

**THE LAIRD OF
GLENTYRE; A STORY
OF SCOTLAND**

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The Laird of Glentyre; a story of scotland by E. M. Green

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E. M. GREEN

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GLENTYRE; A STORY
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TOLD ALL HER ADVENTURES

Margaret
by
Webb.

THE LAIRD OF
GLENTYRE

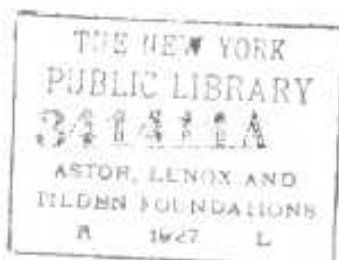
A STORY OF SCOTLAND

BY
E. M. GREEN



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NEW YORK
CLUB
YEARLY

TO
THE MANY FRIENDS IN SCOTLAND
TO WHOSE KINDNESS THIS BOOK
OWES MORE THAN THE
AUTHOR CAN
EXPRESS

27 X 445

A LETTER TO THE ONE WHO READS THIS BOOK

Dear Schoolmate:

The United States of America is often called the great Melting Pot, and if you have read some of my other letters in this series, about the Germans, the Irish, the Spanish, the Greeks, the French, perhaps you see why. All these races, and more too,—Russians, Italians, Scandinavians, Poles, Syrians,—have come pouring into the huge American pot; and presently, after the flavoring spices of new climates and the melting fires of love and patriotism have done their work, a new race will come out of the pot—like the genie out of the bottle in the fairy tale. And you and I and all the other school children will be a part of the magic that helped to make that race.

Now you must not think that this way of making a race of men and women is brand

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new, like so many other American things. No; so far as we can tell, every race was made in a melting pot; but some of them, like the Jews, were melted and mingled so long ago that we have lost their recipe—we can only guess what other peoples may have been mixed together to make them. Others, like the Italians, we know more about. We know that there was for many years a melting pot in Southern Italy and Sicily, and that into it there went Greeks and Arabs and Normans, to mingle with the native race and make the Neapolitans and Sicilians who come to us to-day.

In Scotland, too, there was a melting pot, and as this letter is about the Scots who came to America, I must tell you something of that Scottish brew which ran in the veins of some of our sturdiest pioneers and some of our most noted statesmen and patriots. For Ulysses S. Grant had Scottish blood in his veins, and so had William McKinley, and others whose names I shall tell you later.