

forcefully. Next day one man came up and set to work, instead of five altogether. The following day another man arrived; the day after, two. The next morning, one walked in. Jimmy argued that the agent was doing the sifting in town, instead of trying to get as many fifty cents as possible from any man at all who came along and said he was a carpenter.

He saw now that he had Carpenters—with a capital—and fewer than his employer said he could "stand for." He made some more calculations in his little black book, and that very evening sat on a hillock above the main camp-tent with his most reliable straw-boss, chatting quietly. He had been calculating his own wages and considering it would be worth while, out of his ten dollars a day, to allow fifty cents a day each to the four straw-bosses he had now appointed, if they could see to it that the towers were up, and "up good," as the phrase is, by August 14. He had what is called a "heart-to-heart" talk with these men, each alone.

"I'm going to give you straight goods," he said to them, "and my confidence. It is up to me to show what can be done here, and if these towers are up by the 14th, I'll give you, in addition to your wages, fifty cents a day extra, over all the time of the job. There's a proposition. Can you do it?"

They reckoned they could—to oblige him. He said he would be obliged. He explained that he was in the running for another job of the same kind after this was "through," and it was worth that small outlay, by way of incentive, to show what he could do on this little piece of work.

It astonished him somewhat that neither of his employers troubled to come up again. Occasional