

haze of cigar smoke, rubadub of heels, band music, gramophone songs, and all the rest of it.

II

"Two days at the Gold House equal to six dollars," he meditated. "Cigars equal one dollar—total seven dollars—Seven dollars from twenty equals thirteen," and he turned over his bills. He had only ten left—what the other three had gone on he could not recall. His mental ledger was usually like that; but this lapse of the bookkeeper he promptly condoned, having other affairs on hand interesting all his staff.

"What is wanted in this go-ahead city," he said to himself, "is, as Loughlin says, a job. There is a tremendous demand for jobs, far exceeding the supply."

He was now in Dawson Street, projecting himself along with forceful, swinging strides, and he remarked to himself, walking westward, how well supplied was Eureka in other ways.

"Yes," thought he, counting three fruit stores, "Loughlin was right. There's competition in Eureka in most lines, and here's one field utterly untouched. What!" For a great placard across a window announced: "These premises will shortly be opened by the Bargain Hardware Ironmongery Company." "Another hardware store! And in the rooms above it are three dentists! Competition in every field—and the one thing wanted in this town is not supplied: jobs."

So ruminating, he entered a door on the lintel of which was the legend: "H. Markheim, Real Estate, Land, Mines, Houses bought and sold."