

# LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

FOOT BALL season is at hand and already one of the Busy Bees has written of an exciting game in which he assisted. Now there is another interesting way in which to tell of the excitement of the game; that is, some spectator, some one of the girls, perhaps, might tell us how the game looks to her from the side lines.

In fact, there is such a multitude of things which the Bees might write about at this season of the year that we should have a great many more stories than are now coming in. It is a matter of habit, this writing about what we see; furthermore, it is a valuable habit and a generous one, since it means sharing our experiences with those who have not had them.

Try telling what you see on the streets; what you do at school; how you spend Saturday, what fun it is in the parks in the fall, how the squirrel gathers nuts; tell of any of these every-day happenings that will be interesting to others if you honestly give your own impressions of them.

The two who have written prize stories this week are Elele Stastny of Wilber and Colonel Maxfield of Fairmont. The two stories are of quite different character, the first telling of a princess who dwelt in a land where there are fairies, and the other telling of what possibly he thinks would be a much-to-be-desired experience for any boy. The second story, moreover, tells of a present-day possibility, but would have been considered, not so many years ago, a "fairy tale."

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Jean De Long, Alhambra, Neb.  
Irene McCoy, Barnard, Neb.  
Lillian May, Beaver City, Neb.  
Mabel White, Berthoud, Neb.  
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.  
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.  
Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.  
Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 12).  
Ida May, Central City, Neb.  
Verna Cheney, Creighton, Neb.  
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.  
Edna Franklin, Dorchester, Neb.  
Aleda Bennett, Elgin, Neb.  
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.  
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.  
Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.  
Marion Cappa, Gibson, Neb.  
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gethensburg, Neb.  
Anna Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Lydia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Ella Ross, 66 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Jessie Crawford, 104 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Pauline Scholz, Deadwood, S. D.  
Martha Murphy, 63 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.  
Hester P. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.  
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.  
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.  
Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.  
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.  
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.  
Alice Grasmeyer, 145 C street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Marian Hamilton, 2025 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Ella Hamilton, 229 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Irene Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Hughie Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Charlotte Boggs, 22 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.  
Helen Johnson, 24 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Arlene Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Louise Hiles, Lyons, Neb.  
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.  
Mittie Selver, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Lucile Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.  
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.  
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.  
Emma Marguaret, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.  
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.  
Lillian Davis, Third street, North Platte, Neb.  
Louise Haase, 248 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.  
Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.  
Elinor Brown, 38 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Helen Goodrich, 400 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.  
Mary Brown, 333 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.  
Eva Hendon, 462 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.  
Lillian Wirt, 418 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.  
Lewin Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.  
Jannet Innes, 278 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.  
Dorothy Innes, 114 Silver street, Omaha, Neb.  
Mayer Cohn, 38 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Helen F. Douglas, 381 G street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Ada Morris, 444 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.  
Myrtle Jensen, 214 South Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.  
Orrin Fisher, 1219 S. Howard st., Omaha, Neb.  
Mildred Erickson, 2700 Howard st., Omaha, Neb.

**LITTLE WORKER**  
Don't come around to bother me.  
For I'm a working man you see  
A tower high I'm building here:  
You'll make it fall if you come near  
To stay your distance -  
From the wall:  
And when I'm through -  
We'll go play ball.  
We'll run and romp just you and me  
Till mamma calls me in to tea



## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
5. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to: CHIEF OF DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

## Princess Olga's Garden

By Elsie Stastny, Aged 13 Years, Wilber, Neb. Blue Side.

Once, long ago, there was a little princess who was very sweet and beautiful and was the pet of the court and loved by everyone. It was a wonder that she was not spoiled. She was very fond of flowers and was never so happy as when she was among them.

Her birthday was soon coming and the king had planned the most beautiful present a little 5-year-old princess had ever received. It was all kept a secret. For many years there had been a large space in the royal garden which for some reason had never been filled. Here were now coming many experienced gardeners, who were ordered by the king to make a beautiful flower garden. Men were sent out all over the world to bring any beautiful new flower in to this garden.

Just the day before her birthday the garden was finished. Here were now coming many beautiful flowers. They had not thought of that. The king, who was very much disappointed, went to bed very sorrowful, for what was a present of a garden which had no flowers?

That night, just as the palace clock struck 12, the king's bed was not empty. Into the garden trooped many little fairies with silver wands. As soon as a flower was touched it bore the most beautiful

flower of its kind. After they were through they had a banquet and then went away.

