

notes came to him from them, regarding commissariat; and he consulted the cooks and responded that all was going well.

"We're feeding them good, Mr. Browne," he read in one note. "You get the rest out of them. You can't say we didn't give you every show to make good."

Another note, later on, when there was sign that soon half the gang could be paid off, was: "Dear Mr. Browne,—Thanks for your note on progress. Keep it at that. Remember the Towers of Ilium."

This Jimmy read twice and smiled.

"By heck!" he mused. "I believe they know."

He rode from tower to tower looking on, sitting with puckered lips. He knew he had good men—for his arrival never made one of them accelerate speed. They were working at a steady plod all the way along. They were "sure thing" carpenters, and he knew they were.

On July 31 Jimmy had the sad duty of telling the straw-bosses that they could tell half the men that that would do, as the work was so far on that they would only crowd now.

"I guess they know that," was the reply.

He left it to them to talk over the gangs and decide on who should go, who remain. In the evening he turned out to give time-checks to those who had been laid off. He sent them off with kindly words—a brief comment of: "Any time you want a reference, say you were in on this contract, boys."

They smiled and answered: "That's what! So-long boss."

"You don't need to rush," he said. "Tell the cook to put you all up a lunch for the trail down. Cook!"