

TWO GENERATIONS

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

THE poet of St. Andrews University, in verses beginning :
"His name is Alexander Bell, his home Dundee, I do not
know him quite so well as he knows me," commented
regarding something or other that—

" . . . one all as well might try
To cultivate the people of Dundee,
Or lead a camel through the needle's eye."

It is an opinion generally shared by those Dundonians for whom the evening paper does not contain all that it is necessary to know, those to whom the fierce tidal river gurgling through the darkness along the city-front, under hazed stars, also (and more authoritatively) speaks. And such do bloom, once in a blue moon, even in that city. The Law (the hill rising behind the town) is to such not merely a handy waste tract without the gate, round which one may walk arming a girl in the dusk, with ears alert for the skulking bully, but a hill—to which the eyes may well be lifted up now and again from the city streets, because of the effects it gives in combination with the sun and with mists, or with far-horized and windy days.

But most people, say the sociologists, have little heart for these things, and they tell how and why. What is there for the people of Dundee *to do*? They point out that those who make their money (that is in the sense of making more than a mere wage) in Dundee do not—they get heated about it—give a damn for the place. These live beyond the city areas—to dodge the taxes they