

## ONE KIND OF WIRELESS

cuta da wage, an' send for odders take your job, he tella da biga boss you no worka good, so da biga boss he no pay you for all da last mont'!"

The ignorantly credulous Poles uttered a shout of rage. Several cried: "Keel him! Keel him!" Alex, in the loft, drew back in terror.

"No! Dere bettera way dan dat," said Tony. "Da men to taka your job come to-night on da Number Twent'. I hava da plan.

"You alla know da old track dat turn off alonga da riv' to da old brick-yard? Well, hunerd yard from da main line da old track she washed away. We will turn da old switch, Number Twent' she run on da old track — an' swoosh! Into da riv'!"

Run No. 20 into the river! Alex almost cried aloud. And he knew the plan would succeed — that, as Big Tony said, a hundred yards from the main-line track the old brick-yard siding embankment was washed out so that the rails almost hung in the air.

"Dena we all say," went on Big Tony, "we alla say, Hennessy, he do it. We say we caughta him. See?"

Again Alex glanced down, and with hope he saw that some of the Poles were hesitating. But Tony quickly added: "An' no one else be kill buta da strike-break'. No odder peoples on da Number Twent' disa day at night. An' da trainmen dey alla have plent' time to jomp.

"Only da men wat steala your job," he repeated craftily. And with a sinking heart Alex saw that