

HOUSEHOLD.

Two Trees.

(Elizabeth R. Finley, in 'St. Nicholas.')

A little tree, short but self-satisfied,
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its
head and cried:
'Behold how tall I am! how far the dusty
earth!'
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful
mirth.

The tallest pine tree in the forest raised
its head toward heaven and sighed the
while it gazed:
'Alas, how small I am, and the great skies
how far!
What years of space 'twixt me and yonder
star!'

Moral.

Our height depends on what we measure by
if up from earth, or downward from the
sky.

Little Mothers in a Great City.

Among the poor families of the city where
the mother is obliged to work out, the care of
the smaller children falls upon the oldest sis-
ter. The lot of these 'little mothers' is a hard
one. A writer in the New York 'Evening Post'
says: The travelling library department of the
New York Public Library circulates more than
a thousand books a year from No. 22 West
St. among the little girls of the surrounding
tenements, who are given on an average two
readings apiece weekly.

Each girl, when she returns her book, is ask-
ed if any one except herself has read it, and
often replies that it was read by either her
father or her mother. Sometimes it has proved
too advanced for them, owing to her own
superior knowledge of English, or more ma-
ture literary taste. Frequently a child will
take out a story book for herself, and will
then ask for a first or second reader for her
father, evidently some man painfully acquir-
ing English with his child's aid in the even-
ing.

When the branch was first established, Miss
Bogardus, the library attendant, who has al-
ways had charge of it, asked the children to
name it. There was some hesitation. Finally
one midget diffidently suggested that it might
be called the 'Battery Wheelmen.' Poor lit-
tle mite! She was offering the most suitable
name for an organization that occurred to
her.

The children have, nevertheless, named No.
22 West St. for themselves. 'The Pleasant
Place.' A woman walking in the neighbor-
hood one day noticed a group of little girls
hurrying along, and asked them where they
were going. They replied, 'To the pleasant
place over on West St.' She followed them
and found they went to the rooms of the Lit-
tle Mothers' Aid Association. On inquiry it
was found that the little mothers of the
neighborhood identified the place thus, and
'The Pleasant Place' it has remained. It is a
dark, narrow, little hall, cramped and incon-
venient in every way. But it seems pleasant
to the little mothers of the tenements.

One would expect the children to be inter-
ested in the cooking and sewing classes, phys-
ical exercise and summer outings, in Christ-
mas and Thanksgiving entertainments, in East-
er, when they get flowering plants and new
spring hats. But it is something of a sur-
prise to find what eager and up-to-date liter-
ary taste prevails among them. They read
'More Goops, and How Not to Be Them' and
'The Lonesomest Doll.'

'Please give me "Cinderella"' said one small
person the other day.

'Why, my dear, you had "Cinderella" last
week. Why don't you take a new book?' said
the attendant.

'I'd like to read it over,' said the child.

The little mothers, in the interval of ear-
ning for their numerous families, when they
have washed the dishes and packed the chil-
dren off to school, and have put the baby to

sleep, slip away now and then into the pleas-
ant pages which take them into fairyland.
Throughout this neighborhood are many who
hold what they naively term 'office positions,'
only their labors never extend as high as the
desks; they stop with the floors. The old-
est girl brings up the family, and often she
looks forward to the day when she can go to
the factory, or take an 'office position' in her
turn, as a blessed relief from the eternal drag
of children too heavy for her arms.

There came into the Pleasant Place the
other day a little creature with a gentle face.
She had not come for a book; only to sit a
while with the other girls and look at the
pictures. She could not read, even the primer.
There had not been time to send her to school
yet.

'How many children have you, Jenny?' ask-
ed the visitor, adopting the customary form
of query of the neighborhood.

'Four,' said Jenny; 'there's Tom and Lucy
and Carrie and the baby.'

'And how old is the baby?'

'Two weeks.'

'And you take care of him?'

'Yes, ma'am, when me mudder's away at
work.'

'Here's Clara's book, Miss Bogardus,' said
another girl; 'she can't come to-day.'

'Why not?' asked the librarian.

'She's got a new baby,' replied the messen-
ger, briefly and unaffectedly.

Norah is a character at the Pleasant Place.
She entered with a whirl, and slapped her
book down before the librarian, with a pen-
ny upon it.

'Here's me book and here's me cent,' said
she; 'me book's dirty.'

'Why, Norah, how did you soil your book?'

'Hanged if I know,' replied the child frank-
ly. 'I was wrapped in a newspaper all the
time. I suppose some of me kids go at it.'

Having received another book, she flipped
its leaves with a practiced hand, and scanned
its pages with an eagle eye.

'Here's ink in de front and a leaf tored,'
she announced briefly. When a note had been
made of these injuries she retired satisfied.
She did not intend to be fined for mischief
not perpetrated by her own 'kids.'

The next girl with a soiled bookcover was
not so ready to meet her just debts.

'We are very poor,' she pleaded.

The attendant looked up at her hat, the
finest in the room; at her dress, elaborate
for that neighborhood.

