

do, Mr. Browne. I think your knowledge gained in building the Towers of Ilium will stand you in good stead, and I don't need to come up again. What I want is to see these towers all up by August 30—that's the contract. Do it your own way. How many more men do you want?"

"I've just been figuring," said Jimmy. Really, he had been figuring not by any past experience, for his past experience was *nil*, but he had made a computation on the speed with which one tower went up. As he had ridden the length of the line, clear up to the mine dump, with furrowed brow and occasional pauses to calculate in his notebook, he was able to say he wanted twenty men more.

"Well, I can stand for that," said the junior partner.

It was so imperative for Jimmy to get "sure thing" men that he went into town in person to see the employment agent again, and impressed upon him that he wanted twenty more men who would run no bluff or *guess* they could do it. They had to be *IT*.

When the twenty came up Browne met them and told them to go in and eat lunch, and after that get up to the top of the next grade and "start right in." But he did not follow them that day. He delayed till next morning, and then came riding slowly up, and sat looking at them without a word, then drew out his pocket-book, and wrote on five pages: "Give this man his time—N.G. Jimmy Browne," said: "Hey—you!" very quietly, here, there, yonder, and distributed his five papers. He was grim and silent as a railway magnate reading *The Man with the Hoe*.

Then he rode into town again, and saw the agent once more, and talked very quietly and