

WHERE TO GO.

Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REEDS ENTERTAINMENT. Under the management of Mr. Alfred German Reed and Mr. Corney Grain. "The Old Bureau," written by H. M. Paull, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; a new Entertainment; followed by Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, entitled, "The Diary of a Tramp." Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. - Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place, W.

Scraps from a Diary.

SONNIE was an only child—an idolised atom of humanity, who would "peacock" before his mother's mirror, and naively remark, "Isn't me a pitty 'itta boy?" and the child was so beautiful, it was impossible to disagree with him; which made correction and the training of youth all the more difficult.

Sonnie was "the light of mother's eyes," "the pride of dada's heart," "precious treasure," "sweetest lamb." He had learnt his lesson well, and at the age of four was lord and master of the whole household, including the bleary-eyed stable terrier and the ancient kitchen cat.

Sonnie was tall and agile, and straight as a dart, with a cherub's face and fluffy curls, and he looked you between the eyes and spoke the truth. He was—well, as lovable as he was lovely, and there the matter ends.

But does it? A child is not lovable *because* it is lovely. Wherefore then? God gives the grace.

Sonnie's mother and dada were very great persons indeed, and lived in a big house, in great state, where everything was beautiful and sweet and warm. Here, in mother's own room, Sonnie loved to play; there were so many special cupboards all his own, where he was sure to find his favourite toys, and, best beloved of all, his "pitcher books." Sonnie was a mercurial sprite—seldom still, unless book in hand; but he would sit on mother's knee by the hour listening to the tragedies of "Shock-Headed Peter" and "Fidgety Phil."

The greatness of Sonnie's mother did not altogether consist in her stately grace, her jewelled hands, and her exquisite gowns; she had a tender heart, and it ached sadly under the jewels and lace when she thought of the sorrows of other mothers, whose little sons were uncared for; the mothers of the children that suffer from the starvation of body and soul; poor mothers whose hearts are broken in the struggle to save their loved ones from hunger and hell.

That the mothers of murderers live, seemed incredible to Sonnie's mother.

So mixed up with the farces and fairy stories that she read to him by the light of the fire—were other stories—more sad, and more true, and in which the child took a strange weird interest, the story of the children in our Hospitals, of their pain and suffering; the children of the doss-house, and the alleys, the children pining in prison—

Sonnie knew them all.

He would fidget up and down, and finger the china, clutch at the ferns, and sit on the coals, and then,

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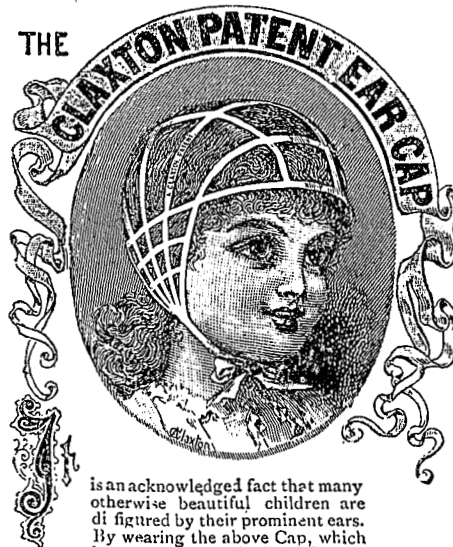
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