to see you. Then at last I saw you. And I liked you. You looked so simple and strong and healthy. I had a feeling of respect for you such as I had never had for a man before. And I wished so much that you might be nice to me, but you were quite indifferent. How often have I thought of that evening! I knew that you were married—Hobby had told me that—and it never occurred to me that I could be more to you than a friend. Later I began to be jealous of Maud. Forgive me, Mac, for calling her by her name! . . . And I used to wish myself in her place and to say to myself that my money would be some good if I were. But, as that might not be, I tried to content myself with being your friend, and it was to try and become your friend that I went to you so often—and for no

other reason. If ever I indulged in day-dreams of how I could win your love and make you forsake your wife and child for me, that was only for a moment, and never really went further. But I did not succeed in getting any further with you as a friend, Mac. You had made up your mind that you had no time for me, and that I didn't interest you. I am not sentimental, Mac, but I was very, very unhappy over it all . . . Then came the great disaster. Believe me, I would have given everything in the world for all that not to have happened. I swear it to you! Oh, it was terrible, and I suffered greatly. But I am an egoist, Mac, a dreadful egoist; and even while I was grieving about Maud the thought would force itself upon me that now you were free. You were free! From that moment I began to make new efforts to get near you. Mac, I wanted you. The strike, the closing of the Tunnel, the bankruptcy, all your troubles worked in my favor. I kept urging father to back you, but his reply was always, 'Impossible!' At last, that January, I told him it *must* be possible—that he must make it possible. I kept on worrying him. At last he consented, and he offered to write to you and offer you his help. But I said to myself, 'Mac will merely accept Papa's help, come here to dine a couple of times, and that will be all.' I saw that his name and money were my only weapons! I am very frank, Mac, am I not? Forgive me! I asked papa just this once in his life to do exactly as I wanted without asking any questions. I threatened that I would leave him, and that he would never see me again, if he didn't humor me. That was wicked of me, but I couldn't help it. Of course I would not have left him really—I am much too fond and proud of him, but I had to frighten him. Well, Mac, you know the rest. I didn't behave very nicely, but how else could I have managed things? I have suffered, but I was ready to go to extremes. When you proposed to me, I was tempted to accept at once, but I wanted you to put yourself to a little trouble about me, Mac——”

Ethel was speaking in quite low tones, sometimes almost in a whisper. She smiled at times, but sometimes her fore-

head puckered up in sad and anxious lines. Now she fixed her eyes on him very tenderly, and said:

“Are you listening to me, Mac?”

“Yes,” Allan replied, gently.

“I had to tell you all this, Mac,” she went on. “I had to be quite frank and open with you. Now you know all about it. Perhaps, in spite of everything, we shall be able to be good friends and pals?”

She looked fondly at him again, smiling. Slowly he took her beautiful head in his hands.

“I hope so, Ethel,” he replied, and his lips quivered.

Ethel nestled for a moment against his breast then she drew herself up, and continued:

“One more thing I must say to you. I wanted you, and now I have you. But, mind, I want you to trust me and to get to love me. It is for me to make you do so, and I shall try and try until I succeed. For I shall succeed, I am sure. If I were not, I should be miserable. And now good-night, dear!”

She left the room, walking very slowly. Allan remained motionless.

V

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

THE TUNNEL!

A HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN!

THEY came. Farmhands, miners, artisans, tramps! The Tunnel drew them like some monstrous magnet. They came from Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Canada, Mexico. Special trains rushed across the States. From North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, came thousands of negroes. Thousands of workers came back once more who had fled in panic at the time of the catastrophe.

From Germany, England, Belgium, France, Russia, Italy, Spain, came thousands more.

The dead Tunnel cities came to life again. The white moons of the arc-lamps were to be seen shining again in the huge green dusty halls of glass; the cranes were again in motion; white clouds of steam, black clouds of smoke, blew again hither and thither. Men scrambled again upon the steel frameworks of new buildings. There was a hum and buzz of life and energy.

The idle steamers in the ports of New York, Savannah, New Orleans and San Francisco, of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Oporto and Bordeaux, began once again to show signs of life. Deserted smelting furnaces began to work noisily. Rusty engines were put into use again. The world's money markets became brisk. Tunnel shares went up. The spirit of enterprise awoke.