Early next day the little princess went to bid her parents a "good morning," and then they took and led her to her garden, followed by the whole court. When they reached the garden, which was surrounded by a high wall, and opened the diamond-studded gate, the king was so astonished he almost fell over, for there was the most beautiful flower garden, and every plant had a large and pretty bloom.

After the king had given a long speech, of which the little princess understood little, she was led all over and was to choose her favorite of those many rare and beautiful plants. Each flower was sure it was the most beautiful and tossed its head, all except the little sweet, violet, who hid beneath its leaves shyly.

The little princess passed them all giving exclamations of delight and fondling many of them, but they were near the end and she had not chosen one, so the king thought they must have omitted a very rare one, but at last they came to the end, and to the surprise of all little Princess Olga, as she was called, knelt down and plucked a little violet, and when they returned that night to their homes each one had a little blue violet from Princess Olga's garden.

## The Victor and the Falcon

By Colonel Maxfield, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb.

A boy of 16 years was standing in the door of a large barn. He was watching his father prepare the largest of the two airships for the race that was to come off in the afternoon.

The first airship that went up ran out of gasoline and came down. In the second the engine would not go.

But the third was a successful one. It went all the way around the circle and won the race.

When he returned home his boy said to him, "What is it?"

"Have a name for the new airship—The Victor."

"Now," said his father, "I have a surprise for you. I am going to give you the Falcon."

The boy asked his father if he could take a trip in his little airship to his uncle's. He gave his uncle the account of the race and started for home.

On reaching home he joined in a race with his Falcon and won.

His father gave him the plans of an airship and money enough to buy the articles which he needed, and told him to make an airship of his own. When it was done his father said it was all right. With him he won many races and soon became very rich.

## A Foot Ball Game

By Arthur W. Mason, Aged 12 Years, 1206 North Irving Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

One day before school a lot of boys got together and formed two teams for football. The side I was on kicked off first.

handsome house, had burst through the fragile brick chimney and had ignited the roof. The servant girl, who had been responsible for the accident, having built too fierce a fire in the kitchen stove, had gone to the market on an errand for her mistress and there was not a soul about the place to put out the fire. The neighbors had not even heard the call for help, and only John Chinaman came to her assistance till after the fire had been extinguished.

## The Brownie

By Lillian Guyer, Aged 11 Years, Basin, Wyo.

The brownies lived in the pumpkin fields. Every morning they got ready for their play. By one o'clock all the boys came home they found their house gone.

Where do you think it was gone? The frightened! I didn't know which way to turn. In a trice the good fellow was on his feet, taking up his gun which I had left to hand him. In a short time he had every sparrow out. You may all say what you please about Chinamen, but this one is a hero. And Mrs. Graves advanced to shake John's hand warmly as she expressed her deep gratitude to him for the service he had rendered.

## The Four Seasons

By Ada Kleinberg, Aged 13 Years, 217 East Eighty-fifth Street, New York City.

There was once a boy by the name of Ernest. This boy was never satisfied with what he got. One day he said his parents went for a walk through the woods. So he said to his father:

"Oh, father, I wish it was summer."

His father said: "Go and get my memory book."

"Then his father said: 'Write it on this page.'"

"The next time it was a rainy day and he said to his father:

"Oh, father, I wish it was winter." His father said: "Write that in my book."

The next year it was too cold for him and he said: "Oh, father, I wish it was spring."

His father said: "Write that in my book."

The next time he said to his father, "I wish it was autumn," again his father said: "Write that in my memory book." He wrote it again.

## SURE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

By Rev. Herbert J. Johnson, one of Boston's foremost divines, champions the cause of the humble skirt and other ultra fashions of the fair sex, and advises the American youth in search of a helpmate for life to select a girl who is a close follower of the fashion.

"There is no more potent influence for good in the modern community," said Dr. Johnson, "than feminine fashion. Not only are the ever changing fashions of women one of the chief delights of civilized communities, but it is a safe, sure way to make that we have today no more conclusive key to a woman's moral and normal development than the clothes she wears."

"Much has been said of the high cost of living. The immense sums of money spent annually in this country on apparently useless articles of women's personal decoration are cited as arguments in favor of American extravagance, when as a matter of fact this item is one of our smallest national extravagances. No woman today, however free she may consider herself from the lure of the latest thing in clothes, shoes, hats and gloves, can afford to be

## Selections From the Story Tellers' Pack

### Columbus Dethroned.

His paths of great discovery have been ever since then ones, as our aspirants for polar honors can testify, but it remains for an old Vermont farmer to put forth an as yet unheard of rival to the great Columbus.

