

The **RISE** of the
GOLDBERGS

GERTRUDE BERG

*THE RISE OF THE
GOLDBERGS*

By

GERTRUDE BERG

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By

EDDIE CANTOR

JACKET BY
POLITZER

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DEDICATED TO LEWIS

I take genuine delight in the opportunity to present to the reading public the author of "The Rise of the Goldbergs."

The remarkable human sketches presented by Mrs. Gertrude Berg over the radio to an ever increasing audience deserve to be perpetuated, because collectively they present the finest picture of the East Side that has been presented to date. She has captured the charm of the real East Side and through her sketches runs the entire gamut of human emotions, from laughter to tears.

People from the East Side, West Side and all around the town owe it to themselves to get a copy at this price before there is a rise in "The Rise of the Goldbergs."

Eddie Cantor

A Biography of Gertrude Berg

Gertrude Berg was born in New York City on the 3rd of October, 1900. She is married and is the mother of two children. In college she specialized in literature and dramatics, and almost from the cradle showed a tendency toward writing. When she was a youngster in Public School, her remarkable talent was recognized by her teachers who predicted for her a literary career.

A prominent actress, after witnessing one of Gertrude Berg's characterizations, predicted a successful stage career for her, but her mother's aversion for the stage was such that it was overcome only when she was asked by theatrical managers to portray the characters that she herself had created; and to-day she is not only known as an author but also as an actress. In addition, she paints and sings.

Gertrude Berg is a lover of all that stirs the imagination, understands the humor and pathos inherent in human nature, its strength and weakness, and in all her writings has shown a quality of sympathetic treatment of life which has won for her commendation from all, irrespective of race, creed, or nationality.

On November 20, 1929, the first Episode in the series of "The Rise of the Goldbergs" was presented by the National Broadcasting Company over Station WJZ, Miss Berg portraying the character of Mollie. The character of Jake is played by James Waters, a well-known Broadway actor who appeared in a

number of Broadway successes. Sammy is played by Alfred Corn, who was connected with Eva LeGalenne, and Rosie was played by Rosalyn Silber, a protégée of Miss Tucker. The series met with instantaneous success, and every episode thereafter awakened the imagination and touched the hearts of the listening public. Miss Berg has tried to paint the characters of Mollie, Jake, Sammy and Rosie as nearly to the truth as is humanly possible, and in Mollie's soothsaying philosophy she has shown herself to be a preacher of the bright side of life despite some of life's sordidness. She has revealed her passion for the love of friendship, and her fervent belief that every cloud has a silver lining. She has endeavored to point out that pecuniary success is not justifiable except insofar as it is employed as a means to aid the moral and spiritual progress of one's fellowmen. How successful she has been in awakening public sympathy in that direction can be judged by the numerous letters of praise which reach the officers of the National Broadcasting Company.

The popularity of the Series has been such that a great demand for personal appearances ensued, with the result that the cast has been headlined in vaudeville and has been playing to capacity houses. Numerous offers have also been received from moving picture producers for the rights to produce "The Rise of the Goldbergs" in talkies.

So many requests have been received by the National Broadcasting Company for copies of the episodes that it has been found advisable to publish this first volume with subsequent volumes to follow.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
AS THEY APPEAR OVER THE RADIO

MOLLIE GOLDBERG *Gertrude Berg*
JACOB GOLDBERG *James R. Waters*
SAMMY GOLDBERG *Alfred Corn*
ROSIE GOLDBERG *Rosalyn Silber*

THE RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS

MOLLIE SAVES THE DAY

THE bright green kitchen clock was pointing boldly to the hour of six. Mrs. Goldberg, plump, dark and motherly, turned out the gas under the gently simmering bean soup. From the parlor, which was also living room and (officially but never actually) the dining room, came the slow, unwilling thrumming of rising scales.

“Rosie!” Mrs. Goldberg raised her voice. “What’s de matter Sammy ain’t back from *cheddar*?¹ It’s time nearly for your papa to come home.”

“What time is it, mama?” sang out Rosie from the piano.

“Oh, you’re looking on de clock already? Practice, practice, go ahead! La, la, la, la, *la*, la, la, la!” Encouragingly she sang up the scale. “Is costing me enough money.”

She lifted a corner of her apron and wiped off one of the near silver soupspoons lying on the

¹ School.

oilcloth covered kitchen table where the family would dine.

"Where is Sammy so late? Maybe he got himself runned over by a cabsitac," she worried. "Dey run around so fast like cackroachers."

The squeaking of ropes within the dumb-waiter seemed to remind her of something. She went and opened the little door and leaned her capacious upper half into its musty depths.

"Mrs. Bloom! Oohoo, oohoo! Is your Mikey home from *cheddar* yet? No? I suppose dey must be playing marbles togedder. Yesterday dey had soch a fight and to-day dey're friends again. I tink it would be batter far you and far me if dey vould stay mad. Mrs. Bloom, you should hear my Rosie playing. She'll be vone in de voild. I don't even got to esk her to practice."

The thrumming on the piano paused. "Mama! isn't it time yet?"

Mrs. Goldberg did not remove her head from the dumb-waiter. "Rose, mine child! it's enough already!" she shouted. "You see dat, Mrs. Bloom?"

The invisible Mrs. Bloom answered something impossible for anybody who was not in the dumb-waiter shaft to hear.

"How is your Dora?" continued Mrs. Goldberg, sweetly. "Still running around vit dat loifer, ha? Oy, dere's mine bell wot's ringing. It must

be Sammy. Come op a liddle efter supper, Mrs. Bloom."

The door of the flat closed as gently as if a cyclone had entered. Into the kitchen clattered the son and heir of the Goldbergs. He threw his cap on one chair and his books on another; stopping beside the stove, he lifted up the saucepan lid and sniffed the soup.

"Hello, mum!"

"Vat's de matter so late, Sammy? Let me look on your hends. Playing marbles, ha? For vat is your fadder slaving for vat I'm esking you? A marble shooter you'll gonna be? A beautiful business for a Jewish boy!"

"What's the matter with the marble business?" demanded Sammy. "Didn't Uncle Morantz pay five thousand dollars just to get his name on a piece of marble?"

"Don't answer me back! If not I'll tell your papa so soon he'll come home! Go vash yourself and take de violin! No vonder is a saying dat in America de parents obey de children."

"Oh, gee! Ya can't say a word around here!" he muttered.

"Dot's unuff!"

Sammy went unwillingly to the kitchen sink. There was a large brown slab of soap on the edge of the washboard, and from a rack hung a towel that had hardly been used. He could find no ex-

cuse, so he turned on the hot-water tap and began to wash.

"That's just how Mikey talks to his mother," sniffed Rosie, who had come into the room. "That's where he gets it from."

"You mind your business!"

"Sammy," warned his mother, "ef I see you wid dot Mikey, remember vat'll be here!"

"Gee!" complained Sammy, sloshing the water over his face. "I'm worse than a prisoner."

"Stop de fresh mout! You get me so eggrewated I'm shaking like a liff. Dot's de doorbell. Here's papa now."

Sammy turned a soap-streaked face, one eye squinting to keep out the brown drops that were trickling down from his eyebrow.

"Don't tell him, ma! Ma, please!"

"Shuh, shuh, all right, only be a good boy, vat else am I esking?"

Steps tramped through the flat. The father of the family had arrived. With one hand he tossed his hat on to the mantelpiece in the parlor, with the other he patted his panting chest.

"Oohoo, de stairs, de stairs!" he could be heard saying in the other room just before he came into the kitchen.

He cast an appreciative glance at the cheery table, the bubbling pot on the stove and the plump, smiling wife.

"I poff like a stim ingine," he complained. "Fife flights! Ve're high op in de voild, Mollie."

"Don't always complain, Jake," she counseled. "Thanks God you got a steady job and Mr. Finkelstein likes you." She struck a match, lighted the gas ring once more, and stirred the soup with a ladle. "Didn't he peek you out from all de operators to make a coit for his vife last year?"

"Mollie, Mollie," sighed Goldberg, settling down in the chair with armrests, which stood in the comfortable corner between the table and stove, "I can see you're only a voman. You don't understand life. Vat do you know about a man's ambitions?"

"Vat means ambitions, Jake? You talk soch big smart voids lately."

"Gee," exclaimed Sammy, importantly, "don't you know what ambition means, mama?"

Goldberg turned a cold eye upon him.

"Shuh, when I'll talk to you, Sammy, and when I'll esk you, Sammy, den you'll tell me. Your mama and me is talking now. Children should be hoid, not seen. Yes, Mollie, embitions means what you're never satisfied vith vat is."

"Can I help it if I don't understand? Ef you'll tell me, den I'll know."

"Look, I'll give you a far instance," replied her husband. "Ef a man is got five dollars, he

wants ten dollars! Get de point? Mr. Finkelstein started vith ten machines in his feactory, and he didn't stop embitioning ontill he got fifty."

Thoughtfully Mollie looked at him. "And dat's vat you call membition? Oy, Jake, by me dot looks like a sickness."

"Mama, you know, mama," exclaimed Rosie, suddenly, "we're going to make our own graduation dresses, and the teacher said I'm going to be the youngest in the graduation class."

Goldberg beamed on her with paternal joy.

"Is dot so, Rosalie? De yongest in de whole cless?"

"Yap!"

"Vell," said Goldberg, with a triumphant twist of his mustache as he looked at the pretty, dark-haired girl, "I ulvays said she looks like you, Mollie, but she's got my head."

"And maybe I'll get a medal, too!" boasted Rosie.

Mrs. Goldberg glowed. "See dat, Jake? Mrs. Bloom vould only vish to have soch two children like ve got. Sammy is also a diamond! From school to *cheddar*—from *cheddar* to home—and from home to violin. I'm telling you, Jake, he's growing op a Mischa Heifetz! Come, listen, how he plays his new piece and Rosie plays the accomplishment."

Sammy, not unwilling to show off after Rosie's announcement of her own glories, fetched his violin and stood by the piano, ready for Rosie. He played. Even if he wasn't a Heifetz, his playing gave his mother visions of Carnegie Hall packed to the doors with high society, and tall posters with the name "Sammy Goldberg" in huge, black letters.

But Jake's mind was occupied with more practical matters. No sooner had the playing ended than he called his wife away from the living room which by now was also the music room.

"Mollie! Come here. Sit down a minit. I vant to talk to you someding."

"Oy, Jake! Someding happened already! I can see it in your face. Maybe it's a strike and you're laid op again? Tell me, qvick!"

"Shuh, shush, don't get ekcited!"

"Yes—yes—nu—so vat?"

"You remember Mendel de cotter?"

"Nu—nu?"

"Nu, nodding! So he vants I should go in business vid him."

"In business! Vid vat?"

"Mendel is got de capital from \$300, and ef I could get \$200 ve could start. Mendel knows where to get the machines, cheap, second-handed."

"Two hondred dollars?" Mollie clicked her

tongue. "Maybe it'll fall out from de sky, ha, Jake? Don't talk like Rockingfeller, Jake, please."

"Oy, Mollie. For years I been drimming from a liddle business of mine own. A beeg factory vid machines, and me—Jacob Goldberg—a boss!" His eye lighted up. "Mama, do you know vat dat means, a boss? Can you imagine vat it vould mean for de children? Sammy a doctor—Rose a school titcher—you, silks und setins—und far me a house vid a helewator so I vouldn't poff like a tren. Remember de beautiful fenniture by Cop-pervaits—maybe someding like dat, too."

Mollie stood still, a dreamy expression on her face.

"You mean, Jake, de beautiful bedroom set vid de looking glesses?"

"Yeh, yeh, Mollie, und a real dinink room, so ve vouldn't have to eat in de kitchen."

"And I'll be hable to send de vash to de vet loundry?"

"You vouldn't have to put your hands in colt vater," sighed Jake.

Mollie too heaved a deep sigh. Nodding her head wistfully, she said,

"Bot vhere can ve get de money?"

Jake hesitated a while before he dared to say, "Maybe your brodder——"

"Got forbit! I should batter die before I should esk him."

Jake's head drooped; he leaned his elbow on the table and rested his chin on his hand. Mournfully nodding his head, he said: "So dot means I'll die a piker!"

Mollie stood in deep thought. Suddenly she spoke up briskly:

"Don't pike so moch and don't talk so moch. Stend yourself on a chair and bring me down de blue peetcher on de shelf."

Jake stared at her. "Vat's de peetcher all from a sodden?"

"Don't esk foolishness. Bring down de peetcher," commanded Mollie. "Look out!" she cried as Jake, balancing on a chair and clutching at the shelf with one hand, grabbed the pitcher in the other hand. "Don't break it! You're like a helephant, so clumsy."

"Don't talk so moch," panted Jake, getting down from the chair. "Here's de peetcher and not broken."

Mollie received the pitcher in both hands. Clearing a space on the table among the dishes, she proudly turned the pitcher upside down. Out flowed a stream of silver and copper coins, wadded dollar bills, dog-eared twos, in an envelope several fives, and in a cracked, leather

change purse which she triumphantly opened, two magnificent, yellow-backed tens!

Jake, overcome, stared at the money as if it must be a dream, while Sammy and Rosie raised whoops of joy as they began to count it. Two hundred and three dollars and fourteen cents.

"Mollie! Mollie!" he exclaimed finally. "Where did you get all de money?"

Mrs. Goldberg's lip was trembling between smiles and tears, and her eyes were misty with joy.

"For fife years, papa, I knew dot some day ve vould need it. Do you tink I wanted my children to live and grow op like dis? For us, Jake, it don't matter no more—bot for dem—so I safed—a liddle here, a liddle dere—and liddle by liddle I safed dis. Take it, Jake. Bot remember—it's all ve got."

Jake choked with emotion.

"Mollie," he stammered, with tears in his voice, "Mollie—you'll see in fife years vot'll be. Big signs all over—'De Mollie Cloik und Soot Gompany.'"

"Ull right—bot be careful; don't be a splonger!"

"Mollie—I nefer told you—maybe you'll leff at me—bot now my drim is comink true, I can talk."

"Tell me, Jake; vhy you dink I'll leff at you?"

“For a long time ullready I used to make sure to go to voik early so I could be in de place when de first machine started op. So I used to sit und leesten—first vun machine, den two, den like a dooet, and den—bang! ull of a sodden—like a seemphony orchestra—ull de sewing machines was homming togedder a song. Und, Mollie, it seemed like I could hear dem singing: ‘Jacob Goldberg, Jacob Goldberg, go, do, be—become somebody!’ Jost like moosic in mine ears.”

“Yes, yes, vhat else?”

“Und like de moosic plays for de mofing pictures, dat’s how de machines was playing far my toughts.”

“Jake,” warned Mollie, “only take it slowly. Don’t try to svaallow de voidl in vun bite; you’ll maybe get digestion. Rosie! Sammy! Come play someding far papa.”

Who could refuse Mollie anything after that miraculous display of the results of her forethought? Rose gave her mother a hearty kiss on her way to the piano; Sammy promptly took up his violin. Father and mother listened to the duet, dreaming dreams of a glorious future. They never noticed that the last note on the violin was not in unison with the last note on the piano.

“You never get that last note right,” Sammy scolded his sister. “You’re a piano player like I’m a *shammes*.”¹

¹ Caretaker in a synagogue.

"Don't always pick on me. You're no wonder yourself!" retorted Rosie.

"Oh, shut up! I'll slam you one."

"Oy, you're starting op again, Sammy?" threatened Mrs. Goldberg. "Look out; you know what I can tell your papa!"

"Vhat? vhat? vhat?" exclaimed Goldberg, in alarm. "Vhat happened here all ready? Am I de fader or a boarder here? Sammy, it's a locky ding far you I fill goot to-night. 'Slam'—soch a toff language a boy says to a seester. You becoming a regular toff mog, ha? A seester, your own flesh and blood, ha? I'll give you slamming!"

"It's all her fault," whined Sammy. "She started it. I'm always wrong around here. Gee! I wish I was old enough to——"

"Shuh! Don't forget I'm still your fader!"

"Vhere's your respect far your fader, Sammy?" Mrs. Goldberg put in. "He's only talking far your goot."

"See how fresh he is!" cried Rose triumphantly.

"Oh, boy!" whispered Sammy. "Wait till I get you after."

"Quiet!" commanded Goldberg, as he saw Rosie about to reply. "Sopper is vaiting!"

"All right," said Mrs. Goldberg, soothingly,

"come, let's all seet down. Vhen de *latkes*¹ get cold dey ain't got no taste."

She put the dish of *latkes* on the table and removed the cover. The golden-brown pancakes made one feel happy just to look at them.

"Gee, they look good, mama!" exclaimed Rosie, picking up her fork.

"Mollie, am I hongry to-night!" hinted Jake, as his wife piled half of them on his plate.

The chorus of contented eating was interrupted by Mollie.

"Rosalie," she said, "efter sopper you'll take down a plate soup to de janitor. She ain't filling so goot. She likes my soup."

"Who wouldn't like your soup?" asked Jake. "It's feet for a kink."

"You mean a president," smiled his wife. "Ve're in Amerike, not in Europe!"

"You said it that time, ma!" said Sammy between bites.

Jake's eyes were smiling and filled with visions of the future.

"Oy, Mollie, Mollie, soon ve'll be eating from gold plates."

"Jake, d'you tink it'll taste better?"

"Soch a qvestion?"

And they all laughed.

¹ Potato pancakes.

JAKE, A BUSINESS MAN

JAKE GOLDBERG hurried from his bedroom into the kitchen. He pulled on his coat and straightened his suspenders while on the way. On the breakfast table was a different kind of loaf from the everyday bought bread: it was the bulky, yellow twist which Mrs. Goldberg baked in her own oven every Sabbath. On the mantelpiece two big, brightly polished candlesticks overflowed with hard grease around the holders, where the holyday candles had guttered out.

“Jake—it’s *Shabbes*¹—you must go to voik also to-day?” asked Mrs. Goldberg.

“Mollie, how many times most I toll you, I go to beezness, not to voik.”

“Bot Jake, don’t you always tell me you’re voiking hard?”

“Yes, Mollie, bot when it’s far yourself it’s beezness. Mollie, I’m a contractor. I’m a beezness man.”

“Oy, vat beezness! Saturday, Sondag, holledays. Plain talking all de time! Vy don’t you buy a bed and slip dere and finished! And dat’s

¹ Saturday; the Sabbath.

beezness? It's a slavery—jost like in Uncle Tom's Cabinet!"

"Cabin, mama!" called out Rose, patting her dark hair into waves as she came in for breakfast. Her young brother had also, strange to say, gotten himself out of bed early this Saturday morning, and he came clattering after her.

"Ullerright," said Mrs. Goldberg, putting on more water to boil, "let be cabinet."

"Don't vorry, Mollie," said Jake, wisely. "Soch slavery is a pleazure."

"Bot before you vas a beezness man, ve used to go out a liddle. I also knew vat vas going on in de voild. Far seex monts ve didn't even go to a moving picture," she said, wistfully.

Jake shrugged his shoulders. "Who's got de head far soch foolishness? Did you efer!—moving pictures—can you emagine vat's laying in her head?"

"Vat's so foolish? You farget alleready how you used to lofe de movies, ha? Don't you remember dot vonderful picture, 'Oy, vot a fool I am,' by Ruddy Kipland?"

"Ma, you mean 'A Fool There Was,' by Rudyard Kipling," explained Rosie, while Sammy burst out laughing.

"Let be like you say. And Jake, de 'Ten Commanders'—dot vas some picture, ha?"

"'Ten Commandments,' ma," again Rosie corrected her, pushing Sammy who had begun to laugh again.

"So let be commandments," smiled Mrs. Goldberg.

"Ef you vant to go to a show, Mollie, take Rosie and go. Do you need me I shall take you?"

"You'll soon become like a boarder in de house, slipping und itting, ha?" said his wife, sadly. "You got a partner and you can't even take off a half day Saturday, ha?"

"A partner! Mendel—who is Mendel? Don't you 'derstand, Mollie, I'm de brains from de foim. So far as I'm concerned he's a silence partner."

"Vat's dot, a silence partner?"

"A silence partner, Mollie, is—vell, I'll gif you a far instance. Take de void—let me see—take far instance my name, Jake, J-A-K-E. De E is silence. It's dere und it ain't dere—you don't even hear it at all. Dot's a silence partner. Jake could be Jake vidout de E—get de point? You 'derstand now? Vat's de use talkink, Mollie, I'm de whull beezness. Soon anodder season like dis und I'll be a menufacturer."

"Ulleright, ulleright! Far me is enoff ulle-ready. Don't fly too high vid de foist vind, Jake."

"Papa," exclaimed Sammy, who had been lis-

tening with unusual interest to his father's words, "can I have a bicycle for my birthday?"

"A bicycle! Vat's a bicycle? Ef I'll get de order from Simon and Simon I'll buy you a tri-cycle."

"Batter buy him a good wiolin; de vun he's got is from soap tickets," said Mrs. Goldberg.

"Oy, since you're in de business you didn't even hear Sammy playink. Oy, Jake, take a liddle pleasure vid your voik. Sammy, qvick, while papa is itting de breakfast play for him someding."

With the tempting vision of a bicycle to inspire him, Sammy made no objection but took his violin out of its case and began a solo. As the melody got into full swing, Mrs. Goldberg raised her voice and called to her husband:

"Jake, open de vindow and let Mrs. Bloom hear how is beautiful. At least ef she ain't got no pleasure frum her own children, let her take pleasure from ours."

The dutiful Jake put out his arm and pushed up the window. If he heard Mrs. Bloom express other feelings about Sammy's playing than acute pleasure, he was smart enough not to tell it to his wife, who was busy piling dishes in the sink.

As Sammy raised the bow for the last diminuendo, Jake's eyes fell on the green kitchen clock. He jumped up, stuffing the last mouthful between his lips.

"Ullerright, Sammy, dot's vonderful," he said. "Mollie, *you* leesen to de feenish. T-t-t-t—it's eight o'clock ulleready—it's late——"

"Jake, it don't take no qvicker ef you stend up and itt. Whipe off your mustache, it's full of coffee; you got coffee ull over. Oy, Jake, you'll maybe get a noivous break-op, I'm afraid."

Jake swished his hand across his mustache as Mollie brushed crumbs off his waistcoat.

"Mollie, I told you last veek to look far rooms uptown; it don't look good far de boss of de Mollie Cloik and Soot Company to leave here in Pike Strit on de fift floor. Be sure it's vid a helewator and cemetry plombing. Mendel's brodder is got four rooms from on Honerd and Nineteent Strit. De vay he says, dey most be simple gorgeous."

He looked about for his coat, which Mrs. Goldberg was already handing to him.

"Ullerright, ullerright, I'll look, I'll look. Here's your coit. Remember, Jake, a fader most not only have a home, bot a home most have a fader."

"Don't vorry, you'll soon have turkey rogs und flowers in de vinter time like your brodder Joe. Where's my het, Mollie?"

She glanced hastily about the room.

"Sammy, where's papa's het?"

"How should I know?" said Sammy, who had put the violin back and was now busy tossing

down his coffee and munching a huge piece of buttered bread.

"Dot's how you enswer beck? Go look in de hall!"

"Oy," worried Jake, "dot makes me so noivous. Every day de same ting. If I put my het on de mantelpiece why do you always take it away, ha?"

Sammy marched off into the hall.

"Vell, Sammy!" his mother called after him. "Did you find de het?"

"I don't see it," bawled Sammy, after a dramatic pause.

"Look vid your eyes you'll find it!" shouted Mrs. Goldberg.

"What else am I looking with?"

"Close de fresh mout, Sammy!" snapped Goldberg. "One flavor I'll esk you, Mollie; when I'll put de het on de mantelpiece, leave it on de mantelpiece, please!"

"Ulleright! ulleright! don't get oxcited!"

"Rosie! What are you stending!" cried the irritated Jake. "Vhy don't you look for de het?"

"Hold yourself in a liddle! don't liv out de temper on de child!" exclaimed Mollie.

Rosie began to laugh. "Papa, the hat's on your head!"

Jake quickly put up his hand to his head, and felt the brim of the much searched-after hat. Sheepishly he grinned. "Nu, did you efer?"

"Thanks God, ull de excitement far notting," sighed Mollie. "Oy, horry op, horry op; you're a boss!"

"Good-bye, good-bye!" called Jake, as he dashed off through the hall. "I'll be in de office over-time. Don't keep supper far me. Mr. Finger from Finger und Hendel is giving me a blow-op. He's got a proposition to talk over. Good-bye." The slamming door told that the husband and father had departed.

"Sammy, now to de wiolin, please."

"Ma, can't I practice when I come back from the scout meeting?"

"No, mine child, foist de moosic den de scotch."

"Ah, all right! Come on, Rose, let's get it over."

"Let's get it over, ha?" said Mrs. Goldberg, nodding her head at him. "It's like poison to you, ha? Oy, wait und see when you'll grow op how vonderful you'll fill when you'll go to a party und dey'll esk who knows how to play, und dey'll look at you and say: 'Uf course, Sammy Goldberg und his sister, Rosie.' Ain't dat batter dan you shall fill shamed and seet in de corner and be a flower on de vall? Oy, ef you children would only know vat it minns to have a chence in life."

The children, at the piano, made no reply to her.

"Give me A," Sammy growled.

Rose tapped the key on the piano. "Here's A. Anything else? Takes you a year to tune up."

Mrs. Goldberg at last had her chance to sit down at the table and get a bite of the breakfast she had prepared. She sat solemnly eating and drinking and listening to the music which seemed to her the perfection of melody. When they had finished, she said,

"Rosie, go over to Tante Elke. She got a letter from Europe, und I like to know vat's going on at home."

"Tell Sammy to go, ma, so I can help you wash the dishes."

Sammy glared at her. "Mama told you first, didn't she? I always have to be the goat." He slammed his violin case shut. "I won't go, mama, I'm telling you, and that's all."

"Quiet!" pleaded Mrs. Goldberg. "Leesen, Samalla; ef you had brodders und seesters, und an old mama tousander miles away, und ef came a letter frum across de hocean, vouldn't you——"

"All right, all right," interrupted Sammy, disturbed by his mother's emotion. "What am I supposed to do—cry? You always pull that sob stuff on me, cause you know I have a soft heart. But, gee, Rosie, wait till I get you after."

"Sammy!" his mother coaxed.

"But you told her, didn't yuh?"

"Here's your het," said Mrs. Goldberg, softly.

"Botton op your neck you shouldn't ketch a colt."

"Oh, leave me alone. It's too tight. Good-bye."

"You got a handkerchief?" she called after him. "Tell Tante Elke to comm over a liddle efter."

"All right! Will you let me go already? I only hope Tante Elke don't kiss me." The whole house quivered as the door slammed heavily behind him.

"Vot a femely it's becoming!" mused Mrs. Goldberg, proudly. "You fader a boss, Semmy a boy scotch. Rosalie, vhat are you?"

"I'm a girl scout, and it's wonderful! You learn so many things!"

"Ah, so?" Mrs. Goldberg was silent a while, then she added, thoughtfully, "Maybe you can make someding from me, too."

"Where's the dishrag, ma?" asked Rosie, slipping an apron over her head.

"Never mind, liv de dishes, you'll spoil your hends." Her mother took the apron off the slim little figure, and spread it over her own broad bosom.

"Then I can go now, mama?"

"Yes, vy not? Put on your nice coit, pull op your stockings, bot be careful don' scretch op your new shoes."

"All right, mama, darling!" She flung an arm

round Mrs. Goldberg's neck and kissed the plump cheek. "Don't be lonesome—no? ha? Good-bye. I won't be late."

"Vy should I be longsime? It's de foist time I'm alone? Go, darlink, have a good time."

"Good-bye!" And Rosie skipped off.

"Good-bye!"

The breakfast dishes did not take long to wash and dry. As soon as they were put away, Mrs. Goldberg wiped her hands and marched to the dumb-waiter. She opened the door and looked up and down to make sure the dumb-waiter was not about to descend upon her head nor come up from beneath her chin. Then she leaned out into the narrow shaft that was full of smells and faint noises:

"Mrs. Bloom! Oohoo, Mrs. Bloom!" she called. Another small door opened below, a head was poked out and an eye squinted up at her. "Mrs. Bloom, vhata matter you didn't comm op a liddle lest night efter sopper? Ha? I vas tired, too! How vas de cheeken you got by Rosen, de butcher? Mine vas herd like a stone. Your bargains! batter don't look far bargains next time. Did you get a latter frum Dora since she got married? Hm, hm, soch a beautiful goil vat she was, sooch a chences vat she hed! Ef ve could only put our heads on de children's shoulders, 'twould be a difference sturry to tell.

"Vait vun minute, Mrs. Bloom, dot's mine door-bell. Most be de iceman. It starts to ring de bell in de morning; you can go crazy. No ice to-day, Joe!" she shouted. "To-morrow!" Then putting her head back into the dumb-waiter, she continued:

"Oy, yes, like I vas saying, Mrs. Bloom, don't worry; maybe it'll be ulleright. Ef Dora lofes him so moch und he lofes her, vhat else? He don't make a lifing? Dey're younk pipple! Oy, a piece of bleck bread, Mrs. Bloom, bot only younk! You know vhat? I'm beginning to tink dat it's de stroggle vat put taste in de life. Believe me, I know. Oy, oy, de doorbell again! Vun minute, Mrs. Bloom!"

This time it was Sammy. Mrs. Goldberg eagerly held out her hand for the letter.

"Tante Elke said she'd bring the letter herself; she wants to read it to uncle first," he announced, and started out of the door again.

"Where you ronning, where you ronning? Vait a minute! It's a fire som place?"

"Oh, ma, I'm late, I got to go! Say, ma, can I have a nickel?"

Mrs. Goldberg dipped her hand into her waist, fished out a little purse of worn leather, and took out a dime.

"Here's ten cents; buy yourself a malted."

He grabbed the dime and dashed off. "Good-bye, ma!"

"Good-bye, don't ron like a Indian! No vonder you're skinny like a stick." She sighed and returned to the dumb-waiter.

"I vas gonna tell you, Mrs. Bloom, my Jake vants I should mofe optown. I hesk you, vat vill I do optown? I'm so used here ulleready. Op dere it'll be jost like I came frum de old country—a greenhorn. Here I got you, Mrs. Finkelstein, und de grocery lady, bot he says it don't look nice far him. He's gonna be a menufecturer soon, mine Jake. You should see, Mrs. Bloom, he makes his own monneh ulleready. He got a book, und he writes Jacob Goldberg on a piece frum paper, und dat's all—und it's monneh—real monneh—cash!"

She paused for breath. The doorbell rang again.

"Excuse me, excuse me, mine bell is ringing. Comm op a liddle efter, yes?"

She went towards the hall door. "Who's dat?" she called, cautiously, being now alone in the flat.

A rough, busy voice answered her.

"Telephone man, New York Telephone Company."

"What?" Mollie crinkled her forehead in wonder, as she opened the door. A workman with a

big cardboard box and some tools, stepped in.

"I got an order to put a telephone in your apartment, ma'am."

"No, you got a mestake, man."

The man glanced at a slip of paper he held in his hand.

"Is this Goldberg's, Jacob Goldberg's?"

"Yes, sure, certainly."

"Well, it's for you," he said, briskly, and tramped into the flat.

Mrs. Goldberg went at once to the dumb-waiter, flung open the door, and yelled down:

"Yoo-hoo! Mrs. Bloom! Coom op qvick! Is coming by me a telephon!"

"Say, lady! I ain't got all day! Where do you want me to put this?" He tore open the brown cardboard box and began to delve into its depths.

"Mr. Telephon Man, I tink you shall batter put it outside in de hull so de neighbors shouldn't ring too moch mine bell."

The man looked at her sarcastically.

"You should have ordered a booth, 'stead of a private wire." He dug his arm down into the box and pulled out a shiny black telephone with its dangling length of green-covered wire. Mrs. Goldberg gazed in smiling admiration.

