

The deil a plack o' siller I hid wi' me ; bit I thoct I could tumble intil a job sae easy in a muckle toon 'at I wizna carin'. I gaed tae the hoose o' ane Jock Kinnair that wiz plooman at the Mains, bit hid gane intae the toon, an' hid gotten a job as a bannacker at the station. Jock didna gie me an awfu' herty welkim fin I turn't up at his hoose in Carmelite Lane ; an' his wife wiz aiven cau'ler still. So thinks I—the seener I'm deein' for mysel the better here. I hidna tae pit on my specs tae see that.

So I haikit roon the shore, an' in amon' the masons, an' here an' there tae this wark an' the neist. Bit fat eese wiz an' aul' joskin like me, without a minister's line, an' crin't up here like a buckie, an' sae mony young'er an' strong'er an' soopler men seekin' wark.

I've h'ard fowk—maistly pretty weel upon't them-sels—say that there wiz aye plenty o' wark for them 'at wiz wullin' tae dae't ; that nae dacent man wiz needin' tae wint a job for verra lang. I've often winder't faur they mannifactor't the “jobs for dacent men.” There's twa'r three wy'es o' gettin' jobs, as the Soshlists pint oot. First ava, ye can get some ither body's job, an' he can tak your place at paddin' the streets. Bit fatever *ye* might be inclin't tae say, plac't as ye are amo' the oonemployed, fae the pint o' view o' the general public, for you tae ging in an' anither man tae come oot mak's hardly ony difference ava. Then again, if ye're gey weel aff, an' hiz ye're father a man o' business, him an' his cronies can lay