

"Yes, I am late, I'm so sorry," said Lily. "I got rather excited yesterday, and I suppose it was the reaction that made me sleep longer than usual."

"Ah—you were out slumming. I had to go out to dinner last night and I dressed at the club, so I did not see you. How did you get on, Mrs. Dorcas?"

"Now you needn't make fun of me. I got on as well as could be expected. But oh, father, I'm sure there is something wrong in things. The effects of this dreadful strike are very sad among the poor."

"Well, it's their own fault," said the millionaire, abruptly. "Why don't they come back to work and have their wages as usual?"

"Well, I'm not much at argument, daddy, but I want to ask you a question. What would you do if somebody wanted you to sell him, say, one of your city lots for \$1,000, when you had told him that your price was \$1,200?"

"I should probably tell him to go to blazes."

"Exactly, papa! Now then, the only thing these working-men have to sell is their labor, and they want a certain price for it."

"Oh, I see, young lady, you've been imbibing socialistic sentiments. But you really don't understand these things, my dear. Leave them to those who do."