

I ees't tae luik the papers ilka day for advertisements seekin' men, an' I applied for job aifter job. I've stood amon' a score o' men waitin' for their turn tae get in till a manager tae see aboot a licht porter's job at fourteen shillins i' the week; an' ye could see the ane scowlin' at the ither like a ram throu drift, an' fechtin' throu ither for the first turn tae get intae the office.

Instead o' gyaun hame at denner time, I ees't tae ging an' wander on the Links; an' I've chaw't tibaaca an' aiten dilse tae keep awa the hung'er. At this time I could get drink easier than maet. I wid meet wi' chiels takin' a day aff—railwye men 'at hid been workin' extra time, an' hid gotten the day aff instead o' extra pay; sailors an' firemen ashore for a tide, or, it micht be, hame fae a lang voyage; sodgers on furlough; an' chiels oot o' wark for a short time. Of coorse, they couldna be expeckit tae ken 'at I wiz wintin' for maet; an', tae be sure, I jist wizna needin' exactly tae wint it; bit, ye see, I wizna on for bein' mair behauden to the Kinnairs than I could help. I wiz often sae yaup for maet 'at I begood tae raise the win' wi' my spare claes. I min', the last time I gaed till a pop-shop wiz wi' a pair o' drawers. They offer't me ninepence; bit as this wiz aboot the last thing I could maistly spare, I wiz needin' a shillin'; so I left the place, an' gaed awa till anither rammer, an' fat think ye!—they offer't me a saxpence there! They tell't me—the chiel leuch fin he said it—'at I