
❧ SNOW ON THE HEADLIGHT ❧

“Vell, eef you put it so, I must say No,” said the superintendent and instantly the leader turned on his heel. He did not take the trouble to say good-day, but snapped his finger and strode away.

Now the other members of the committee got up and went out, pausing to say good morning to the superintendent who stood up to watch the procession pass out into the wide hall. One man, who confirmed the general manager’s belief that there were brains among the engine-men, lingered to express his regrets that the conference should have ended so abruptly.

The news of this man’s audacity spread among the higher officials, so that when the heads of the brotherhoods came—which is a last resort—the company were almost as haughty and remote as the head of the grievance committee had been.

From that moment the men and the management lost faith in each other. More, they refused even to understand each other.