"Mr. Telephon Company, where do you put de nickels?"

"You don't put in any nickels."

"In Fishman's drug store dey got a regular slots machine." She took the instrument reverently in her hands. "Oy, dis is a beautiful vun! look all de rope! Ken you emagine, you put your mout here and you give talk, 'hulloh!' and right away it henswers you beck! Soch a brains vat pipple got!"

"Say, don't make me laugh, Missus; I got a split lip! *That's* the part you put near your ear, see, like this."

"Nu," said Mrs. Goldberg, resignedly, "I bet Mrs. Bloom vill make a mestake, too. Dis is a contry full frum supprises!"

MOLLIE AND JAKE COMPROMISE

GARBAGE! Garbage!" The strong if not exactly musical voice of the janitress rang through the fifth floor of the Pike Street tenement.

Mrs. Goldberg opened the hall door and greeted a pair of Irish blue eyes set in a jolly red face under a haystack of tousled, fair hair. You had only to look at her to know that if her name didn't begin with an "O" it ended in a "gan." With sleeves rolled high above her massive elbows and her blue apron considerably the darker for use, she stood there waiting to receive the garbage pail which Mrs. Goldberg handed her.

"Come in, come in a liddle, Mrs. Kerrigan!" exclaimed the hospitable Mollie.

"Is it alone ye are?"

"And if I'm not alone, can't you come in?"

Mrs. Kerrigan followed Mollie into the living room and sat down. "Bless me if I didn't forgit your soup bowl! I'll fergit me own name soon, I'm that bad at rememberin'."

"Dat's ulleright, you can keep de plate. I got more."

There was evidently something on Mrs. Kerrigan's mind, and she let it out.

"Don't tell me there's any truth in what I'm hearin', about yer movin' away from us. Go 'way with ye now. Ye wouldn't be doin' such a thing to me, now would ye?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kerrigan," said Mollie, regretfully. "My Jake wants I should move. He's a contractor, dat means nearly a mennefacturer. Don't tink I wouldn't be sorry to leave all my friends. It's not so easy to find neighbors like I got dem here. H'm—where vill I find such a janitor like you are?"

"Faith," said Mrs. Kerrigan vigorously, "the devil's own faither couldn't urge me where I had no heart to go."

Mrs. Goldberg spread her hands helplessly.

"Far me is better here, and I would feel like never to moving away, but mine head tells me dat far my children is better uptown. Sammy and Rosie vill meet high-classical people—and dey got such beautiful parks—and my Rosie she likes flowers and trees—you ain't got no idea how! Especial now she's loining in de school—oy, vhat she call it—hmmm—vhat she calls—oy, yes, monotany!"

"Aye, indade," said Mrs. Kerrigan, admiringly, "that must be a foine story! How long now before ye'll be moving, Mrs. Goldberg?"

“So soon vat I’ll find a nice flat. You know what I heard? Uptown if you even go down in de morning to buy rolls you must veer a hat.”

“It’s yerself I’ll be missing, Mrs. Goldberg. They’ll be no more of that soup and *gefilte fish*¹ and *Pesach matzos*,² and sure it’s a good sowl ye are, and it’ll be a long time before I’ll be havin’ another friend like you.”

“I von’t farget you! No matter how far away I’ll move, I’ll send vid Sammy every Friday a piece *gefilte fish* you should remember me. Oy, I hear my husband; he’s coming up de steps.” She went and opened the door.

Jake, his hand on his chest to help control his panting, finally arrived at the fifth floor.

“Good evening, laydess!” he said, as with an elegance inspired by his favorite masculine movie star he raised his hat and bowed.

“Glory be to God, here’s Mr. Goldberg home from work. I guess I’ll be goin’ now.”

“Vhat you running, Mrs. Kerrigan?” exclaimed Jake. “Am I a bear or someting, ha?”

“Bless you now, Mr. Goldberg,” grinned the janitress, taking a powerful grasp on the handle of the garbage pail, “what would I be stayin’ for and you wantin’ yer supper and me with all the garbage waitin’ in the hall, and I’m wantin’ to

¹ Stuffed fish.

² Passover matzos.

get to the early show at the Delancey so's I won't have to do no standin' on these old feet o' mine."

The mere name of the movie theater brought Sammy and Rosie hot-footing from the kitchen.

"Ah, ma," begged Rosie, shaking her dark hair out of her pretty brown eyes, "let us go to the movies, yeh? Ah, mama, yeh, please?"

"Oh, gee!" said Sammy, scornfully, "I wouldn't go to that mushy love picture they got there. Wild West for mine! I like the shooting and the horses—that's real stuff! In the love mush 'he takes her in his arms and they live hap-pi-ly ev-er af-ter.' That ain't *my* style."

"What do I care what you like!" sniffed Rose. "Mama, please, please let's go. I did my lessons already."

Jake's fatherly heart melted at her pleading.

"Ullerright, Mollie, take Rosie and go with Mrs. Kerrigan. How would you like if Mrs. Goldberg would give you a treat to de movies, Mrs. Kerrigan, ha? And maybe after de show a floppé or panana split, ha?"

A broad Irish grin lit up the janitress's face.

"Oh, thank ye kindly, Mr. Goldberg!"

"Den come," said Mollie briskly, "let's get ready and eat."

"Ma, can't we wash the dishes when we come back?" began Rosie.

"Who's playing in de picture?" Mollie asked.

"It's John Gilbert." With a wink and a playful push of Mrs. Goldberg's arm she added, "Blessed if I ain't gone on that man, and me an owld woman nearin' me end!—I'll be waitin' for ye then on the stoop."

She turned to go, but Mollie called her back, and took the cloth out of Rosie's busy little hands. The Goldbergs were eating in the dining room now.

"Vait a minute! I'll set de table, Rosie, and you play your new piece far Mrs. Kerrigan. You got time a minute?"

"Listen to that—have I got toime! That garbage is goin' stay there an' wait for me all right, but music that soothes the savage soul don't come your way every day!"

She put down the pail and sat on the sofa.

"Nu, Rosie, start ulleready, Mrs. Kerrigan is vaiting. Sammy!"

Rosie, thinking of the movie to come, began at once, and Sammy this time had no complaints to make. The two children began. The romantic little melody that they played brought tears to Mrs. Kerrigan's eyes.

"I'll be blessed if this don't seem loike a fare-well party!" she said.

"Dat's playing, har, Mrs. Kerrigan?" beamed

Jake proudly, as the music ended, and Rosie jumped up.

"I'll say it's foine. Next I hear of Sammy and Rosie they'll be playing at McCarnegie's Hall!" She seized her garbage pail and started off. "Will yer send me a pass for your concert, Sammy?" she called back down the hall. "I'll be waitin' fer ye on the stoop, Mrs. Goldberg!"

"Come, Rosie, close de piano and let's eat!" said Mollie. "Jake, Sammy, nu? I'm giving to de table ulleready!"

"Ullerright, ve're sitting ulleready! Mollie," he said, shaking his head at her, "vhen you got to go some place it gets like a earthquack in de house. Sammy, don't grab! ask and papa'll give you!"

"Gimme a piece of bread," demanded Sammy, and retired from view behind the sporting page of the evening paper.

"Put avay de paper from de table!" thundered Jake. "Now is eating time!"

"Just this line, pa!"

"De sporting page, ha! Fights, ha! Dat's a fine edjication far you! If you vould study your lessons like you study de sports you vould be in college ulleready!"

"Gee, I wish I coulda seen that fight!" exclaimed Sammy, jumping up and down in his seat. "I bet he made a meatball outa him!"

Jake turned in desperation to Sammy's mother.

"Mollie, I'm getting up from de table dis minute if I'll hear anodder vord from de fights."

"Sammy, dat's enough from de fighting ulleready. Don't you know when your fadder gets eggrewated when he eats he gets 'cute digestion!"

"Oh, all right!" Sammy crushed the paper in disgust and stuffed it behind him on the chair. He took up a slice of bread and took an enormous bite.

"Sammy," began Rose, primly, "don't hold the whole slice in your hand. Break your bread, see, like this, and don't use your fingers."

"Say, don't be so Ritzy!" mocked Sammy, with his mouth full. "You're still on Pike Street! Don't show off around here—I know you from the old country."

"That's how our cooking teacher showed me, so don't get so fresh!"

Sammy's hand was sneaking behind him, and his eyes went down below the level of the table in a way that could have only one meaning. His father guessed that he was trying to read the paper, and his mouth began to open threateningly.

"Pa, don't get mad! The trouble is you never saw a fight!"

"Oy, you vas ulleready to a fight! Mollie!" Jake exclaimed despairingly, "he vas ulleready to a fight, Mollie!"

"No, I just read it in the paper, see!" cried Sammy hastily. "It tells you here he was punished—he knocked him nearly outa sight!"

"Qviet!" roared Jake.

"Because I'm going out I got to have eggrewation?" pleaded Mollie.

"Nice fun, fighting!" said Jake, grimly. "Maybe you'll gonna be a fighter, ha?"

"That's a real American sport, pa! It takes a real man to be a fighter! Maybe you don't like football, either!"

"Football, dat's different. College boys and hightonish people plays it."

"Yeh! if you saw a knockout in the third round maybe you wouldn't like it, hey?"

"Vhat's a round, Jake?" asked Mollie.

Jake stuffed his mouth with food. "Right-handers, left-handers, uppercoffs, who knows—who would vant to know!" he answered, disgustedly.

"I'll tell you, ma!" began Sammy eagerly. But Jake interrupted.

"Dat's enough, I said!"

"Come, get findished eating ulleready," said Mollie. "Vhatsymetter, Jake, you ain't eating notting. *Gedempfte brust*,¹ dat's your favorite supper!"

"If I ain't hungry, must I eat?"

¹ Pot roast.

“Oy, you look like you had eggrewation to-day. I can see in your face is someting wrong ulleready.”

“Eggrewation! hmm, don’t talk from eggrewation! If I didn’t busted den I must be made from iron.”

“Vhat happened, nu? Tell me!” Mollie’s heart was anxious, but her face and voice remained calmly smiling.

“Vhat happened she’s asking! Dat partner of mine, since he’s keeping steadily company vid Miss Gross, de bookkeeper, he’s too svell to do de cutting.”

Mollie clicked her tongue. “Is dat so!”

“All he does he sits in de office and makes believe he’s writing letters.”

“So vhat happened ulleready?”

“Ain’t you got no imagination, Mollie? So he hired a *schlemihl*¹ from a cutter and you should see vhat he done vid de seex-forty-nine style! Finger and Handle—our best account!”

“So vhat can be in such a case?” persisted Mollie.

Jake turned his head away in impatience.

“Sometimes Mollie you speak like a child.”

“Mama,” broke in Rosie, who had been impatiently waiting for a chance to get a word in, “can I go downstairs and wait for you, ma?”

¹ A dumbbell; a poor fish (slang).

"Go, go, I'll be right avay down. And how much vill dat cost you, Jake?"

"A whole season's work togedder vid all de profits! Do him someting, he's in love! He can't vork, he can't eat—and you should see vhat he looks like!"

"Don't be so noivous," Mollie advised. "If you get sick it'll be ten times vorse yet. Don't bargain vid God. Take nicely vhat He sends you."

"If he vould only marry her ulleready! I vould give him a fife hundert dollar vedding present and I'd still be making monneh on de deal."

"Sammy, don't eat so fast! you'll choke, God farbid!—Oy, but Jake, vhen a man can't eat and he don't sleep—dat's real love, and dat's a beautiful ting."

"But vhy should it cost me monneh?"

"Take some pruinis," said his wife consolingly. "Dey're good far you. I remember your modder, *olovhasholem*,¹ used to tell me dat you had de love sickness vonce!—If love is a sickness, I hope dey never find a cure!"

The doorbell rang violently and Rosie's voice came through the closed door.

"Mama, Mrs. Kerrigan is waiting on the stoop already!"

"Should I go, Jake?" pondered Mollie. "Vhat vill you and Sammy do alone?"

¹ Rest in peace.

"Don't worry about us, we'll do ulleready! Maybe we'll go to Mendel's house. Oy, vill I give him a piece from my mind! Every time I tink what happened I could get historical."

"Mama, will you be right down?" shrilled Rosie.

"Yes, yes, like Mrs. Kerrigan says, I'll be down in two shakes of a tail's lamp!"

Sammy couldn't help laughing.

"Gee, ma, you make chop suey out of Webster's dictionary!"

"Stop!" said Jake severely. "A boy laughs from his modder?"

"Jake," interrupted Mollie, "I fargot to tell you. I got anodder letter from Oncle Chayim."

"Yeh! Don't ask me far monneh, I got my own trobbles."

"Who's asking you, Jake?" Mrs. Goldberg shrugged her shoulders with the most innocent expression. "Sammy, climb up a chair and bring me down de yellow box vid my rubber stockings, might'll be I'll have to stand on de line. Jake, oncle said in de letter if Leah had a dowry she could get a husband and maybe get married like odder girls."

"She lived so lang ulleready vidout a husband, why should she make herself foolish now?"

"Why shouldn't she be happy and be a vife and a modder and have a daughter like Rosie and a

boy like Sammy, maybe. Ain't she got a heart, too? Vhy shouldn't she have a chance to love some vone and have some vone loving her—vhy not?"

"Every girl, Mollie, has her season. Vonce it passes by, she's lost."

"Don't you know, Jake, it's de biggest blessing far a poisson to marry off a girl. Oy, if you could read Oncle Chayim's letter! He says he only vishes he vas a liddle bird so he could fly and see dis vonderful contry New York of Amerike, and how his heart vould svell up vid joy he said to see you a boss vid ten tailors."

"Nu, nu, vhat else?"

"An' he says vhat a terrible feeling it is to have to die before even taking vone look on such a contry. Vid buildings vhat reach to de sky and millions on millions from people and everybody rich! And, listen, Jake, he vants to know if it's true dat in Amerike dey got so much schnapps and vine dey trow it in de ocean far de fishes."

"Dat's funny!" laughed Jake. "It's a real joke far waudewill."

"You mean it's a screech," put in Sammy.

"I'm going to-morrow to see my brodder Joe," Mollie went on, "I'm sure *he'll* give me a check to send to Oncle Chayim. I vouldn't ask you, Jake, because I know vhen you say no, is no."

Again the doorbell b-r-r-r-r'd.

"Ma-ma!" Rosie's voice shrieked impatiently. "Mrs. Kerrigan is waiting! She says you'll miss the news reel!"

"Tell her in a minute, in a minute!" shouted Mollie. "I'm only got to comb de hair!"

"So dey know ulleready in Europe," said Jake, with a pleased expression, "dat I'm a boss vid ten tailors!"

"Such a qvestion!" Mollie looked admiringly at him. "Everybody knows, Jake! De whole town is ringing vid your name!"

"Ulleright, go on now to de movies! H-m-m! Mollie."

"Yes?"

"Mollie—h-mm—you shouldn't go to-morrow to your brodder Joe. I'll tell mine bookkeeper to make out a check in de morning. How is—about two hundert dollars—vill be ulleright? You tink she'll be able to get a good fellow vid two hundert dollars?"

Mollie clapped her plump hands together and looked at him with joy.

"Oy, Jake, darling, you'll see how God vill help us! And, Jake, now dat you lost a season's profit, I vas tinkin—don't get mad, Jake—but on de first floor front here is empty rooms."

"Mollie, please! To stay here is out from de qvestion."

"But de landlord said he vould put in a bath-tub."

"Mollie, please, I said no and dat's all."

"Ulleright, don't get mad. He said he vould scratch off de paper from de vall and make pammeled valls."

"Can you imagine such a voman!"

"But you vouldn't poff like a train. It's de first floor."

Jake snatched up the newspaper and hid behind it.

"I ain't even listerning to you," he answered his wife.

"Don't you think Rosie should gradulate from de same school she started, and Sammyly is loining his *bar mizvah*¹ speech from Reb Berel."

Jake slammed the paper down on the chair, then yielded in despair.

"Ulleright, maybe I'll look at it to-morrow. I ain't sure. But only because Rosie has to gradulate, and maybe she'll get de medal."

"So, Jake, you mean ve vouldn't move yet maybe. And maybe if Leah marries a nice boy you could send dem schiff tickets to come to Amerike."

"Go to de movies ulleready! Like vindmill she's talking! Stop far a minute! First let her get married, den I'll see!"

¹ Confirmation.

“Oy, Jake, darling!”

Mollie threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. At that moment two voices rang out through the hall, as well as one beside them.

“Are ye coming, Mrs. Goldberg?” shouted the Irish voice of Mrs. Kerrigan. “You’ll never get a seat, ma!” came an anxious wail from Rosie. “Look at mama kissing papa!” giggled Sammy.

“Ulleright, I’m coming, I’m coming,” gurgled Mrs. Goldberg, happily. “Good-bye, Jake. Good-bye, Sammy.”

“Good-bye ulleready! Have a good time!” The slamming door announced that Mollie was off for the evening.

“What are *we* going to do, pa?” demanded Sammy.

“Don’t vorry, ve’ll do. Come here a liddle by me, Sammy. A fadder and a son should talk sometimes togedder like a man to a man.

“Sure, I’m almost a man. I’m nearly thirteen.”

“You bet your life. Oy, when I vas your age—vhat am I talking?—younger even, I vas vorking ulleready. I didn’t know from playing marbles, football and moving pictures. I had to help bring in de house far fife yonger sisters and brodders.”

Sammy opened his eyes and his mouth in mingled amazement and sympathy.

“You mean it, pa? Oh, gee!”

"Sure, Sammyly, I mean it. But dat didn't hurt me. You tink I vould be a boss now if I didn't loin dat you must struggle far vhat you vant?"

"Gee, you're awful smart, papa!"

"I ain't no fool, Sammy," agreed Goldberg proudly. "And I vant you to know dis, dat vhat makes a man happy is vhen he tries and he does, not only to look far a good time."

"But mustn't we have *no* pleasure?"

"Listen, Sammy, I'll give you a far instance. Vhy am I hustling like a bivver?"

"For mama, Rosie and me—that's vhat you always say."

"Dat's right! But a liddle far mineself, too. It's not easy far me to make you onderstand—I don't know just how I shall say it—it's not de pleasure dat monneh can bring me, Sammy; dat's notting. So I'll have anodder suit clothes. Gold you can't eat. So you ride maybe in a automobile and not a street car. Dat's all notting! But vhen you look in a looking-glass and you see yourself in de face and can say to yourself, 'Jacob Goldberg, all by yourself you climbed out from de darkness.' Dat's vhat counts, Sammyly. Get de point?"

"You mean, papa, like the teacher says, 'Accomplishment is the greatest thing in life.'"

"Dat's it, Sammy. Oy, dere's de clock strik-

ing half-past ulleready. Come, Sammy, get your coat."

"Where are we going, pa?"

"Ve'll go over to Mendel's house. Maybe ve can tink up a way to fix vhat dat *schlemihl* of a cutter spoiled on us. Come, maybe you'll loin someting."

"What can I learn? I ain't going to be a cutter!"

"So you'll be a doctor, or maybe a big sturgeon, but cutting is cutting. Come, you ready? Turn out de light in de kitchen."

A VISITOR FOR SUPPER

MRS. GOLDBERG was in a cheerful mood. Back in her mind there stirred some little worries—for example, whether or not Jake was going to be able to save the goods that Mendel's cutter had spoiled; whether or not the landlord of the factory was going to give the heat he had promised and extend the elevator service till six o'clock instead of cutting it off at five just to spite his tenants who refused to pay higher rent; and whether that good-hearted girl, Lena, was ever going to find a husband.

But in the main Mollie was happy. The children were healthy, her husband was slowly but surely working his way up in the world, and she—Mollie—was learning how to write English!

This miracle was due to the fact that the neighboring night school had recently enrolled on its English Reading and Writing Course the name of Mrs. Mollie Goldberg of Pike Street. Never was there a more attentive student. Her homework was a positive pleasure to her!

One evening she sat by the living room table, a pen tightly clasped in her plump, worklined

hand, and a sheet of white paper before her. She bent her dark head low over her work, while Rosie stood by, watching her.

"Look, Rosie!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Dat's a capital M! I'm loining to tvist around de little black lines till its means Mollie! Me, Mollie, it means. When I begin to loin I farget I'm on dis voild, it lifts me on vings vid high toughts."

Rosie gazed critically at the writing, held the paper up to the light, and said, approvingly:

"That's pretty good! Let me hold your hand—touch the top line—loosen your hand a little—that's right—see, M—now a small o—with a little hook—l—up—l—i—dot your i—e. See, isn't that easy?"

"Rosie, darling, you don't know how happy I am since I go to de night school! Soon I'll be able to read a English book and a paper."

"It's wonderful how quick you learn, mama!"

"Vhen you know odder languages, it's not so hard," answered her mother, modestly.

"Mama, don't say 'odder.' Try to say 'other.' See—hold your tongue so"— She opened her mouth and showed her tongue between her white little teeth—"th—see—th—like this."

"Like dis? Th—th—odder."

"No, you didn't get it."

"Ullerright," sighed Mrs. Goldberg, "it's late

ulleready. You go set de table; I'll go chop de liver. After supper you'll help me again."

R-r-r-r! The telephone was ringing.

"Rosiely, you answer."

Rosie picked up the receiver.

"Hello? Who? No, my father isn't home. No—my mother's home. All right. Hold the wire, please." She put her hand over the mouth-piece and called:

"Ma, a lady wants to talk to you."

"Me?" Mrs. Goldberg hastily wiped her hands on her apron and went to the telephone.

"Rosie, turn out de light under de soup."

"Hurry up, ma!"

"Hulloh! Hulloh! Hulloh!" Mrs. Goldberg suddenly realized that she was talking into the earpiece, and quickly put her mouth to the right place.

"Hulloh! Yes, dat's me, Mrs. Goldberg, vhat's speaking. Ha? Did you called de beezness place? He ain't dere? Dat's funny. You must see him, ha? Right away? Vell, he'll be home might be seex. Can't you come up here? Might be you like to have supper vid us? Sure, vhy not? Good-bye. Good-bye layde, good-bye."

"Who was it, ma?"

"Oy, vhat beautiful voids she vas talking! Oy, so nice! She wants to see papa very important, she said."

"Is she coming here?"

The doorbell rang. Rosie went to open it and let in her brother. He came charging through the hall like a young horse.

"Hello, mom!" he shouted. "Pop home yet? Am I hungry? I could eat a house."

"Sammyly, before you take off de coat, go to de bakery, yes?"

"Aw!" exclaimed Sammy in disgust. "Didn't you know you needed bread, and Rose was here all the time. Couldn't she go?"

"I was helping mama with her lessons, and now I have to set the table," Rosie defended herself, as she opened the bureau drawer and took out yesterday's cloth.

"Believe me, I got your number!" growled Sammy. "You're the angel! 'I have to set the table,'" he mimicked her girlish voice.

"Sammy, take a apple from de ice box and go. Get a dozzent hot rolls—gemixed."

"What's the matter so much——"

"It's coming company."

"So I suppose I get all the chicken feet."

"Go, don't worry! I'll give you my share if wouldn't be enough."

"Should I tell him to put it on the book or should I pay him for it?" asked Sammy, pulling his coat back over his shoulders and fastening it.

Mrs. Goldberg dug down in her apron pocket.

"Here's de monneh—pay for it." Sammy snatched the coins, rushed down the hall, and slammed the door as he departed.

"He's fresh—but you tink he means it? He's got a heart from gold."

"I'll say he's fresh!" Rosie agreed to that part of it.

"Go to de door, Rosie; dat's papa ringing."

"Hulloh, Rosie! How are you, Mollie?" panted Jake, tossing his coat on a chair.

"Hang up de coat, don't trow it down like dat!"

"Vhatysmetter? Vhatysmetter so pretickler tonight?"

"It's coming company right away far supper."

"What's de company on a plain Wednesday, ha?"

"It's far you, Jake—a layde."

"Ha? You're crazy odder someting? Making jokes vid me?"

"No, far real, Jake. She called me on de telephone vhat she must see you wery murgent, so I told her to come here and see you."

"Didn't she left a name odder someting?"

"Oy, I fargot, Jake; she sounded so nice. Rosie, did she told you a name?"

"It was something like Madame Syl——"

"Ya, ya, dat's right, Madame Sylwet."

Jake jumped up in excitement.

"Vhat, vhat! Madame Sylwet called me on de telephone and she's coming here? She's got vone

of de biggest and svellest places in de needle trade!"

"Ain't dat's vonderful!" Mollie's dark brown eyes opened wide.

"Vonderful she says! Vonderful! Oy, Mollie, how did you came to tell her to come here? Mollie, vhat did you did to me!"

"Vhat you talking, Jake? Vhat did I did?"

"Vhat did you did? You ruined me Mollie. Dat's all. You findished me in de whole trade. Madame Sylwet—a svell high classical French designer—de highest in de beezness—here far supper, on Pike Street, on de fift floor! Vhere's your braims, Mollie?" he said despairingly.

"Vhat's de shame, Jake?" answered Mollie, calmly. "Even if you live so high like de Iron Flat Building, vhen a poisson does vhat pleases God and he's got a good heart, vhat's de shame?"

"By de time she'll valk up de fife flights stairs she'll be too tired she should talk beezness. Vhen she'll give a look on de place—she'll have a nice opinion from me!" He buried his head in his hands.

"Shuh, shuh," said Mollie. "Nobody—I don't care how svell—nobody can affodder to laugh from somebody else. Ve're all too much alike. In vone poisson's braims can be de smartness from a Solomon and de foolishness from a dumb ox. Nobody tinks vhat *you* can't think; nobody can

do vhat *you* can't do if you try. So vhat's de excitement? Madame Sylwet, she's a poisson like everybody else!"

Jake lifted his head out of his hands with an exclamation of irritation.

"By you everyting is notting! I suppose she wants I should do her vork inclusively!"

"Papa," said Rose, "you mean exclusively."

"Look, look, how she's telling me! De chicks is loining de rooster! So vhen I said inclusively you didn't understand, ha?"

"Vhy you get angry on de child?" interposed Mollie. "She's only telling you de right vay!"

Jake stood gazing at Mollie. "Mollie, far God's sake go comb your hair and put on de new dress vhat I made you!"

Mollie stared at him.

"Vhatsymetter vid you, Jake? I gotta give supper to de table; so I should put on a good dress?"

"Mollie, Mollie!" he cried out. "Vhen are you going to loin anyting ulleready?"

"Let mine children loin far me, Jake," said his wife, firmly. "Don't vorry, I vouldn't make you ashamed. An old horse can't loin no new tricks. Dere's de doorbell. No—is Sammy vid de rolls."

Sammy came in and thrust a large, fragrant-smelling paper bag into his mother's hands.

"Here's the rolls. You only got eleven there—I ate one on the way."

"Sammy," exclaimed his father, "change your shoes and put on your new blue suit!"

"Whoopee!" he yelled. "Company!"

"She's a French lady," added Rose.

"Now I gotta chance to try out my French," the boy grinned. "Parlevous francais?"

"Rosie!" Mrs. Goldberg looked reproachfully at her daughter. "Take off everything from de table! I'll tell you vhy: put on a clean table cloth and take out de good silver and de cut glass pitcher and de good glasses. Jake, should I put some vine on de table?"

"A question! Of course, put on de table everything vhat you got. And, Sammy, you shall remember to be careful vid your mou! Vone fresh vord I should only hear, dat's all!"

"What you picking on me for! Did I say anything?"

"Not yet, but might'll be you vill."

"Ma," said Rosie, "should I put out the new napkins that Uncle Joe brought you from the mountains?" She kept the bureau drawer open waiting for a reply, while her hands lovingly fingered the fresh linens.

"Vhy are you asking? Of course put out de napkins," answered her father. "Mollie, vhere's mine silk shirt vid de blue stripes?"

"In de top drawer on de side from de underwear."

"Sammy," Jake called out, putting his hand in his trousers pocket, "you'll go down and buy me a cigar."

"Oh, gee! again?" grumbled Sammy from the bedroom.

"Jake, you'll find here a cigar. It's in de box on de shelf in de bedroom. I got it from Sarah's engagement party."

Jake frowned doubtfully. "It's good yet, you tink?"

"Why not?"

"Mama," asked Rosie, proudly, "how does the table look?"

"Beautiful! Now go change yourself."

"Can I put my blue dress on?"

"Let be de blue dress."

Sammy, who now came out of the bedroom in all the glory of his new suit, turned himself this way and that before the living room mirror.

"Look me over, mom! Some class, what?"

"Oy, Sammyly," smiled Mollie, kissing his head, "you look so nice like de Vales from Princes. Only behave yourself, yes? Use nice manners."

"How do I look, Mollie?" interrupted Jake, his cigar stuck into one corner of his mouth. "Do I look like a boss, ha? Should I start to smoke de cigar now or should I better wait?"

"Better wait. Maybe she'll be late, and dat's de only cigar you got. Take a snigarette now if you feeling noivous."

"Cigarette, ma!"

"Sometimes you say a smart vord, Mollie," approved her husband.

"Only sometimes, ha, Jake? Oy, Jake, even when a voman is a fool she's smart. Rosie! bring me a clean apron."

"All right!" called back Rosie. "I'm coming."

"You tink it vouldn't be a good idea if Sammy and Rosie vould play someting now, so dey shouldn't make no mistakes after?"

"So we're going to be on exhibition again!" exclaimed Sammy, disgustedly.

"Quiet!" commanded Jake. "Far vhat else you taking lessons if not to play when it comes company, ha?"

"Do like papa says, Sammyly," soothed Mollie. "You ready, Rosie?"

"I'm coming!"

Sammy went and got his violin while Rosie opened the piano and put up the music in front of her.

"Give me A," said Sammy.

"All right. Ready?"

"O. K."

Mrs. Goldberg, listening to them and looking at her two attractive children in their new clothes,

swelled with joy and thankful pride. But the music itself did not take her mind from important matters, such as letting Mrs. Bloom know of the latest glory that had befallen the Goldberg family.

She walked into the kitchen, opened the dumb-waiter, looking first above and below, then put in her head:

"Yoo-hoo! Mrs. Bloom!" she shouted. "It's coming by me some company! A French designer! Yeh—a French! I'll tell you to-morrow everyting. Now I'm dressing. Good-bye! Oy, dere's de doorbell!"

"Ullerright, stop playing!" said Jake. "Go to de door, Sammy!"

He anxiously gave a last stroke to his suit, threw away his cigarette and inserted the cigar in his mouth, tilting it to the most impressive angle.

"Rosie, you go!" said Sammy, putting his violin back in its case.

"I don't want to go. You go."

"Ullerright, I'll go," said Jake. "Such a family!"

As Madame Sylvette stepped into the hall she was indeed a vision. No wonder she nearly took Jake's breath away. He hardly dared to shake the exquisite little pink-nailed hand that she held out to him. She was tall and slender, deliciously blond. From her little roll-back French hat to

her clocked stockings and high-heeled shoes, she was the perfection of style and beauty.

She came into the living room escorted by Jake. Even Sammy was awed to open-mouthed silence. As for Mollie, she was momentarily too much impressed to speak.

"Have I been keeping you from your dinner, Mr. Goldberg?" smiled Madame Sylvette.

"No," said Jake. "I had my dinner lang ago. I'm vaiting now far supper. Meet Mrs. Goldberg."

Mollie rubbed her hand once more on her apron before she held it out.

"Pleased to meet you."

"Dis is Sammy, my son, and Rosie, de baby of de family."

Madame Sylvette had taken off her hat and coat and was laying them down on a chair.

"Rosie!" exclaimed Mollie, "take de layde's hat and coat."

"Oh, don't trouble about me," said Madame Sylvette, "I'll just put my coat here across the chair."

Rosie, not in the least unwilling to touch the beautiful silk and fur clothing, picked them up and carried them reverently into the bedroom, where she laid them on the bed.

Mollie pulled up the best chair in the dining room.