“LLOYD TAKES ON THE TUNNEL!”

That was the cry. Lloyd was taking on the Tunnel, all by himself!

The Tunnel was going full speed ahead!

Five years after re-starting the work, the galleries between America and Bermuda had drawn so close to each other that Allan could communicate by telephone with Strom, who was in control of the Bermuda side. The whole world was now on tiptoe to learn of the meeting of the two sections. The immense masses of stone, the great heat, the enormous weight of iron would be bound to have their effect upon the instruments, and there were people in the scientific world who doubted whether the meeting would be effected. But the seismographs began to record blasting operations at a distance of nine miles, and in the fifteenth year from the beginning of the enterprise the two sections met. There was a divergence of a hundred feet in depth and of sixty feet sideways but this was made good without much difficulty. Two years later the double galleries between America and Bermuda were completed.

This was a big step in advance. Cement and rails as well as workmen could now be conveyed to Bermuda by train.

The French section of the Tunnel was much more difficult. Allan made a single gallery at first. In the fourteenth year a great eruption took place, and two miles of the gallery with expensive machinery had to be abandoned. An iron wall a hundred and twenty feet thick had to be constructed as a defense against the pressure of mud and water. Two hundred and seventy workmen lost their lives. The gallery was, however, continued in a curve which avoided the dangerous spot in the ocean bed where the accident had occurred. As a result of this misfortune, three miles of the Tunnel cost sixty million dollars to construct. This section of the Tunnel was completed in the twenty-first year.

With the completion of these two sections, the total expenditure became greatly lessened. Entire battalions of workmen were got rid of month by month. The Tunnel continued, however, to swallow millions. Ethel had thrown her immense fortune into it. Had it not been completed, she would have become a pauper. Lloyd himself was so heavily involved that he had to put forth all his energy to keep afloat.

The mid-Atlantic section of the Tunnel, also built as a single gallery at first, involved more difficulties than either of the others. Here the workmen's greatest enemy was the appalling heat. The gallery was at a depth of seven thousand yards beneath the level of the sea. The heat was so tremendous that wood could no longer be used in the construction and only iron could be employed.

The atmosphere in the long galleries was terribly oppressive. At distances of seven miles stations had to be erected in which refrigerators, ozone apparatus and air-pumps were worked day and night.

From both sides the borers ate their way in deeper and deeper: "fat Müller" in control of the one working from the Azores, Strom in control of that from Bermuda. Strom did wonders. He was not beloved by his workers, but they admired him. He was a man who could go on for days without food, drink, or rest. He was to be seen almost daily in the galleries, superintending the work at critical points. For days together sometimes he would not leave the galleries at all. His workmen called him the "Russian Devil."

Daily the galleries were giving forth 4,000 car loads of stone to the Azores, and 3,000 to Bermuda. Enormous building grounds were created. Rocks, sand banks, islands, were united together for this purpose—new land reclaimed by Allan from the ocean. His engineers produced for him break-waters, piers, docks, and light-houses, all of the most modern description. The biggest steamers could unload their cargo. His architects conjured forth new towns out of the material supplied from the Tunnel. There were hotels, banks, churches, schools—all newly built. All Allan's towns had one thing in common: they were entirely without vegetation. Made of gneiss and granite, they shone like glass in the sun. When the wind blew they seemed to turn into clouds of dust.

In ten years' time they would have as much verdure to show as other towns, for space was left for parks, gardens and squares just as in London, Paris, and Berlin. Great

shiploads of earth kept arriving. The ocean supplied seaweed, saltpeter came from Chili. Trees and plants also were imported in great quantities. Here and there already might be seen the skeleton outlines of what would become parks, with dusty palms and trees and meager plots of grass.

There was one special feature about Allan's towns. They had the straightest streets in the world and the finest esplanades. They also bore a strong family resemblance. They were all bits of America, outposts of the American genius, symbols of energy and will-power.

Mac City had a population of a million by the time the Tunnel approached completion.