The farmer's wife, greatly stirred up by the agitation of the women's rights question. One evening the old lady was condemning the men in very strong terms and expressing herself in favor of women's voting. The old man got tired of it. He dropped his paper, pushed back his spectacles, and exclaimed:

"Mend me! The men hev made out to govern this kentry ever since Robinson Crusoe discovered it, and I guess they will for a spell longer, so you keep still."

Youth's Companion.

### Not Necessary in New York.

The following anecdote was related by Monsignor Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's cathedral:

"A farmer had come to New York from the country to have a look at its sights. One night he got home very late and a burglar stopped him in Central Park and put a pistol to his head, saying at the same time:

"You may blow my brains out if you wish, but I certainly shall not give you my money, because from what I have seen so far you can very well live in New York without brains, but certainly not without money."

New York Sun.

### A Wonderful Improver.

F. H. Elliott, the secretary of the American Automobile association, laughed, at a dinner in New York, over some of the absurd claims made against automobilists.

"If an automobilist runs over a pig," he said, "it is sure to be a blooded Berkshire. Every chicken slaughtered in a pedigree bird worth \$40 to \$50. A yellow barnyard cur is a white-haired fox terrier. A calf is always of Alabaster or Guernsey blood."

Mr. Elliott smiled.

"To tell the truth," he said, "nothing seems to improve live stock like crossing it with an automobile."

Detroit Free Press.

### Was Well Paid.

Once upon a time there was an Indian named Big Smoke, employed as a missionary to his fellow smokers.

A white man, encountering Big Smoke, asked him where he did for a living.

"Smoking," said Big Smoke, "me smoke."

"That so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Me get ten dollars a year."

"Well," said the white man, "that's damn poor pay."

"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me damn poor preacher."—Norman MacK's Monthly.

### Beecher Wished Him Well.

At a conference a young minister said to Henry Ward Beecher:

"Mr. Beecher, my congregation has delegated me to ask this question of you: We have in our congregation one of the purest and most lovable men you ever saw. He is upright, honest, generous, the heartiest supporter of the church we have—the friend of the poor, the helper of little children, a warm saint—but he does not believe in some of the generally accepted dogmas. Now, where do you think he will go after death?"

Mr. Beecher was equal to the occasion.

### He Failed the String.

A funny thing happened to a young woman who was attending her church a few Sundays ago in Jersey, Tex. Sitting directly before her was a tall, well-dressed stranger with a piece of traveling hanging down his back over his collar. Being a young woman of accommodating turn, one of those warm-hearted, good girls who grow to be motherly women, a friend to everybody, she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father if he should come to church with a traveling bag down his back. Besides, the thing worried her because of the unclean appearance presented.

### Forgotten at the Finish.

Only four carriages followed the hearse which took Mrs. Nina Tourville to her grave in East St. Louis. Among the mourners were none of the 5,000 men and women whom only two years ago she had entertained at the feast of food and drink, which she prepared when she married a second time, a month after her first husband's death.

### Illustrated Primal Acrostic.

master of the pumpkin field had carried them all away, to store up for winter.

Then the brownies had to choose a new home. They chose the large oak tree for their home. They lived happily in their new home while the winter months passed by.

### Illustrated Primal Acrostic.

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### Hesitating a Moment, he said:

"I never dare say where any man will go after death, but wherever this man goes he certainly has my best wishes."—St. Paul Dispatch.

### Vast Military Shop.

The death of the widow of Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, recalls an incident which took place in her presence many years ago.

There had been a monster revival meeting planned for women only at Madison Square Garden. Men were to be strictly excluded, but on the day of the meeting one young man managed to slip in unobserved and scampered to the top gallery, from which he watched the proceedings.

Later, in the hearing of a number of women, of whom Mrs. Sankey was one, he related his experience, and was asked if he had enjoyed the meeting. "What struck me most," he replied, "was looking down upon 10,000 bonnets, no two alike!"—Philadelphia Record.

### How She Could Help Herself.

Dr. G. Herbert Richards, president of the Orange Board of Health, tells this one:

"A very bashful young man was driving with his best girl one cool Sunday. The young lady used all her arts to make him 'woon,' but failed, and, despairing, became silent and preoccupied.