"Sit down, please, here on de soft chair," she began. "It's soft like butter dis chair."

"I hope you'll vouldn't mind de place," put in Jake. "You see ve expecting to move."

"Yes," said Mollie, "Jake vants to move in a elewator flat up-town."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame Sylvette, "that will be nice."

"You know," said Mollie, "I could tell on your talking by de telephone dat you must be some kind of a somebody. Oy, you talk so nice."

"Mollie!" protested Jake, in a half whisper.

"It is good to hear you say that, Mrs. Goldberg. I think you're very nice, too."

"Vhat do you tink of Sammy and Rosie, ha, Madame Sylwet?" Mollie went on.

"I think they are both charming children."

"Say, Madame Sylvette, you speak French, don't you?"

"Oh, very little," she announced.

"But," exclaimed Sammy and Rosie together, "you're French, aren't you?"

"Vhat's all de qvestions, Sammy, Rosie?" cried Jake, crossly.

Madame Sylvette laughed at their comical disappointment.

"Children should ask questions, Mr. Goldberg, that's how they learn things. No, children, I'm not French."

"No?" wondered Mollie, "Jake said you're a French designer."

"Oy!" said Jake, "dat's vhat everybody says."

"Yes," said Madame Sylvette, "people are misled by the firm name."

"Oh, gee!" said Sammy, "and I was practicing what to say to you in French."

Jake directed a terrible frown at him.

"Sammy, quiet!" he thundered.

Mollie changed the subject to one which is always popular.

"Madame Sylwet, you must be terrible hungry, ha? In a minute vill be de petayters soft so ve vill eat. Excuse me, I'll go in de kitchen and see how is making out de supper."

"Go right ahead, Mrs. Goldberg," said Madame Sylvette.

"Sammy, Rosie," continued Mollie, alluringly, "come vid me."

The door closed on Mollie and the children. Jake gave a sigh of relief. He adjusted his cigar to the position in which he had seen it in a photograph of former Governor Alfred E. Smith.

He smiled his sweetest and began. "Mollie said you vant to talk over someting vid me, Madame Sylwet."

"Yes. I'm sailing for Europe to-night, and I want some one I can depend upon to do all my work. I've discontinued my factory, and am

only keeping my showroom. I like your work, and I think you're the right man for me."

Jake's elaborate smile developed into the most genuine grin of delight.

"Vell, I'll try to do mine best. I don't believe in botch vork. Det's de reputation de Mollie Cloik and Soot Company is got. Ve do good vork, you betcher life."

"I've discussed this with my partner, and you can make final arrangements with him."

Jake simply had to get up and walk about the room to hide his excitement.

"You'll see how you'll be pleased and sarisified."

Mollie, who always seemed to know the exact moment to go away and to come back, now appeared beaming and happy.

"Come," she invited, "sit to de table."

Madame Sylvette sniffed the fragrant bean soup, as eagerly as if it were the most Parisian of dishes.

"Mmmm—doesn't that smell good!"

"Sit over here," smiled Mollie, "over here by de head from de table. Sammy here, and Rosie by papa."

"Where are you going to sit, Mrs. Goldberg?"

"Don't vorry far me. I'll sit. Maybe you vouldn't like my cooking," she said anxiously, "maybe you never eat our kind cooking?"

"Haven't I, though!" exclaimed Madame Sylvette.

"Mama," screamed Rosie, "Sammy is kicking me."

"I am not," he defended himself gruffly, glaring at his sister.

"Sammy," pleaded Jake, "vhasymetter vid you? You're taking dewantage on me, because is somebody here, ha? Should I have to be ashamed?"

"Eat," said Mollie, "don't be ashamed, Lady Silver."

"Oh! I'm not bashful," said Madame Sylvette, "and this certainly tastes good."

"Eat, eat, is enough here far seex like you, vhy not?"

"By us, tanks God," said Jake, "is always enough to eat—maybe not vid fancy trimmings, but enough."

"That's how it was at my grandmother's home," said Madame Sylvette, "I can remember when my two younger sisters and I would go to grandma's for supper every Friday evening; she'd have a feast fit for a King. And your home and everything about it brought back all the past joys of my childhood. Her kitchen was just like this one, with white starched ruffles around the sink and washtubs, to hide the old pipes; and the candlesticks and the crayon photo-

graphs of my grandfather wearing his *yarmelka*¹ and grandmother with a shawl on her head. Mrs. Goldberg, those were the happiest days of my life."

Mollie's face was a picture of surprise.

"You mean——"

"Yes, my name is Sylvia Levitt, and up to the age of fourteen, I lived right around the corner from here."

Jake stared at her, as half to himself he said. "Can you imagine how I vas fooled, ha?"

But Mollie gazed at her with more admiration than ever.

"Ain't it vonderful how you pushed yourself up in de voild?"

"You, too, Mollie," interjected Jake, "vill yet veer diamonds dat vill shine up de street when you valk."

Rosie turned to Madame Sylvette: "Have you a little girl I could play with?"

"No, dear; I have a little boy."

Sammy was overjoyed: "That's great!" he shouted.

"But he's away to school. I see him only when he comes home for the holidays."

"Oy, I'm sorry far you, Mrs. Silver," said Mollie.

Jake was horrified. "Mollie!" he whispered.

¹ Skull cap.

"She's quite right," said Mrs. Sylvette. "Very often I'm sorry for myself. But we can't have everything."

"Who vould vant it?" said Jake with a smile. "Everyting is notting, get de point?"

"A happy family like yours, Mr. Goldberg, is something to be envied," sighed Madame Sylvette.

"See dat, Jake, vhat did I told you? Madame Silver is no make-believe layde. She sees vhat's inside of a poisson."

"I'm very happy I came," continued Madame Sylvette, "and the memory of this visit will always be dear to me. When I return from abroad I shall consider it a privilege to spend another evening with you."

Mollie was happy. "See dat, ha, Jake?" she said. "Vhat a vorld dis Amerike is! It reminds me of de soup ve are eating."

Jake was puzzled. "Vhat you mixing Amerike vid de soup all from a sudden?" he exclaimed.

"You see," illustrated Mollie, "to make a good soup must first be a chicken—dat's de high-classical people; den certainly of course a liddle soup meat—dat's de medium people; and vhat's a soup vidout a liddle salt?—dat's de plain people; and altogedder it gives a boil, comes out a golden soup—Amerike!"

SAMMY'S REPORT CARD ON MOVING DAY

MRS. GOLDBERG slammed down the top of the box into which she had just packed the kitchen pots. She cast an angry and troubled glance at Sammy. He was leaning against the wall, his hands in his pockets, his head drooping, his lower lip sullenly sticking out. He kicked idly at the paneling behind him.

"Sammy, please don't make me noivous! I can't go to school and dat's all! Joe de iceman is coming soon to help vit de moving."

"All right," Sammy muttered, "if you can't come with me, then I won't go back this afternoon."

"Sammy, stop, I'm telling you! I'm good till I get mad, remember!"

"Yeh!" burst out Sammy. "If it was Rosie you'd go, I know."

"Rosie wouldn't come home vid bad marks on de card I should have to go to school," cried Mollie. "Shame on yourself. Your fadder should only know it."

"Mama, if you only saw the tough boys he

goes with!" put in Rosie. "No wonder he got D's."

"Who's asking you to butt in?" snarled Sammy.

"I'm ashamed to say you're my brother," said Rosie primly.

"Mama," said Sammy between his teeth, "tell her to look out for herself, 'cause she'll feel sorry in a minute."

"Oy," sighed Mollie, "I only vish your fadder comes home ulleready. I can't stand it from you, Sammy. Dat's de pleasure you give me, ha? I betcher Mrs. Bloom is hearing every vord vhat's going on here. De whole neighborhood vill have me in deir mouts."

Suddenly at the door appeared a sight as unexpected as a ghost. In the middle of the day there stood Jake just as if he had no business to attend to. Mollie stared at him apprehensively.

"Vhatsymetter in de daylight you come home?"

"Where's Sammy? Vell, Sammy?" demanded Jake, in the tones of a judge asking a prisoner what he had to say before the final penalty be inflicted.

"Oy, look how you're shaking, Jake. Vhatsymetter?"

"What's the matter, pa?" said Sammy.

"You don't know maybe, ha?"

"No. What?"

"Vhat far a report card did you got, ha?"

"It wasn't so bad."

"No, Jake," said Mollie, "it vasn't de best, it vas only a liddle medium."

"Stop it, Mollie! Too lang ulleready dis is going on. It's a lucky ting I looked in de letter box and found a letter from de printsipal."

"Oy, oy, you got a letter?" exclaimed Mollie.

"Mollie," moaned Jake, "vhy don't you tell me dese tings? Dat's vhy de prisons is full. Am I a nobody in dis house? Vhat is it here?"

"Oy, I didn't vanted to eggrewate you. I know you got important beezness on your head, and to-day ve're moving downstairs."

"Gee! that teacher got a grudge against me," said Sammy, beginning to cry.

"I'll give you a grudge!" exclaimed Jake. "Vhatsymetter last mont she didn't have a grudge, ha? Mollie, I'm telling you if I vould lose my whole beezness vid de machines and vid everyting, and I had to go back and be a vorking man, I couldn't feel so bad like I feel now."

"Ulleright, Jake," Mollie soothed him, "sit down and cool yourself up a liddle. Your blood is going up by de pressure. Please, Jake, do me a favor, sit down. Sammy, stop crying. See, Sammy, you mustn't only tink on yourself, but far your whole family, because if you'll be a big doctor and a somebody, you'll lift us all up vid

you, but if you'll be a nobody, den you'll pull us all down vid you." She smoothed his hair caressingly. "You see vhat mama means, darling? Vhatever you'll do, good odder bad, it's de same far us like ve vould all do it. Nu, stop crying; go vash your face."

Sammy dashed away into the bathroom.

"It vouldn't hurt me so much if he vasn't smart," said Jake tragically; "de titcher says he's got a good head, only he don't try. He's fresh and lazy."

"From who does he get it, from who?" mused Mollie.

"From who, she's asking," said Jake indignantly. "Vhatsymetter vid your remembering, ha? Your brodder Morris wasn't a lazy good-far——?"

"Stop, Jake, please! Don't butts in de family! A boy from Sammy's age is all a liddle lazy. Oy, it's not easy to understand vhat's going on in a child's head? Maybe vhen de titcher is talking from numbers, his liddle head is tink-ing about de stars and de moon, or might be from ereplanes. So he'll know de numbers a year later, but de dreams, if not now vhen he's a child, vhen den? From his lessons I'm not vorried, but, of course, from de fresh mout—dat's bad."

"Can you imagine such a voman! She tvists and turns it around until I'm de bad vone.

Mollie, modders like you is a ruination to children, I'm varning you."

"Sammy," called Mollie, "come here, tell papa you're sorry."

"Don't let him talk to me even," cried Jake.

"I don't blame you, papa," said Rosie.

Jake turned on her. "Who's asking you?"

"Rosie, keep your mout," commanded Mollie. "Nu, Sammy, give papa a kiss and say you're sorry."

Sammy came over and dabbed his mouth at his father's cheek.

"I'm sorry, pa."

"Only vonce sorry," growled Jake, trying to hide the softening of his anger, "you should ought to be ten times sorry."

"This month's marks don't count anyway," said Sammy.

"Sammy," warned his father, "don't be like Van Rip Vinkle who always said 'dis von don't count.' Everyting counts. Every vord you speak, every tought you tink counts. Just like a cash register—vhen you ring it makes marks on a piece of paper, and on de end of de day all de marks is counted up, dat's how everyting in your life vhat you do gets figured up. And vhat you'll put in de register dat's vhat you'll take out. Remember your fadder's vords."

"Dat's right, Sammyly," said his mother. "If

you'll listen to your fadder and modder, you'll be ulleright. It's getting late. Sammy, go see vhotsymetter vid Joe he ain't here yet."

Sammy turned to go. Rosie was beside him.

"Sammy, can I go with you?" she said softly. "You know I got a friend that can help you with some of your work."

"Yeah? Who needs help! After you started all the trouble you wanna be good, yeh!"

"Sammy, come here vid your feet and put on rubbers, it's frizzling a liddle."

"Drizzling, mama, a D, not an F," corrected Rosie.

"So let be raining."

Mollie put her hand into her apron pocket and took out a coin which she slipped into Sammy's hand.

"Here, buy yourself a molted."

"Only go and come," said Jake. "No hanging on in de candy store. Dat's vhere all de snoozers get big mouts."

"All right, pa," said Sammy, "only don't be mad at me."

"That's right, pa," said Rosie, "he's had enough already."

As the children ran out, Mollie gazed tenderly after them.

"You see, Jake," she said mildly, "blood is redder dan vater. I'm happy to see how she loves

her brodder anyhow. Dey fight, but you tink dey mean it?"

"I'm terrible vorried from Sammy," said Jake. "I didn't expect it."

"Don't be a child, Jake. You're making a mouldy hill out from a big mountain."

"Mollie, it's because I love dat boy so much. He's my whole world, you believe it?"

"It comes you a big tanks you love him. Whatsymetter, you're a stranger to him? Of course you love him."

"Liddle children is yet liddle trobbles, obber big children. When I read in de newspapers from gangs and loifers, my blood gets cold. Dat's vhy, Mollie, I'm begging you, look out for de company he goes, please."

"Don't worry. You vatch out far de beezness and I'll take care from de children. What else is my life but only de liddle hope from my children?"

"If Sammy vould only be like I vould like, I could feel myself, I'm telling you, bigger dan Christopher Columbus, and bigger even dan Abraham Lincoln."

"Ullerright, only don't worry yourself. Ve'll have only pleasure from de children. Who knows a child better dan a modder, ha?"

The telephone interrupted the conversation. Jake picked up the receiver.

"Hulloh!—Yes, dat's me—Yes, Mendel—So, nu—Yes—How many yards you're figuring—Takes four half yards and falls off a liddle far sleeves?—So how much did you tell?—It's ulla-right—far vonce you didn't fooled yourself. You figured de pleating too?—Ullerright. I'll be later, I got first to help Mollie vid de moving a liddle. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Who vas? Mendel?"

"Yeh. He's a fine boy anyhow. Maybe ve'll soon have a vedding."

"Oy, I'm so glad," said Mollie. "Do I like veddings! Remember our vedding, Jake," she continued dreamily. "I have to laugh vhen I tink on it. You looked like a undertaker, not a bridegroom; and vas so much crying just like on a funeral. Ah! if all my relatives vould see us now, Jake. Ve didn't made a mistake, ha? Mendel vill make de vedding in a hall, ha?"

"Vhat den! Leave it to Miss Gross. She's a high tone American girl. I'll bet she'll look on her vedding like a fashionable plate."

"Oy," Mollie sighed, "if I should only live to dance on my daughter's vedding ulleready, I'll be de happiest modder in Amerike."

"Mollie, you mean how ve'll both dance. Come, come, ve're talking ulleready ridicules. If you'll tell me vhat has to be moving downstairs, I'll help you push everyting in vone place."

"First de beds, and den de liddle tings I can do mineself."

Jake took off his coat. From the bedroom came the sound of tugging and pushing, and the screeching of reluctant bedpost rollers. Jake lifted his voice above the noise.

"How does de rooms look downstairs?"

"Vait till you'll see how awful godjess. It's just like a liddle bit of uptown downtown, honest!"

"It's a reggeler bathtub or only maybe like a vashtub?"

"A real bathtub, Jake. It looks so nice you could even put a pillow in and take a liddle snooze. It's a world vid inventions! I'm telling you it's more vonderful dan Alledin giving a rub on his lamp. De whole ting is ve're too busy to stop and appreciate de world. Ve're tinkin only what's coming, not what is. You give a turn, comes out vater. You give a press a button, gives an enswer downstairs. Give anodder touch a button, comes out a light like sunshine. And de telephone is someting to sneeze on, ha? People is not just plain people no more—just like gods dey're becoming, honest!"

"Did he paint de vall bluff color?" called Jake.

"Oy, it's a beautiful color, just like lemon juice."

Jake paused from his labors and pulled a

crumpled handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his perspiring brow.

"Mollie, you're going to take all de pillows? What you need so much pillows, I'm asking you? Give to Mrs. Kerrigan a cople."

"Are you crazy or someting," Mollie looked at him in a profound indignation. "My modder far monts vas picking fedders I should have good bedding, so by you it's right I should trow it out in de street. Vhatsymetter, Rosie wouldn't need soon pillows?"

Jake stared at her.

"She's vorrying far Rosie ulleready. And de old longe and de pictures, too, maybe you're taking?"

"Vhatsymetter vid you, Jake. Maybe you're a boss, but only in de factory; here in de house I'm de boss. So please, don't make me noivous."

"Didn't ve decided to give Mrs. Kerrigan all de old furnitures?" said Jake, puzzled. "What are you going to do vid all de new magnificent tings ve ordered by Blumenthal, ha?"

"You ordered and I cancelled," said Molly calmly. "Ve can't affodder to buy expensibile furnitures yet, Jake. Ve got plenty time till ve'll move uptown."

Jake sat down on the bare steel spring of the denuded bed.

"Can you imagine such a voman," he said half

to himself. Then louder, "You'll be a stick in de mud so lang as you'll live. I can see my trobbles ulleready."

"Take your time, Jake," Mollie counselled. "Vhat's de hurry vid de svellness? Don't you know when you eat vid big bites so you never taste vhat you're eating?"

"A reggeler Shecksbeer she's becoming!"

"You vant everyting in a minute. You're only in beezness seex monts and you would like ulle-ready to live like Rockingfeller."

"So vhat de metter?"

"It's a lot more pleasure to tink vhat ve can get—vait—if ve'll get everyting now vhat will be to look far after, ha?"

Jake shook his head, "You're a funny poisson, Mollie."

The bell rang and he went to open the door. Sammy and Rosie came in. On their faces was the expression that comes from peaceful relations and chocolate malteds.

"Joe said he's got to give ice on the next block yet," announced Sammy, "but he'll be up as soon as he's finished."

"Ma," said Rosie, "can I go down to Becky's house? She just told me she's having a birthday party and she's getting such nice presents."

"Ullerright, go! But don't be late," Mollie shouted after her as the door slammed.

"Ma, can I help you?" offered Sammy, shyly.

"See," said Jake approvingly, "dat's vhat I like to hear. Ullerright, so if Sammy helps you, maybe I should better go and see vhat's doing in de place? Get mine hat, Sammy."

"Tell Mendel I'll dance my feet off on his veding," Mollie remarked.

"Ullerright. So when I come home to-night ve'll be downstairs ulleready, ha?"

"Of course," replied Mollie.

"Vell, good-bye," said Jake, briskly. "Should be vid luck. Help mama nicely, Sammy; you'll see vhat a clock I'll buy you far your bar mizvah.

"I'll be good, honest," murmured Sammy.

"See, Jake, you don't got to vorry. Such a good year ve should have vhat a child he is. Good-bye, good-bye."

When Jake had gone, Mollie turned smiling to Sammy. "You see when you're good vhat happens. Vone nice vord, and papa don't know ulleready vhat to buy you. Sammyly, a poisson can be to himself de best friend or his vorstest enemy."

"All right, so I'm good already—ain't I helping you?"

"Sammyly, even when you're a man and maybe a fadder yourself you vouldn't farget your liddle boy days. And you should remember how mama

and papa would like to carry vonce again you and all your trobbles on deir shoulders. Even if papa hollers and maybe gives you a slop, remember it hurts him more dan you. And when you're good I get broader and langer from happiness, honest."

A "PAUSE" IN THE LEASE

THE Goldberg household was in a confusion such as had never happened before within memory of the children. Only the bedroom of the first floor front had achieved some kind of tidiness. Everywhere stood boxes and bundles, baskets and grips, half open and with household articles and clothes of all description tumbling out of them.

But Mollie remained calm. She worked away slowly and steadily, sorting the things and putting them in their places. She had already hung up the four enlarged photographs, two of old men with earlocks, and two of gentle-looking women whose hair was covered with the wigs required by orthodox Jewish mothers. These pictures had been treasured since many years by Jake and Mollie. Mollie interrupted her work to speak to Rosie.

"Call up Miss Rabinovitz on de telephone, Rosie. I vant to talk vid her."

"What's the number?"

"Colic eight eight seven two—No?"



Rosie dug out the telephone instrument from among some boxes on the floor.

"Oh, yeah. Hello! Kellog 8872 please."

"Mickey didn't go to school to-day," announced Sammy. "I bet he was sick."

"Is dat so?" asked Mollie sympathetically.

"Hello, Miss Rabinovitz, please. Mama, here she is."

"Hulloh, Miss Rabinovitz? Yeh, dis is Mrs. Goldberg. How are you? How is your mama? Dat's good. I called up to tell you you shouldn't come dis veek far a lesson.—Ha?—Yeh, because ve vas moving and de children didn't had time to practice. It's not because I'm stingy, but is no use to trow out monneh. Yeh. Good-bye."

"What'd she say, ma?" demanded Rosie.

"Notting. What should she say? Sammy, go down by Mrs. Bloom, see vhotsymetter vid Mickey; maybe he's sick."

"Can I take my chemical set with me?"

"Ulleright, but be careful shouldn't be a explosion."

With a worried expression, Mrs. Goldberg went to the dumb-waiter. Opening the door, she called upstairs:

"Yooohoo, Mrs. Bloom, it's right vhat Sammy tells me Mickey's sick? Vhotsymetter? A sore troat? Wrap him around a stockin' on de nack. Don't vorry, he'll be ulleright. I got a mamom-

eter, maybe you vant to take his temper, ha? Ullerright."

She shut the dumb-waiter door and called to Rosie.

"Rosie, in de bathroom, by papa's razor, in a black box is de mamometer—give a run up to Mrs. Bloom. If she can't read de numbers bring down to me, I'll read far her. Don't go too near Mickey; maybe it can be a contagion sickness. Tell Sammy he shouldn't stay too lang."

"All right."

As she went out she let in Sammy, who was just coming down.

"Mickey is sleeping," he said, "and Mrs. Bloom is crying."

Mollie sighed and clicked her tongue sympathetically.

"Oy, don't tell me."

She pulled the dumb-waiter door open.

"Yoohoo, Mrs. Bloom, vatsymetter? What happened ulleready to you? He's got a sore throat, so vhat? Ulleready you falling to pieces. What did I did vhen my Sammy had pemonia in vone room and Rosie was mizzling in de front room, ha? I had to run from vone to de nodder, and I mineself vasn't so good neider. Dat vas vhen de doctor told me I had a mummy in de heart. Don't be foolish, don't vorry. I'll come up a liddle after I give supper."

"Ma," Sammy said softly, "is he going to die?"
Mollie slapped at him with her hand.

"Fool vhat you are," she exclaimed, "bite your tongue! Close de vater in de bathtub. You're like a baby playing boats in de bathtub."

"Mama," said Sammy enthusiastically, dodging the slap, "I can do the most wonderful things in the tub. Yesterday, I made believe it was Washington crossing the Delaware, and I put little pieces of paper to look like ice, and I stuck a red pencil in the soap and that was Washington, and I made the water run fast to make waves. Gee, mama, maybe I'll be a captain of a big boat yet, eh?"

"Your papa'll give you a keptin!"

"Here's the thermometer, ma," cried Rosie, running in breathlessly.

Mollie seized it.

"Let me see qvick. T-t-t-t, a hundert and two."

She called through the still open dumb-waiter door.

"Yoohoo, Mrs. Bloom, don't vorry, it's notting; he ain't even got no heat. Only give him a asperin pill. Good-bye, I'll come up a liddle after."

"Rosie," Sammy was bawling from the bathroom, "quick! Look! Come and see the Boston Tea Party."

"Ooooh, mama, he spilled the whole package of tea in the bath tub!"

"Sammy, stop your foolishness ulleready. See de doorbell is ringing. Qvick, empty out de vater before papa sees."

The sound of stumbling footsteps in the dark hall announced Jake's arrival.

"Vhatsymetter no light in de hall?"

"Rosie, put on de light," said Mollie.

"Rosie, where's your hulloh to papa? And where's Sammy? A fadder comes home and dat's de hulloh I get, ha?"

"Sammy, go say good evening to papa."

Jake looked up at the middle of the ceiling and screwed up his eyes.

"Where's de tschendelier de landlord promised you, ha?"

"Next veek far sure. He's got so much trobble, poor Mr. Simon, I didn't like even to ask him."

"He ain't de only vone—everybody's got trobbles."

"Hmmm, but he's got real trobble. His daughter, such a beaut, a reggeler printsess, ran away vid dat nobody Rosen de butcher's son. Simon is going round all de time, I'm telling you, like a dead man."

"I ain't a bit sorry far him," said Jake through the towel with which he was vigorously drying his face in the bathroom vacated by Sammy and the Boston Tea Party. "Good far him. He vas

carrying around his nose too high in de air ulla-ready. Supper is ready, Mollie?"

He sat down at the table and Mollie went into the kitchen to bring in the soup.

"Sammy, Rosie go to de table," she called as she dished out the meal.

"Pa, you ought to hear me say my bar mizvah speech. I have learned nearly the whole thing already."

"Give a say a few vords maybe far papa, ha?" suggested Mollie.

"Not now, not now, please," said Jake nervously.

"Vhen de child vants to say, so you don't vant. Whatsymetter vid you to-night, Jake?"

"Notting! Vhat should be de metter? Rosie, stop eating crumbs; take a piece of bread if you're hungry!"

"If de children is big in your eyes, Jake, so I'll tell dem to go downstairs. Maybe you vould like dem to be sick like Mrs. Bloom's Mickey, ha?"

"Shuh! shuh! Let be quiet here ulleready, please! Close de vindows. I can't stand de noise!"

"Sammy, close de vindows."

"At least vhen ve lived upstairs in de back vas quiet. Here I can't even take my head togedder to read a paper."

"Maybe you're a liddle noivous."

"Right away she's here vid her noivous. Noise is noise! Sammy stop hammering vid de spoons!"

"Gee!" muttered Sammy, "What's the matter to-night?"

"Don't answer back!"

"I never saw you like this, papa," said Rosie.

"Shuh, be qviet, children," said Mollie.

"Where's de salt? Whatsymetter cost so much to put a liddle more salt in de soup?"

Mollie handed him the saltcellar.

"What's de excitement far a liddle salt? Here, shake yourself in a liddle."

"Don't you know in de Talmud says a man can get a divorce if it ain't enough salt in de soup?"

"Oh, yeh! So dat means my whole life I should worry about de taste in your mout?" said Mollie sarcastically.

"If you're findished, Sammy, go down and buy me a pack of cigarettes and run over to Mendel's house and tell him I vant to see him right away."

Sammy skipped out of his chair for once without complaining.

"And if he ain't there?"

"And if he ain't dere, leave a note vid Mrs. Noodelson he should call me so soon as he comes in, Orchard seex vone seven four."

"Put on your varm gloves," Mollie reminded him, "and don't farget de muffle on your neck."

"Can I go too, ma?" asked Rosie.

Sammy stared in surprise.

"What do you got to go for?" he asked.

"Ma, can't I go?"

"I don't want her with me!" Sammy protested.

"I know why. Because you got your bunch waiting."

"Mind your business!"

"Quiet! Let Rosie go if she wants to go," decided Jake.

Mollie looked suspiciously at him.

"Vhy you care if Rosie wants to go?"

"Oh, come on then. So, what did you say, pa?"

"He should come right over, and if not he should call me."

"All right. Come on, if you're coming. Good-bye."

"Come right away back vid an answer."

The children ran away and Jake turned to his plate of meat and potatoes. Mollie looked at him with a troubled expression.

"Vhatsymetter, Jake, you're so anxious to see Mendel?"

"Anxious? Anxious is notting. I'm just on pins to see him."

"Vhatsymetter ulleready?"

"I'm getting gray and old from eggrewation."

"Vhat is it, Jake?"

She poured out a glass of tea for him.

"De landlord vas to-day and told me plain, jus like vas notting, dat he's giving me vone mont notice to get anodder place."

"Vhat?" Mollie exclaimed, astonished.

"Didn't you heard me? Ve must get anodder place."

"But I tought vas far two years de lease?"

"Dat's vhat I tought, but I left de beezness to my smart partner and his lawyer."

"So?"

"So de big lawyer, Mendel's lawyer, de smart college man, didn't saw de pause in de lease vhat says any time ve must wacate in vone mont."

"So ulleright, in a mont you can find anodder place, no?"

"Mollie, sometimes I'm ashamed of your braims. A voman is like a empty shell—inside is notting vid notting!"

"So vhat did I said so foolish, Jake?"

"You tink it's so easy to move a beezness. It'll cost more to move de old machines dan ve paid far dem. It means just like starting all over again a new beezness, and ve vas ulleready so nice established."

"Oy, dat's bad. Dat's bad."

"Far vonce I left it to Mendel, and my heart vas telling me I should read over again de lease."

"Cool yourself down, Jake, darling. Maybe'll be ulleright. My heart tells me."

"How can it be ulleright? It's a good ting you cancelled de new furnitures and ve didn't moved in an expensibile flat. Mollie, I'm going crazy. I don't know vhat'll be."

"I'm surprised from you, Jake. You vhat always said never get discouraged, so qvick you lose yourself."

"But it takes out de starch from a man to get hit in de beginning just vhen everyting vas looking so flowering, and I was gonne order far you far New Year's a pair diamond earrings."

"Oy, Jake, no matter vhat comes, say like you always used to say, 'luck, success, must be mine, can be no odder vay.' Just like if you had a mountain to climb, you would have to put vone foot before de odder and keep on over rocks, over stones, until you got on de top. Be like dat now, and you'll see'll be ulleright."

Mollie began now to eat her own dinner.

"Oy, Mollie, talk is cheap; it's not so easy."

"And Mendel sent out ulleready de inwitations far his vedding?"

"If she vas a smart girl she vouldn't marry such a schlemihl. I don't know vhat she sees in him. If it wasn't for me he'd still be only a nobody."

"Who can be so smart to know vhat a girl sees in a fellow?" questioned Mollie as she went to answer the door bell.

"Mendel wasn't home," announced Sammy, "so I left a message."

"Where is he hiding himself? A whole lang I didn't saw him before my eyes. Such a coward! He's afraid to pay de piper to dance to de music."

"I saw Mrs. Bloom on the stairs, ma," said Rosie, "and her eyes were so red from crying."

"I tink vhat I'll better go up to see vhat's vid Mickey," Mollie decided. "Oy, vhat a life she's got! Rosie, bring me de small jar chicken fat from de fire 'scape."

"Vhy don't you open up a free lunch counter und be finished?" asked Jake with heavy sarcasm.

"Look, look, look! All from a sudden! Don't let a liddle trobble spoil your nature. I'm surprised from you."

"Vhat tanks vill you get?" demanded Jake bitterly. "Running your feet off far your neighbors, ha?"

"To do good tings, dat ain't itself a tanks?" asked Mollie. "Notting no matter vhat you would do is so sweet like vhen you do someting far somebody. Rosie, take off from de table, I'll come right avay to help you."

"Can't Sammy help?" complained Rosie. "He ain't doing anything."

"You got your nerve to ask me to help. What do I look like?"

"Not much!"

"And you look like less."

"Sammy, quiet!" shouted his father. "Ain't I noivous enough? Must I have more from you yet?"

"So it's my fault. She starts and I get it. Everything is Sammy. Sammy, go for cigarettes; Sammy, go to Mendels, but she is the darling."

"Stop ulleready. Close your mout! If not, everyting vhat I got on mine heart I'll leave out to you, remember!" Jake pounded the table with his hand.

The brrrrrrrr of the telephone interrupted him. Jake got up and picked his way through the boxes. Leaning against the wall with one hand on the receiver, he lifted the instrument on to the mantelpiece, and placed the receiver against his ear.

