

## MRS MACNIPPY SPEAKS OUT.

**H**IS subject was *doos*, and his enthusiasm was unbounded.

It is said that we become like to that which we admire, or to that with which, or with whom, we live. The gentleman who discoursed so eloquently on *doos* had, unbeknown to himself, taken on a doo-like expression, if not exactly a doo-like bearing.

“It tak’s a guid man to *tell* a doo.”

This valuable piece of information I learned almost at once from our friend. He repeated it many times with varying emphasis but with unvarying force as if to impress his somewhat untutored, likewise inebriated, friend, that he, the speaker, was not only a man, but a guid man, and a man to boot capable of *telling* a doo.

The friend accepted the situation serenely, so serenely that he even failed to observe the departure of the doo enthusiast at Parkhead Cross.

It was at this stage that Mrs. MacNippy took command of the situation. I call her Mrs. MacNippy because of a certain tartness in her expression. She was accompanied by two young and not overclean MacNippies who had no compunction in breaking the rules of the Tramway Department in respect to standing on seats. Leaving the young MacNippies to roam to their heart’s content, Mrs. MacNippy tightened her lips and addressed the gathering.

“Doos!” she said contemptuously—“that’s a’ some men’s guid for. They think mair about their doos than about their weans, no’ to speak o’ their wives. Doos

an' whuppets! Dae I no' ken? Wid they help their weans wi' their lessons? Naw! No' them! Whit dae they care about the education o' their weans? Naething! Naething, I tell ye! But if it's doos; ye'll see them gaun about frae Sunday to Saturday wi' 'The Feathered World' stickin' oot their pockets. Oh, I ken them! They'll read about hoo to breed them, an' feed them, an' bath them, an' train them—doos, of coorse, no' weans; they wid droon a wean if they tried to bath it; an' as for feedin' them, their banes wid be stickin' oot their backs for a' they care. Fancy you that great big muckle man, wi' a moustache tae, an' mebbe a wife an' weans, talkin' about doos! Doos! As if there was naething in the world but doos! An' if ane o' his doos was to dee he wid sit doon an' greet like a big bubbly-jock. That's no' a man at a'; no' even a wean; a big galoot, a bawheid—that's whit I ca' him. Men like that should be made to bide in a dookit. Doos! Fancy you a man gaun about wi' naething in his heid but doos. Doos frae mornin' to nicht, an' him dreamin' about them, an' quarrellin' about them, an' fechtin' about them, an' his wife gaun about wi' the soles hingin' aff her shuin. A fine lot o' men thae!"

Here the lady stopped for breath, and to elicit that mead of sympathy without which the best intentioned orator in the world has to call a halt. It was there for her. "An' if it's no' doos, it's whuppets; the ane's as bad's the ither. Oh, I ken whit I'm talkin' about; ye might as weel be deid as merrit to a doo fancier or a dug fancier. I've seen them, when their wives an' weans were starvin', slinkin' in wi' a quarter o' pope's-eye steak to feed their dugs. I even kent a man put up a railin' in front o' the kitchen bed to keep his

whuppet frae gaun inab'low it, an' a' for fear it wad be frichtened in the daurk!

"An' they'll sit wi' them atween their knees combin' an' brushin', an' brushin', an' combin', till their hair's like silk, an' the same men widna gee their ginger to put a bane-teeth comb through a wean's heid to stop it frae scartin'. Mebbe ye think I'm exaggeratin', but I ken whit I'm talkin' aboot; I've seen them up afore the Schule Management Committee afore noo for keepin' verminous weans when ye couldna hae dirtied a white hankie on their whuppets if ye tried. Whit they hiv weans for, bates me. No' that I object to doos an' whuppets bein' well lookit efter. Guid kens they're often a lot better than their maisters, but I think I see mysel' pittin' them afore ma weans."

"They're no' a' daft—doo-fanciers, I mean."

This interjection was made by another lady passenger, who continued—"I mind yin used to go every Seterday to the Bird Market in the Jail Square. He never went in; he was too fly for that. He just stood outside an' waited till a likely lookin' greenhorn came alang, and then he selt him a doo for eichteenpence. Noo, whaur the lauch cam' in was that the doo was a *homer*. Awa' went the man wi' the doo, an' awa went the doo seller; but the doo was aye at hame when he got there. He used to say he had selt that same doo fifty times owre. There was a man for ye!"

"There's exceptions," said Mrs MacNippy. "But if my man took to fancyin' doos, it's me that wid sunc pit saut on his tail. Gie me my weans! Here, you! (this to MacNippy the younger)—if ye don't get doon aff that sate this very meenit I'll break every bane in yer body!"