

piano on your left; then you turn around and they thump on the other side. You are lucky if they do not pull your ear. Is it time to begin?

The song leader gives the signal for the chord and shouts "Let's go!" and they go with plenty of pep, singing "America," "Rose of No Man's Land," "Long, Long Trail," and real live ones like Harry Lauder's big success "Oh how I hate To Get Up in the Morning," "Frenchy," "The Navy Took Them Over, the Navy Will Bring Them Back."

Still more coming on a run from adjoining streets! All ages! Babies crying, boys fighting, women scolding, little girls carrying their younger brothers and sisters. "All this for nothing?" asks a cautious man, listening to the singing. "Goin' to pass a hat?" Of course no hat is passed. The only thing about the hat is that it is invited off during the singing of America, but it can be clapped on almost immediately and no further effort made in any direction to let a man feel uncomfortable.

Such a volume of sound! Three thousand people! Look at their faces! their mouths wide open and their bodies swaying in the excitement of trying to show the ones standing next them how it is done.

Goodness! Push them away! Sometimes it takes a strong arm to emphasize the threat. What is that? A little baby's hand is coming from somewhere up in the air. Oh yes! The mother is holding it. You look at the mother and start to explain that no one must play the piano, that if you let the baby others would be entitled to. She cannot understand English; you know she has no piano at home and she is so happy because her baby loves music. Something feels queer in your throat; you hear the leader call "Let's go," and you and the baby play "You're in style when you're wearing a smile," and it probably sounds as well as usual.

Pictures of Washington, Mount Vernon, The White House and the Capitol are thrown upon the screen, all greeted with cheers and waving of hats. By this time the boys are again trying to crowd around the song-leader—they have climbed up the front of the Settlement house and are sitting along the edge of the conductor's stand acting very much as if they would like to help with his conducting when, whack! the megaphone has hit something—everyone looks up to see the song-leader smiling, for his decisive action has cleared the director's stand.

At this point the pink, white and green of the arbutus makes the screen like a forest on May day. The crowd has changed. What is the sound we hear? These Bowery children have never seen the arbutus so how could they care? Just listen to them! Watch them! Little girls clasp their hands with a breathed "Oh!" Boys whistle, their best expression of approval. Men's eyes glisten, their faces showing how a spring flower

takes them back to the "old country," lonely perhaps for a forest, a rocky hillside by the blue Adriatic.

"Sh—sh—" someone is singing. It is quiet in an instant and through the air of that lovely summer night a great tenor sings, "Dear Old Pal of Mine."

"Won't you be glad when you c'n sing like dat?" some mother is heard talking to her musical prodigy. His hands dig down deep into his pockets, his face beams, and he looks the picture of confidence that some day he will.

Soon "Till We Meet Again," closes the half hour program. Then "Good Night" appears in large letters upon the screen, indicating that the sing is over. Now begins the scramble of parents for their children. Fortunately each mother knows her own and you see them trudging down the street. The little voices, so noisy the first part of the evening are hushed, some of the wee ones asleep in the mother's arms, the others plodding peacefully by her side. You look around and the merciful half light has covered the disfigurement of the street. Nothing is visible to you now but the love shining from the eyes of these new little friends. That same little hand creeps again into yours that at one time gave you such courage. Now you pick the child up in your arms determined to give her some of the joy she wants of which you have such an abundance.

You hear Mr. Lawrence say, "Fine sing tonight! Great neighborhood!" "Yes, oh yes! How I love it!" Can it be possible that this is you replying, so changed, so grateful for the opportunity of service and hoping these people, of whom you were so critical, will only bear with your peculiarities, your haughty manners and cold heart until you can grow into the kind of leader of whom they will approve and love.

TEACHER'S MEMORY

A school-teacher who had been telling a class of small pupils the story of the discovery of America by Columbus ended it with: "And all this happened more than 400 years ago."

A little boy, his eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought: "Gee! What a memory you've got!"—Pittsburg Sun.

COULDN'T TELL

A well-known business man was asked to join a literary club in the western town where he lives, an invitation which he declined on the ground that he would be anything but a desirable member.

"I have never been strong on literature," he said, "I couldn't for the life of me tell you who wrote Gray's Elegy."