"Hulloh!—Yes—vell, smart man? Listen, Mendel, I can't stand it from you no longer. It's no use, I tink vhat ve'll better resolve de partnership right now. I don't vanna listen to you. I'm so boiling over, Mendel, it's a good ting it's a telephone I'm talking to you by, or I wouldn't be responsible in my present condition. You call yourself a beezness man, ha?—Your lawyer, hmmmmmm, he'd make a good plumber—I don't vanna listen—vhat?—where?—Madame Sylwet's partner is giving over his factory?—Speak a lid-dle louder—Say it again—You mean it?—And ve

can have de machines on monthly payments?—No deposit?—Oy, Mendel, when did you did it all?—Oy, are you a partner! You're a vonder—you're a genius! Oy, Mendel, I could kiss you, dahlink—I'll be over right away. Good-bye, good-bye."

Jake slammed down the receiver and returned to the table. His face was full of smiles as he looked up at Mollie who had just returned from Mrs. Bloom.

"I'm so happy, Mollie," he said. "I can't talk."

"Vhat happened, Jake?"

Jake recounted the happy news.

"Can you imagine how everyting gets a tvist, ha?" he inquired.

"Didn't I told you? I don't know, I'm such a kind of poisson, mine heart is like a magnet, a fortune teller."

"Maybe, Mollie, because you only see vhat you look for—only good tings, ha?"

"Maybe dat's it. But when I make a picture in my head it always comes out. I can't tell you vhy it is any more dan I can tell you vhy from a few seeds in de ground comes flowers, and apples, and pananas."

"You mean, Mollie, when you tink good comes out of everyting good."

"Dat's it, Jake."

MOLLIE GOES IN FOR DESIGNING

IT WAS Rosie's piano-practice hour, and Mrs. Goldberg, giving the last fancy touches to the dinner in the kitchen, was fondly listening to the harmony. With a gentle smile on her face, she lifted the cover from the pot and prodded the meat with a fork. Suddenly her smile vanished, she raised her head and turned in the direction of the living room. No—it was no mistake; instead of the high-class music which she was paying Miss Rabinovitz to teach Rosie, there came from the piano the lively, crashing rhythms of the latest jazz. Rosie was keeping her foot on the soft-pedal in the hope that her mother would not hear. She jumped guiltily and missed a note as Mollie came into the room.

“Rosie, stop playing de poplar ragtime and start your reggeler music. Dis ain't vhat I vant.”

“Oh, mama, just this one song! What harm can it do? Everybody plays jazz.”

“Everybody can play it, but not you. Play your classical pieces. If not I stop de piano and de violin and no more lessons, and dat's all! To

bang de ragstime I don't have to pay your fader's good monneh, and dat's all!"

"Ah, let me play a little bit for you—just to show you how nice it is! Please, mama. Ooh, you got such old-fashioned ideas!"

"I'm old-fashioned, ha? Did you heard Miss Rabinovitz, your teacher, play a raggytime piece, ha? Is she also old-fashioned, ha?"

"Oh, yeah, she likes to make you think she's wonderful. I bet she's always playing popular songs herself."

Rosie turned back to the piano and a popular melody was holding Mollie's ear, though against her will. Rosie turned around and grinned.

"See, ma? You're humming it yourself! Just because a song's popular doesn't mean it can't be good!"

"Yeh," said Sammy, who had come in unnoticed, "yeh, her you let play jazz, and I can't——"

"I was just showing mama how wonderful it is!"

Sammy flung his books on to a chair. "Ma, I just saw Mickey Bloom and he was wearing my brown suit!"

Mollie put her hand on her heart. "Sammy! You didn't said notting, ha?"

"Naw, I only looked."

"Mama gave it to Mrs. Bloom," explained Rosie.

"Mr. Bloom is ulleready not vorking far four weeks. From where should she get to buy far de children?"

"Can't he find no work?"

"You tink every fadder is like your fadder, ha? Sammy, remember! don't say notting to Mickey because might'll be he'll feel bad."

"Don't you think I got any sense?" demanded Sammy.

"I'm telling you vhat dat poor voman is got! So lang vhat I know her not vone good day did she had."

Mollie sighed heavily.

"Say, mama, can't papa give Mr. Bloom a job?" suggested Sammy.

"Oy, Sammy, dat's a idea! Oy, a *gesund*¹ on you dahlink! Vhat a child you are! If you'll always tink a liddle far somebody else you'll be a happy man, Sammyly. Vhat a man tinks dat's vhat he is, and dat's vhat makes his character. It vas like dat and always vill be."

Sammy had not been listening to his mother's wisdom. He was rapidly figuring out whether or not this wasn't the best chance he'd get to ask for what he wanted.

"Will you buy me a carpenter set, ma, eh?"

"A carpenter set? Dat's all I need you should

¹ Blessing.

maybe cut off a finger. Not such a kinda tings, please!"

"Oh, gee!" Sammy grabbed his bookstrap and swung the books around in the air from sheer disgust. "That's what you get for being the only boy in the family! Don't stand here, don't go there, don't drink that, don't eat the other, button up your neck—that's all I hear! It makes me tired!"

"Shuh, shuh! Dat's papa coming. Be good, so I'll be able to ask far Mr. Bloom a job. Don't make him noivous."

Jake came cheerfully into the living room, pulling off his coat.

"Good evening! How are de kids, Mollie?"

"How should dey be? Fine."

"Sammy, take mine hat and coat please. I'm telling you, Mollie, lang should live de fellow dat inwented taxicabs. It's a reggeler pleasure."

"Vhatsymetter a cabsitack on a plain Wednesday, ha?"

Jake sat down in the armchair at the head of the table, which was already set for dinner.

"By you if it ain't a vedding or a funeral so a poisson can't ride in a cab."

Mollie shrugged her plump shoulders.

"If you can affodder it, should I be de vone to say no? You ride in a cabsi, I like better de street car."

Jake looked at the platter of steaming hot pot-roast on the table.

"Mollie, guess vhat I could eat to-night. I just feel like to have—vhat *you* tink, Sammy?"

"Potato pancakes!"

"No."

"*Blintzes*,"¹ guessed Rosie.

"No."

"So vhat?" asked Mollie, unable to bear the suspense.

"Lamb chops."

"Oy, oy, oy! Cabsitacs, lamb chops! From who you loining all de fancy beezness? Miss Gross is making you far a reggeler Yankee-Doodle."

"Lamb chops and pineapple—that's what all the movie stars live on," laughed Rosie.

"Lamb chops! also a eating!"

Jake, resigning himself to the fact that he was not a beautiful movie star and that there was pot-roast on the table instead of lamb chops, took a generous helping of the meat on to his plate.

After chewing steadily away for a few minutes, he put down his knife and exclaimed:

"Oy, is dat Miss Gross a girl!"

"Sammy, vid such a hands you go to de table, ha?" She pulled one of the boy's unwilling hands from under the tablecloth where he was trying

¹ Filled pancakes.

to hide them. Inkstains, black and red, coal, chalk and who knows what else, had covered the sticky little palm and fingers with grime.

"What you nagging on de child?" pleaded Jake.

"What about Miss Gross, papa?" asked Rosie.

"Bring bread to de table, Rosie," said her mother, "and a cold bottle seltzer from de fire escape."

"You know, pa," put in Sammy, hoping to make Mollie forget the painful subject of his hands, "Rosie was playing jazz to-day."

"So vhotsymetter? Bigger players dan Rosie is playing jazz."

"Miss Rabinovitz says I shouldn't discourage such a ting, Jake, and by you it's ulleright!"

"Ulleright, ulleright, if mama says no, Rosie, let be no. But is dat Miss Gross a smart girl—a vonder, I'm telling you."

"What's so vonderful, ha?"

"You should see how she makes sketches from suits! She sees a suit on Fift Avenue so she carries it back in her head exactly."

"Far vhat you need sketches, ha?"

"Don't grab from mine mout! If you'll listen so I'll tell you. You tink to be a contractor is ulleready everyting?"

"No? Someting else you vanne be, ha?"

Jake sat back in his chair and threw out his chest.

“Dis,” he announced, “is only de first step on de ladder.”

Mollie seized Sammy’s wrist as he began to pour more seltzer from the bottle into his own glass.

“Sammy, don’t drink so much seltzer!”

“Mollie, stop ulleready!”

“Four glasses he had ulleready.”

Sammy put down the bottle. Waiting till Rosie’s head was turned, he sneaked her glass and drank out what was left in it.

“Do you vant to hear odder not?” said Jake, impatiently. “If not, so I’ll keep qviet.”

“Do I vant to hear—a qvestion? Rosie eat de wegetables; de doctor says vhat you need plenty vitaphones. So vhat, Jake?”

Jake turned aside in disgust. “You spoiled my talking feeling. You ain’t interested, so I’ll vouldn’t tell you.”

“Oh, come on pa, tell us!” asked Rosie.

“You had to start,” complained Sammy. “You’re supposed to eat spinach, so eat it. Some pill you are!”

“You’re a capsule! That’s harder to swallow!” she retorted.

“Capsills, pills! who’s sick here, ha?” scolded Jake.

“So Miss Gross is a vonderful girl, ha? He’s a lucky boy, Mendel, ha?”

"I should so say so. Ve're tinkng vhat ve should get an insistant bookkeeper in de office, so Miss Gross vill be able to devote more of her time to designing."

"Vhat you need a designer? I tought vhat you're working inclusive far Madame Sylwet, and she's de designer!"

"But a poisson must look in front a liddle," said Jake, with a wink.

"So vhat's de looking in front?"

Again Jake leaned back in the chair and made himself look big.

"Ewentually, Mollie, ve're considering vhat ve should begin to mennefecture our own styles!"

"Oy, yeh are, Jake?" asked Mollie, impressed.

"Yes. Ve ulleready tinkng to make up vone or two original samples from Miss Gross's sketch."

"Oy, ain't dat vonderful?" said Mollie, with shining eyes. "Maybe I could help a liddle?"

"Don't talk foolish!"

"You tink I ain't got a taste, ha? Oy, how de girls from de whole willage in Europe used to come I should help dem make deir dresses. You don't know vhat a taste I got, Jake."

"Pa, copy my graduation dress!" exclaimed Rosie.

"You tink so, Rosie?"

Mollie had an idea.

“Jake, maybe you should ought to make an assembly suit, and de dress should have on de shoulders a trimming from beads, and should be a ruffle all around, vid a big buckle vid rystones, and a big flower from anodder color on de vaist, and leaves hanging down.”

“Dat would be some creation, believe me!” laughed Jake. “Maybe *you’ll* be my Paris designer, ha, Mollie? Ha! ha!”

“You’re laughing from me, ha?” said Mollie sadly.

“God farbid I should laugh from you, Mollie!” exclaimed Jake, seriously. “It would be a fine day I should laugh from you! If it vasn’t far you, would dere be a Mollie Cloik und Soot Company? I’ll never forget dat night I came home so disgusted, and you handled me over de monneh from de blue pitcher to start in beezness. Ah, Mollie, a man ain’t a voman! A man don’t talk much, but de more he’s got in de heart de less his tongue vaggles. Mollie, mine dear, tings is coming along better even dan I expected.”

“Ve vouldn’t farget de liddle blue pitcher, ha, Jake?” said Mollie, smiling again. “It’s got a crack and de handle is broken off, but I’ll take it vid me no matter vhere ve’ll move—even Liver-side Drive. Dat pitcher, Jake, it’s like a friend to me. Vhen I vanted sometimes to spend on a liddle foolishment, I would give a look on de

pitcher and it seemed to me like it would say: 'Mollie, don't! give it to me better!' and dat's how I saved all de monneh."

"I betcher," said Jake, slyly, "if I give a look in de pitcher now I'll find anodder hidden treasure, ha?"

"Never mind—never mind—don't look!" she said. "Jake, if I would ask you, would you do someting far me, ha?"

"If it's bossible, vhy not?"

"You know, Mrs. Bloom's husband ain't vorking ulleready far six veeks; and she's struggling, I'm telling you, I don't vish it on mine voistest enemy. She didn't even paid de rent and it's ulleready de twenty-second ulleready."

"So vhat can I do?"

"And her daughter Dora wrote her dat her husband is got a capsu but it's in de garage hospital, and if he had twenty-five dollars he could take it out and maybe make a living. I'm telling you, Jake, it is such a pity!"

"Vell, I'll borrow him ten dollars if you vant."

There was a pause, in which the children, catching on to what she was going to say next, fairly held their breaths.

"I—I vas tinkin, Jake, maybe you could give Mr. Bloom a job in de place."

Jake waved his hands in front of him as if he were brushing away flies.

"Dat's out of de question! What can he do dere, Mollie!"

"What you'll show him! Why not? If you can loin a bear to dance, so you can certainly loin *him* someting."

"First I got to discust it vid Mendel—he's my partner, no? Oy, but I don't like to start in vid friends, Mollie."

"Friends is de best ting in de vorld if you would only know it, Jake. And to be able to make friends and keep dem, dat's a blessing straight from God."

The telephone was ringing, and Rosie went to answer it.

"Hello—yes—my father? Hold the wire, please. Pa, for you."

Jake hastily wiped off his mustaches and got up from his seat.

"Hulloh!—Yes—yes—dat's me. Oy, I fargot all about de meeting!—And election from officers is to-night?—Oy, you don't tell me—Tanks far de compliment, but I wouldn't take de denomination.—You'll vouldn't take no far an answer?—Nu, I'll see.—Yeh, I'll come over.—Good-bye."

"What is now?" Mollie wanted to know.

"De lodge electeded me an anominous president! Can you imagine!" he said proudly.

"What means an anominous president, Jake?" asked Mollie, doubtfully.

"Dat means—vell, I'll give you a far instance. Vhen de whole lodge altogether gives a wote yes, Jacob Goldberg, dat makes me an anominous president—get de point?"

Mollie's face glowed with respect. "Oy, dat's a honor, Jake! I'm so proud from you! So dat means I'm a president's wife, ha?"

"Dat's it. Sammy, give me mine coat, please, and my new doiby hat."

"Ah, pa," pleaded Sammy, bringing the things, "why don't you give Mr. Bloom a job, eh?"

"They're so poor, pa, and Mrs. Bloom is always crying," added Rosie.

Jake, touched, paused a moment in putting on his hat. "Vhat? She's always crying, ha? T-t-t-t! Ullerright, good-bye all!"

He walked out in the hall, but turned back again. Poking his head in at the dining-room door, with the shyness which people often feel when doing a good action, he said: "Mollie, tell Mr. Bloom he should come and see me in mine office on Monday morning. I'll talk an interview vid him."

"Oy, Jake, lang years on you!" exclaimed Mollie, joyfully. She was already running to the dumb-waiter as Jake added:

"Good-bye. Live and let live—dat's my motto. Good-bye!"

Mrs. Goldberg's head was in the dumb-waiter

and her voice rang gladly up into the musty darkness of ropes and faint smells of what had just been suppers of sauerkraut and frankfurters, or corned beef and cabbage, or pork and beans, or *gedempfte brust*, according to the many nationalities who lived and had their being in the Pike Street tenement.

“Yoohoc, Mrs. Bloom! Mrs. Bloom!”

A faint square of light suddenly came from above, interrupted by the arrival of a straggled-haired head and a pair of thin shoulders! Mollie’s hearty voice, whose very sound was comforting, rang out big and important with her news.

“Mrs. Bloom, I got some news far you. Soon your black days vill be over. Yes! Mr. Goldberg is going to give your husband a job in his place.—Nu, so vhat you crying? Ain’t you happy, ha? Fool vhat you are, you should laugh! From now on everyting vill be ulleright.—And listen, Mrs. Bloom! Mine Jake he’ll soon gonne be a mennefecturer and dey made from him a president from de lodge! Listen, Mrs. Bloom! I got in mine blue pitcher a cople dollars, I’ll give you to send it to Dora.—Dat’s ulleright, dat’s ulleright! So vhat is it? So you’ll give me back a dollar a veek vhen Mr. Bloom starts in vid de vork. So come down a liddle after; maybe ve’ll go to a mofie—is playing de Four Horsemen in de Apoplexies.”

SHOPPING FOR MENDEL'S WEDDING

THE first-floor front on Pike Street looked strangely empty and deserted to Sammy's eyes as he rushed into the living room in his usual imitation of a wild horse refusing to be lassoed. He stopped short and looked about him. The plump, comfortable figure of his mother, her kind face and affectionate, dark eyes were not there. For a moment he felt as if the world had become empty.

"What's the matter mama ain't home yet?" he asked, glad to see Rosie come out of the kitchen.

"She went shopping for Mendel's wedding. She ought to be home any minute."

Sammy threw his books on to a chair.

"Gee, how I hate weddings. I wish I could get out of this one. Maybe I'll play off sick."

"Oh, how can you say that?" exclaimed Rosie, surprised. "I love weddings! I bet Miss Gross is going to look beautiful. Sammy, why do they always cry so much at weddings?"

Sammy hunched up his shoulders.

"How should I know?"

"Maybe we're too young to know," said Rosie,

sentimentally. "Let's ask mama when she comes home; she must know. Say, we better put the potatoes on! It's half past five and mama said to put 'em on at five."

"I'll peel 'em and you cook 'em."

"Let's surprise mama and cook the whole supper, yeah?"

"No, let's play theater! You be the audience and I'll be the actor."

"No, you be the audience."

"What do *you* know about acting? You don't even know how to be an audience. Back into the kitchen for you and cook supper!"

"Is—that—so?" said Rosie, with great scorn.

Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat! Some one was knocking at the door. Rosie and Sammy looked at each other, a bit scared. After all, they were children and they were alone in the flat, which could be so easily reached, being on the ground floor.

"Who's knocking?" called Sammy, boldly.

"Oh, I'm afraid!" squeaked Rosie, holding his coat. "Go to the door, Sammy."

Sammy shook off her arm.

"Fraid-cat!" He went into the hall. "Who's that?"

"Nu—it's mama!" came the well-known voice. A rush of comfort and affection came to their hearts as they ran to the door. "Open de door, nu!"

Mollie came in, her arms loaded with bundles. Sammy gave her a bear-hug.

"Here—Sammy—Rosie—qvick—take from my hands ulleready some bundles. Oy, oy, am I tired!"

The children took boxes and packages out of her arms, and she sank down on a chair. Sammy pulled at the laces of her going-out shoes so that she could push them off her feet, and Rosie brought her slippers.

"Gee, you bought a lot of things, ma!" said Sammy.

Rosie was busily pulling off strings from the boxes and peeping into white tissue-paper folds that covered unknown treasures.

"Did you get my dress, ma?"

"Some dress!" smiled Mrs. Goldberg. "Vait till you'll see it! Sammy, put everyting on mine bed and bring me mine slippers—oy, here dey are! I'm so tired I ain't got no feet left."

"What did you get me, ma?" demanded Sammy.

"Everyting vhat's nice, mine *kind*,"¹ she said, tenderly. "Rosie, my apron. Did you put on de patayters?"

"I was just going to put 'em on, ma, and Sammy—" she began.

"Sammy! yeh, Sammy! What did *I* do?" he asked, sarcastically.

¹ Child.

"Didn't you make me stop to be your audience?"

"Oh, can you tell fibs!" Sammy put his hand up to his face to express his astonishment. "Mama, she knows she's lying!"

"Quiet!—ulleright, so'll be vidout patayters tonight. I'll make a Bronx supper. Sammy, go bring up a cople cans beans and vone and half pounds frankfurters and maybe some patayter salad."

Sammy threw his cap into the air and did an Indian war dance all over the room.

"Whoopee! Frankfurters! I'll have ten of 'em!"

"You'll get maybe two but you shouldn't *nash*¹ from de bag on de vay home."

"All right! Pickles, too, ma, yes?"

"Let be pickles, too. Take monneh from mine pocketbook and go."

It was amazing how quickly this was done and the door slammed to as Sammy rushed off.

"I hope your fadder wouldn't get mad on de supper," said Mollie thoughtfully.

"Oh, he won't. Ma, what color is my dress?"

"It's a kind pinky color vid lace. Oy, it's simple godjess! Set de table, Rosie."

A key turned in the hall door and an instant later Jake was walking into the living room.

¹ Nibble; sample.

"Good evening, everybody!"

Mollie's face fell a trifle as she thought of the absence of dinner.

"Whatsymetter so early?" she questioned, mildly.

"I vas shopping, so I tought I'll come home early. Vere's Sammy?" he asked, as he noticed the unusual quietness of the place.

"He vent to buy far supper someting," said Mollie, getting up and going into the kitchen. "Don't get mad, Jake; I came home so later I didn't had time to cook."

"Such a talking! did you ever! Why should I get mad, ha?"

Rosie went to the door as she heard the bell ring.

"I didn't eat none, ma, honest!" said Sammy, handing over the big brown paper bag to his mother.

"In a minute vill be supper," called Mollie. Jake went into the kitchen to hear her as she went on talking. "Oy, Jake, did I buy beautiful tings! Oy, de monneh vent so quick like vater, I'm telling you! What did you bought far yourself, Jake, ha?"

"Vell, Mollie, first I tought vhat I shall rent a suit. But I figured out vhat it vouldn't pay me. Of course, ve'll have a cople important blow-ups dis year from de lodge, and I'm organ-

izing a brodderhood from contractors, and I'll might have to make a speech odder two, so I have to look like a reggeler poisson, no? And, anyway, it's a good investment; you buy it outright, and it's yours! Vhat did you bought far yourself, Mollie?"

"Plenty!" She looked into the pot where the frankfurters were already bobbing about in the boiling water. "You'll shouldn't tink it ain't an expensibee beezness Mendel's vedding. And it's only far vone night. Far mineself I bought a black saten vid spengles, and, I should only be able to veer dem! a pair mumps vid high heels. Vait till you see de dress—obber vid no sleeves, Jake. Oy, I'll be ashamed. Maybe you'll make far me a cople sleeves in de place, ha?"

"Mollie, be a poisson ulleready!" Jake clicked his tongue. "Like an old voman you talking! You should see de grandmodders vhat comes in mine place, like reggeler young girls dey look."

"M-m-m! Who dey fooling, ha?"

"Oy, Mollie," Jake looked at her with admiration, "I vant you to shine out de whole bunch! It's a cople-supper and ve going to sit on de bride's table togedder vid her rich relations. I only vish you had a cople diamond bracelets to veer. Maybe your sister-in-law vould lend you to veer dat night, ha?"

"Oy, I'm supprised from you, Jake. Vhy you

vant I should show up vid some one else's riches, ha? Vid borrowed fedders you can't fly high. Dat's a good ting to remember, Jake."

Sammy, whose eyes had hardly moved from the pot which he was watching with restless interest, shouted out:

"The frankfurters are busting already, ma!"

Mollie turned off the gas, took off the lid, and carefully lifted out the steaming, keen-smelling sausages from the boiling water.

"Sammy, did you got mustard?"

"Yeup!"

She carried the platter piled high into the dining-room.

"Come, eat."

For a few minutes there was no sound except the clinking of knives and forks on plates, the appreciative chewing of tasty food, and the movements of people stretching out for more helpings of bread, mustard or salt.

"H-mmm!" sighed Jake. "Dis tastes good far a change, believe me!"

"Sammy, don't eat so fast!" warned Mollie.

"If he gets two franks, then I want two," declared Rosie.

"Don't vorry, Rosie, you'll get all you can eat. First eat vone. You got eyes bigger dan your mout. You should see Rosie's dress, Jake. Vid pink shoes and pink stockings!"

"Oh, ma, you're a darling! Thanks!" cried Rosie, ecstatically. Jumping up from the frankfurters, she ran around the table to give her mother a hug.

"Nu, findish eating," smiled Mollie.

Sammy, having finished his share, now had time to talk.

"Mama, why do they always cry at weddings?" he asked.

"Vhy?" replied Jake. "Dat's not such a easy qvestion, Sammy!"

"It depends vhat kind tears you cry, mine child," said Mollie. "Every vone cries far anoder reason."

"But why, mama?" persisted Rosie.

"Vell—de bride's modder cries because her liddle girl is a big lady now and starting out in life far herself. De bride cries because she's sad and she's glad togedder. She's glad because she's getting vhat she wanted, but she's sad because she's leaving her modder's home and all de sweet rememberingings from her children days—and dat's someting to cry, no?"

"But men sometimes cry, too, don't they, mama?" Rosie wanted to know.

"Nah!" exclaimed Sammy, proudly. "Men never pull the soft stuff."

"Sometimes—vhy not?" said Mollie. "A fadder cries because maybe he sees his years is flying

away and he's getting ulleready an old man, and maybe he feels like he didn't yet even begin to live."

Sammy blinked a bit, trying to understand such a feeling, but he could not see why any one should be sorry to be grown up.

"And de groom dat really should cry," grinned Jake, "he don't, de poor *schlemihl!*"

"Hm, is dat so?" said Mollie. "Jake, where is Mendel going on his moonhoney?"

"Honeymoon, mama!" put in Rosie.

"So let be funnymoon!"

"I tink vhat dey're going—let me tink—dey going to Niagara Falls."

"Vhat you going to give Mendel far a vedding present, ha?"

"I'll give him cash. It's always good to have a partner vid a liddle poissonal capital. You never know vhen de firm runs short. Get de point?"

"And dey took ulleready rooms?"

"Vhat den? Oy, is dat a Mendel! Miss Gross wanted to be a June bride, but he said, 'No, mine darling dear, de furniture sales is in January, so I vant you shall be mine liddle snow-ball!'"

"I can imagine vhat a trouser her modder gave her."

"Trousseau, mama!"

"So let be like you say!"

"Rosie shouldn't have no vorse! From better

is no use to talk! Dis vas a mont vid showers, I'm telling you."

"Vhen vas it raining, Jake?" asked Mollie, surprised.

"No—not dat kind showers! Linens, vid pots vid pans—far Miss Gross. Dat's de new style—don't you know yet?"

"M-mmm, she's a lucky goil."

"Oh, mama, look—Sammy took another frankfurter! It's his third one!"

"You have to see everything!" growled Sammy.

"Sammy," pleaded his mother, "enough is plenty, no? A poisson must know vhen he's got enough, ain't it?"

"Well, I'm hungry!" complained Sammy.

"So eat bread!" said Jake.

"Who wants bread!"

"Who don't vant bread isn't hungry," Jake declared.

"You vanna be sick yet far Mendel's vedding; dat's all I need," said Mollie, resignedly.

"I hope I do get sick. Who wants to go to a wedding? You don't call that a place to go to for a good time, do you?"

"Qviet!" ordered Jake.

But Sammy, with a memory of many grievances in the shape of parties in the not-forgotten past, went on:

"I suppose you'll pull me around to this one and

that one and I'll have to listen to 'Ow, what a big boy! Ho-ow old is he? Who does he look like?' And that's supposed to be pleasure! Oh, yes, sure!"

Jake sat thoughtfully listening. After a while he roused and said in a low voice to his wife:

"Mollie, I tink he'll be a lawyer, not a doctor."

"Better be quiet, Sammy, please!" begged his mother.

"Ma, can I try on my dress?"

"First take off from de table. I'm so tired, Rosiely, I can't move myself even."

Rosie got up and began to pile the dishes. She scraped bits of sticky potato salad, red rags of sausage-skin, and dabs of uneaten mustard into one large platter.

"Come on, Sammy, help me."

"Ah, you in again?" he mocked.

"Mollie," said Jake, "you'll go to a hairdresser to fix your hair, and menicure you, ha?"

"Far vhat I need a hairdresser, ha, Jake? Vhatsymetter vid mine hair like dis?"

"Far every day is ulleright, but not far a vedding."

"Far me is good enough I shall go plain like I am, and dat's me," she said decidedly.

"Oy, Mollie, vhy don't you give a look in de glass sometimes, you're still living in yesterday's world. Vake up!"

"M-mmm, dat's de whole trobble vid dis world. Everybody is too beezy looking on demselves, and dat's vhy all de doctors is rushed vid noivous breakops. You can't push back de years, Jake. And it's not de vay you comb your hair or de young-girl dresses you veer vhat keeps you young. If you got dat liddle someting in your heart, you'll be young even if your face is wrinkled like a prune. Jake, you can't make from me a flopper. Let Rosie flop far me ulleready."

The water was running in the kitchen sink as Rosie put the dishes under the tap to soak.

Br-r-r-r! The telephone was ringing.

"Ma, you answer," called Rosie. "My hands are wet."

"Ullerright, I'm going.—Hulloh! Yes—who's dis?—Oy, Jake, look who's on de telephone. It's Miss Gross.—Oy, vhat a supprise! How you feel?—You're a liddle noivous, ha?—You beezy, ha?—Maybe someting I can do far you, ha?—Vhy not?—Vhat, Rosie should come over?—Far vhat?—Yes—a rehoisal from de vedding march?—Oy, I never heard from dat.—No. So right away you need her?—All dressed up like de vedding she should be?—Yes, ullerright—Good-bye."

"Vhat Miss Gross vants, Mollie?"

"Rosie, quvick, leave de dishes and dress yourself all up vid de new tings and go over to Miss Gross."

"But vhat's doing ulleready?" asked Jake.

"Vait a minute, Jake, hold in de horses. Sammyly, you take Rosie, don't let her go herself all dressed up."

Sammy made sounds of annoyance. "That's the breaks I get! So that means I can't go to Mickey's house."

"Yes! Dat means you'll take your sister," commanded Jake, "and don't let me hear anodder vord!"

Sammy kicked with his boot at the table-leg and muttered, "Oh, gee!" But he went into the bedroom to get his coat and hat.

"Can you imagine vhat dey're making from veddings? You said de true, Jake, it's a new vorld vhere veddings ain't veddings, obber just like a teayter vid rehoisings."

"De whole vorld is a teayter, Mollie, and it's a good ting dey don't know before vhat de show is. If dey did, maybe everybody vould valk out and ask far deir monneh back before de curtain goes up."

"Vhat's de use valking out vonce you're in ulleready?" said Mollie. "No show is all good, and no show is all bad. And everybody knows dat in every play is a liddle laughing and a liddle crying."

She stopped talking as the door opened and Rosie, a radiant little vision of prettiness all in pink from pink hair ribbon to pink ruffled dress,

pink stockings and pink silk shoes, stood before them, smiling.

"Ma, I'm ready! How do I look?" She gave a little dance-step and cried out: "Oh, I love my slippers! And the stockings are real silk, aren't they, mama?"

Mollie gazed at her, moist-eyed with delight.

"You look like a liddle bride yourself! See, Jake, how Rosie looks! Look how she's growing, ha? Pull de dress down a liddle bit in de front. Oy, Jake! I can't take mine eyes off from her! A reggeler lady she's becoming!"

"Ay, ay!" Jake shook his head. "How lang you tink, Mollie, before dere'll be a vedding by de Goldberg family?" he sighed.

"Good-bye, ma. Will Miss Gross think I look nice, eh, ma?"

"Come on, will you," urged Sammy, "and stop showing off."

"Good-bye, children. Take good care on your sister, Sammy," said Mollie. The children went out, and Mollie, unable to keep the tears from her eyes, added softly:

"See, Jake, dere's mine looking-glass. I see myself in' mine children. Dat's enough far me."

MOLLIE'S FIRST LESSON IN FINANCE

WHEN Rosie and Sammy came in one late afternoon they were surprised to see their mother all dressed up in her second-best black satin instead of her usual before-supper "kitchen ensemble." On her feet were her best black walking-shoes, not yet laced.

"Rosie," she said, before they had time to ask where she was going, "I'll ask Mrs. Bloom she should give you and Sammy supper to-night maybe."

"What for?" asked Rosie.

"I don't want to eat there," said Sammy.

"Why not?"

"'Cause they ain't got enough for themselves even."

"So ulleright, you'll take up someting. I got a half chicken and some lovely *strudle*¹ in de ice box. Only I vant you should eat first here a nice hot plate soup."

"Why can't we go with you and papa, eh?" Sammy wanted to know.

"Because I don't know yet vhat papa vants.

¹ Cake.

