

trying to reconcile them to the needs of practical life. Now he was musing again over the rights of organized labor, but the senior member soon brought him back to the realities of the present by remarking with a few explosive epithets "Phil its up to you to get those boxes." He then passed out leaving the responsibility on young shoulders.

The effect on Phillip was like that of a cold shower bath, it almost took his breath away, but he recovered with a feeling of renewed vigor.

In five minutes, he had a cab at the door, and was soon rattling over the cobble stones in a manner that menaced pedestrians. He urged the driver on with a zeal that pleased the liveried Paddy and soon brought the boyish occupant to his destination—the home of the manager of one of the closed factories. In a few terse sentences, he explained the situation to his friend, and the manager said "With your help I could cut those on a small machine, but we might meet trouble.

Phillip's eagerness waived all difficulties, and they were soon at the factory pushing their way through a hissing mob of men who knew the 'boss' but not the youth beside him. Once in, it was a matter of only a few moments to cut the cartons. Phillip felt glad but not secure. As soon as he reached the street, the angry throng threw questions at him, thus: "What were you doing in there?" "Are you going to work?" "You'll scab it on us, will you?" and, amid the volley of words, Phillip made straight for a saloon across the way. It was an inspiration, he said, and a score or more of men followed him. "Come on, fellows," he called, "I'll stand treat to-day," and the strikers shuffled up with silly, side long glances at the fine faced youth by the bar. "Here's to the Box Makers' Union," he said, and they drained their glasses amid cheers. "Now," said Phillip, "let us eat," and he led the way to the back of the saloon where a bounteous free lunch was spread. The men filed in and Phillip slid out and jumped on a passing car before the strikers realized what was happening. When they saw that the "scab" had escaped, they ran after him with yells and dire threats. Phillip's heart was beating hard beneath the unfolded boxes, for he knew the enraged men would do him bodily violence if they caught him. Quick as thought he saw the situation. A stop at the crossing would be fatal. Then he quietly said to the conductor "I'll give you two dollars if you won't stop at the next street corner," and the blue uniformed fare taker nodded acceptance, and the car sped on. The strikers were thwarted, and Phillip had conquered. He reached his factory breathless but happy, delivered the boxes to his admiring colleagues, and the big order was shipped a few minutes before twelve.