Mishaps and accidents continued to occur in the Tunnel, but they were not more frequent or important than with other great enterprises. Allan had grown nervous and anxious. His nerves were not as strong as they had been. At first he had not been shaken even when a hundred men were lost, but now the death of a single individual excited him. The galleries were full of apparatus devised for purposes of giving signals of danger and at the slightest warning he would give orders to "go slow."

Allan had grown gray. "Gray old Mac" he was called now. His health was undermined. He scarcely slept at all and was always on the alert for possible accidents. He was lonely, and his only relaxation was an hour's walk by himself in the park. What happened in the outside world had not much interest for him. The Tunnel made him its slave. His brain knew no other association of ideas than engines, motors, stations, apparatus, numbers of cubic feet and horse power. Almost all human feelings in him had been atrophied. He had only one friend still and that was Lloyd. They often spent their evenings together. They sat in their arm-chairs and smoked in silence.

In the eighteenth year of the building of the Tunnel, a great strike broke out and lasted two months. It was owing to Strom's coolness that a second panic was averted. One day the temperature in the galleries rose five degrees. The phenomenon was inexplicable and pointed to the need for

great caution. The workmen refused to go in. They were afraid of a chasm opening suddenly and of a stream of glowing lava bursting out upon them. There were some who believed that the galleries were getting into contact with the fiery centers of the earth; others that they were coming upon the crater of a submarine volcano. All work was laid aside and minute inspection was made of the part of the Tunnel affected.

Strom and some picked men remained in the galleries day and night for four weeks. The "Russian Devil" did not give it up until he had fainted from fatigue. Eight days later he was back again in the "Hell" section. The men worked here quite naked, looking like great oily dirty lizards as they moved about.

In the twenty-fourth year of the great enterprise, when it was calculated that the two ends of the Tunnel were only thirty-six miles apart, Strom contrived to establish underground communication with Müller. After six months more of hard work it was felt that the distance between the two sections must be very slight, yet the seismographs used by Strom gave no indication of the blasting which went on day after day in Müller's gallery. A rumor found its way into the newspapers that the two ends had failed to meet.

Allan had passages bored in every direction, upwards, downwards, sideways—a regular network of galleries as in a mine. The uncertainty was disheartening and alarming. The heat at this stage was more terrible than ever. Some of the workmen went raving mad.

Four months were spent, fruitlessly as it seemed, in this difficult and anxious groping. The whole world was kept in suspense. Tunnel shares began again to sink.

At last one night down in the gallery Allan heard a shout from Strom who came running towards him, his face scarcely recognizable from sweat and dirt. It was the first time Strom had ever been seen excited—he was even smiling.

"We have got on Müller's track," was all he said.

Two dark faces now remained close together eagerly studying a seismograph in the light of a safety lamp. At one

minute past two, it registered the faintest possible movement. At three minutes past three the needle moved again. Müller's blastings—there could be no doubt about it.

The newspapers of the whole world soon got hold of it. Müller had been run to earth. Had he been the greatest living criminal captured by detectives the sensation could not have been greater.

From this point onwards, all went well. A fortnight later it was found that Müller's gallery had reached a point almost immediately underneath. In three months' time, the blasting could even be heard, like distant thunder. In one month more the sound of the boring machines could be made out. And then at last the moment came when a boring machine pierced the last remaining rock between the two sections.

There were shouts of exultation, "Where is Mac?" Müller shouted through.

"Here I am!" cried Allan.

"How are you?" said Müller.

"All right," replied Allan.

They had been working for twenty-four years. It was the greatest moment of their lives. And this was all they could find to say.

An hour later Müller was able to pass Allan a bottle of Munich beer, refreshingly cold. Next day it was possible to crawl through from one gallery into the other—18,000 feet below the level of the sea.

Allan's journey back through the Tunnel was one long triumph. As he passed there were shouts of excitement and enthusiasm. "Hats off to Mac! Mac is our man!"

VI

THE LIGHT FROM BEYOND

ETHEL was very different from Maud. She did not allow herself to be kept at arm's length, she made her way to the center of things. She went through a regular engineering course so as to be able to hold her own in discussions. She was determined to maintain her rights.