He only runged me up I should be all dressed, he's coming home oily. I got to go some place vid him."

"So we can't go, eh?" Sammy grumbled.

"Did you ever! Vonce in a year maybe I got some place to go, so you nag out de life from me! Is dat nice, ha, I ask you? You should ought to say, 'Go, mama, darling, have a good time.' Dat's how a good, nice child talks."

"But we never go out," complained Rosie.

"When I'll be too old to move mineself, you'll be going out." Mollie consoled her. "Your going-out days is coming. You're coming and ve're going. Be nice children. I'll take you Saturday afternoon some place."

"But will you keep your promise?"

"Did I ever said I'll do someting and I didn't did it, ha?" asked Mollie.

"Where are you going to go?" Rosie wanted to know.

"Papa must got a supprise far me, I'm sure. He always likes to do like dat. Maybe a cople seats far a show, and maybe after to a speak-quietly."

"You mean a speak-easy," grinned Sammy.

"So let be a caferay. Your fadder's a big sport; when he goes out de sky ain't even de fin-dish. He likes to do everyting foist class. Some papa!" Mollie's face beamed. "Rosie, bring

down mine hat from de closet. You tink I'm so happy because I'm going to a show? No. It's because papa gives a tought some time maybe mama vould like to go out. You got my hat, Rosie?"

"You have time yet," said Rosie. Mollie shook her head.

"Papa said I should be ready so I vant to be all dressed. He always gets excited."

Rosie went into the bedroom and got her mother's black hat. She couldn't resist bringing out the new coat, too.

"Mama, wear your new coat, eh?" she called.

"Vhat den? my old vone?" laughed Mollie. "Sammyly, lace mine shoes. I can't bend down so far."

Sammy got down on his knees and began carefully threading the laces through the holes.

"Ma, bring home the program," he reminded her.

"Maybe you vould like a cople cents far a Moishy helmend bar or maybe a multed, ha? Not so tight. Sammy! Don't make a knot. Dat's right—fine—tanks." She stood up, pressed her feet well down into the shoes, and put on her dress. "Rosiely, hook up mine back, please."

"It's awful tight," said Rosie doubtfully.

"Dat's de style," Mollie told her. "Vait I'll hold mineself in a liddle—ulleright?"

Rosie tugged away at the hooks.

"I nearly got it," she gasped.

"Nu—vhat takes so lang?" wondered Mollie.

"Only one more—all right now!"

"How I look, ha?" smiled Mollie, in front of the mirror. She pushed back her hat and pulled out her hair.

"Nice. Oh, I love your hat. Put it down a little—a little more." Rosie pushed down the hat and pulled it to one side.

"Ullerright. It's good ulleready." Mollie ran to the dumb-waiter. "Yooohoooo, Mrs. Bloom. I'm going to ask a favor from you. Mr. Goldberg called me up I should be dressed, he wants I should go out some place vid him before supper—yuh—and I don't like de children should be alone. Might be dey'll fool around vid de gas stove—you can't tell vhat might'll can happen. If I know dey're by you I wouldn't vorry. I got in de ice box a half chicken and some strudle—if I wouldn't use it I'll have to trow it out.—Don't be foolish—don't I know you got enough?—But vhat vill I do vid it—trow it out?—Ullerright, tanks you.—You're a Mrs. Bloom! all mine good friends should have such a neighbors like you.—I'll come up before I'll go you should see my new coat—yuh! Oy, mine Jake is here ulleready. Ullerright, I'll come up." She hurried back to the living-room, and gave her husband

a beaming smile. "I'm dressed ulleready, Jake."

"Dat's good. So let us go right away," he said, putting his hat on his head again.

"Where are you and mama going, pa?" begged Rosie.

"Why couldn't we go?" Sammy asked.

"How do I look, Jake?" Mollie smoothed the sides of her dress and tucked in her hair.

"Vhat do you mean 'how do I look.' Like you always look." Mollie's face fell. "Vhatsy-metter?" asked Jake.

"You don't even see mine new hat, ha?" she said, disappointed.

"It's a new hat?" Jake raised his eyebrows and looked critically at the hat.

Mollie could not refrain from asking, "Did you got box seats, Jake?"

Her husband gazed at her in surprise.

"Vhat kind box seats?"

"Dat's ulleright. Far *me* is good enough bel-keny. Only I know you like de box," explained Mollie.

"Who said someting about a show, ha?" he asked, bewildered.

"No? So vhere ve going, ha?"

"Not to a show!"

Mollie went to a chair and sat down.

"Ulleright: is not to a show, nu," she said slowly. "And I vas happy vhat I tought you vas

supprising me." She shrugged her shoulders. "Nu, so I made a mistake."

"So vhat you so disappointed, ha?" Jake asked, to hide his sudden feeling of shame. It was true: how long it was since he had thought of taking her out! "Ve'll go some anodder time. To-night I must go to your brodder Joe."

"Who invited you?" asked Mollie, looking at him warily.

"Nobody. But ve're going just de same." Nervously he pushed his hat back from his forehead.

"Ahaaa!" Mollie began to understand. "So vhat's de news ulleready, ha?"

"Should we go up to Mrs. Bloom, ma?" interrupted Sam.

"Yes, go, and you too, Rosie," their father answered.

"Not yet—don't go." She loosened her coat. "Vhat happened ulleready, Jake? Not far notting you vant to go to Joe. Don't run around de bushels vid me, Jake. Take off your coat, it ain't such a hurry."

"Come!" he begged. "I'll tell you everyting on de vay."

"Oh, no!" said his wife firmly. "Foist you'll tell me and den—I'll see."

"Foist you'll come, Mollie! Don't get me noivous!" he shouted.

"Jake, don't make me arguments in front from de children," she warned.

"Don't get me in a temper, Mollie. I'm all excited enough. When I say come so let it be like I say!"

Mollie took off her hat and pushed her coat off her shoulders.

"I ain't looking to making you noivous, but I'm telling you I vouldn't move out from de house and dat's all, and do me someting!" She held out her hat. "Rosie, put mine hat back in de box. Sammy, unlace mine shoes."

"Can you imagine such a voman!" her husband exclaimed, gritting his teeth. "Mollie, when you vant to get a man's gall, you know how, believe me. I must get some monneh from your brudder, Mollie. Dis time you must go vid me."

"Vhatsymetter monneh all from a sudden?" said Mollie suspiciously. "I tought vhat everything vas going so fine—better even dan you expected, ha?"

"Did I told you ve vas making original samples? Vell, Mendel vent out and got a big order far immediate livery. Tree hundred dresses ulleready from a presidential buyer," he said impressively.

"So vhat's de noivousness? Dat's good, no? Dat's vhat you vanted."

"Yes. But vhere are ve going to get de monneh

far materials—de silks, ha? Maybe it'll fall out from de sky, ha?" he asked sarcastically.

"Can't de silk man give you a cople yards on de installment plan?" Mollie suggested. "You can tell him you got a rich brodder-in-law."

"Mollie, please, de credit man investgates your assets not your relations," Jake said impatiently.

"So you vant Joe to give you de monneh far de goods?"

"Dat's right. Only far a short time. Ve would give him a thirty-day note, or even on command, and ve would even give him a bonnus."

"Vhat good is a letter to him?"

"Not a letter—a note."

"Vhat's a note, Jake?"

"A note is a piece of paper," he explained.

"You tink Joe is such a fool he'll give you real monneh far a piece of paper?"

"De paper *is* monneh!"

"So vhat you need Joe, Jake?" she asked, puzzled.

"De note must have an indorsder and a signature, and dat makes it monneh."

"So?" Mollie still could not see the point.

"I'll give him my note and he'll give me de monneh. When I pay him back so he gives me back de note, y'understand? It's good like gold."

"If it's so good, vhat far you need favors from Joe?" she demanded. "Vhy don't you to go to

your bank and show Mr. Bank your order and give him de note? And maybe Joe vill be de indorsder far you—only to write his name, I'm sure he vouldn't say no. But far real monneh I vouldn't ask him if I vould know to be vidout a piece bread in my mout," she ended, in a tone that settled the matter once and for all.

Jake thought a while, then his face lighted up.

"Dat's an idea, Mollie. Maybe you're right—let me see—Joe's note—in de bank—dat's it, dat's it! Mollie, you got brains, believe me. You're a born beezness man."

Sammy, who had been shifting from one foot to the other, for some time, like a restless horse, exclaimed:

"So what are we going to do, ma, go to Mrs. Bloom or not?"

"Should I take the chicken?" asked Rosie.

"Vait. Give me a chance to get mine head to-gedder, please!" cried Mollie, both hands up to her head.

"Maybe, Mollie, ve'll take a liddle bite home and ve'll go to Joe's house vid de children?" suggested Jake.

"Foist I'll give him a telephone. You know, Joe don't like you should valk on him like dat vidout he knows you coming."

"But don't say vhy ve're coming. I vant to do it very diplomacely."

"Diplomatically, ain't that what you mean, pa?" said Sammy.

"Ha! so I made a slip, nu, so vhat?"

Mollie went to the telephone, walking slowly in her tight new shoes.

"Hulloh! tsentral—give me Aldonkey eight eight o four."

"Algonquin 8804," corrected Rosie.

"Excuse me tsentral, Algonkey eight eight o four—yes—he's in de book—certainly, a qvestion! Jake, Joe shouldn't be in de book—Yes—hulloh! who's dis—Mr. Butler?—I vant to speak to my brodder—Joe—yes—Mr. Klein, dat's right. Oy, Jake, I tink dey got company."

"That's Uncle Joe's butler, ma," said Rosie, excitedly.

"Hulloh—Joe? Dis is Mollie—your sister—yes—you don't recomise me?—certainly—it's a lang time you saw me—fine—how's everybody—de children?—Dat's good—Jake and me would like to come over—yuh—far a liddle favor—yuh—to-night—you're all alone?—Sarah and de children is not home?—dey're away?—to Lake Plaster dey vent?—dat's nice—So I'll see you—Jake?—oh, fine—some Jake!—you didn't heard notting, ha?—you did?—You know vhat a man Jake is, ha?—Beezness—no more contracting—no—he's a mennefacturer!—he got just now an order from de president—certainly——"

"Mollie, not de president—a presidential buyer," interrupted Jake.

"Yess, a presidential buyer—yes—so it's ulle-right ve'll be over?—You'll send de car and de choffer far us?—Ah, Joe, you're getting so good—ah, a brodder is still a brodder—Ullerright, Joe, good-bye—'*sei gesund*'."¹ She hung up the receiver and turned smilingly to Jake.

"Last year he vouldn't send de car far us," said her husband, meaningly.

"You sec, he ain't so bad, anyhow," she said.

"Ay, how qvick you forget, Mollie. I'm only going to him because I can't give myself a toin no odder place—I can't help mineself."

"Fargive and farget, Jake, dat's de only vay," she advised. "Dis vorld vould be a terrible place if ve vouldn't."

"I can't farget how he insulted me, Mollie," said Jake moodily. "I'm notting but a *schmuser*²—a big mout he said—right in front from my face he insulted me."

"What do you tink he meant? Rosie, run up to Mrs. Bloom and tell her vhat ve are taking you and Sammy vid us to-night."

"Should I tell her to watch for Uncle Joe's car?"

"Why not?—So vhat vas I saying, Jake, ha?"

¹ Keep well; take care of yourself.

² Big mouth; flatterer.

Joe called you a big mout because he used to hear vhat you always used to start trobble far Mr. Finkelstein, your boss, when you vas a vorking man.”

“Dat vas because I couldn’t help it!” he exclaimed. “I had to talk it out or bust. Dey vasn’t doing tings de right vay—didn’t I had to tell dem?”

“Bit it’s better to talk less and do more, and sometimes maybe not to talk at all. Vhat do you have to give advice? Do tings right and people vill come to you demselves. You see, Joe heard ulleready all about you and now he wants to help you himself, see dat? Because he sees you’re not only talking big now but doing big tings vid your beezness.”

Two sharp toots of an auto horn came from the street.

“Oy, de car is here.” She quickly straightened her hat. “Oy, de lemonsine is here!”

“Mama, come on, the car is here!” called Rosie and Sammy together.

In the street, surrounded by wondering Pike Streeters, big and small, the large red car was waiting. A uniformed chauffeur jumped out, touched his peaked cap, and opened the door for the Goldberg family. Mollie, beaming, climbed in and the children followed.

“Come, Jake, come!” she called.

Jake was looking thoughtfully at the car. He nodded his head and smiled.

“A cople more orders like dis,” he said, as he got in, “and you’ll have your own car, Mollie.”

“Toot—toot!” went the horn, and they were off.

ROSIE'S GRADUATION

OUTSIDE the hall door of the first floor front of the Goldberg's Pike Street tenement were gathered the whole little family. Mollie, in her best black silk dress with sleeves was trying vainly to get the key into the lock. The bunch of keys rattled in her hand as if they were falling.

"Oy, I'm so excited I can't even open de door! Jake, take from me de keys."

"Don't be like dat, Mollie!" Jake rebuked her, in a voice trembling with happiness. "Enough is enough ulleready, ain't it?—Oy, vhotsymetter vid dis door, ha?"

Again the keys rattled without the right one getting into the lock.

Rosie, radiant in a white satin dress with a great bunch of bright flowers on her arm, a slim gold bracelet on her wrist, and a long, thin roll of white parchment tied with gold and white ribbon in her other hand, turned crossly to Sammy.

"Stop pushing! D'you want me to fall down the stairs?"

"Who touched you even? Are you so swell I can't stand near you?"

"You're crushing my dress."

"Stop de arguments!" said their father.

"Sammy, see vhotsymetter vid de door all from a sudden."

"You see you're excited, too," said Mollie.

"Sammy, take de keys from papa and open up de door."

"Ah, gee!" said Sammy, stretching out his hand for the keys. "I never saw such a fuss about nothing in my life. As if she was the only one in the world that graduated."

"Yes," said Rose, "but they didn't hand out very many medals, did they?"

"Nu, so open ulleready, vill you!"

Sammy, not being at all overcome by the glory of his sister's achievements, had no difficulty about opening the door.

"There, it's open."

Mollie looked around the living-room with an expression of peaceful satisfaction on her smiling face.

"Home again! When you go away a cople of hours and come back, it looks *eppes*¹ so nice in de house!"

"Sammy, hang up de keys vhere it belongs, so mama should know vhere to find dem." He sank

¹ Something so nice; a treat.

down in a chair, kicked off his new shoes, and twiddled his toes with relief.

"Some day to-day, ha, Mollie?"

"I ask you, ha, Jake? Oy, before de printsipal called out Rosie's name mine heart vas jumping in mine mout." She sat down opposite him and put her hand on her broad bosom.

"Ay, ay, open up a vindow—it's so hot here!" said Jake. Sammy climbed on the window sills and unlocked the windows, which had been shut fast so that no one should be tempted to come in during the family's absence.

"Nu," said Jake, looking affectionately at Mollie, "two children in high school ullready! Can you believe it, ha?"

"Vhy not? Don't trow around your clothes; hang nicely away!" she cried as Jake dropped his coat and hat on the chair beside him. "Oy, I got so much yet to do! Bring me mine mongolow apron, Rosie darling, and mine old shoes."

Jake was sniffing with his nose pointed in the direction of the kitchen.

"I smell someting vhat's boining, I tink, Mollie—no?"

Mollie got to her feet and tramped into the kitchen, hastily opened the oven door, and was greeted by a strong burnt smell. She grabbed a woolen holder and lifted out a dish whose sides were flaked with black and whose surface was so

coal black that only Mollie herself could tell whether it had once been a roast or a pie.

"Oy, oy, oy! mine *kugel*¹ is burnt," she wailed. "Jake, didn't I told you, put only a liddle light?"

"I did vhat you told me. You said leave de light."

Mollie shook her head sadly. "Dat's vhat comes when you don't do tings yourself. Oy, a whole jar chicken fat and seven eggs vasted!"

"So vill be a party vidout a *kugel*," said Jake, cheering her up.

"So vhat can I make hurry up now?" pondered Mollie. "Maybe some *blintzes*—dat takes qvick, ha? Rosiely, you put away everyting nicely in place, ha, mine *kind*?"

"Yes, mama, darling."

"Rosiely," asked Jake, "come sit a liddle on papa's lap and tell me how it feels to be a graduated young lady."

"Oh, it's wonderful!" smiled Rosie, snuggling up to him. "But now my real work is just going to begin—in high school." Her father stroked her curly, dark hair.

"Yeah," interrupted her brother, "but you better not let her rouge her lips like all the high school kids do, or I'll have something to say about it."

"Listen, listen!" said Jake, in surprise at his mature suggestion.

¹ Pudding.

"Sammy is right, Jake. In his class in de high school you should see like painted ladies de liddle girls go, honest."

"Don't worry, ma!" exclaimed Rosie, flipantly. "I won't use lipstick till I'm fifteen!"

"H'mmm! How can you vait so lang, ha?" asked her father sarcastically. "A vorld it's becoming!"

"You'll never use it, if I have anything to say," said Sammy, resolutely.

"Change your dress, Rosiely, if you vant to help me," said her mother. "Sammyly, take off de new pants."

"Ach! I thought we were having company!" complained Sammy.

"Not till efter. Do like mama says. Rosie, let me see again vhat says on de medal." Jake reached out his hand, but Rosie was already in the other room.

"One minute, pa!" she called. "I'm changing my dress."

"Jake, vhat are you sitting!" said Mollie. "Vhy don't you help someting?"

"Vhat should I do? Did you ever! Did I say I'll vouldn't help? So tell me vhat!"

"Pull out de table and put in de boards, but take foist a rag and vipe off de dust. Rosie, you ready? You fix nice de table like you know how from de cooking teacher in de school."

Jake slipped off his coat and hung it up over the back of the chair, then he looked about for a rag. Not finding one, he sneaked his handkerchief out of his pocket, and with furtive glances in Mollie's direction in case she should notice, he quickly wiped off the extra table-leaves and then slipped the blackened handkerchief into his pocket again. Relieved that he hadn't been caught, he now pulled out the table, dragged at each side of the top until there was a gaping space in its center, then he fitted in the newly wiped boards. The table was now twice its usual size and had an odd, swollen look.

"Just a minute, ma," Rosie said, coming into the dining room in her ordinary school dress. "Papa wants to see my medal." She held out the round, shining bit of engraved metal which had brought so much more joy than if it had been twenty gold coins.

Mollie came in, wiping her hands.

"Show me also again. Oy, what a child dat is!" She stopped and fondly kissed Rosie's dark head.

"Some medal!" said Jake holding it up in the air and admiring it. "And you looked like a baby, Rosie, vid all dose big girls around."

"She vas de youngest in the whole gradulation class!" exulted Mollie. "Sammyly, help papa pull out de table."

"Did you saw how everybody vas looking on us, Mollie?"

"Did I saw! Oy, vas I happy! I vas only vishing dat everybody in de whole school should know dat you vas de papa and I vas de mama. Mine tongue vas like in a prison, and mine head vas full vid choked-up vords. I vas feeling like to holler out, 'Dat's mine baby; dat's mine Rosie!'"

"And me, too, Mollie; me, too! Rosiely, you made to-day very happy both your mama and your papa."

There were tears in Jake's eyes. Mollie's eyes were swimming, too.

Rosie herself was nearly crying through her smile as she said, hugging them both:

"I hope I'll make you happy all my life—really I do, ma and pa."

"Sammy," called Mollie, "vhat you doing alone by de vindow? Why you don't come here?"

"Nothing! What should I do?" he grinned. "You don't know I'm living even to-day."

"Listen to such a talking, vill you," wondered Jake.

"Leave him alone, Jake. Dat's ulleright, Sammyly. You tink because it's Rosie's graduation so ve don't know vhat a child *you* are? Vait only far your *bar mizvah*, and den it'll be *your* day."

"Who cares?" said Sammy, jauntily.

"I don't know why you're so disagreeable," declared Rosie. "Would you like it better if I was a dumbbell?"

"Mollie, vhat class are you already by de night-school, ha? Maybe you'll get also a medal? Ha! ha!"

"Me? I'm in 2B, and don't laugh from me. Oy, it's grand, I'm not like blind any more. All de signs is like lifing pictures in front from my eyes."

"You should hear mama read, pa!" said Rosie. "She's wonderful!"

"Mollie, you'll take a college course, too; ha, Mollie?" laughed Jake.

"Ay, ay, Amerike, Amerike! Everybody vhat only vants, can become here a somebody. An education is like in de fairy story, 'Open see-saw open.' Vhen you got an education den everyting; all de doors from de vorld stands open far you. You could even understand yourself, and vhat's more important dan dat, ha? You'll vouldn't be ashamed from your mama, ha, Rosiely?"

"Ashamed of you, mama?" exclaimed Rosie. "I'm so proud of you if I had a whole world of mamas to choose from I'd pick you!"

Mollie's face grew warm and tender and hardly believing, as she looked at Rosie.

"You mean dat, ha?"

Rosie ran up and gave her a hug.

"And de papa don't count, ha?" said Jake pretending to be jealous.

"You know, I'm getting a bit hungry, Mollie."

"Me, too. I'm starved!" said the other man of the family.

"So you vant someting now, ha? Why don't you wait ulleready—de company vill be here any minute. Sammy, go better and get a cople chairs by Mrs. Bloom."

"Who's coming all, ha?"

"Tante Elke, and Morris, and de children."

"Dat's all? Who else?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, and Mickey, and Miss Rabinovitz, and—oh, a whole crowd I invited! I should remember all de names!"

"Your brodder Joe, too?"

"I asked him. I hope he'll come."

Jake looked thoughtfully around the table.

"How you going to sit dem on de table? It wouldn't be no room, Mollie."

"Don't worry. Vill be room. Be careful, Rosiely, don't break de new glasses."

"I won't." But she balanced four glasses, one inside the other, in each hand.

"Look at her, ma! What do you think you are, a vaudeville juggler?" asked Sammy. "Let me take some."

"Mollie, why don't you make a bloffet supper like Miss Gross what vas, vas telling me?"

"A buffet supper, pa!" giggled Rosie.

"How you cook dat, ha?" asked Mollie, always willing to learn. "Rosie, maybe dey told you dat from de cooking school?"

"You don't cook it," said Jake, superiorly, "it's ulleready findished, only you put it on de table and everybody helps demself."

"No. Not by me," said Mollie, firmly. "When I inwite company, so I inwite dem and give dem a reggeler supper, not a bloffet. Foist I'll give de children and den de big people."

"Ullerright, let be like you vant," said Jake, knowing that that was what was going to happen, no matter what *he* might think about it. "You never vant to learn someting new."

"Oy, dere's de doorbell ulleready! Dey're coming and I ain't even findished even!" Mollie got up and began collecting dishes. "Open de door, Rosie."

A brisk, cheerful male voice echoed down the hall and a man's step followed it. In came a tallish fellow, with a happy smile, kind brown eyes, and a sincere expression that made you take a liking to him at once.

"Hello, hello! How are the Goldbergs to-day?" he asked cheerily, as he came in.

"Hulloh, Mr. Tobias! Mollie, de insurance agent is here. Come in, don't stand by de door. Sit down."

"Ah, hulloh!" said Mollie, welcomingly. "How are you? I'm glad you came. Sit down."

Jake pushed a chair over to him.

"Nu, sit down! It don't cost no more—sit down—take off de coat. Sammy, take de coat from Mr. Tobias."

"What's all the excitement?" smiled Tobias, looking round at the gaily decorated, extra-large table, the unusual number of plates and glasses and white napkins on the fresh tablecloth, where Rosie's flowers were blooming in a large glass vase. "Who's getting married?"

"My Rosie just gradulated vid de biggest honors in de whole school!" beamed Mollie.

"You don't tell me!" Tobias opened his eyes wide and looked at Rosie. "Some smart girl, ha?"

"I should so say so! You should see how she vas cramming far de examinations!"

"Cramming, ma," smiled Rosie.

"Oy, cramming? Dat's how you say it? Ulle-right, so next time I'll say better."

"Well," said Tobias, briskly, "now's the time for you to consider an educational policy."

"To-night ve're making a big party. Why don't you stay and enjoy vid us?"

Tobias was putting on his coat again.

"Perhaps I'll come back later. Thanks very

much, but I have a few collections to attend to on the next block."

"You know what de good book says—vhen beezness interrupts de pleasure, so give it up!"

They laughed together. "How's business, Mr. Goldberg?"

"I ain't kicking," said Jake with a wink.

"All mine good friends should have such a beezness," put in Mollie.

"Is that so? Well, I'm glad to see my friends get on in the world."

Rosie, hearing the doorbell, went and opened the door.

"Where's the chairs?" they heard her asking.

"Ma," said Sammy, coming in, "Mrs. Bloom said, as soon as they get finished sitting on the chairs she'll send them down with Mickey."

"Oy," said Mollie, shaking her head with annoyance, "I bet you she's eating supper upstairs! Is dat a funny voman!—" She went into the kitchen and they heard her calling up the dumb-waiter:

"Yoohoo, Mrs. Bloom! Didn't I told you you should come down oily far supper, ha? Whatsy-metter vid you, ha? Far you is always room. You're mine best guest, you hear dat?—Sometimes I get mad on you, honest.—So come right away, you hear me? And don't farget de chairs."

Jake put his hand up to his head with an expression of suffering.

"Mr. Bloom is coming, too? Oy, Mollie, don't I see him enough in de place? Must he be mine company, too?"

"Stop, please, Jake," said Mollie, with a look of real anger. "Mr. Tobias, a cup tea maybe, ha? Some *kuchelach*?"¹

Tobias let his coat open up again. With a smile he admitted: "Well, I wouldn't miss your *kuchelach*, Mrs. Goldberg."

She poured a glass of tea and handed him a flat glass dish with some pieces of sliced lemon. She pushed the plate of *kuchelach* towards him.

"How much I got to give you dis week?" she asked.

"It's fifty cents, I think." He snapped a little red book out of his pocket and turning back a few pages, glanced at it and nodded his head.

"Stop dat veekly paying," said Jake, frowning. "How much is de whole beezness?"

"Quarterly?" asked Tobias.

"No, by de year. I'll give you a check. Sammy bring mine specks, please, I'll be able to see better. Send de bills to mine office after this. I don't like no penny beezness."

"Well, now that you're a big business man, why

¹ Goulash.

not let me show you the kind of policy a man like you really ought to have?"

Jake smiled. "Your motto is always—insurance is de best policy, ha?"

Tobias laughed.

"Drink your tea, it's getting cold, Mr. Tobias," said Mollie.

"Stay far de party," urged Jake. "It'll do you good to talk from live people far a while instead of from dead vones! Ha! ha! ha!"

Mollie was looking very thoughtfully at Tobias as he sipped his tea.

"You still a single man, ha, Mr. Tobias?" she hinted, sweetly.

"Yes! Still happy!"

"You said it dat time, Tobias!"

Mollie gave him a look.

"You shouldn't be a polly-parrot, Jake. Don't say vhat you hear, say vhat you feel! What is Mr. Tobias got vhat you ain't got, ha?"

"Don't get mad, Mollie. Can't you take a joke, ha?"

"What do I want to get married for, Mr. Goldberg?" asked Tobias. "I like my freedom. I like to be able to go and come as I please."

"But you should get married. It's lonesome, ain't it?"

"Oh, I've lots of friends!"

"Oy, but to have no vone to love and no vone

who loves you! Look, what would've been, Jake, if I didn't have you and you didn't have me? No Rosie, no Sammy, no medals, no *bar mizvahs*?"

"You got right, Mollie," said Jake, tenderly. "I wouldn't be nothing but a shadow; I wouldn't be a real man. I can't even picture to myself that I should be a single man. I'm telling you, Tobias, you think you're free? You only imagine it. What's your freedom—go where you want and when you want? So where do you go, when do you go? You got habits de same like de married men."

"Why shouldn't you have a home, full of hearts and faces dat's yours and you is deirs? Oy, a man vidout a child—dat's a sadness!" She shook her head pityingly.

"Say," said Tobias, getting up in his place with a pretended look of terror. "What are you folks trying to do to me?" He sat down again, and thought for a while. "Well, I don't mind telling you that I think maybe you're right at that. You have a girl for me, maybe?"

"You mean it?" exclaimed Mollie, eagerly

"Well, sure. I might be interested."

"You're laughing, odder you mean it?"

"I guess I do mean it."

His face was really serious.

"I got a girl far you, vone in de world!"

"A peach, eh?" Tobias was interested.

"Please don't be a *shadchente*,¹ Mollie! Let him pick his own girl."

"Nu, vhy shouldn't I help him? It's a big world, Jake. Sometimes two people is meant for each anodder, but dey don't never find demselves! Why shouldn't people help dem, ha?"

"Who is de girl?" asked Jake.

"Mrs. Bloom's cousin."

"Oy, her!" Jake waved his hand disapprovingly.

"Jake!" Mollie gave him a look that spoke volumes.

"Not so bad, Tobias," Jake corrected himself.

"Ooh, I like her!" exclaimed Rosie.

"I know her," said Sammy. "You mean the one with the heavy glasses and——"

"Sammy, darling, you'll sit quiet, yes? Listen, Mr. Tobias, I'll tell you—go make your collections and come back here. She's coming to-night to de party. If you'll like her, ulleright; if not, is not, nu!" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Will I have time to go home and change my suit?" said Tobias, doubtfully.

"Vhy not?" answered Jake. "And—" with a look at Mollie, "if someting'll come from dis, I'll buy from you a big policy. Dat's a promise. How's dat, ha?"

Mollie's smile repaid him.

"It's O.K. with me!" laughed Tobias.

¹ Matchmaker.

"Oy, vhat a party it's going to be!" said Mollie, joyfully. "So go, Mr. Tobias, and come back so soon like you'll can."

"O.K. That's a bargain, remember, Mr. Goldberg."

"Did I said no? Good-bye, Tobias, good-bye."

Mollie was already at the dumb-waiter door.

"Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Bloom! qvick like you can, send Mickey to your cousin Lena and tell vhat she should get dressed up svell and come right over to mine house. I tink vhat maybe vill be a *shid-dach!*¹ Oy, oy, dere's de doorbell beginning! —Good-bye Mrs. Bloom; don't farget!"

"Mollie, de company's coming in ulleready!" sang out Jake.

Among the company, sure enough, came Tobias, spruce and smiling in his best suit and with a generous dose of hair-polish plastering down his hair, and with his ready smile. And not long after, a gentle ring at the bell announced Lena Newman, not so young any more, with sweet, sad, dark eyes half-hidden behind glasses, and a thoughtful face that nobody could call pretty except when her kind, loving smile shone over her lips.

¹ A match.

JAKE MAKES A SLIP

IT WAS Sunday, and Mrs. Goldberg sat in the kitchen looking rather depressed.

"Sunday is mine vorstest day," she sighed, putting on her apron as she went to the sink. "A whole day lang is dishes and dishes." She turned on the tap, and put her hand under it to feel if the water was hot enough.

"Ma," called Rosie from a distance, "I can't clean up the front room 'cause Sammy is still sleeping."

"Sammy," shouted Mollie, "get up ulleready! Please, Sammy. It's ulleready eleven o'clock."

The sounds of a small body stretching and yawning came through the hall.

"Ee-ee-yaw! Oh, gee!" Then a grumbling, sleepy voice. "Even on Sunday I can't sleep. I wish I had my own room already."

"Mickey vas here far you twice ulleready. He said someting about a hike from your club."

Sammy seemed suddenly to wake up.

"Yeh, did he? Oh, gee, ma, why didn't you wake me? Gee!"

"You were sleeping," said Rosie. "I tried to

wake you but you turned over and pushed me away."

"Aw, you never tried to wake me. You let me sleep, that's what you did. That's just like you."

"I did not!" Rosie defended herself vigorously.

"Quiet!" cried Mollie. "When ulleready will be enough de argaments?"

Sammy appeared, wrapped in a dressing gown. His hair was standing on end.