'I'm afraid I can't let you have another
book, then,' she replied.

The girl left the room, but just before clos-
ing she rushed back. 'Here's the cent,' she
cried; 'my father borrowed it off a man.'

In the three years since the station was es-
tablished only three books have been lost,
and these were promptly and uncomplaining-
ly paid for. This is a record as to loss and
payment hardly equalled in any other quarter
of the city. Occasionally the 'library lady'
has to hunt up books in families that have
moved. One day she went from the roof of
one tenement house to that of another, de-
scended through dark hallways and poked
about until she found the family she sought.
She entered the room and discovered six
Syrian women, all sitting on one bed, all sew-
ing on kimonos. Not one of them could speak
a word of English, but all were prodigal
of smiles and bows, and profuse in apologies, of-
fered presumably in the choicest Arabic, when
the library lady caught sight of the missing
book and took possession of it.

The soft, pretty manners of the Syrian girls
are noticeable in contrast with the other chil-
dren of the quarter. Rose, a Syrian girl well
known at the Pleasant Place, has been in
this country three years. She speaks Eng-
lish without a trace of accent. More surpris-
ing still, her mother reads the books she takes
out. Both mother and daughter attended the
American mission school at Beirut before com-
ing to this country. It is hard to look at
Rose and reflect that she is a part of the
dreaded Oriental invasion. Her hair is brown
and soft, her skin creamy, her eyes large and
mild, her language gentle. One would say
that her parents were intelligent people, and
that Rose was a well-brought-up American
child.

Haidee is another and more typical Syrian

girl. Red and black are the colors she flies.
In three years she will be a belle of Little
Syria, and her father will drive acute bar-
gains with her many suitors over her dowry
of cash or rugs. She has been here only a
year, but she also speaks marvellously good
English, considering her time and opportuni-
ties. The Syrians are natural linguists.

Right next to Haidee sits little Katie, on
whom all the adjectives of an eighteenth cen-
tury novelist might with propriety be lav-
ished. Her hair is flaxen and silky; her skin
of an astonishing fairness, and the color is
that of a pale sweet-briar bud. No place but
Erin produced those violet eyes, 'rubbed in
with a dirty finger.'

One finds curious neighbors from many lands
down near South Ferry.

The Sunday Dinner.

(Pansy, in the 'C. E. World.')

Let me frankly own at the outset that I
like good Sunday dinners. I was never able
to join heartily in that old idea which ob-
tained in some localities that a cold bite
eaten almost anywhere and almost anyhow
was the proper thing for Sunday. I believe
most heartily in making Sunday the best and
cheeriest day of the week in every sense of

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL.'

FOR JUNE, 1907.

A GREAT BILL OF FARE.

This month's number is full of vari-
ety and of greater general interest than
any yet issued. The cover shows the
massive monument unveiled in Montreal
on May 24, to Lord Strathcona and the
Canadians who lost their lives in South
Africa during the war. It is full of life
and vigor, and will rank among the
great monuments of the country. The
Canadian public man of the month is
the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Jus-
tice of the Supreme Court, who, during
Lord Grey's absence in England is
clothed with all the authority of the
Governor-General. There are some first-
class snapshots of the Colonial Prem-
iers in England, in which Laurier and
Botha figure largely. By way of con-
trast to the dignified Boer Premier, who
now wears frock coat and silk hat, is
given a picture showing the general dur-
ing the war in the rough and ready
dress of a soldier on the veldt. One of
the most striking pictures shows a Lon-
don crowd massed on one of the great
squares at an open-air meeting. The
sea of upturned faces is worth studying.
One of the gems is a group of pictures
showing the awakening of spring on
Mount Royal, showing melting snow-
drifts and trickling brooks. Some re-
markable animal pictures depict ele-
phants, alligators and mountain goats in
unpremeditated poses in the New York
Zoo. A model hunting camp and the
Cambridge crew, which won the boat
race this year, will interest even those
who do not claim to be 'sports.' A
Canadian has invented a dredge that
has been accepted by the government
to make a channel the full length of
the River Nile, an undertaking that will
revolutionize Egyptian commerce. Strom-
boli has been unusually active lately.
A Canadian traveller secured a fine view
from a passing vessel. Dr. Torrey's
name is now a household word. The
camera caught him during his great
evangelistic campaign in Montreal. More
than the ladies will be interested in the
pictures showing the tussle of the
'suffragettes' and the London 'Bobbies'
in the shadow of the dignified House of
Parliament. There is a page of Chinese
famine pictures, appealing in the misery
they depict, and a view of the new
bridge being built across the Thames.
The woman's department, which in-
cludes a picture of Mrs. Charles Fitz-
patrick, consists of timely fashion arti-
cles and illustrations and suggestions of
interest to every household, including
hints on chafing dish cookery. The news
of the month is told in paragraphs, and
there are several jokes worth repeating.

The 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Canadian
Pictorial' to any address not requiring extra
postage, one year each for only \$1.00.