

A Letter from Scotland.

Dear Maister Star,—When I think o' that grand auld drama—the book o' Job as it's ca'd—whaur the curtain first rises on the glorious sons o' God a' assembled theither, an' Auld Hornie wi' his sinister face an' cloven feet stappin' in whaur he'd nae richt to be (like his impudence!) an' when I hear the question put till him, "Whaur hae ye come frae?" an' his answer, "Ou, no laur jist frae takin' a daunder up an' doon ye insignificant wee star o' yours they ca' the earth"; when I read an auld world drama like that, an' think o' the thousands o' years it has survived an' come doon to us as an' evidence o' the glory o' the imagination and the grandeur o' the intellect o' man in thae auld days, I'm lost in wonder at the patrieess an' the fashionableness o' the modern drama, an' at the silly nonsense folk regale theirsel wi' noo-a-days. It's no the "ascent o' man" I'm taeu up wi', but his sair dooncome.

Thae reflections o' mine here recorded were first started by the sight o' three balloons sailin' awa ower the ceety o' Glasgow ae e'enin', an', gude forgie them, a woman in ilka ane o' them! I've nae objections to angels soarin' through the ether, comin' doon frae sinless climes (let us suppose) in the role o' ministerin' angels to puir wingless mortals, but when it comes to women sailin' sky-high for nae aim or end whatever, but notoriety, then I perfectly agreed wi' my freens the Provost an' Bailies that it was better to put a stop to a sic upeauns afore ane or twa o' them cam whurlin' doon to the earth as an illustration o' the law o' gravitation an' lay before us a mass o' bluidy flesh an' broken bones, as anither illustrative allegory o' the end o' the New Woman. (What for we should waste a capital N or a capital W on sic a decadent product o' femininity, I dinna ken, I'm sure.) For a' that I've a great notion that balloons might sairve us very beneficently on occasions. For instance, there's a London firm o' dry goods men, wha' they ca' drapers here, o' the name o' Joly an' Sons, or Joly an' Co., I kenna which an' still less do I care.

Onyho, it's Joly an' something or ither. Weel, they've sent oot a circular to a' the dry goods men in London ca'in on them to club thegither an' combine against ony puir deevil o' a clerk lookin' oot for a situation afore first gien notice to his employer; an' the draper to whom he applies must notifee the clerk's employer that he has applied for a situation, an' on nae account is he to employ or hire the applicant unless he has first handed in his notice o' quittin' to his present employer. That means to the puir clerk that if he fails to get the sit he's applyin' for he's oot o' ane a'thegither an' thrown on the mercy o' the world. "This," quo' Mr. Joly, o' London, England, "would tend greatly to keep down wages," etc., etc., an' so he goes on wi' his scheme for reducin' honorable service to abject slavery. Noo, for me to comment on a fack like this wad be dangerous. In fack, the only way I could possibly comment wad be on Mr. Joly's bare pelt wi' an uncommon sherp rawhide.

A' I venture to say here is that of coorse we ken vera weel that we're a', at least the feck o' us, descended, or ascended, frae the baboons and puggies, for naebody wi' a pair o' e'en in his head that looks roond on the antics o' mankind can for a moment doot it; but to me it's also clear that there's twa-three o' oor kind wha' evidently hae accidentally switched aff into the human race at a less advanced stage o' evolution, at the e'less moles, for instance. Noo, I'm convinced that this draper body wha' faithers this precious circular is a human evolved direct frae the mole. In naither way can I possibly account for the crass blindness that wad daur in the present state o' coevileezed opinion to throw up sic a mole heap for the openly expressed purpose o' "keepin' doon wages," forsooth!

An' here's whaur balloons wad come in handy. Utilize them for the disposal o' all sic mole begotten money grabbers, wha' at the end o' this century, hae the hardihood to attempt to mak slaves o' decent workin' men. Gude kens their lot is hard enough without bein' put under the iron thoom o' sic men as the author o' this circular. Therefore, in the interests o' the wage earners I wad propose that a' sic advocates o' slavery should be shipped aff in a balloon wi' six weeks' ait-meal to keep them, (they can kep water when it rains), an' let them cruise through space till they find anither planet sordid enough an' mean enough to gie them hooseroom. There's nae room for them onywhaur else I ken o', except in England whaur they come frae.