"Did Mickey say where I could meet them?"

"No, he didn't said—not to me," answered Mollie. "Maybe he told you, Rosie?"

"He said they'd be at the clubhouse. Till eleven, I think he said."

"Oh, gee! Will I make it? Oh, Rosie, dear, help me, yes? Get me a clean shirt, will you?"

"Now it's 'Rosie, dear' when you want something," she sniffed, but went to look for his shirt in the bureau drawer of the bedroom.

"Yes, help him, Rosiely. Sammy, you vant a cople eggs fried over, odder a pancake?"

"Scramble 'em, and please ma, don't make the coffee too hot."

"Here's your shirt," said Rosie, coming back and holding out a starched blue shirt with the arms and tail pinned back. "Don't put it on yet—you didn't wash yourself!"

Sammy was hastily pulling out the pins. "Did you see if all the buttons are on?"

"Vash yourself foist, Sammy!" commanded Mollie. "Don't farget your neck vid soap and hot vater. You vant maybe I should help you?"

"What do you think I am?" roared Sammy from the bathroom. "A baby?"

"Nu," sighed Mollie; "to me you'll always be a baby."

"Some baby!" giggled Rose.

"Ma! Can I take one of papa's ties?" shouted Sammy.

"Not de new vones!"

"Get me one, Rose!"

"What color?"

"Oh, any color."

"Here's a tie." She brought it to him for his approval. He inspected it and flung it away.

"Look what she picks out, will yuh?"

"Get one yourself then if you don't like it," said Rosie, huffily.

"Don't close yet de bed, Rosie. Put de bedding on de fire 'scape, should air out a liddle."

"Shall I change the bedding?"

"No, not to-day."

"I'm ready, ma!" Sammy came running in. "Please gimme my breakfast." He flung himself into a chair at the kitchen table, and drummed impatiently.

"Vone minute, please! Loo, like an Indian he's running. Here is your eggs. Eat slow! You

shouldn't choke yourself; dat's all I need on Sunday."

"Mickey said girls could go, too," put in Rosie hopefully.

"So what does that mean?" said Sammy, with his mouth full. "You want to go, too, maybe?"

"I should say not! I'm particular!"

"Rosie, why shouldn't you go a liddle?" suggested her mother.

"It's such a nice day. Why not, ha?"

"Oh, ma, please!" protested Sammy.

"No, ma," said Rosie, with a saintly expression.

"I'll stay and help you."

"I'll stay and help you," mocked Sammy.

"Do you need a new dress or something, eh? I'm going, ma."

"Findish your roll!"

"I don't want no more." He wiped off his mouth and was picking up his hat and coat on his way to the door.

"Sammy, I can't stand it from you," wailed his mother.

"Aw, gee, I had enough I tell you, ma! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye. Don't be vild, you hear me? You got spending monneh?" she called after him.

"Yeah!" he yelled back. "Pa gave me a quarter last night."

"You got a handkerchief?"

"Ye-e-eah!" The door slammed shut and Sammy was gone.

"Rosie, it's such a beautiful day; you'll get dressed and go far a liddle walk, ha?"

"I'll help you and then we can both go together."

"Papa'll be home soon from de special committal meeting. You'll take better beck and go."

"But I don't like to leave everything for you to do."

"Nu, it ain't so much. I'll get findished uller-ready."

"Well, I'll just dust a little."

"Rosiely, no, please. Do like mama says. Oy, dere's de doorbell! Give a close de bed quvick! Who can be so early? Vone minute, please!" she shouted to the door. "Ulleright, Rosie? Put on de cover. Ulleright, I'm coming to de door."

She wiped her hands and went to the door.

"Oy, hulloh, Lena!"

"Hello, Mrs. Goldberg. Excuse me for coming so early!"

"Dat's ulleright, come in."

"Oh, Miss Newman! Hello, Miss Newman!" and Rosie came smiling in to shake hands with her.

"How are you, Rosie? I was just up to see the Blooms, and I thought I'd drop in and see how you were."

"Oy, I'm glad you came. Come in de front room; take off your tings. How is by you?"

"I can't stay very long," she smiled, loosening her coat.

"Ma, I don't want to go down," begged Rosie. "I'd rather stay here with you and Miss Newman. Yeh, please?"

"My Rosie likes you so much," said Mollie. "I don't know, but ve all like you, Lena, honest."

"I'm glad somebody likes me!" There was a smile on Lena's face that was nearer to tears.

"Maybe a nice hot cup coffee, ha, Lena?"

"No, thanks, I just had a big breakfast, really."

"Maybe eftervards a liddle someting. Rosie, put a light in de oven and toin on de coffee."

"Oh, I'm keeping you back from your work, Mrs. Goldberg."

"Don't be foolish. What kind of vork? Tell me, how is your mama, ha?"

"The same—still working hard."

"And your papa? Still vorking by pocketbooks, ha?"

"No. Papa hasn't been working for over a year now."

"Is dat so! Whatsymetter?"

"Well, he's not so young any more, and Jessie doesn't want him to work any more."

"I hear she's vell up, your sister Jessie. After she findished de college she married a rich man,

ha? Dat's good. She helps out in de house, ha?"

"She pays the rent for us, and she said if I get married she'll give me a thousand dollars. Isn't that nice?"

"H'mm—nice. But vhat did you did for her, ha? Who made her such a up-to-date college lady? It vas you, ha? Vidout you vould she made such a fine *shiddach*?"

"Well, she was our youngest; we wanted at least one in the family to go to college. Oh, if you could have seen my father and mother when they saw Jessie in her college cap and gown—it was worth working for, Mrs. Goldberg. I'm glad I was able to help her."

"You're a vonderful girl, Lena.—Nu, did you had a nice time last veek by mine party?"

"Did I? I should say." But there was an effort in the way she spoke that made Mollie doubtful. "Everybody had a grand time."

Mollie looked at her keenly.

"You looked awful nice in dat dress you vore."

"Really? Did you like it? Do you think I looked nice?"

"I'll say you did!" said Rosie. "Miss Newman, take off your hat, won't you? I love to see your hair, it's so black and beautiful."

"Thanks! I don't often hear such nice things!" Lena smiled as she pulled off her hat.

"And vhere did you and Tobias ran so quick

after de party, ha?" asked Mrs. Goldberg, slyly.

Lena turned quickly as if to hide her face.

"Oh," she said, hastily, "we took a walk and then—then went home."

"He is a nice boy, Tobias, ha?"

"Oh—!" she checked herself. "Yes, he's a nice boy," she said sadly. "Was—was he here since last week?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"No, he didn't vas. When you going to see him again, ha? Rosie, please go comb your hair and get dressed."

"Oh, mama, I want to hear, too."

"Did you ever? Go do like I say, please! If you'll know too much, mine *kind*, you'll get old too quick!"

"All right, but I'll be right back!" Rosie skipped away.

"Nu, Lena," said Mollie, softly, "how does it look vid you and Tobias?"

"I don't know. He said he'd call, but—he didn't—yet."

"No?" Mollie hid her disappointment. "It's time yet! He vants you should feel a liddle anxious! Ha, ha!"

Lena opened wide her lovely dark eyes, the only really beautiful feature of her pale little face.

"You think that's it, Mrs. Goldberg? If I really thought that was the reason, I'd be so—so glad!"

"I could see in his eyes vhat he liked you, Lena, never mind."

"He did speak as if—he—liked me. But—one can't really tell. If only I were pretty—I'd feel more sure of myself."

"Vhat you mean, you foolish girl. You're pretty, ulleright."

"Oh, no, I'm not. A girl knows when she's pretty. I'm not fooling myself."

"Lena, don't talk like dat. Vhatsymetter vid you? You're a vonderful girl. You tink you got to be a Glory Svanson to get a husband? Tobias ain't not John Gilberg neider."

"It's different with a man," sighed Lena. "A man doesn't have to be good-looking. A man isn't ever too old."

"So if Tobias didn't called you," said Mollie, after a while, "vhy didn't you called him? Maybe he's sick or something. It can't be, ha?"

"That's not the proper way, Mrs. Goldberg."

"Dat's de whole trobble!" Mollie sighed. "Who says dat ain't right, ha? If you vant to talk vid somebody odder see somebody, so you do it. Vhy should you be bashful or stuck out? Farget all de rules in de eckiteckie book. Believe in yourself—not in rules in a book. It never hoits to show a poisson vhat you like dem. You'll be suprised how people vill like you just because you like dem. I mean it."

“But liking and—loving—are two different things.”

“Of course!” Mollie hunched her shoulders and spread out her hands. “Who says no? But from liking comes de loving. You tink in de vone time meeting comes ulleready love? No, dahlink, only in de moving pictures maybe. Foist two people must get to know vone de nodder, and den, if you see in him de good vhat he sees in you, den in-velops love.”

Lena was fidgeting sadly with her gloves. With eyes cast down she exclaimed:

“Oh, Mrs. Goldberg, if only I were smart and pretty! Oh, why do some people get everything and some nothing? I don’t know what’s the matter with me. Sundays and holidays, when other girls go out to enjoy themselves, I walk around by myself with nothing to do but think and no one to talk my heart out to. If I could only find one friend who cared! Oh, Mrs. Goldberg, do you think Mr. Tobias will call me, eh? Do you think he will?”

“I’m sure he will, mine child.”

“It isn’t so much for myself, but I know how anxious mama is to see me married. Every time I pass the block I can hear the neighbors’ tongues wagging: ‘Oh, there goes Shayne Layyeh’s daughter, what a pity she can’t get a husband.’ It’s a terrible feeling. It’s like—as if the whole world

forgot you—and—nobody wanted you—nobody needed you.”

“Lena, dahlink,” counselled Mollie, “don’t lose yourself. Valk vid your head high up in de air! Vhat you care vhat de people says? Dat’s all notting. It’s vhat you are, vhat you do, vhat you vant to be—dat’s vhat is important. Don’t make liddle from yourself. You’re a wonderful girl, Lena, and some day de right vone vill find it out. Answer de doorbell, Rosie!”

“One minute.” Then the street door opened, and a furious, revenge-breathing Sammy marched in.

“Oh, I’ll get you for that, Rosie!” he stormed. “You think you’re smart, hey?”

“Mama!” squealed Rosie. “Sammy’s starting!”

“Sammy! Oy, Sammy! Don’t you see it’s company in de house?”

Sammy controlled his anger, and with down-cast eyes held out his hand to Lena and muttered, “Hello, Miss Newman.”

“Vhatsymetter you home so qvick?” Mollie wondered.

“’Cause I got there too late!” burst out Sammy. “Mickey never told her eleven o’clock. He said ten!”

“He said eleven,” insisted Rosie.

“He never did it. And now I missed the whole



bunch. Now what am I going to do a whole day?"

"Do? You got notting vhat to do? You didn't did your homevork yet!" Mollie suggested. "Take off your tings and might'll be you'll play far Miss Newman something Sammy—mebbe—your new piece?"

"Oh, I'm just in the humor for playing," said Sammy, with deep sarcasm. "Oh, yes. If we were only alone," he muttered to Rosie, "gee, what I'd do to you!"

"Is it my fault that you overslept?" Rosie protested.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"Sammy, quiet, please! Dere's a strange poison in de house, please!"

"All kids are alike," smiled Lena. "It's the same in my house."

"But I don't like it. Nu, Sammy, play!"

"You want me to play the new piece—'Romance?' "

"Yes," answered Mollie.

Sammy played, and Mollie's dark eyes were full of dreams far from the kitchen and the troubles of her daily life.

"Nu, vhat do you say to dat, ha? Some vonderful! It's like fingers on your heart de vay he's playing, ha?"

The lovely melody seemed to have put hope

into Lena's heart, for she smiled as she answered, softly:

"It is beautiful, Mrs. Goldberg. Thanks, Sammy, dear. I guess I'll be going home now. Some one—might—call."

They had not heard Jake's key in the door, and did not know he had come in until they heard his voice in the room.

"Hulloh! A morning concert, ha? Dat's de vay, dat's vhat I like to see. Ah, a guest? Hulloh, Miss Newman!"

"Hello, Mr. Goldberg! I came here feeling rather blue, but Mrs. Goldberg and Sammy just cheered me up wonderfully!" she smiled.

"How vas de meeting, Jake?" said Mollie.

"Vas just fine. But I had to recline all de proposals. It's too much far me. Y'understand, Miss Newman, I'm a beezy man. But so far as de denotions is concerned——"

"Donations, pa," corrected Sammy.

"Ha! Vhen I say someting let be like I say, you hear!"

"Ullerright," said Mollie. "Even *you* can make a mistake, no?"

"To help out vid a check vonce in a while I'm always glad. But to give mine time—mine beezness is too waluable. Mennefecturing ain't so easy."

"Nu, vhat good is only de monneh, Jake?"

sighed Mollie. "To give from your own self, dat's better, ain't it? I'm right, Lena, no?"

Lena smiled thankfully at Mollie.

"Sammy, bring me a tsigar from mine coat.—You know who I just saw Mollie? Guess!"

"Nu, don't make me excited. Who?"

"Tobias. And vid some beautiful girl!"

Mollie's eyes fairly shot at Jake.

"Ah," she said, controlling herself, "yes, Jake, I know. De dark girl vid de big eyes. Dat's his sister."

"Dark! A beautiful blonde she vas!"

"Oy, Jake, dat's his youngest sister, Jake! Jake, go see vhotsymetter de vater is running in de kitchen."

Jake sat calmly down.

"Vhat's vid de vater all from a sudden? Sammy, go see."

"No, Jake, you go!"

"Did you ever saw such a voman, ha?" grumbled Jake, getting up.

But Lena, trying hard to smile, was pulling at her gloves as if she wanted to tear them. Her face had gone quite white.

"I guess I'll be going," she said in a smothered voice. "Don't feel bad, Mrs. Goldberg.—I'm—no fool. I—understand."

"Lena, dahlink—don't. I see tears in your eyes. Don't mine child, please."

But the tears came faster and faster till she had to turn her face away. Mollie could hardly help crying, too.

"Oh, why do people see only your face—your outside—and not what's in your heart?" sobbed Lena. "If a person could only know me as I know I am they would have to like me. But my homely face frightens them, and before they have a chance to know me they're gone. It's always like that. It's always—going—t-to be—like that."

"Nu, shuh, shuh." Mollie patted the girl's bent head as if it were the head of her own little daughter. "It von't be always. If it von't be Tobias, it'll be some vone else."

"But—I—I like—*him*," whispered Lena.

"You'll see yet, you'll see yet. Who knows what can be?"

Lena suddenly straightened up, wiped her face, and smiled bravely.

"Don't worry about me, Mrs. Goldberg. You've got your own troubles. I'll get along all right. Good-bye."

"You know," said Mollie thoughtfully, "I don't even tink I like Tobias far a girl like you, honest. He ain't good enough."

"Never mind. Good-bye, Mrs. Goldberg. Thank you again. You've been awfully kind to me."

"Come again, Lena! Don't forget!" Mollie called after her as she went out.

Then Mollie came back and took care of Jake.

"Oy, Jake, if de ground vould open and I fell in I couldn't feel so bad. Where's your feelings, where?"

"What did I did?" said Jake, in a very small voice.

"What did you did? She came up to find out about Tobias, so you have to say about de beauty!"

"Didn't I told you you shouldn't start no shad-chen beezness, ha?" he exclaimed. "Far de minute I fargot, so vhat's so terrible? Vonce she met Tobias, de insurance man, so ulleready she's in love."

"It's not de love," explained Mollie. "Her feelings is hurt. Can't you understand? Certainly, how can I expect you to understand. It's like a man dat vas never hungry can't understand vhat it means to have a empty stomach. It's a vord from a difference language to him."

The telephone bell rang and Jake went to answer it.

"Hulloh—yes—who—Tobias?—Nu, vhat can I do far you?—Lena's telephone number?—you lost it?—So who vas de beauty you vas talking vid, ha?—A prospect?—Far marriage?—Oh, far insurance?—Aha—Vhat?—You vant to come up to

talk about de policy?—Oy, no, not yet—Call her a liddle later, she just vent home——”

“Tell him to hold on de vire,” called Mollie, excitedly, “I vant to talk vid him!”

“Hold on de vire, Mrs. Goldberg wants to talk——”

“That’s my pencil,” Sammy was wrangling with Rosie.

“Hulloh, hulloh——” said Mollie at the ’phone.

“Well, can’t I use it a minute,” asked Rosie.

“Qviet! How can I hear?—Yes—Tobias?—You vant Lena’s number?—Yeh—Hotvater seven tree eight nine.—Vell, vhat do you tink of Lena?—ha?—Some girl—Didn’t I told you?—She’s got fellows running after her?—You’ll be a lucky boy if she takes you—How can you tell?—I hope she’ll like you—Ulleright—Good-bye.

Mollie turned triumphantly to Jake. She did not need to speak. Her triumph was obvious.

MADAME SYLVETTE TO THE RESCUE

THERE was no smile on Mrs. Goldberg's usually cheerful, plump face this evening. She stood anxiously watching Sammy as he held the telephone receiver to his ear and waggled the hook. The kitchen clock struck seven.

"They don't answer, ma!"

"Oy, dat's an hour ulleready dey don't answer," worried Mollie.

"All right, don't worry," Sammy consoled her, as he hung up the receiver. "He'll be home any minute now."

"Vhat do you mean I shouldn't worry? If papa left de place den he should be home ulleready lang ago. Oy, de doorbell—maybe dat's him!"

But it was Rosie.

"I looked up and down the street, ma, but I didn't see him," she said, a bit scared. "And Mr. Bloom's been home a long time."

"Papa didn't said notting to Mr. Bloom?" asked Mollie, anxiously.

"No, he didn't."

"Oh, gee," said Sammy, looking at his mother's troubled face. "Nothing happened. Can't he be late once in his life?"

"That's a nice way to talk to mama, when you see how worried she is," said Rosie.

"Aw, you shut up! I'm trying to make her see there's nothing to worry about, so you have to butt in."

"A fine way to do it!"

"Oy, he didn't even telephoned," muttered Mollie. "Your papa never does like dat—never."

"Maybe there was a tie-up in the subway." Sammy continued his boyish efforts to calm his mother.

"Oy, maybe an accident! I'll wait a cople more minutes and dat's all."

"Must *we* wait? Can't we eat?"

"That's lovely!" sneered Rosie. "Is that all you have on your mind?"

"Well, can I help it if I'm hungry?"

"Sammy's got right," sighed Mollie. "Vhat's de use you should go out from hunger? Come, I'll give you to eat. Everyting is ulleready spoiled. De soup is nearly cooked out. De *latkes*—dey look just like I feel."

"I don't want to eat, ma," said Rosie.

"Rosiely, please eat. Vhat good will be if you'll wait? Maybe will be wery late before papa comes home." She went to the window and looked out.

"Oh, she just wants to show me up," said Sammy. "I'm just as worried as you are, even if I *am* hungry."

"Please don't make it vorster. Quiet, please! Mine head is banging like a machine."

"Ma, go away from the window, you'll catch cold," said Rosie.

"No, I don't see him." She came into the kitchen and opened the dumb-waiter door.

"Yooohooo, Mrs. Bloom! Mr. Goldberg ain't home yet. Oy! I'm going around crazy. Maybe he got himself killed by a cabsitag! Maybe a collision in de subway. It's making in mine head de voist kind pictures!" Her voice choked with sobs. "Come vid me to de police station maybe, yes? Ullerright, I'll wait far you on de stoop."

"Oh, ma, please don't cry!" pleaded Rosie, frightened.

Mollie went into the bedroom and began putting on her shoes.

"Ma, where are you going?" called Sammy.

"Get mine shawl, Rosie!"

Sammy got up from his dinner. "I'll go with you, ma."

"Findish your supper, children."

"I don't want it," answered Sammy, getting his coat and cap.

"I'll go too," said Rosie.

"So come den, let's go all." Mollie wrung her hands. "Oy, God should send only your papa back to us alive! Oy, de bell—maybe it's an ambulance!"

A key rattled in the lock, and who walks in but Jake Goldberg.

"Oh, here's papa now!" exclaimed Rosie joyfully.

"Hulloh," he said, in a melancholy voice.

Mollie looked at him, and she folded her hands across her chest.

"So you here ulleready," she said, sarcastically.

"At last!" Sammy ejaculated.

"Vhat do you mean I'm here?" said Jake, staring at his wife. "Vhere should I be?"

"Dat's all you got to say? Do you know vhat time it is, ha?" burst out Mollie. "Rosie tell Mrs. Bloom never mind; your 'papa is here ulleready."

"Nu, so I'm a liddle late. It can't happen, ha?"

"Vhy you didn't called me up, vhy? To-night vas costing me five years from mine life! You know dat, ha?"

"Oy, please, Mollie, let me take mine hat and coat off, and please stop de nagging!"

"Dat's nagging? I should ought to do to you I don't know vhat! A fine taste your supper will have!"

"I had vid Mendel a bite. I ain't hungry."

"So vhat I'm going to do vid your supper, ha? Trow it out, ha?"

"Trow it out, eat it up. Leave me alone, Mollie, please!"

He flung himself down in a chair.

"See," said Mollie, quietly, "it pays to vorry! Sammy, bring papa's slippers. Jake, only a cup tea; maybe——"

"No, please, notting. Only let me sit quietly."

"Where you vas? I vas calling up de place far an hour and it vas no enswer!"

"Me and Mendel, ve vent to see a designer to discust someting."

"Vhat vas so lang far discusting, ha?"

"Beezness, beezness!"

"Vhat kind beezness?"

"Important beezness!"

"Look how it's like to pull out from you a toot to pull out a vord from you to-night. Look how you look—vwhite like a ghost."

"Vhy shouldn't I look vwhite? I got enough ag-grawation! You tink beezness goes smood like grease? I shall say not!"

"Nu, nu, so vwhat is ulleready? Rosie, Sammy, go findish your eating and clean away from de table, please."

"Vell, I got a big shock to-day, Mollie," Jake at last began. "A terrible knock."

"Ma!" called Rosie. "Come, you eat something, too."

"No, mine *kind*. I had ulleready a fine supper," she said sarcastically. "Nu, Jake?"

"Madame Sylwet came back yesterday from

Europe. I didn't saw her, but I had a talk vid her partner."

"So, nu?"

"So, nu!" Jake shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "She's going out from beezness. She made enough monneh, and now she vants to retire."

"You mean she's giving it up?"

"Yes! Don't you know what I'm talking? Going out means out, no?"

"But so vhat is such a terrible knock far you?"

"Oy, Mollie, don't be a voman! Must I put a finger in your mout?"

"Oy, Jake, if you don't vant to talk to me like a poisson, so don't talk."

"Like a poisson I should talk! De vay like I feel, I don't know how mine tongue can even move itself."

"I want the leg!" Sammy was loudly demanding at the table.

"That's the only part I ever eat, and you know it!" argued Rosie.

"Well, take some other part for a change!" replied Sammy.

"Quiet!" called Jake, with an angry frown.

"A chicken is got vone leg odder two?" said Mollie. "Go take from de pot de odder leg, Rosie, and let be quiet. Jake, maybe I'll fix far you a glass cocoa; you'll feel better maybe."

"Mollie, don't make far me notting, please. Oy, vhat a big account I'm gonne lose! From contracting alone I vouldn't be able to keep such a big place. Who can affodder it—such a overhead vid showrooms vid offices!"

"So you'll get a difference account," consoled Mollie. "Like you got Madame Sylwet, so you'll get some vone else!"

"In order I shall take over de whole plant, I must only mennefecture," explained Jake.

"But I tought you vas ulleready mennefecturing."

"Let go of the seltzer bottle, will you?" came an exclamation from Sammy.

"Well, I want some, too!" said Rosie.

"Qviet, papa's talking, can't you hear? And I vas telling everybody how you vas a whole mennefecturer."

"On a small scale, yes! Tokedder vid all Madame Sylwet's vork, ve vas able to do a liddle mennefecturing from de side."

"So you'll be a mennefecturer vidout Madame Sylwet."

"But vhere I'll get samples to show de buyers; vhere? Vidout samples can I get orders?"

"Mendel's vife used to be so smart——" suggested Mollie.

"Oy—before she vas married. Now, I don't vant she should have an obligation to me. It's

difference now. Oy, vhen she vas in beezness she had ideas; now she's married, she has bridge parties."

"So vhat vill be?" pondered Mollie.

"Dat's just it—vhat vill be? Dere's a very vonderful designer vhat ve could get, but she vants to come in as third partner——"

"Vhat—a partner? How many partners can be in vone beezness?"

"So many like you vant—did you ever!"

"Two is company, Jake, and tree's a crowd. Dat's de same in beezness like in everyting else."

"Don't talk vhat you don't understand, Mollie, please!"

"It's better you should pay to a designer a salary—no matter how much—dan to take her in as a partner."

"H-mmm, how you know so much, Mollie?"

"And if she makes samples vhat ain't good, so vhat vill you do, ha? Discharge her you vouldn't be able."

"But she's a cracker-jack—a foist class designer."

"How lang you tink she'll be able to cracker-jack, ha? Maybe vone year, two years—not far ever. And den you'll have a partner on your neck. Jake, listen to me! You vouldn't be sorry. Don't do it."

"Mollie, I'm pushed on de vall! It eider means

far me to go backwards odder forwards. I don't want to go back to contracting. I'll lose all mine pepper, mine whole embition."

"Oy, Jake, look on yourself! You're a changed man since you vent into beezness. If I get a smile from your face it's like a holiday. If I talk nice, you holler. What's going to be vid you, ha? Oy, if beezness makes from a man a machine dat can't take a liddle joy far himself and give his family a liddle pleasure, den I'm vishing you should never started to be a beezness man. Better a crust of bread and enjoy it, dan cake if you get digestion from it. Where's de smartness, ha?"

"It's easy far you to talk," answered Jake. "Vhat do you know vhat's in a man—vhat drives him on and on. Vonce beezness gets into your blood, you can't stop. If you do, you're findished. I ain't giving no pleasure to mine family, ha? Because you want to do your own vork, and not get a voman vonce a veek to help you, is dat mine fault, ha? Because you want to stay here on Pike Street, is also mine fault, ha? You don't want to be up-to-date, dat's mine whole trobble!"

"So it's all my fault? I ain't up-to-date? You tink if you vill give your family a fine house and serwant, and maybe to me a cople diamonds, dat's giving us someting, ha? Oy, no, Jake! You're making a big mistake. Better vone smile, vone kind vord, and de children should learn

what's right and wrong from your mout dan all de fancy monkey-beezness. Vone bad vind and it all blows away!"

"Vhat you making speches! Far you it would be ulleright I should trow up de beezness. No, no, Mollie, you wouldn't do vid me vhat you vant. I'm a beezness man and so I'll stay always a beezness man."

"But anodder partner you wouldn't take!" exclaimed Mollie. "Dis time you'll listen to me, you hear?"

"Mollie, in mine beezness don't mix! Many a man vas ruined because he let his vife tink far him!"

"Yes, and many a man can tank de stars vhat he listened to his vife's advice!"

"Listen or not listen, I'm going to do it," said Jake, decidedly. "I got to do it. I must do it! Mendel vants it, and if you don't vant it, I vant it! And dat's enough, and dat's all, Mollie."

"Oy, de doorbell! I bet de neighbors is coming to see vhat happened here by us!" said Mollie grimly.

Rosie went to the door.

"Mrs. Mollie Goldberg?" asked a voice.

"For you, ma," called Rosie.

"Ha? Mollie Goldberg? Yes, vhat is?"

"A package for you," said the messenger.

"Far me? Vhat kind peckage?"

"How should I know?" grumbled the boy.
"Sign for it, please."

"Sammy, come a minute," said Mollie.

Sammy rushed over to his mother.

"Oh, what a nice box," he said.

"Oh, I wonder what it is," remarked Rosie.
"Can I have the ribbon?"

"Not there, lady. On the line, here," said the messenger, impatiently.

"It's ulleright if Sammy writes my name," Mollie said apologetically. "I can't see so good no more."

"I don't care who writes it, but step on it."

"Sammy, step on it," repeated Mollie.

"All right. Here you are," said Sammy as he signed his mother's name.

"Just a minute, boy," Jake said, giving the messenger a quarter. "Here, give yourself a treat."

"Thank you, sir."

"Dat's ulleright."

And the messenger was gone.

"Oh, let me see," begged Rosie.

Mollie and Rosie together untied the ribbon and opened the box. They lifted out a lot of tissue paper, and then both gave a squeal of excitement when they saw the beautiful things before them.

"From who can that be?" asked Mollie eagerly.

"Let me give a look," said Jake.

"Oh, here's a letter. To you, ma," said Rosie.

"Far me? Can you imagine!"

"Oh, let me read it, will yuh!" roared Sammy.

"I saw it first."

"Stop!" yelled Jake.

"Let Sammy read it, Rosie." Mollie gave the letter to Sammy, who read:

My dear Mrs. Goldberg:

Please accept these as a token of friendship from one who has not forgotten a very pleasant evening spent with you and your charming family——

"Oh, that means us," interrupted Rosie.

"Shut up, will you."

"Nu, nu, go on," said Mollie, excitedly.

"So vhat else?" put in Jake. Sammy continued:

The negligee is for you, Mrs. Goldberg——

"What's a negligent?" asked Mollie.

"Oh, wait until we see," said Sammy impatiently.

Jake became angry. "Findish foist de letter," he said. "Rosie, don't touch!"

"When you get ready to keep still," said Sammy, "I'll go on."

"So go," urged Mollie.

The ties and handkerchiefs for Sammy.

Sammy stopped reading, threw his arms in the air and yelled, "Whoopee, for me!" Then, continuing, he read,

And the dress for Rosie——

"Oh, let me see it," said Rosie eagerly.

"And far papa?" asked Mollie.

Sammy continued:

And tell Mr. Goldberg that I haven't forgotten him, and in appreciation of his conscientious supervision of my factory during my absence, I will allow him to copy some of my personal gowns which I brought back from Paris——

"Dat's a Madame Sylwet! Oy, Mollie, dah-link, vhy do I deserve such a luck! Nu, nu, vhat else! Read slowly, Sammy."

I hope you will derive as much pleasure from these things as I had in buying them for you.

Very sincerely yours,

SYLVIA LEVITT.

Mollie was happy. "Ain't she a vonderful poison, ha, to remember us?" she said. "Dere are some good people in de world. Look how beautiful—just like a ball dress."

"Look at my dress!" Rosie squealed joyfully, "Oh, it's gorgeous!"

"Some ties!" carolled Sammy. "These are what you call ties! Look at this blue one—and this gray one——"

"Oy, Mollie, maybe I got you to tank," smiled Jake. "Oy, vait only till Mendel hears de news. Sammy, give me de letter. Oy, Mollie, everyting vhat you said is right. Rosie, Sammy, I vant you shall hear vhat I'm saying now!"

"What, pa?"

"What's up now, pa?"

"Vhen I'll have in the bank enough monneh, den I'm going to retire like Madame Sylwet, and travel vid your mama all over de vorld!"

Mollie was looking at him with a half-smile. Half sadly she said, "But how vill you know how much is enough, ha, Jake?"

"Enough? Enough is—vhat do you mean—enough is—plenty!"

"Oy, it's a funny vorld, Jake. Far everyting dey got scales to measure. Far sugar, far flour, is a pound; far silk is inches and yards; even de ground dat you valk on is by feet and acres. But to figure out how much monneh is enough for each man—dat de smart people didn't found out—not yet!"

"Mollie, don't be such a philozoff! Let me see better how you look in de negligent."

A FOOLISHNESS

THE back window of the Goldberg apartment opened slyly. A hand was slipped in, the sash was jerked up, and a slim body wormed its way through. He shut the window down very softly behind him, and slipped like a shadow into the hall. From there he tried to make a dash into the bedroom. But some one was waiting in the hall. A woman's hand was placed on his arm so suddenly and with such a hard grip that though he gave a squeal of surprise and tried to free himself, he was prisoned firmly in her grasp.