She left Allan free at lunch-time, but that seemed to her as far as she need go. She always put in an appearance punctually at five o'clock whether Allan was in New York or in Mac City, and made tea for him quickly and without fuss. If he were engaged in conference with some architect or engineer, it did not trouble her. She continued to busy herself with the tea until it was ready, and then she interposed. And Allan had to take tea with her—whether alone or with others didn't matter to her.

At nine o'clock she waited patiently for him in her motor. His Sundays he had to spend with her always. He could invite friends or a whole crowd of engineers if he felt so inclined. She kept open house. People came and went as they chose. There were fifteen motor-cars always available for guests. Often Hobby would be of the party, coming there from his farm. Hobby produced some twenty thousand chickens every year and Heaven knows how many eggs. The world had no longer any interest for him. He had become religious and sometimes he would look seriously at Allan and say, "Think of your soul, Mac!"

When Allan traveled, Ethel traveled with him. She went with him several times to Bermuda, the Azores and Europe.

Old Lloyd had bought a piece of land at Rawley, seven miles north of Mac City, where he had a big house built for

Ethel. Lloyd came to visit her here every day, and he would sometimes stay for some weeks.

When Allan and Ethel had been married for three years a son was born to them. This child was watched over by Ethel with the utmost devotion. He was Mac's child—Mac whom she loved so. And in twenty years' time he was to take up his father's work and carry it on still further.

CONCLUSION

THE borers crushed the stone in the galleries and the two ends of the Tunnel grew nearer daily. The last twenty miles were a problem. Allan was forced to pay ten dollars for two hours' work as it was difficult to find any one who would go into the "crater." Sections from these galleries had to be overspun with nets of refrigerating pipes. After a year of hard labor they also were mastered.

The Tunnel was finished. Man had undertaken this gigantic work and man had brought it to completion! It was built of blood and sweat, it had devoured nine thousand men and brought no end of misery to the world, but now it was done. And nobody wondered at it.

Four weeks later the submarine pneumatic express post started to work.

A publisher offered Allan a hundred thousand dollars if he would write the history of the Tunnel. Allan refused. He only wrote two columns for the *Herald*.

Allan did not pretend to be more modest than he actually was. But he maintained over and over again that he had only been able to finish the work with the help of such men as Strom, Müller, Olin Mühlenberg, Hobby, Harriman, Bärman, and hundreds of others.

"However I must confess," he wrote, "that time has overtaken me. All my engines have become out of date, and I have found myself forced to replace them. The borers of which I was once very proud are now old-fashioned. The Rocky Mountains have been bored through in shorter time than I could have done it. The motor boats go from England to New York in two-and-a-half days, the German giant airships fly over the Atlantic in thirty-six hours. Still, I am faster than they are, and the faster they go the faster I shall

be! I can easily raise the speed to three hundred miles an hour. Besides, airships and motor boats demand prices which only rich people can afford to pay. My prices are popular. The Tunnel belongs to the people, the tradesman, the emigrant.

“I can take seventy thousand people daily. In ten years—when all the galleries will be twice as big—I shall be able to take eighty to a hundred thousand. In a hundred years the communication will be too great for the Tunnel. The Syndicate will have to construct parallel galleries which will be comparatively cheap and easy to build——”

In his simply and awkwardly written article, Allan proclaimed that in exactly six months' time, on the first of June of the twenty-sixth year of the building of the Tunnel, he would send off the first train to Europe.

In order to keep to this promise he hurried engineers and workmen on to a furious finish. For months trains full of old sleepers and rails came tearing into daylight. The rails for the Tunnel trains were put in order, trial journeys were made in all the galleries. An army of engine drivers was examined; for this Allan chose people who were particularly used to great speed: motor-men, motor-cyclists and aeroplane pilots.

In the stations of Biscay and Mac City gigantic halls had grown up: manufactories for the Tunnel railroad cars. These cars made quite a sensation. They were somewhat lighter than Pullman cars, almost twice as long and quite twice as broad: ironclads which ran on a keel of four double pairs of heavy wheels and carried quite an organism of turbines, refrigerators, reservoirs, cables and pipes. The dining-cars were gorgeous. (There were to be musical entertainments and moving-picture performances during the journey.)