Eh, waes me! I began wi' Job an', alas! I find I can but end wi' him. For to me what ither is that puir, gude-hearted, ill-used auld patriarch but an allegorical representation o' puir, patient, sufferin' humanity, doon-trodden frae the beginnin' o' time by the beast instinct o' the strong trampin' doon the weak. Patient ever, an' believin' in God an' justice, an' keepin' its integrity

through it a'! Well, let us thank God for the endin' o' that grand drama, an' that it may jist sae happen to patient, waitin' humanity is the hope an' prayer o'

HUGH AIRLIE.
Glasgow, Scotland.

His Hearing was Bad.

Here is a story that George W. Monroe, who is starring this season in "A Happy Little Home," vouches for: "I attended the dedication of a new Catholic church in Sayville, L. I. the other Sunday," he says. "Father McDermott, a friend of mine, who is the rector there, had worked very hard and long to raise necessary funds for its erection. This, coupled with the fact that among the contributors were three Protestant ministers of different denominations (Presbyterian, Episcopal and Methodist), who had signified their intention to be present at the ceremonies, served to bring together an extraordinarily large crowd.

"Just before the services began the three ministers walked in and found there was not a seat to be had. Father McDermott discovered them standing at the back, and, calling his sexton, a little Killarney man who rejoices in the name of McGinty, he whispered to him: 'Get three chairs for the Protestants.' 'Do you mean it?' asked McGinty, a look of astonishment spread over his freckled face. 'Of course I do,' said Father McDermott, 'and be quick about it.' 'All right,' answered McGinty, 'I'll do it if you say so, but the Lord save my soul!' and, jumping on the altar, he shouted at the top of his voice: 'Ladies and gentlemen, Father McDermott wants ye to give three cheers to the Protestants—hip, hip, hooroo!'"

The Benedict's Lament.

A young married man sat one night in the twilight soliloquizing, and those were his words: Backward, turn backward, oh time, in thy flight, feed me on mush again just for to-night; I am so weary of sole leather steak, petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake; oysters that sleep in a watery bath, and butter as strong as Goliath of Gath; weary of praying for what I can't eat, chewing on rubber and calling it meat. Backward, turn backward, for weary I am! Give me a whack at my grandmother's jam; let me drink milk that has never been skimmed; let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed; let me once more have an old fashioned pie, and then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

Ratiocination.

Rector—"Duggan, attention! As you're an old Balaklava soldier, I am inclined to make allowances, but this is the third time I have seen you under the influence of drink. How is this?"

Sexton—"Well, you see, sir, when I go down town one fellow says, 'Duggan, will you have a drink?' and another says the same, and I get drunk without knowing it."

Rector—"But, Duggan, when I go down town no one asks me to take a drink."

Sexton—"Yes; but you're not nearly such a popular man, you see."

Mills—Did you ever know of a man being killed by the explosion of one of his theories?

Hills—Yes, one. He had a theory that he could run a steam launch alone.

Parson (to little girl)—Well, my little lady, I hope you are not coming to church to show your new hat.

Little Girl—Oh, no, sir; I come because I have ter keep "spots" on Sister Sue, so she can't flirt with Tom Greene.

Pompous Author (to veteran editor)—What would you advise a man to do whose ideas are in advance of the times?

Veteran Editor (promptly)—I would advise him to sit quietly down and wait for the times to catch up.

Uncle Mose—Doy's talkin' 'bout makin' chicken thiebes pay a dollar fo' ebery chicken dey steal.

Sam Johnsting—Go'ness me! Dey wan' ter crush de po' man altogether! Five dollar an all I git a week. 'Spec' I'ze gwine ter run in debt?

Mrs. Youngwife—You know those lovely \$5 dining-room gongs we saw the other day! Well, to-day they were marked down to \$3, so I got three.

Her Husband—Heaven and earth, what did you get three for?

Mrs. Youngwife (sweetly)—Why, one for each meal, of course.

The Professor swims from the sinking boat and climbs up on the bank. Then, dashing in again, he returns to the wreck and rescues his wife.

"But why didn't you save her before?" asks the listener in wonderment.

"Ah, my dear sir," was the learned man's reply, "I was bound to save myself first. Self preservation is the first law of nature."—Boston Post.

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