"Sammy, stop taking dewentage on me!"

"What did I do now?"

"Plenty—too much!"

"I just wanted to go to bed without having to listen to any of Rosie's jabber. I know she's been telling you things about me."

"I never said a word to mama!" exclaimed Rosie, coming into the hall.

"Even if Rosie did said someting, she's a sister, ain't it?"

"So what's so terrible that I did, eh?" yelled Sammy.

"Mine ears is good yet; don't holler, please! Why didn't you vent to Cheddar to-day, ha?"

"Who said I didn't go?"

"Look me straight on de eyes, Sammy! You did or you didn't vent, ha?"

"Aw, please leave me alone."

Mollie released her grasp on his arm.

"Nu, answer yes odder no. Be an honest boy, Sammy."

"So I didn't go. Well——"

"Nu! Is dat right, I ask you? A cople more veeks and is your *bar mizvah*, and you'll get in front so many people and you wouldn't know your speech. How vill I feel? How vill dat look far me and your papa, ha?"

"Don't worry! I know that speech backwards. I've been learning it for a year!"

"It'll take you two years to learn it."

"Mama, she better stop," cried Sammy, "or I'll forget myself. I'm warning you, ma!"

Rosie dodged away.

"Rosie, I'm talking to Sammy, not you."

Sammy marched into the front room.

"I'm going to bed. I'm tired."

"Not yet, Sammy. I ain't findished vid you, Sammy. Dis whole veek you didn't come up from de street till late. Because papa's vorking overtime, must you got to stay downstairs overtime also?"

"So two nights I stayed down a little later—what's so terrible? All the other fellows do."

"Let all the other fellows do like dey vant, but not you. Your violin you didn't touched to-day. Vhat kind new beezness is dis, ha?"

"Oh, let me go to sleep!"

"Sammy, don't farget vhat I'm telling you. Sammy, remember!"

"He wants to go to sleep before papa comes home. You're some coward!"

"Well, what about it?" Sammy turned on her angrily.

"Every day I got argaments vid papa far you," complained his mother. "He wants I should move, and I'm staying here special far your *bar mizvah* so you should have all your friends to de party, and dat's de tanks you give me, ha?"

"I wish we would move already," put in Rosie. "You said we would move after my graduation."

"I said after Sammy's *bar mizvah*, not before. But if you'll aggrawate me, Sammy, I'm telling you it'll be no party, and dat's all!"

"That don't make me mad!" sniffed Sammy.

"Oh, no? It don't make you mad? And how about if I vouldn't let you veer de clock papa's going to give you? I'll put it away until you learn to behave yourself—remember!"

"Oh, ma! You wouldn't do that. You can't take it away from me if it's my present. Ma,

I'll be good; I promise I'll go to Cheddar every day, honest."

"How many promises did you break already?" asked Rose, severely.

"Mind your business!"

"Ulleright, I'll see," relented Mollie.

"But don't tell papa, please!"

"I'll see. I'll see. Rosie, ain't you finished yet vid your homework?"

"Almost. I won't be long now." She sat down at the table and pulled her books towards her. She opened her geometry book, and looked frowningly at her homework notes.

"Sammy, help me with this problem?"

"Help you? It'll take two years to learn my speech; how can I help you? You're the brains of the family!" he said, scornfully.

"I didn't mean it," wheedled Rosie.

"Help her, Sammy; it's all new vork far her," urged Mollie.

"What do you want to know?" He sat down beside her and took her homework-paper in his hand.

"Dere's papa coming," said Mollie.

"Vell, I'm certainly all in! Oy, am I tired, Mollie!"

"Sammy, take papa's coat. Nu, when vill be enough de overtime ulleready, Jake?"

"Maybe anodder veek. I could eat someting

and I don't know vhat. I'm not hungry, but I could *nash* someting."

"Maybe a piece of sweet and sour fish, ha?"

"No." He sat down at the table and rested his head in his hands.

"Vhy not? Mrs. Kerrigan vas going crazy far it! I sent her a piece downstairs before."

"Ullerright, so give me a piece—a small piece only."

"I got lovely cold *borsht*,¹ Jake. Maybe a plate, ha? It's like vine so good!"

"No, Mollie. I'm not hungry."

You don't have to be hungry far my *borsht*!"

"Ullerright—so—let—be—borsht." His head was nodding in his hands as if he were half asleep.

"A liddle frigglessee—no—ha?" called Mollie from the kitchen.

"No. I'm telling you I ain't hungry."

"Aw, can't you get it yet?" exclaimed Sammy to Rosie, as they leaned over her books. "And you got a medal! Maybe for your looks, not your brains."

"If you go over it slowly, I'll get it, Sammy. Have a little patience, can't you?"

Jake looked up, as if suddenly awakened, and lifted his head from his hands.

"You find it hard vork in de high school, ha, Rosie?" he asked, sympathetically.

¹ Beet soup.

"No, it's not hard. It's new, that's all."

"Oh, no, nothing's hard for *her!*" jeered Sammy.

"Nu, come, Jake!" called Mollie. "De eating is on de table. Rosie, go in de front room vid de books."

"Let me stay here. I'll be through in a minute."

"So let her stay here on de table; it's ulleright," said Jake.

"Nu," said Mollie, as Jake began wearily to eat. "How is going on in de place, ha? Look out far de bones in de fish."

"In de meantime is beezy," Jake answered, his mouth full. "How much monneh ve'll make is hard to say. Oy, ve got some beautiful numbers dough!"

"Vhat means numbers, Jake?"

"Our line—de styles—de samples. Each dress is got a number, style six seventy-two—eight ninety-four, y'understand?"

"Vhy you call dem by numbers? Vhy can't you give each dress a name, not a number, ha? Oy, it makes me shiver vhen I remind mineself from de prison picture vid Richele Bottleson——"

"Richard Barthelmess, ma."

"Ha? So let be Bottlemouse. Jake, dey tooked away his name and dey gave him a number! I tell you I vas crying so terrible I vas ashamed on

mineself, honest. So since dat time I don't like numbers."

"It's easy to remember numbers, Mollie."

"Instead six forty-eight, call de style de Rosiely dress. Ain't dat's nicer, ha? It gives someting—it don't take away. I can feel it, but I can't say it."

"You mean, ma, it gives it personality."

"Oy, Sammy, you're smart!"

"Dat's not a bad idea."

"Jake, Madame Sylwet copied over far you nice styles, ha?"

"A question! If she shouldn't make good designs, who should, ha?"

"Did she vas up to de place lately?"

"Yes, she comes almost every day. Vonce a voman is in beezness, you tink she can stay away? Mine place is a playing ground far her!"

"She's a real friend to us!" smiled Mollie.

"Everything vould be ulleright if dat Mendel vas only a *mensch*,"¹ sighed Jake, finishing his fish.

"Again vid Mendel, ha? Like cats and dogs you're fighting around."

"Mollie, de trouble is, I can't stand a show-up like he is."

"Vhat he's showing up, ha?"

"Every time a buyer comes in, so he gives me

¹ Human.

a shove in de back. Right avay he gives me a vink I should go out."

"Far vhy does he do dat, ha?"

"Because maybe dey'll see he's got a partner vhat knows someting, too!"

"Such a kind man Mendel is, ha? I can't believe it, Jake. Maybe you're making a mistake, no?"

"Ullerright, so vhy don't he sometimes give me an introduction to de buyers, ha?"

"He don't do it?"

"I shall say not! It's a good ting I got sense. I valk in and introduce mineself and findished."

"Dat's de right vay?"

"Dat's de only vay."

"I'm glad that's over," sighed Rosie, shutting the book.

"*I* did it, and *she's* tired!" laughed Sammy.

"Oh, yeah, you did it. Thank—you—very—much!"

"You're—welcome,—my—dear—sister!"

"Look, look, how nice dey talking to each anoder," said Jake to Mollie. "Dat's vhat I like. It's time to go to bed ulleready; children, don't you tink so?"

Sammy got up with suspicious readiness and disappeared. Rosie slowly closed her books, kissed her mother and father and went to her room.

"I wouldn't care if Mendel had something to be ashamed in me," went on Jake. "Is something de matter wid me, ha?"

"Don't talk foolishness. What should be de matter vid you?"

"Do I look funny, do I talk funny, ha?" he continued, aggrieved. "You should see what a cold shoulders he gives me!"

"What's dat, a cold shoulders?"

"A cold shoulders—nu, how can I make you understand, Mollie? It's when, far instance, I'll ask you something oder odder and you'll answer me not because you want to, but just because you must, like stuckupish—you see what I mean now?"

"Oy, vid half a mout? Like you're doing sometimes to Mr. Bloom, ha?"

"Like I do to Mr. Bloom—like I—who told you such a tings, Mollie?" Jake looked up and stared at her.

"Who should tell me? Mrs. Bloom told me. What you never talk vid him like you used to when he was your friend."

"When was he mine friend?"

"So quick you fargot? Don't you remember what you two used to talk de politics and play a pinochle—you fargot ulleready?"

"So vonce I played vid him pinochle!"

"I'm only telling you, Jake, how you do de

same ting to Mr. Bloom vhat you don't like Mendel shall do to you."

"But I'm de boss!"

"Oy, dat makes a difference? But vhen you shoulder coldness to Mr. Bloom, don't dat hoit him, no?"

Jake got up and walked impatiently about the room, fixing his tie.

"You got vone bad habit, Mollie! You always like to give to everyting a twist. I'm talking about Mendel, so she brings in vid Mr. Bloom! I don't care vhat you say, Mollie, Mendel ain't treating me like a partner. By you is ulleright he should aggrawate me and make out from me a notting, yet."

"Did I said like dat, ha?"

"No matter vhat you said. Mendel and me is findished from being friends. I'm going to talk vid him only vhat I got to—only beezness and dat's all. Can you imagine, he vanted to change de name from de firm!" Jake opened his mouth wide and pulled at a fishbone that had stuck in his teeth.

Mollie looked surprised and not very pleased.

"He don't like de name Mollie Cloik and Soot Company, ha?"

"It don't suit him!"

"So vhat does he like?"

"He says vhy his wife's name shouldn't be in it,

too. And her name is Regina so he vants de firm should be de Regina-Mollina Company.”

“Regina-Mollina? What’s dat Mollina?”

“Instead Mollie, should be Mollina.”

“So dat’s ulleready nicer, you tink?”

“And ulleready I vould let him do it?”

“How’s de fish? Good, ha?”

“It’s good. Only too much bones.”

“Anodder small piece?”

“No. I got enough.” He leaned back and wiped his mouth with the napkin, and flung it down crumpled.

“You know, I inwited Mr. and Mrs. Mendel to de house far supper Friday night.”

“What!” Jake sprang up in his chair. “Mendel far supper in mine house! I shall say not! Call up and make a cancellation dis minute, you hear!”

“Are you crazy odder someting? What you got vid Mendel in de place is notting to do vid a supper.”

“Outside from beezness I don’t want to know him even.”

“Jake, don’t be like dat!”

“You tink he can make from me a monkey, and den I should break bread vid him on my table, ha? Oh, no. If you vant him here, Mollie, den I vouldn’t come home, dat’s all.” Jake spread out his hand and flapped it back until his elbow

made the acutest possible angle. It was clear to anybody that he was determined.

"Jake, maybe you mix in too much in his side from de beezness, ha? If he is de saylesman, like two cooks spoils de soup, maybe two saylesmans spoils de sale, no? Don't get mad. I'm only esking!"

"Vhy is it dat by you, Mollie," complained Jake, almost tearfully, "I'm always de vone vhat's wrong? Somebody else can do I don't know vhat, and dey're right and I'm wrong."

"Because nobody can be all wrong and nobody can be all right. I'm not trying, God farbid, to make you de bad vone."

"Mollie, don't start in like you know how! I wouldn't have notting to do vid him outside from de beezness, and if he'll come here, so I wouldn't come home. So de best ting, you'll call up Mrs. Mendel and say——"

"Vhat can I say?"

"Say—mmm—say vhat you vant to say."

"But I ain't got notting to say."

"So say it."

Mollie went to the telephone, and stood thoughtfully looking at it as if ideas would come out of its empty black mouthpiece. But as she stood there, the bell began to ring.

"Hulloh!—yes— Oh, how are you, Mrs. Mendel?— Fine——"

"You hear dat? Dey trying to make up vid me—so friendly all from a sudden. Mollie, remember vhat I said!"

"Vhat?—you can't come?— Oy, Mr. Mendel don't feel so good?— Mine Jake, I tink is got de same sickness— Yes— Some kind foolish fever dey call it— You never heard from it?—I'm suprised— Yes— Vhen dey'll both get better so you'll come over, yes?— Ullerright— Yes, I will— Good-bye, good-bye."

Mollie was laughing as she replaced the receiver.

"You see it vasn't good enough far him to come in de house. Now you can see vhat kind a man he is." Jake was furious.

"But you didn't vant him neider. Oy, oy, like a cople babies you're acting, honest. Men—regular babies vid long pants. Vhen, Jake; vhen vill be enough de foolish argaments, ha? You're a big beezness man, vid machines and fectories—you can turn over a vorld, but to live nicely and have patience vid each anodder, dat you don't know yet. Shame on yourself, and dat's all. If you want de beezness to be big success, remember partners is like two horses in vone harness. If vone pulls like dis and vone like dat, so dey can't pull de waggon wery far. From a liddle notting can come a big someting! Go, Jake, go to sleep ulleready—maybe you'll sleep it out."

PREPARATIONS FOR SAMMY'S *BAR MIZVAH*

ONE would never have recognized the Goldberg dining room. All over the table were long boxes of envelopes, neatly bound in twenties, and scores of engraved cards. On one side of Sammy, industriously bending over the envelopes, was a great round roll of red stamps. While Sammy wrote, and Rosie wetted the stamps one by one on a sponge and affixed them to envelopes, Mollie sat thoughtfully peeling potatoes from a big basin on her lap into a platter on a chair by her side.

"How do you spell Dobrozensky?" asked Sammy.

"D-o-b-r-o—" said Rosie, and stopped.

"Thanks! I got that far myself!"

"—z-e-n-s-k-y, I think."

"Oh, I'll write it anyway."

"Sammy, I don't vant shall be anyway! What good vill be if de invitations come back?"

"If all those you invited are coming, you'll have to hire Madison Square Garden," Sammy grumbled.

"Who else, ma?"

"Did you sent to Friedel Gottlieb?"

"Yes, I did."

"How did you sent? Mr. and Mrs. and family or vidout family?"

"I didn't put family."

"Vhy not?"

"Because papa said only Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb."

"No. I vant should be Bella, Mary, Irwing and Alex. Listen, Sammy, write a difference envelope and put down Mr. and Mrs. and family, just like I say."

"Oh, gee, will we ever get through?"

"We don't have to send Mrs. Bloom an invitation, do we?"

"Maybe—yes. Maybe she'll get insulted. Far a two-cents stamp, I'll better not take no chances."

"All right. Who else?"

"To Mr. Rosen de butcher, and Mr. Beller de tailor from across de street, and—oy, before I farget, Mr. Edelstein from Clinton Street."

"Is Mickey coming? What I won't do to that kid if he makes me laugh in *shuhl!*"¹

"Yes—dat'll be a fine time to laugh!" said Mollie, grimly.

"He said he's going to stand right near me and make faces."

¹ Synagogue.

"If you'll tink on your speech, you wouldn't tink on his faces. I'll tell Mrs. Bloom—she'll give him some laying-in!"

"Rosie, did you put stamps on all of them?"

"Sure I did. Now, Sammy, you can go down and mail them."

"Since when are you handing out orders around here?" asked Sammy, indignantly.

"You can't even be nice now! Isn't all this for you—it's your party, isn't it?"

"My party! Don't make me laugh! The best part of that party for me will be when it's all over."

"Oy, Sammy!" Mrs. Goldberg let her hands fall in her lap. "How can you say such a ting?" she pleaded.

"The *shuhl* part of it is all right. But what do I need a party for? Do I have to advertise to the whole world that I'm thirteen?"

"It's for papa and mama," said Rosie.

"So why do we have to have Schmerel and Berel and——"

"Dat's enough ulleready, Sammy. Don't you know dat vhen a poisson is happy, it's good dey should let de whole world know it? Why should dey keep it all for demself. Everybody dat will come vill share in our *simcha*¹ and vill have hearts

¹ Party; celebration.

full of gladness. Dat's vhy. Don't be a selfish boy, Sammy, please," she pleaded.

"Do you call that selfish——"

"Papa is running de feet off making de arrangements in de *shuhl* so you should have de nicest *bar mizvah* in whole New York City. Dere's papa coming now."

"Hulloh! Beezy, beezy, ha?"

"Ve nearly finidished writing de invitations," smiled Mollie.

"Oy, Mollie, it's going to be some *bar mizvah*. In de *shuhl* ve'll be able to have everybody."

"And everybody vhat vants vill come home far de supper."

"Who's going to help you vid everyting, ha?"

"While ve'll be in *shuhl*, Mrs. Kerrigan vill set de tables and keep everyting nice and hot on de stove, and she's going to let me use de empty rooms next door far before and after de supper. Oy, dat reminds me; Sammyly, go over to Tante Elka and ask she should give you de big copper-num pot, and if she's got a big roasting pan she should also send it."

"Vhy don't you buy vhat you need, Mollie?"

"It's only far vone time using, Jake. Tante Elka don't mind it. Since she's in Amerike she only used dat pot vonce."

"What, must I carry pots on the street? Who's going to help me?" asked Sammy.

"I haven't finished with the invitations yet," said Rosie, suddenly very busy with pen and stamps.

"Well, I'll wait till you are finished. How do you like that?"

"Why don't you better take Mickey to help you, ha?" suggested Mollie.

"I don't think he's home."

"I'll see—" Mollie marched to the dumb-waiter.

"Yoohooo!" she shouted. "Mrs. Bloom, is Mickey home?— Yes?— Tell him he should go vid Sammy, yes?— Mrs. Bloom, you'll come down efter so you'll help me figure out how many chickens I need. I tink I'll order a cople turkeys, ha?— Fish?— Oy, certainly. Cake I'm going to start to bake to-morrow, and de chickens and turkeys a day before, yes?— Oy, you vant to make de cakes?— You're a dahlink; so ve'll make togedder, yes.— Vhat?— You can't give me monneh back dis veek?— Did I asked you, ha?— You need new shoes, so you have to vorry vhat you owe me?— Shame on yourself! Don't be foolish.— So Sammy'll come up far Mickey? Ullerright, tanks you, good-bye."

"Mollie, maybe ve should make de rooms next door vid decorations?"

"Oh, ma, let me decorate the rooms!" begged Rosie.

"Ullerright, Rosiely. How vill you make? Vid a cople flags and fancy paper, ha?"

"I'll buy colored crêpe paper. Oh, I know just how I want it to look!"

"I can just about imagine what it's going to look like when *you* get through," sniffed Sammy.

"Oh, don't you ever appreciate anything?" said Rosie, disappointedly.

"Who wants all that kind of stuff? Crêpe paper! It's not going to be a girl's birthday party—it's a *bar mizvah* party. It's supposed to be a solemn occasion."

"What—who's dat, Solomon Cashion? Certainly he's coming!"

"Who said anything about a man? I said it was a solemn occasion!" snorted Sammy.

"Ullerright—so mama didn't heard you! What you hollering?" shouted Jake.

"Leave him alone, Jake, he's only a liddle noivous. So go, Sammy. What you standing?"

"Oh, gee, I can't open my mouth around here. All the fuss for my party, and I'm the last one you think of. Decorations, chickens, turkeys, cake, make speeches! But what about *me—ME?* I have to carry pots! I don't count! I'm just the excuse for making a big show!"

"Quiet!" thundered Jake.

"Sammy, Sammy," begged Mollie, "Vhatsy metter vid you to-day?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"You tink it's only because papa and mama want to show up dat dey are making you a party, ha?" she asked.

"You should be ashamed on yourself to speak like dat to mama!" added Jake.

"Of course, you're young, Sammyly," sighed Mollie. "I can't expect you shall understand. But when a papa and a mama sees ulleready a boy from thirteen years and especial an only son, dey feel like dey're giving a man to de world, and dey want de world to know it, why not? Maybe de party is more far us dan far you, but what odder pleasure in life do ve ask? Dat's de only returning ve expect from you. You're right, Sammy, de party is far us, and I can't believe dat you don't fargive us dat liddle bit."

"Oh, gee, ma!" said Sammy, ashamed, "I didn't mean it like that. Did I hurt your feelings? I didn't mean to, ma, honest."

"So why don't you tink before you talk, ha?" asked Jake.

"So go ulleready far de pots, Sammy," coaxed his mother, "and talk nice to Tante Elka. She tinks ulleready what you are a diamond boy, so try to be vone."

"All right. Good-bye, ma."

"Jake, give Sammy a cople pennies. Buy far Micky and you a malted. Sammy, if you'll be

able to carry, bring back a bottle soda vater, chocolate flavor."

"How can I carry that too?"

"Mama said if you'll be able!" exclaimed his father, giving him some money.

"I better go before you think of something else!"

"He's getting a bad temper, Mollie," said Jake, shaking his head, after the slamming door announced Sammy's departure.

"He's only a liddle noivous. Did you bought his clock yet?"

"It's not a clock, ma," said Rosie, "it's a watch."

Mollie shrugged her plump shoulders. "It's a difference?"

"A clock you carry, a vatch you hang up on de vall," volunteered Jake.

"You've got it twisted, pa. It's just the other way round."

"I mean de odder vay round, Mollie."

"Ulleright—but you bought it?"

Jake dipped his fingers solemnly into his vest pocket, and produced a slim black leather box. He came closer to Mollie, and Rosie put her curly dark head between theirs. He snapped open the box. Within, on a hollowed-out bed of red cut-velvet, glittered a magnificently engraved gold watch.

"Look," he said, "ain't it's beautiful? De best monneh can buy."

"Oy, vhat a beautiful funnygraphs!"

"Monnehgraphs, Mollie," corrected Jake, "S.S.G. Sam Samuel Goldberg."

"Vid a chain too?"

"Of course."

"Ve'll have to buy him a suit vid a west, so he should be able to show de chain nicely," declared Mollie.

"Mollie, right after de *bar mitzvah*, ve must begin to look far rooms."

"Yes, Jake, I tink so, also."

"So you're beginning to see vhat I'm right, ha?"

"Did I said you vas wrong, ha? You know, Jake, I got a letter from Europe to-day."

"Oh, yes? Leah is married ulleready, I suppose."

"She married a couple monts ulleready. I got a letter from her husband. He looks like a fine boy."

"How you know?"

"Because he wrote a beautiful letter. You vant I should read it?"

"No, don't read it—only tell me."

"Rosie, bring in far papa a liddle fruit—lovely mengereens—and some pananas—just vhat you like, Jake."

"All right," said Rose. "Can I take an apple, ma?"

"Do you got to esk?"

"A glass vater, too, Rosie."

"You want water, too, ma?"

"No, tanks. So he vas saying in de letter—Jake, maybe you vant a stool far your feet? Why don't you take off your shoes and be comfortable, ha?"

"Ulleright, Mollie. So vhat you vant to ask me ulleready, ha?"

"Oy, vhat I vant to ask you—only—Leah and her husband vould like to come to Amerike."

"Yes? Dat's nice. So why don't dey come?"

"A question! Why don't dey come? If dey had monneh to buy tickets dey vould be here ulleready."

"So Amerike vill have to get along widout Leah and her husband."

"You couldn't spare de monneh, ha, Jake? I'm only esking."

"How can I spare? Look at mine expenses now."

"Maybe you could lend from somebody. I vould pay it back. You could take off from my veecky monneh, Jake."

"Mollie, you always say de same and in de end I don't take off and you don't give me."

"But dis time I vill, Jake, honest. Oy, it's such

a vonderful letter. He says he's not ashamed to vork. He'll even break stones he said, only to have a chance to come to Amerike, to bring up an American family. He knows in de beginning it's hard all over. Oy, Jake, if you could only do it!"

"De tickets is ulleready a small ting. What vill be vhen dey get here, vhere vill dey live?"

"Where vill dey live? When ve'll move, so dey move in here. You said you vant to buy new furniture, so instead to move out everyting, ve'll leave it like it is, and dey'll have a home far de meantime."

"So you got it all figured out ulleready, ha, hain't you?"

"Don't you tink it's a good idea? And even de telephone ve vouldn't have to move, so she'll be able to call me and she vouldn't be lonesome. So you're saying yes, Jake, ha?"

"I didn't said yes!"

"So it means—no?"

"And I didn't said no!"

"So vhat did you said? Jake, dear, take anoder mengereen. Rosie, close de kitchen vindow—is a draft on papa."

"Don't be so good to me, Mollie."

"Vhy shouldn't I be good to you, Jake? Who else am I got but you?"

"Hello, everybody!" Sammy was back, staggering in with the pots and grasping with two

fingers around its neck the bottle of chocolate soda.

"Gee, pa," he said, his eyes shining as he put down his burdens, "I'll say you're great! Tante Elka and everybody are so happy about you sending those tickets to Leah and her husband to come over here! They said if I only grow up to be like you, I'll be all right!"

"Vhat! I send de tickets? Who said so? Oy, oy, Mollie, so vhat did you did ulleready?"

"Notting. I only said I tink you'll send dem de monneh for the tickets."

"How do you come to tink before you ask me, ha?"

"Because I know you, Jake, dahlink, and I remember how you always used to say dat if God vill only help you, you will always try to help somebody else."

"Some people always got to have help, especial your relations, Mollie!"

"No matter, vhat anybody is got, Jake, dey got trough de help of somebody else. By ourselves ve couldn't get or make notting. You know dat, Jake."

"Oy, you trowing in mine face vhat your brodder Joe helped me out vid a cople notes?"

"Oy, oy, Jake, I vasn't even tinkin on Joe. If you don't vant to send tickets vid a full heart, so don't send!"

“Who said I wouldn’t?”

“Attaboy, pa!” said Sammy.

“Oh, papa, you’re a doll!” Rosie exclaimed.

“I’m some papa, ha?” smiled Jake, patting the pocket where the watch was resting.

“Oy, Jake dahlink, didn’t I know what you would do it! Give me a kiss, mine dahlink.”

As he sheepishly leaned over and kissed his wife, Rosie flung her arms round Sammy’s neck and kissed him before he could push her away.

“Rosie,” he yelled, “stop kissing me! What’s the idea!”

SAMMY'S BAR MIZVAH

ALTHOUGH it was only seven in the morning, somebody was busily cooking in the kitchen of the first floor front of the Pike Street tenement where the Goldbergs lived. The fragrance of roasting and baking came from the oven and from the pots on the range. On sheets of brown packing-paper, spread out on the table and on the covers of the built-in washtubs, countless brown legs and wings of chickens and turkeys were sticking up. With a fresh white apron tied around her plump form and her face beaming with pleasant thoughts, Mollie stood cutting away at the browned birds, separating them into quarters.

From the bedroom came the sleepy voice of her husband:

"Mollie—Mollie! Where are you?"

"In de kitchen," called Mollie.

"Vhat time is it ulleready?" he asked.

"It's late ulleready. Be quiet—don't vake up de children!"

Jake came into the kitchen, fastening his shirt cuff.

"Vhat smells ulleready so good, ha?" he asked, smiling and smacking his lips.

"I'm nearly findished cutting up de chickens and de turkeys. Everyting is ready only to make varm," said Mollie cheerfully.

"Vhat time did you got up?" asked her husband.

"I tink it vas nearly five."

"You must be all in ulleready, no?" sympathized Jake.

"How can I be tired on such a day, my Sammy's *bar mizvah*?" smiled Mollie. "I'm like on vings, I'm so heppy!"

"Vhat time vill be Mrs. Kerrigan here to set de tables?"

"I don't tink she'll be able to come up, poor Mrs. Kerrigan," said Mollie, shaking her head.

"Vhat happened vid her?"

"Far two days she's laying vid rheumatismus. Vhat I didn't rubbed on her ulleready!"

Jake looked glum.

"Dat's your luck—now vhat vill you do?" he wanted to know.

"So I'll set de tables mineself. I only hope she should feel better. Mickey and Sammy collected de garbage far her last night. Who'll do it tonight I don't know."

"It wouldn't supprise me if you would do it," said Jake, sarcastically.

"And if yes vould it be so terrible? Jake, take a cup coffee." She moved to the stove and turned up the light under the coffee pot.

"If you'll take, I'll take," said the faithful Jake.

"Ulleright. I didn't had notting in mine mout yet. You don't vant a big breakfast, ha?" The coffee lid began to pop, and she turned out the gas.

Jake shrugged his shoulders.

"If you say I don't vant, so——"

"Ulleright—so if you vant, so vhat should I give you?"

"I'm fooling and she right away tinks I mean it! Only coffee—who can eat? I'm so excited. Dis is a day far us, Mollie!" He walked about rubbing his hands.

"So only take coffee, and later you'll eat breakfast vid de children." Mollie poured coffee into his cup and put it on the table. "Don't put sugar, I put ulleready."

Jake sat down but did not lift the cup. He waited for her to sit down.

"Nu, sit down ulleready."

"Yes, Jake, it's a day from days far us," she said dreamily.

Jake pulled a little box out of his pocket.

"You didn't saw how de vatch looks in de day time. Look, Mollie, dis is de best monneh can buy."

"Let me see." Mollie looked at the shining gold watch and clicked her tongue with admiration. "You know, Jake, I'm a liddle jealous on dat vatch."

Jake stared at her in surprise.

"Vhat are you talking?" he demanded.

"Dat vatch from now on vill know more about my boy dan me," she said, rather sadly. "Vhen he's in trobble he'll look on de vatch; vhen he'll have to meet a girl soon, it'll be de vatch—you know vhat I mean, Jake?"

"I know vhat you mean, Mollie. Time is going to begin to be an important ting in his life. Up till now de day vas far playing and de night far sleeping," philosophized Jake.

"Yes, Jake, can you believe it ve got ulleready a boy from tirteen years?"

"It's just like yesterday he vas born." Both coffee cups remained untouched.

"You remember de liddle bits of fingers—oy, he vas so cute." Mollie's eyes were alight with loving remembrance.

"But, Mollie, I'll never farget vhen he said 'papa' de foist time!" Jake sighed with happy recollection.

"And vhen he valked from vone chair to de nodder all by himself—oy, remember?"

"He was a smart baby." Jake shook his head. "A wery smart baby."

"Oy, but you remember de convulsions dat he got vid every toot, ha?"

"Do I remember? How many nights didn't I slept? Nu, Mollie, drink your coffee, it's getting cold."

"It ain't cold. Nu, so drink, too." They drank and were silent for a while: "You know, Jake, all de people vhat goes around saying dat in life is more trobbles dan pleasure is all wrong—I tink so."

"But everybody says so—even de biggest writers."

"Oy, dat's because dey didn't found out de secret," said Mollie, knowingly.

"Aha! So *you* found it, ha?" Jake grinned.

"Yes, Jake. Don't laugh. Maybe I'm a plain poisson, and I don't read vhat de high writers is writing, but by mineself I found out de whole secret."

"So tell me, too," he joked.

"You see, Jake, it's true vhat in life is lots of trobbles. But dey come, dey're here, you go through vid dem, and findished."

"Nu, so dat's de secret?"

"Not yet. But de good tings, de pleasures, is never finished. Dey're always vid you—if not outside, den inside."

"How's dat?"

"Because all you got to do is close your eyes

—vhat am I talking?—not efen close your eyes—only tink, and all de nicest feelings, de best oxperiences in your life is back again, and even more lofely dan before. You can liff it all over again!” she ended, triumphantly.

“But de bad tings you can liff all over again too, no?”

“No!” she exclaimed. “Dat’s a funny ting. Vonce a pain or trobble is over, it wanishes—it never comes back even if you tink on it. It don’t hurts you like it did before—you know vhat I mean?”