"What's the matter?" asked the young man when the silence became oppressive.

"Nobody loves me," said the young lady, tearfully, "and my hands are cold."

"I'm surprised to hear you say that," said the young man. "God loves you and your mother loves you, and, as for your hands being cold, you can sit on them!"

Newark Star.

### This Waiter Was Wise.

One of the last times that Bishop Burgess of Long Island dined out was at the Press club, where the waiters are all negroes. The head waiter bowed Bishop Burgess and his host profusely to their places. "This way, admiral," said he. "Tek this table. You get a better view of the harbor here, admiral."

"I am not an admiral," said Bishop Burgess, smiling.

"My mistake, sah," said the head waiter. "You must er knowen all the time I was er talking to a military man. You like dis table, colonel?"

"I am not a colonel," said Bishop Burgess, smiling more broadly. "I am a bishop."

"To be shuah, sus," said the head waiter. "You be shuah 'Navy' sorry for my mistake, sah. I got dem titles of admiral and colonel wrong. Ah knowed soon as Ah saw you dat you was one of the face cards of your profession, sah."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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otherwise than well dressed; and to begin at the beginning, every argument to the contrary is a fallacy.

"This matter of dress is a primordial trait. The man or woman who dresses the best, whose personal habits are the most irreproachable, is, in all the countries of the earth, the man or woman whose mental and moral development is the highest and most advanced. A girl or a woman who is self-respecting will always dress fashionably and well. The humble skirt, the peach basket hat, high heeled shoes, and all the thousand and one follies of the feminine sex are entertaining and products of good. A girl who, on the other hand, does not care about dress and the latest fashions is not a normal girl."

### Illustrated Primal Acrostic.

"The young man who contemplates marriage nowadays may fight shy of the girl of fashion, but he makes a mistake. He may be a gainer at first financially, but in the long run he pays a terrible price for his shortsightedness. The girl who is lax about her personal appearance is lax mentally and morally. She is not made of the stuff that turns out self-respecting children. She is either a visionary, and as such an unreliable element in the community, or she is downright lax and shiftless. In either case she is not a safe proposition for the ordinary young man."

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## A "Common Chink" - Story of a Chinaman's Bravery

THE boys had a habit of stopping on their way from school of the evenings in front of a Chinaman's laundry to watch him at his work. And two or three of the boys were rude enough to cast ugly remarks through the Chinaman's shop door at him, calling him "Chink," or "common Chink," or "chink."

To these insults John Chinaman paid not the slightest heed, for he had the patience born of his people and knew that to "talk back" could do him no possible good and might bring harm to him or to his business. So he bore the boys' abuse, keeping his head bent over his ironing table.

Arthur Graves was the ringleader of the mischievous boys, and sometimes his pranks went beyond the bounds of mere mischief or play. It was he who first began making fun of the Chinaman by calling him mean names and making very faces at him through the window. He may not have quite realized how mean his conduct toward the Chinese laundryman was, for he thought, like many other people—that a "pig-tailed" man from the Celestial empire was not to be classed as human. So he led a few of his comrades each evening to the Chinaman's shop where they could spend a few minutes in "fun" at the poor fellow's expense.

"Hello, Chink!" called out Arthur one evening as he stood in his accustomed place beside the Chinaman's shop door. "Here's a bit of grub for your supper."

And he threw into the shop a dead mouse which he had found on the street. John Chinaman glanced at the lifeless little creature, but did not advance to pick it up. He decided to let it lay where Arthur had thrown it till his tormentors had gone away. Then he would take it into the alley behind his shop. But Arthur was not satisfied with what he had already done, and called out in commanding tones: "Pick it up, Chink. If you don't, we'll come in and cut off your detail."

John Chinaman understood most of what Arthur said, for he had lived in America from babyhood, having come from the Pacific coast the year before to the town where he now lived.

"Come, pick up your supper, Chink," cried another of the boys in imitation of Arthur. "If you don't, you'll get a free hair cut."

John Chinaman looked uneasily towards his tormentors and tried to smile. He shook his head, saying in his best English that he did not want to eat the mouse, etc. To this Arthur and his comrades roared with laughter, and Arthur made a dash for the door. As he did so his companions close behind him—John ran to the door and turned the key. Thus the

boys thought themselves locked out when they tried to force their way in. Then Arthur kicked loudly on the door, demanding entrance. But paying no heed to him, John Chinaman kept on with his work.

