

"Not a bad business, either. There's a fellow named Joe Ryan that does the teaming for our company. He owns his teams. He used to be one of our porters at forty-five dollars a month, but he got to teaming and worked into that job. The bookkeeper told me that Joe cleans up over \$250 a month. That's going some, eh?"

"I've been thinking about some such job as that," said Jake eagerly, "but how is a feller going to git at it?"

"You have to lay for your chance and keep hustling," advised Pete. "You take it from me, a man can just about land what he goes after if he plugs hard enough. Maybe I could get you a job with our company as porter, and then you might work your way in with Joe. It would be up to you to make good."

"I'll work like blue blazes if you git me in there."

"I'll see what I can do and let you know."

It was 6.30 in the morning when the team pulled into Brownsville.

"Shall we go up to the hotel?" asked Jake.