

that he brings along. But he's got a heap to make out of Eureka before he begins doing anything for Eureka. That's capital! What about the others—without capital? What about the hotels, boarding-houses, livery stables, general stores, ironmongery, barber parlours, fruit stalls, book and drug stores, soft drink and candy stores, photographers—cabinet size and stamp size—skittle alley, tobacco stores? Where's the opening for stores and so forth? And as for jobs—carpenters have finished about all Eureka will want in the building way for a long spell, now; there's too much built already. Street workers? Her sidewalks are all down, her blocks are cleared. Oh, I'm not *knocking* Eureka—she's all right, but overdone! All I say at the moment is that I've heard it said that the way to make good in a new town is to look around and see what is most wanted, and not supplied, and——" he gave a little grunt. Some of his boarders were in arrears, and, though he let them stay on, he was doubtful if all would, eventually, get jobs and pay up. "I think what is most wanted in Eureka is jobs!" and he chuckled sadly. "Or should I say *are* jobs? The big majority of the folks here want a job, and they can't get a job—that's all that's to it."

The arrival of a prospective boarder with a roll of blankets and a suit-case called the proprietor away; and, left alone once more, Mack pondered the talk he had listened to. It depressed him a trifle, but he did not thrust it aside in his mind. He allowed it to stay—and then, suddenly, he had light, brought down his chair from the tilt, a notion advertising its arrival in the dancing of his eyes, and—walking smartly and businesslike—he set off into the stir of Eureka with its crowds, chatter, lights,