The whole of New York stormed Hoboken in order to travel by the new cars at least to Mac City. For weeks past every place had been reserved in the Tunnel trains for the first three months.

At last the first of June arrived . . . New York was hung with flags. So were London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin,

Pekin, Tokio, Sydney. The whole civilized world celebrated Allan's first journey as a public festival.

Allan intended to start the journey at midnight and arrive in Biscay at midnight (American time), the second of June.

For days beforehand special trains had been running to Biscay from Berlin, London and Paris and to Mac City from all the big towns and states of America. Whole fleets of steamers sailed for Bermuda and the Azores. On the first of June trains crammed with people ran every hour to Mac City, for everybody wanted to see when the first America—Europe Flyer stormed into the Tunnel. The big hotels of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Paris, Berlin and London arranged grand entertainments to begin at ten o'clock and last for forty-eight hours. The Edison-Biograph would produce its gigantic Tunnel film lasting for six hours. In the variety shows and concert halls choirs of tunnelmen appeared and sang the Tunnel songs. Millions of postcards with Allan's portrait were sold in the streets, and millions of "Tunnel-charms," consisting of small bits of stones from the galleries set in metal.

Allan started precisely at twelve o'clock at night. The huge hall of Hoboken Station, the biggest in the world, was filled to its last square foot with an excited crowd of people, all stretching their necks to get a glimpse of the immense Tunnel train, ready to depart. It was gray in hue, entirely made of steel.

The train, consisting of six carriages with the engine, was brightly lit up, and the lucky ones who stood near enough looked into gorgeous compartments. They were all saloon cars. It was taken for granted that Ethel would come for this first journey as, in spite of fantastically high prices, many would-be passengers had to be disappointed. At a quarter to twelve the iron shutters were drawn down. The excitement of the crowd grew every minute. At ten minutes to twelve, four engineers mounted the engine car, which looked like a torpedo boat with its two round eyes in the bow. At any moment now Allan might arrive.

He came at five minutes to twelve. As he stepped on to

the platform a tremendous shout went through the hall.

Allan had started this work as a young man and now he was standing there looking a worn out man, his hair snow-white, and his cheeks pallid and sunken, but his gray-blue eyes were still as good-natured and child-like as ever. Ethel, holding little Mac by the hand come out with him. Behind Ethel came a small bent man, the collar of his coat turned up and a broad traveling cap deep down over his face. He was hardly bigger than the little boy and was generally supposed to be a colored groom. It was Lloyd.

The tiny mummy gave his hand to Ethel and the boy and climbed cautiously into the car. Not an emperor nor a king, not even the President of the Republic, but the great Money-Power Lloyd, was to be the first passenger!

Ethel remained with her boy. She had brought little Mac from Rawley to witness this great event. Allan said good-by to both of them.

The turbines began to move. The supporting beams loosened automatically when the turbines had turned a certain number of times—and the train moved out of the hall amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the crowd. The searchlights threw their shafts over Hoboken, New York and Brooklyn, the sirens of the steamers whistled and howled, telephones rang, telegraphs played—New York, Chicago, San Francisco buzzed, the excited joy of the whole world accompanied Allan on his journey. All over the world there was a simultaneous cessation of all factory work for five minutes in honor of the occasion. For five minutes, all steamers at that moment plowing the waves of the oceans, and all railway trains upon all continents sent forth shrill signals of universal rejoicing over the great event: a concerted overwhelming shout of the triumph of labor throughout the world.

Lloyd undressed and went to bed.

They were on their way.

In the hotels thousands of people had dined at ten o'clock and talked with enthusiastic interest of the impending start. Bands played. The fever grew and grew. People became excited, and even waxed poetical.

At ten minutes to twelve the Edison-Biograph suddenly flashed out "Silence!"

At once all was still. The Tele-Cinematograph started to work. And in all the big cities of the world at that same moment the hall of Hoboken station was to be seen, black with people: the Tunnel-train—Allan saying good-by to Ethel and his son—the onlookers throwing their hats into the air—the train gliding out of the station.

An indescribable, thundering shout of joy lasting for minutes was heard. People got up on the tables, hundreds of champagne glasses were smashed and stamped on. The music fell in with the Tunnel song: "Three cheers and a Tiger for Mac . . ." But the noise was so tremendous that none was able to hear anything of the music.

