

lieutenants had evolved that "idea." But they let the subject drop. Results, not methods, interested them at the moment.

"There's nothing to be gained by rubber-necking at these fellows," said the junior partner. "Let us lope along."

On August 31 Jimmy sat in the private room, smoking a large cigar. His two employers looked very happy. After a little chat over the work there fell a silence, and then the lean-faced man remarked: "We got a bonus on the job, Mr. Browne. We got a thousand dollars for putting her in a month ahead of time."

"A month ahead? You told me August 30 was the final date," said Jimmy.

"Do you think you're the only bluffer in Idaho?" asked Lee. "That was safer. September 14 was the date. We told you August 30, and you made it August 14. Here's five hundred dollars to you, and your last month's pay," and he pushed an envelope over.

"Thank you," said Jimmy. "Say! This is very white of you. I don't mind telling you that I gave two dollars a day out of my ten to the four straw-bosses to hustle the job. This'll put me square again. Say!" he broke out, "I didn't know the first thing about it myself. I had to have men who did, and it struck me, after I got my hand in, I might as well make a record for time as well as workmanship."

The two partners looked at each other.

"This is the Towers of Ilium skinned, I guess, for speed," said Smith, grinning like a cherub. Lee chuckled.

"Can you tell me?" said Jimmy. "The name