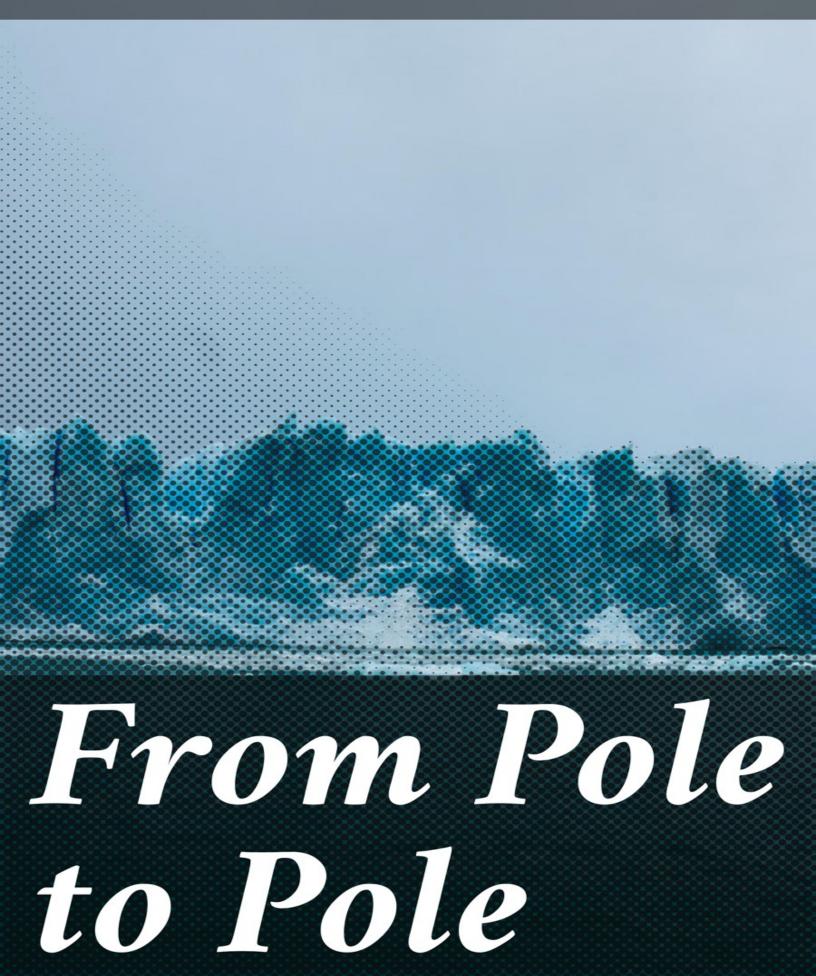
# **George Griffith**



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## **From Pole to Pole**



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"Well, Professor, what is it? Something pretty important, I suppose, from the wording of your note. What is the latest achievement? Have you solved the problem of aerial navigation, or got a glimpse into the realms of the fourth dimension, or what?"

"No, not any of those as yet, my friend, but something that may be quite as wonderful of its sort," replied Professor Haffkin, putting his elbows down on the table and looking keenly across it under his shaggy, iron-grey eyebrows at the young man who was sitting on the opposite side pulling meditatively at a good cigar and sipping a whisky-and-soda.

"Well, if it is something really extraordinary and at the same time practicable--as you know, my ideas of the practicable are fairly wide--I'm there as far as the financial part goes. As regards the scientific end of the business, if you say 'Yes,' it is 'Yes.'"

Mr. Arthur Princeps had very good reasons for thus "going blind" on a project of which he knew nothing save that it probably meant a sort of scientific gamble to the tune of several thousands of pounds. He had had the good fortune to sit under the Professor when he was a student at, the Royal School of Mines, and being possessed of that rarest of all gifts, an intuitive imagination, he had seen vast possibilities through the meshes of the verbal network of the Professor's lectures.

Further, the kindly Fates had blessed him with a twofold dowry. He had a keen and insatiable thirst for that kind of

#### I.