Then began a new series on the Biograph screen. Allan when he started his work, Allan as he looked to-day. Hobby, Strom, Harriman, Bärmann, Woolf, "fat" Müller, Lloyd. Then the film proper started. It began with the meeting in the roof-garden of the "Atlantic," the "first thrust of the spade," all the different phases of the building of the Tunnel—and whenever the figure of Allan was seen the wildest enthusiasm would break out again.

At one o'clock a telegram appeared on the projection plate: "Allan had passed into the Tunnel. Terrific enthusiasm of the crowd! Several people hurt in the crush!"

The film continued, interrupted every half hour by telegrams. A hundred miles have been covered! Two hundred! Allan stops for a minute. The betting became fast and furious. Nobody looked at the film any more. Everybody was counting, betting, yelling! Would Allan get to Bermuda punctually? Allan's first journey had become a race. The record devil raved! In the first hour Allan had lowered the record for electric trains which had been held by the Berlin—Hamburg trains. In the second hour he got dangerously near the flying-machines' world records, in the third he had beaten them. At five o'clock there was a new sensation: a view of the station of Bermuda in beautiful sunshine with great masses of people, all looking in the same

direction. The gray Tunnel train comes dashing in at twelve minutes past five.

Allan gets out, talks to Strom and then both of them get back into the train. Five minutes and the train starts. A telegram: "Allan reaches Bermuda two minutes late."

Some of the banqueters went home after this, but most remained. They kept awake more than forty-eight hours to follow Allan's journey. A good many had taken rooms in the hotels and lay down to get a couple of hours' sleep, having given orders to be awakened immediately "in case anything should happen."

Allan was on his way.

The train dashed through the galleries. In the curves it heeled over on one side like a yacht: it sailed. When the track went upwards it rose as easily and quietly as a flying machine: it flew. The lights in the obscure Tunnel were clefts in the dark, the signal lamps multicolored stars, the lights of the stations meteors whizzing past. The Tunnelmen—fortified behind the iron shutters of the stations—hardy fellows who had looked on the October catastrophe with dry eyes, shed tears of joy when they saw "old Mac" flying past.

Lloyd had given orders to be awakened at eight o'clock. He had his bath, breakfasted and smoked a cigar. He laughed—this was what he liked. At last he was undisturbed, at last he was far away from people and in a place where none could get at him. Now and again he walked through his brilliantly lit compartment, twelve state rooms, and filled with pure fresh air. At nine o'clock Ethel telephoned to him and he talked with her for ten minutes. ("Don't smoke too much, Dad," Ethel said.) Then he read the telegrams. All of a sudden the train stopped. They were held up at the big station in "the hot galleries." Lloyd looked through a peep hole and saw a group of people in the middle of which Allan was standing.

Lloyd dined and slept and again the train stopped. The windows of his saloon were open: he looked through a glass wall out into a blue sea and on the other side he saw a

boundless crowd of people who shouted and cried, mad with enthusiasm. The Azores. His servant told him they were delayed forty minutes on account of an oil tank having sprung a leak.

After this the windows were again shut. The train rushed into the depths and old dried-up little Lloyd began to whistle for joy, a thing he had not done for twenty years.

From the Azores Strom drove. He changed at once into full power and the speed sign rose to two hundred and ninety-five miles an hour. The engineers became restless, but Strom, who may have lost his hair in the hot galleries, had kept his nerves and did not allow any one to interfere.

"It would be a shame if we arrived late," he said. The train flew so fast that it seemed to be standing still; the lights passed by like sparks.

Finisterre!

It was night again in New York. The hotels were filled. Enthusiasm raged as the telegram told of the extraordinary speed. The betting became mad.

Allan drove for the last fifty miles. He had not slept for twenty-five hours but the excitement kept him up. He looked pale and exhausted, absorbed rather than elated: many things passed through his head——

In a few minutes they would arrive! The signal lamps dashed past, the train flew——

Suddenly their eyes were dazzled by glaring light. The day broke in. Allan stopped.

They had arrived in Europe twelve minutes late.

THE END

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