

wants a few boys as is more determined than the general run—eh, boys?"

"Right you are," said one or two, rapping on the table and applauding with their feet.

"I move as Jack Weller keeps the door," said one.

"I second it," said another, and they all cried "carried," "carried," as if their meeting was the most regular and lawful one.

Fritz, looking down through his aperture, began to grow interested.

"That bein' done, boys," said the chairman, who was really one of the most dangerous demagogues that infest the otherwise respectable labor unions, "the next thing is to bring in our private business, which is, as you know, our intention to give the capitalists a lesson."

"One as they'll . . . too!" said one of the men.

"Yes, like a little boy with the birch rod behind him," said another.

"There's some tyrants in the neighboring city as flaunts themselves," continued the chairman, "as spends their lives seeking their own pleasure, while we, what are we a-doing? Workin' with our hard and grim hands."

"Shame!" cried two or three voices.

"These here pro- + tyrants capture all the money, capture all the good things, the carriages