

their heids thegither an' start a company an' mak you the seecretar o't. Bit, of coorse, that disna affec' the like o' you an' me. Anither wye 'at fowk gets wark sometimes is by trade takin' a 'boom' as they say; bit aiven than, there's aye someane left oot, an' losh, man, the 'booms' are lang o' comin' an' laist bit a short time fiu they dae come. 'The only richt wye o' providin' jobs for fowk at hisna wark is by shortnin' the oors o' them 'at hiz.

Of coorse, there's sic a thing as openin' up a new line o' business. I met in wi' a cove ae day in Aiberdeen—some o' this showman kin' o' billies—an' he wiz partic'lar strong on the idaia that ilka workin' man in the countra could mak 'imsel better aff in some wye or anither—he didna say by honest means; bit he seem't tae mean that. An' this cove tell't me aboot some man in Englan' 'at hid gane duddin' roon aboot a' the gentry's hooses i' the toon at he belanged till. an' colleckit the skins o' rabbits an' hares till he hid ilka hole an' bore aboot's hoose pang't fu' o' them. He gaed on this wye till he hid the 'fec o' therty or forty thoosand skins; an' he keepit them up till there cam' a rise i' the price an' then he sell't oot—realisin' a gey puckle siller. I min' fine, there wiz a croodie o's stan'in' roon at the time (it wiz i' the street 'at it happen't—aifter ane o' the Soshlists' meetins), an' fin he spoke o' the skin man sellin' oot an' feshin's 'pile' he lookit roon the boys, an' says he: 'Now, wot I say is that every man standin' around here at this present