

"Why, sure. Labouring men are up against organized capital, and they've got to organize to protect themselves, but organization isn't the whole thing. You take it from me, organization can't get something for nothing and get away with it. Lots of these fellows spend so much time standing on their rights that they never come across with the goods. Organization can't take the place of hustling."

"Whoa!" called Dan suddenly. The wagon was settling rapidly upon Pete's side. He sprang out into the mud and sank nearly to his boot-tops while he braced himself against the wagon trying to prevent an upset. Dan steadied the horses and handed Pete the lantern. After the wagon was righted Pete wallowed ahead of the horses to investigate. "There's a bad washout this side of the road," he called. "I'll go ahead and you follow the lantern."

After getting past the washout Pete clambered back into the wagon. The horses toiled slowly ahead while the rain continued to pour down in torrents. The conversation grew more desultory and finally ceased altogether as both men