

## TOO LITERAL

One day a man who was interested in social work went into the tenement district, and, wishing to see a certain man, but having only a general idea as to where he lived, approached a small boy for information.

"My boy," he remarked in a kind and gentle tone to the youngster, "can you show me where Mr. Schmidtowitz lives?"

"Yes, sir," was the quick reply of the boy, scenting a nickel tip. "Come right with me, sir."

With this the boy entered an adjacent doorway, and started to climb the difficult stair. Up four flights he went, the visitor breathlessly following, and finally paused at an open door.

"This is the floor, sir," said the boy, wistfully looking for the coin. "Mr. Schmidtowitz lives in there."

"Looks as if we had stacked up against hard luck," remarked the visitor, peering into the room. "Mr. Schmidtowitz doesn't appear to be here."

"No, sir," was the startling rejoinder of the boy. "That was him sittin' down on the front door-step where we came in."

"You ought to be contented and not fret for your old home," said the mistress as she looked into the dim eyes of her young Swedish maid. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be."—Grit.