

add, indignant, and doubtless rightly so. They state definitely that the employers are not interested in the workers, have no desire to make their lives *worth living*. And at that some pensive listener may break in with a little waggle of his head (or perhaps a prefacing sigh, or a "Huh!" as of desperate disgust): "And the people who are making the money, what of them? What are their interests?"

"Champagne instead of whisky. That's all the difference," one will elucidate.

"But they buy pictures at least," another will say.

And the one who sighed will sigh again and agree: "They do—occasionally, the kind of picture that is on the line at the Royal Academy." The significance thereof some understand, and others do not; and counsel is darkened.

Certainly the town council does take an interest in the masses, as the ordinary citizen may prove to himself by entering the Town House to hear the debates of the city fathers. Some who avail themselves of this right of entry get as excited as the debaters; others say it is as good as a play, and tell (amused and amazed) of these sittings. Thus may you hear of one conference at which the agitation was over the subject of milk in bottles, sterilised, for the poor; and how two of the councillors came to loggerheads over the lactic theme, and one in the heat of argument grew personal, personal regarding himself, thundering at his opponent that he was a believer in "parritch and milk," that his own family had been "brocht up" upon that combination—an excellent diet, he averred. "And I have three strapping dochters," he roared, "to prove it." There was laughter and trouble blent in the Town House; his friends caught his coat tails; a brother councillor besought him to "sit down on your ——" a word to be found in Burns, who, by the way, is their poet, with his bottle songs, and his songs of sentiment, so exclusively idolised that there is apt to be trouble if one should suggest that Lady Nairne (for one

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