“Your secret can’t vork far everybody, Mollie. Maybe only far dreamers like you,” he said, rather sadly.

“Nu, be a dreamer! Dat’s de secret, see?”

Jake sat thoughtfully looking at his wife, and was going to answer, when Rosie’s voice came from her bed.

“Ma, what time is it?”

“You can get up ulleready, Rosie,” said Mollie, coming back to the workaday world.

Jake began calling, “Sammy! Sammy!”

“Eh?” came a sleepy growl from the front room.

“Sammy, papa’s vaking you to get up,” called his mother.

“Sammy!” shouted Jake again.

“What do you want!” grumbled the boy.

"It's time ulleready! You know vhat is to-day?" called his father gaily.

"Ma, there's no soap," called Rosie, from the bathroom.

"Jake, give Rosie a piece soap. Sammyly, get up."

"Oh, gee, it's only seven o'clock."

"Ten o'clock sharp ve must be in de *shuhl*," shouted Jake. "So if you get up now ve wouldn't have to rush ourselves."

"Only a few more minutes, pa. Oh, let me rest this eye."

"No, Sammyly, get up right now," called his mother firmly. "From to-day on you're a man, so don't be lazy."

"Oh, all right!" There were sounds of some one turning round in a creaky bed, and by and by two feet were heard being set down on the floor.

"Rosie, nu, you're vashing yourself?" called her mother.

"I'm just starting."

"Let me wash first," demanded Sammy. "I got to be ready, you know."

"I'm washing already. I'll be out in a minute."

"Wake me when she gets out of the bathroom," said Sammy sleepily.

"Get up so I can close de bed, please!" ordered

Mollie. "You got to help papa bring up a cople boards from de basement. Joe de iceman left dem far me."

"You tink two long tables vill be enough?" asked Jake doubtfully.

"So if vouldn't be enough, so dose vhat vouldn't have seats vill wait fer de second setting," decided Mollie. "De children is going to eat in de empty rooms next door anyhow——"

"Den I tink vill be plenty room."

Sammy, standing in the hall in his dressing gown, was knocking at the bathroom door.

"Comb your hair in the bedroom, can't yuh?" he asked.

"Wait a minute, please. I got here first; now wait!" said Rosie through the door.

"Ma, will you tell her to let me in?" he bawled.

"Rosie, please snap it a liddle," begged Mollie.

"All right now, Sam." The handle turned, and Rosie came out, glowing and clean, and Sam went in instead.

"Sammy, be vquick now, I'm putting on de table ulleready," called Mollie.

"Should I put my clean clothes on now, ma?" he asked.

"No. Only vash yourself and put on de clean undervear and your bathrobe and come eat. After breakfast you'll get dressed vid de new shoes and de new suit."

Mollie poured another cup of coffee for herself.

"I'll take anodder cup coffee, too, Mollie," offered Jake.

"Don't be lang vashing, Sammy," she warned.

"Ma, can I help you?" asked Rosie.

"No. Only come eat breakfast, please. I vant to get findished ulleready." She poured coffee for Rosie.

"All right, ma, I'm ready. Ma, is Sammy going to wear one of the ties Madame Sylvette sent him?"

"A qvestion! And vone from de hendkerchiffs, too," answered Jake proudly.

"Sammy," pleaded Mollie, "maybe you'll send up to Mickey vone of your ties and a hendkerchiff, ha?"

"I don't care—if you want to," called Sam from the bathroom.

"Come, Sammy, vhen you'll eat ulleready and you'll bring de boards, I'll clean everyting up, and ve can all get dressed nicely."

"Sammy, don't fool around too much," cried Jake. "Your mama is all disorsted ulleready. She's up since five o'clock."

"Oh, give me a chance!"

"Oy, de bell! Jake, go see who's by de door."

"Mollie, look who's here!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Hello, Mr. Goldberg," came the rich Irish voice

of Mrs. Kerrigan. "I just came up to tell you that I will be here later to help you out."

Mollie shook her head angrily at her.

"How do you come to go out from de bed, ha?" she demanded.

Mrs. Kerrigan grinned, although she pressed her hand to her side.

"You didn't think I'd fail yuh on a day like this, now, did you?"

"But you're sick!" scolded Mollie. "You're crimped up vid rheumatismus!"

"Bless ye now. Even if I was bent like a tree in the wind and had to walk on crutches, I'd be here to give you a hand. I'm a Kerrigan, Mr. Goldberg."

"Nu, a Kerrigan or a Herrigan—you're a poison!" said Mollie admiringly. "Come sit down, take a hot cup coffee maybe." She lifted the coffee pot invitingly.

"Not a mouthful could I have now," declared the janitress.

"Only a drop. Come!"

"Well, perhaps just a little coffee, and maybe one of them rolls with a hole in the center." Mrs. Kerrigan's jolly blue eyes twinkled at Mollie's sympathetic brown ones.

"Oy, a *beigel*?"¹ laughed Mollie. "Vhy no?"

"Yes, a *beigel*, or whatever you call it."

¹ A roll with a hole in it.

Sammy, dressed in a bathrobe, appeared at the kitchen door.

"Well, I'm ready for breakfast. But no eggs, ma," he said.

"Not for me either," said Rosie.

"Whatsymetter?" asked Mollie.

"I'm not hungry," said Sam, sitting down.

"So vhere vill you get strengt far your speech?" asked his mother anxiously.

"Don't worry," grinned Sammy.

"So ulleright. Sit down and let's eat. Mrs. Kerrigan, you tink you'll be able to set de tables?"

Mrs. Kerrigan grinned bravely.

"Away with ye, now. There ain't a thing the matter with me."

"So vhat are you holding your back?"

"Holding me back, am I?" Mrs. Kerrigan said innocently. She put down her hand from her back. "Oh, for pity's sake, that's just a habit. Don't forget to show me where I will find the linen and silver."

"I'll leave everything out far you before I go," said Mollie.

"Vell, Mrs. Kerrigan," put in Jake, "vhat do you tink of my man, ha?"

"Bless us, Mr. Goldberg, it must be we're getting old." She sighed. "It don't seem but yesterday you moved in here, and Sammy was just about learning to walk, and now look at him!"

Well, Sammy, how does it feel to be a man?"

"I don't know," said Sam, with downcast eyes and an embarrassed look. "Are you supposed to feel different?"

"You're supposed to act different," explained Jake.

"Anodder cup coffee, Mrs. Kerrigan?" invited Mollie.

"Well, maybe I will take another cup."

"Vid pleasure." She poured it out. "And anodder *beigel*?" Mrs. Kerrigan accepted.

"They're awful good," she said, eating it.

"So you tink Sammy is grown up nicely, ha, Mrs. Kerrigan?" asked Mollie, with a happy smile at the boy.

"I sure do, Mrs. Goldberg."

"Vait," Mollie went on, "you'll see how he looks when he puts on his new suit and shoes."

"Gee, I hope my new shoes don't squeak!" worried Sam.

"Don't you like that? I do!" said Rosie.

"Yeah! You like everybody to know you got new shoes on."

"That's not the reason at all," she defended herself.

"Let be qviet here!" begged their father.

Mrs. Kerrigan got up slowly.

"Well, I guess I'll be going now. Don't forget to leave the keys on your way down. I'm

sorry I can't go with you to the services. But you'll tell me all about it when you get back."

Mollie had an idea.

"Sammy, why don't you say for Mrs. Kerrigan your *bar mizvah* speech, ha? You got time, Mrs. Kerrigan, yes?"

"Go over the whole thing now?" Sam made a face.

"Not de whole ting—only a liddle bit from de front and a liddle bit from de back," wheedled Mollie.

"Oh, I'd love to hear it, Sammy!" Mrs. Kerrigan urged.

"Go ahead, Sammy," said Jake. "Put on your new *tallith*¹ and let Mrs. Kerrigan see exactly how you'll look."

"All right." Sam went into the bedroom, got his blue and white silk praying-shawl and put it over his shoulders.

"Here, mine *kind*, now stend in de middle, like dat. Now high and nice—vid motions!" said Jake.

"Go ahead." Mollie stood still, one hand clutching the handle of a cup which she had forgotten she was holding. Sam cleared his throat and began:

"Loving parents, dear sister, devoted friends and congregation!—Ma, if she laughs I'll stop!"

¹ A prayer shawl.

Rosie pressed her hands over her mouth and tittered.

"Rosie, go in de bedroom, if you can't stop laughing!" said Jake angrily.

"I'll stop," she begged.

"Nu, say."

"On this day of my *bar mizvah*, I offer my sincerest thanks to the Almighty for having permitted me to reach this joyful period."

"Say a liddle more slowly," advised Jake, "and where's de motions?"

"Who needs motions now? This day marks unto me the beginning of a dutiful life. I have reached the period when I am in duty bound to perform all obligations that rest upon every member of the human race. I know that many dangers and temptations will beset my path. I am at present like a young plant that is exposed to the storms and the inclemency of the weather. I will need divine blessings and guidance to keep me in the right path of duty and rectitude."

"You left more than half of it out," complained Rosie.

"Who asked you?"

"Vell, findish it," said Jake.

"Oh, I'll just say the end."

"Ullerright. So findish, Sammy," said Mollie, tenderly.

"And you, loving sister, may God bless you for

your unselfishness. May the loving care that I receive at your hands be an inspiration to me to grow up a good son and brother. May Providence keep away from our little family all sorrows and worries; may the chain of love and affection that holds us together forever remain unsevered; and may happiness, joy and peace be our share in life. God grant my earnest petition."

"Amen," said his mother and father.

"Some speech! He's going to be a big man some day," said Mrs. Kerrigan.

"Don't I know it," said Jake proudly.

Mrs. Kerrigan turned to go.

"Thanks for the breakfast. See you later. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, be vell," said Mollie.

"How did I say it?" asked Sammy after she had gone.

"Terrible," answered Rosie.

"I didn't expect *you* to say it was good," he sniffed.

"Oy, let be enough ulleready de fresh vords. Mollie, how vill be vid de chairs? Are you got enough?"

"Mrs. Kerrigan said she vould see about dem, but I'm afraid she vouldn't be able." Mollie shook her head.

"Mollie, if you vould listened to me, ve vouldn't have all dis trobble," said Jake. "I vanted a ca-

tered affair. All you would got to do is come in and sit down like a lady and everyting is handled to you."

"Dat's just vhat I didn't vanted, see! Why should I feel like a stranger on my own party? Such a kind a *simches* should only be in your own home, vhere every liddle corner is yours and every plate is happy and smiling up to you, Jake. Anyhow, I don't like no fancy beezness, and Tante Elka should be afraid to eat maybe she ain't holding de spoon de right vay. Like dis, everybody vill have a good time—vhat *I* mean a good time. And who could make a piece of fish like my fish?"

"If I had my own way I wouldn't have any party," snorted Sam.

"Nothing ever suits you," Rose answered back.

"Who asked you to say anything?"

"Oy, Sammy, it's time ulleready you stopped your fresh mout," pleaded his father. "From to-day on you're a man."

"Well, if I'm a man, I have the right to do what I want and to say what I want, haven't I?" asked Sam.

"Maybe yes and maybe no," said Mollie.

"But you're still under mine roof," shouted Jake.

"So what are you hollering?" said Sam, annoyed.

"Sammy, I ain't hollering on a boy now. You're

a man and my son, and from now on ve're going to talk tings out, man to man."

"Ve vant you to be somebody," said Mollie, coaxingly, "and ve don't vant all our hopes should be far notting."

"Oy, Mollie," said Jake, "when I walk around in de factory and see all de beautiful pieces of silk lying around in de dirt vaiting to be bundled up far the remlents man, I tink vhat life is a reg-gelar cloik and soot beezness, believe me."

"You see, Sammyly, papa means vhat he don't vant you should be a left-over—de pieces vhat falls off. Be pure silk and a yard vide," said Mollie.

"Dat's right. Be de stuff dat de samples is made from, not a copy. Get de point?"

"I got yuh! You want me to be a leader among men," said Sammy.

Rose began:

"What you want and what you're going to get is——"

"Quiet, Rosie!" said her father. "So far, Mollie, ve didn't did such a bad job. Ve got nearly a findished garment," he smiled.

"Oh, no, not findished yet," she answered. "Not until I'll see a sign on de vindow

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den, Jake, darling, vill de garment be findished and ready to ship out to de vorld.”

“Last year in dis time I didn’t expect to be able to make such a *bar mizvah*, and if my beezness keeps up, Sammy vill have everything monneh can buy.”

“Jake, I vant Sammy to have also some of de tings monneh can’t buy!” said Mollie thoughtfully.

When nine o’clock struck, the little family, dressed in their shining new clothes, set out for the synagogue. They hardly spoke a word to each other, for their thoughts were solemn. Was not the son of the family beginning a new life? Even Rosie walked in respectful silence beside her brother, whom this day would make into a man instead of a boy.

CHECKING UP ON SAMMY'S PRESENTS

THE happy day and evening of Sammy's *bar mizvah* had come and gone. Huge platters covered with the broken bones of chickens, turkeys and fish, with the ends of vegetables and cores of fruit, lumps and crumbs and nuts from long-since devoured cakes, walls dripping colored paper decorations that had been half ripped off, floors covered with torn and crumpled paper doilies and napkins, tableclothes stained with gravies, soup, wine and coffee, vases still half full of water and of bouquets of drooping flowers—all had told the story of the grandest *bar mizvah* party Pike Street had seen in many a year.

Jake managed somehow to go to work next day and come home again. Rosie and Sammy went to school, though the table full of only hastily examined presents tantalized them both with its memory all through the day. Mollie went about, her head in the heavens, as, helped by Mrs. Bloom and Mrs. Kerrigan, who though suffering from rheumatism had done nobly the day before and to-day also, the flat gradually resumed its normal cleanliness and tidiness.

When the family gathered again that evening at the supper table, and Mollie served the meal, she was not sure that her husband would enjoy cold meat. But he wiped his mouth and said appreciatively:

"To-night vas vhat I call a good supper."

"Vhy to-night more dan any odder night?"

"You didn't gave too much—just right," he explained.

Mollie nodded her head understandingly.

"All because you heard ulleready Mrs. Mendel say 'don't give me a big fortune——'"

"Portion, ma," corrected Rosie.

"So let be portion—nu." She got up and began clearing the table, but her tired feet called for rest. "Vhat are you sitting, Rosie? Help take off from de table."

"Sit a minute, Mollie," said her husband. "Vhat's chasing you?"

"To-night is mine school night."

"You got plenty time. Rosie, take off from de table—let mama sit."

Rosie got up and began to clear the table.

"Don't I always help mama?" she asked, offended.

"Who said not? I'll vash de dishes and you'll vipe," said her mother.

"Sammy," called Jake, "vhat are you doing in de bedroom so lang?"

He's looking at his presents again," answered Rosie.

"Sammy, bring all de presents in here," called Mollie. "I like to look on dem, too."

"In a minute!" He soon came in, his arms full of packages, and dumped them on the couch in the living room.

"Did you ever saw a boy should get so many presents, ha?" asked Jake, proudly.

"Yes. And you'd think he'd give me something," complained Rosie.

"He'll give you—don't worry," Mollie soothed her.

"I was just counting the fountain pens. Fourteen pens!" he triumphed.

"Oy, Sammyly, what you'll be able to write vid dem pens! You'll be able to be de biggest man if you'll know vhat to do vid a pen."

"If he vouldn't have brains," said her husband, "den a hundred pens vouldn't help him."

"Sammyly, you'll show me de letters vhat you'll gonna write to your girl, ha?" smiled Mollie.

"Who's going to have a girl? *Not me!*" Sammy declared.

"Oh, no," sneered Rose. "That's why you wait for Becky on the stoop every day."

"You mean she waits for me. And what's the matter with you and Mickey? You don't like him, maybe, oh, no!"

"Quiet!" said Jake with a troubled frown. "Vhat's dis? He likes her, she likes him! I don't like dat kind talking! Oy, Mollie, you're smart, smart—and sometimes you ain't so smart."

"Vhat did I said?"

"Notting! Vhat do you got to talk about girls and letters. Vhat kind ideas you putting in his head?"

"Such ideas comes by demselves. Oy, vhat's sveeter dan your foist love letter, ha?"

"Mollie, stop ulleready!"

"Oy, Jake, dat's your whole trobble! You ain't even a liddle sentsimentsal!"

"Dat's ulleright! You got enough far de whole family, never mind!"

"Oh, look at this little pen—" cooed Rosie, "it's so nice and small!"

"So what am I supposed to say—it would just suit you," mimicked Sam.

"I didn't ask you for it," she said, with dignity.

"You tink Sammy von't give you vone?" said Mollie.

"I should say not!" snapped Sam.

"See that, ma—didn't I tell you?" Rosie cried out, as she walked into the kitchen with the dishes.

"Ulleright—ve'll see," said Mollie. "Don't take all de dishes on vone time—hastening means vastening."

"Mollie, look at all de cuff buttons," exclaimed Jake. "Sammy, you can open up a jewelry store."

"And dis is Mendel's present, ha?" asked Mollie, picking up a little velvet box. "He bought you a beautiful present—some signal ring!"

"Signature, Mollie," corrected Jake. She opened the box.

"Let me look! Ooh, a lion's face vid a real diamond in de mout!"

"Dat's a chip, Mollie," her husband informed her.

"Vhat's a chip?" she wondered.

"Only vhat falls *off* from a diamond," he said contemptuously.

"Even if it's a chip from a chip—it's a *genuine*, and dat's vhat counts!" argued Mollie.

"Ma, should I leave the tablecloth on?" Rosie wanted to know.

"No. Put on de tsentral piece, it looks nicer—maybe somebody vill valk in."

"Mollie, you know, Mendel didn't stopped talking about de party. He said so long as he's going to parties he vas never on such a party," said Jake.

"Yes? I tink everybody had a good time. But vhat vas vid Mrs. Mendel? She vas sitting so quiet, so stuckupish, ha?"

"She don't like vhen Mendel gets lively. She likes he should be wery dignified," Jake explained.

"Rosie, vait; I'll vash," called her mother, as the sound of running water mingled with the clink of china in the kitchen sink.

"Never mind, ma, I'll do them," called Rosie.

"Ulleright, ulleright!" Mollie got up and went into the kitchen and took charge of the sink. "Take de dish towel and vipe; it'll take a minute and ve'll be findished. I like Mrs. Mendel, Jake. She's ulleright. She's a nice girl, but she's beginning to hold her nose too high in de air. I don't like dat. Did you saw how nice Madame Sylwet vas treating everybody, ha? Hm-hmm, is dat a poisson. She vas talking to everybody separately, and to Tante Elka in Jewish. Oy, vhy is it dat de bigger a poisson is de plainer he acts?" she said.

"Did you saw how she vas dressed?" Jake reminded her. "She shined up de whole place."

"Oy, she looked like a picture on de vall. Rosie, tie up mine apron, it always opens, and push up mine sleeves a liddle bit."

"I'll bet you'll die vhen I tell you how much a dress like dat costs in de store," Jake went on.

"I vouldn't die—tell me."

"Not less dan tree hundred dollars," he announced.

Mollie clicked her tongue in surprise.

"Tree hundred dollars! Oy, oy, oy! Vhat's on it far so much monneh?"

"It's de lines!" he explained.

"Vid such a shape like she's got she needs lines? It was like spilled on her. Oh, vhy do I love dat voman so much!" smiled Mollie.

The dishes were dried and Rosie went back to Sam and his presents.

"Sammy, you've got three briefcases—give me one: oh, please," she begged.

"Stop nagging me. They're mine and I'm going to keep 'em."

"Sammy, don't be selfish," said Mollie coming in. "You got tree, so give Rosie vone; and you tink I vouldn't be able to need vone far my books, ha? Oy, it looks so nice—you feel like a lawyer when you carry such a high-class bag. If you'll lend me vone, so Mrs. Bloom will be able to put in her books too."

Sammy swung a briefcase towards her.

"All right, take it, ma."

"Mrs. Bloom is also going to school? Ha, ha, ha!" Jake laughed. "Dat's all she needs."

"Vhatsymetter dat's all she needs? Maybe some day Mr. Bloom will be your insistance manager—she don't vant he should be ashamed from her," said Mollie.

"Keep it up—maybe you'll both soon be ashamed from your husbands, no?" mocked Jake.

"Vhat time is it, Sammy," asked his mother. "I must be eight forty-five in school."

"You have lots of time," said Sammy.

"Vhat do you mean? I didn't vent over mine lessons yet. I bet Mrs. Bloom fargot vhat she must write a competition far to-night!"

"Composition, ma," said Rosie.

"Ay, ulleright, composition. Let be like you say." Mrs. Goldberg went into the kitchen and opened the dumb-waiter. "Yooohoo, Mrs. Bloom—you findished vid de dishes?—Hurry up, it's getting late—Did you did your homevork, ha?—yes?—From vhat did you wrote?—Oh, Christy Colombos?—and I wrote from Amerike.—Ulle-right, so get findished."

"Ay, Mollie, you tink you got to go to school to be smart. Mendel made a speech last Friday night after I left! All de vorkingmen didn't stopped talking about it yet. If he vas de biggest I-don't-know-vhat in a college he couldn't made a better speech," said Jake.

"Who told you?" asked his wife.

"Mr. Seidenstein, de presser."

"Vhat did he said?"

"Vhat, she asks! Some speech!"

"Is dat so?"

"He gave a stand up on de cutting table, and, like he knows how, on his high voice, he said: 'Findishers, pressers, cutters——' "

"Lend me your shears!" interrupted Sam.

"Qviet! 'Ladies and gentlemen, and mine

whole organization! To-morrow is de *bar mizvah* from mine dear partner's son. It feels to me like it was mine own flash and blood, and vhat can I say to you to show you how I feel; and, however, neverdeless, if in de good book says dat actions speaks louder than vords, den I vant to say here and now dat you can all take to-morrow off and you vill be paid far a full day!"

"Oy, oy, oy!" exclaimed Mollie. "Mine dear partner, he said! Ay, Jake, see how he likes you behind your back?"

"Now at least," admitted Jake, "I know he considers me a liddle bit. Of course, a half day vould of been plenty also, but, ulleright, let dem got it."

"Pa, why can't I wear my watch to school?" pleaded Sam.

"Because I said no, and don't ask me again!" answered his father.

Sam turned to his mother.

"Ma, what have I got it for, if I can't wear it?"

"Papa said no, vhat can I do? Rosiely, ulle-right, I'll findish up."

"He gave me a watch and I can't even wear it," said Sam, sulkily. "Keep it! I don't want it."

"Sammy!" cried Mollie, shocked. Jake gazed at his son angrily.

"Dat's de appreciation far you!" he said bitterly. "See, Mollie, vhat did I told you? Be a

good fadder, ha? De vorstest children comes from de best parents. I'm telling you, Mollie, ve ain't going to get no tanks from dem. Look, vhat did Mrs. Goldfarden did far her boy? Her life she laid down far him. So vhat has she got? He sits rocking a book in a rocking chair all day lang."

"He's a writer, Jake!"

"Dat's also a beezness? He scribbles and sends away letters and waits far dem to come back. Vhat kind a beezness you call dat? A teacher, a doctor, a plumber—but a poet! I told her she should put him out and den he'll have to go to vork."

"You're wrong, Jake. Sometimes you must drive vid a loose rein. A man vhat ain't got no trade in his hands, vhat's going to become of him if you trow him on de street? Let him better remain a writer ulleready: at least, he don't harm nobody."

Sam gave Rosie a shove as she leaned over his presents.

"Stop touching those things with your wet hands!" he exclaimed.

"They are not wet." Rosie rubbed her hands on her dress. "Let me see the wrist watch you got from Tobias and Lena." Sam pushed it over toward her. "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" she remarked.

"Dey bought it togedder. Jake, how did you liked how Lena looked, ha? I'm telling you vhat a liddle love can do! A changed girl! Her eyes was dancing like from a girl from sixteen."

"Oh, and her hair looked beautiful bobbed!" put in Rosie.

"Did you saw de rouge and lipstick?" asked Mollie.

"She looked O. K. ulleright!" Jake smilingly admitted.

"She even talks different—like she ain't afraid. I'm telling you, my heart vas svelling vid happiness every time dey vas dancing togedder," beamed Mollie.

"Dat's your vork, Mollie. You made a good job, vhy shouldn't you be happy?"

"Gee, ain't this some fob Tante Elka bought me!" said Sammy, dangling it in the air.

"Oy, I'm so angry on her far spending so much monneh," said Mollie, shaking her head. "I bet she didn't *fargined*¹ herself to eat an egg far breakfast far monts so she could save up to buy Sammy a present. Oy, is dat a Tante Elka! Vone minute she vas laughing and vone minute she vas crying. She vas saying, vhy is it dat families only come togedder on parties and funerals."

"Dat's enough, ain't it?" grinned Jake.

¹ Denied; scrimped.

"Sammy, if you give me a briefcase," pleaded Rose, "I'll go down for the rolls every morning for the whole week."

"I won't give you the one with the zipper."

"I don't care which one you give me," said his sister humbly.

"I'll give you the one Mrs. Klein gave me."

"Oh, thanks, Sammy!" She began delightedly opening and closing the straps of the brown leather briefcase, and peering inside to count the pockets.

"But if you don't get the rolls, look out—I'll take it back!" he warned her.

"Oy, mine heart is going out for Mrs. Klein, de candy store lady," said Mollie.

"I saw she vas moping in de corner a whole night," Jake agreed.

"Moping, pa," said Sammy.

"Ha? Again I'm wrong!"

"Rosie, put mine dirty apron in de clothes romper and bring mine everyday shoes. Oy, oy, Mrs. Klein talked out her whole heart to me. Everybody is got a child but her! Why vas such a ting laid on her life? Dat's her whole crying! Her heart goes out to de children dat come in to buy from her, and vhen dey point vid deir liddle fat fingers—give me Mrs. Klein far a penny dis and far a penny dat, she could bit off a finger far love. And all de modders coming in showing up

deir children, deir riches, and only her, she is got to live her life vidout a child. She says she feels sometimes to grab vone of de babies and run away some place where her eyes should carry her."

"So let her sell de store and go in a difference beezness, where she vouldn't see so many children," suggested Jake.

"Dat's also a dewice? I told her better. I said she should dedopt a baby, and I tink dat maybe dat's vhat she'll do."

"Let her take my advice," said Sammy, "and see that it's a boy."

"Is that so?" mocked Rosie. "You think you're wonderful!"

"Must be something to it!" grinned Sam. "Not everybody can be a man!"

"I should say *not!* You said it that time!" she answered back.

"Rosie, bring in mine books," said her mother.

"Where are they?"

"On de shelf in mine bedroom."

"Vhat vill I do vid mineself a whole evening now?" said Jake thoughtfully.

"Take de children and go to de movies," Mollie advised.

"Oh, yes, please, pa!" cried Rosie.

"Did you did your homevork?" he asked.

"I did mine—Sammy didn't do his."

Sammy turned on her in rage.

"Wait till I get you for that! Put that brief-case back!"

Rosie hastily put it behind her.

"Ah, Sammy, please!" she begged.

"Sammy, did you did your homevork?" asked his father.

"I didn't have much to-day," muttered Sammy.

"I didn't asked you how much!"

"Oh, I didn't do it. All right, so I won't go."

"Sammy," said Mollie, "vill you get up in de morning when I vake you?"

"Why won't I? Sure I will."

"So take him, Jake. He'll make his lessons in de morning."

"So get ready," commanded Jake.

"Pa, will you take us in for a soda, too?" asked Rose.

"I'll see."

Rosie came cheerfully out, buttoning her new coat.

"Rosie, not your good coat, de old vone is good enough."

"All right." Rosie ran back and changed her coat.

"Jake, you vant to hear my lessons?" asked Mollie.

"Why not? Go ahead mine liddle school girl," he laughed.

Mollie closed her composition book.

"If you're laughing, I wouldn't read," she said.

"Go ahead, ma," urged Sam.

"Who's laughing? I'm proud like a peacock from you," said Jake.

Encouraged, she opened her book again.

"Ulleright, so listen!"

February twenty-six, nineteen hundred and tirty. Amerike! Oy, Colombos, Colombos! If he only knew vhat he did vhen he discofered Amerike! He opened up de gates far all de people in de vorld. First de Pilgrim's Fadders and den after all odder peoples from de whole vorld. Dey left deir modders and fadders to come. And not only to earn monneh, because not everybody tinks dat here monneh grows on trees, oh, no! but to be born all over again in a new vorld. So for dis dey crossed strange oceans and vent vhere a strange lengwidge is talking; because dey know vwhatever de lengwidge, dere is only vone longing, vone lengwidge of de human heart, and dat is—liberty and justice!

"Hurrah for you, ma!" shouted Sam.

His mother smiled proudly. "Vait! I ain't findished yet."

De greenhorn comes and begins to learn new vords from de children, de grocer, de butcher, de iceman, and every new vord

makes dem see new Ameriken tings vid Ameriken eyes; dey feel demselves like liddle Colomboses finding new worlds vid every new vord.

Sammy burst out laughing.

“Bravo! Mollie! Stop laughing!” said Jake, indignantly. “Vhat’s de laughing? Could you write someting like dat yourself?”

“Who’s laughing?” asked Sammy, quite serious now.

“So listen to de findish.”

“Go ahead, ma,” said Rosie.

“Nu, Mollie!”

De man vhat crystaled Amerike de name of United States vas a verry smart man, because he knew dat everybody comes here to united all deir hopes togedder and make vone beautiful dream-vorلد—de United States of Amerike, de golden land, de hopes of de whole vorلد. MOLLIE GOLDBERG.

“Mollie, dat vas A number vone,” said Jake, proudly, patting her shoulder.

“You tink it vas ulleright?” she beamed.

“Couldn’t be beat!” Jake assured her.

“Rosie, bring me mine coat.”

“Put on your hat, Mollie.”

Mollie shrugged her shoulders.

“Far vhat I need a hat?”

“Who goes vidout a hat?” demanded Jake.

"Mrs. Bloom never vears a hat to school, and I don't vant to show up. She'll feel bad I should wear a hat and she shouldn't."

Jake looked at her.

"Did you ever heard such a figuring out, ha?" But Mollie was already at the dumb-waiter.

"Yooohooo, yooohooo! Mrs. Bloom, I'm ready ulleready—what?—you can't go?—Mickey don't feel good?—oy, oy, oy, dat's too bad—So I'll tell de teacher—Dat's de second abscess far you!—Ulleright! I'm sorry—good-bye. I hope Mickey feels better."

Jake, who had been listening, now made another suggestion.

"So maybe, Mollie, you'll come to de movies vid us? So you'll miss vone night school."

"Please, Jake, don't start up!" said Mollie determinedly.

"Oh, come on, ma. I bet you're the smartest girl in the class anyway. It won't hurt if you don't go one night," urged Sam.

"Not far no monneh in de vorld vill I miss de school."

"Come on, ma, it's a good picture," persuaded Rosie.

Mollie was firm. "Don't ask me, please! I wouldn't go."

"Oh, it's a wonderful picture—Rio Rita!" said Rose.

"Oy, dat's vhat's playing?" said Mollie, weakening. "Oy, and I love Chon Barrymore."

"So you'll come vid us?" said Jake hopefully.

"You tink vhat I should go?" Mollie said hesitatingly.

"Oy, come on, come on!" He took hold of her arm. "Rosie, get mama's hat."

"And if I'll get left back?" she said, doubtfully.

"So you'll get left back! Who's rushing you? So you'll get your diplomania six monts later," said Jake cheerily.

"Here's your hat, ma." Rosie put the hat on her mother's head.

"Put a liddle powder on your nose, Mollie," said Jake.

"Around de corner I can go vidout powder."

Jake seized his hat. "Come, you're ready? Turn out de lights."

"Sammy, put your hat on straight, not on de side. Ulleright, let's us go."