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The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON
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CHAPTER XV.
A Strike.

"No cars a runnin'! What's up?" exclaimed Jimmy, the next morning, as he and Theodore passed down Tremont Street. "There's a strike on. Didn't you hear 'bout it yesterday?" replied Theo.

"No. My! But there'll be a time if all the cars stop."
"A pretty bad time—specially for the folks that live outside the city," Theodore answered, soberly.
When, after taking his breakfast at the stand, he went back through Tremont Street, groups of men and boys were standing about in every corner, and everywhere the strike was the one topic of conversation. There were groups of motormen and conductors here and there, some looking grave and anxious, and some careless and indifferent.
As the morning advanced the throngs in the streets increased. Belated business men hurried along, and clerks and saleswomen, with flushed faces and anxious eyes, tried impatiently to force their way

through the crowds to get to their places of business.
Theodore noticed the large number of rough-looking men and boys on the streets, and that most of them seemed full of suppressed excitement. Now and then, as he passed some of these, he caught a low-spoken threat, or an exultant prophecy of lively times to come. It all made him vaguely uneasy, and he had to force himself to go about his work instead of lingering outside to see what would happen.

In one office, while he was busy over the brasses, three gentlemen were discussing the situation, and the boy, as he rubbed and polished, listened intently to what was said.
"What do the fellows want? What's their grievance, anyhow?" inquired one man, impatiently, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar.
"Shorter hours and better pay," replied a second.
"Of course. That's what strikers always want," put in a third. "They seem to think they're the only ones to be considered."
"Well, I must confess that I rather sympathize with the men this time," said the second speaker. "I hold that they ought to have shorter hours."
"There are plenty that will be glad enough to take their places, though."
"I suppose so, but all the same I maintain that these companies that are amply able to treat their men better, ought to do so. I believe in fair play. It pays best in the end, to say nothing of the right and wrong of it."

"Think the company will give in?" questioned one.
"Guess not. I hear that the superintendent has telegraphed to New York and Chicago for men."
"There'll be trouble if they come!" exclaimed the first speaker.
"I believe," said another man, joining the group, "I believe that Sanders is responsible for all this trouble—or the most of it, anyhow. He's a disagreeable, overbearing fellow, who—even when he grants a favour, which is seldom enough—does it in a mean, exasperating fashion that takes all the pleasure out of it. I had some dealings with him once, and I never want anything more to do with him. If he'd been half-way decent to the men there would never have been any strike, in my opinion."

Sanders was the superintendent of the road where the trouble was.
"You're right about Sanders," said another. "I always have wondered how he could keep his position. These strikes, though, never seem to me to do any real good to the cause of the strikers, and a great many of the men realize that, too, but these walking delegate fellows get 'round 'em and persuade 'em that a strike is going to end all their troubles—and so it goes. I saw that little sneak—Tom Steel—buttonholing the motormen, and cramming them with his lies, as I came along just now. There's always mischief where Tom Steel is."
By this time Theodore had finished his work, and he left the office, his head full of strikes, superintendents, and walking delegates, and wherever he went that day, the strike was the only subject discussed.

He stopped work earlier than usual, finding himself infected with the prevailing unrest and excitement. He found the sidewalks of the principal business streets thronged with men, women and boys, all pressing in one direction.

"Come along, Tode!" cried a shrill voice at his elbow, and he turned to find Jimmy Hunt, his round face all alight with anticipation of exciting episodes to follow. Jimmy began talking rapidly.

"They've been smashin' cars, Tode, an' haulin' off the motormen an' conductors that want to keep on workin'. There's three cars all smashed up near the sheds, an' the strikers say

they'll wreck every one that's run out to-day."

"It's a shame!" declared Theo, indignantly; yet boy-like, if there was to be a mob fight, he wanted to be on hand and see it all, and he took care not to let Jimmy get far ahead of him.

As they went on, the crowd continually increased until it became so dense that the boys had to worm their way through it inch by inch. They pressed on, however, and when further progress was impossible, they found standing room on the very front close to the car-track.

It had been a noisy, blustering crowd as it surged along the street, but now that it had come to a standstill, a sudden breathless silence fell upon it, and all eyes turned in one direction, gazing eagerly, intently up the track. Suddenly, a low, hoarse cry broke from a hundred throats.

"It's comin'! It's comin'" and far up the street a car appeared.
The faces of the men grew more hard and determined. Those of the women became pale and terrified. The two boys peered eagerly forward, their hearts beating quickly, with dread mingled with a sort of wild excitement.

"Look, Theo—Look!" whispered Jimmy, pointing to some men who were hastily digging up some

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