

Fritz crept down the ladder from the loft, and before going home thought he would interview the landlord.

"You seem to have a merry party in there," he said, indicating the direction of the club-room.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kingstone, some o' the strikers. They make a reg'lar row sometimes, but there's not much harm to 'em. Their bark's worse than their bite."

After what he had heard, however, Fritz was disposed to draw his own conclusions.