"Say, boys," whispered Arthur, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go behind his shop and make believe to take the clothes from the line. You know he dries his wash behind the shop."

"Yes, that's it," agreed a second to Arthur. "That'll be a tearing out to protect his patrons' property and we'll dash in at the back door and unlock the front door. Won't he get fooled?"

So the wicked fellows went around behind the Chinaman's shop to the back door. They found the yard strung with clothes lines full of recently-laundried family clothing. Arthur recognized some of the garments as belonging to his own mother, therefore refrained from doing any damage to the clothes. But he went to the laundry's back door and called through it: "Say, Chink, we'll carry off your clothes if you don't open up the door."

Immediately the Chinaman opened the back door and stepped into the yard. Supplicatingly he held up his empty sudsoaked hands, saying: "Please don't take the people's clothes off the line. I will have to pay."

But while he was saying this the boys had dashed round him and had entered the shop, closing the door and turning the key in the lock. Thus John found himself locked out of his own shop. In vain did

he beg (in his best English) the boys to allow him to enter his own private quarters. They refused for some minutes. The fact was Arthur was hunting a plate on which to lay the dead mouse. Once he had accomplished this unmanly thing he told the boys to open the front door and run. Then he unlocked the rear door and called out to the owner of the shop to enter. Then he followed his companions to the street through the front door.

John Chinaman entered his front room to find a plate on the table, in the plate the poor little dead mouse. The good natured, patient Chinaman merely took the creature that had doubtless met its death through some harsh accident, and tossed it in the ashtray behind the house. Then he set to work again, ironing a shirt.

He had barely finished the garment when a faint cry fell on his ears. "Help! Help! Fire!" came the words of some one in distress. John dropped the garment he was spreading, aflash on his ironing table and ran out at the back door, for from that direction came the cry for help. A slight curl of smoke could be seen rising from the roof of a one-story summer kitchen in the block directly opposite the back yard of John Chinaman's shop. And a woman waving her arms excitedly was calling in a faint voice: "Help! Fire!"

John ran as fast as he could to the aid of the helpless woman. He found that a fire in the summer kitchen, a long low board room attached to the rear of a very

handsome house, had burst through the fragile brick chimney and had ignited the roof. The servant girl, who had been responsible for the accident, having built too fierce a fire in the kitchen stove, had gone to the market on an errand for her mistress and there was not a soul about the place to put out the fire. The neighbors had not even heard the call for help, and only John Chinaman came to her assistance till after the fire had been extinguished.

The first thing that John did was to grab a bucket of water and toss it up over the place beside the chimney where the slight flame was seen. Then he brought some boxes from an outhouse and climbed upon them to the low roof. Then he called to the lady to hand him pails of water as fast as she could do so.

After some five minutes' fast work John had the fire in the roof entirely extinguished. As he was descending several neighbors who had at last heard the call for help for the mistress of the place had kept on calling "Fire! Help!" while she handed up water to the Chinaman came quickly into the yard, asking excited questions. And immediately behind them came running three boys, whom the Chinaman recognized as his tormentors. The leader was Arthur, and his face was full of frightened surprise. "What's up, Mammy?" he gasped, addressing the mistress of the place.

"Nanny made too hot a fire in the summer-kitchen stove and it caught in the roof through a defective place in the chimney," explained the lady who proved to be none other than Arthur's mother. "And—just think of this—good Chinaman came at once to my assistance. It seems I was so frightened I could not call loudly enough at first to attract anyone's attention. But he heard me and came. And he saved the place. The roof is dry as tinder, and in another minute the whole thing would have been on flames. Then it would have spread to the main part of the house. Oh," and turning to her son, Mrs. Graves continued: "How I was

frightened! I didn't know which way to turn. In a trice the good fellow was on his feet, taking up his gun which I had left to hand him. In a short time he had every sparrow out. You may all say what you please about Chinamen, but this one is a hero. And Mrs. Graves advanced to shake John's hand warmly as she expressed her deep gratitude to him for the service he had rendered.

When Arthur became calm enough to grasp the situation a blush of shame spread over his face. "I've been a dog—a pup," he said in a determined way, speaking to his companions. "We've all been as mean as dirt to that poor wretched man, and I was the ringleader. I'm going to 'fess up to him and ask his forgiveness too."

And before his companions in mischief could pat him on the back and say, "That's the right thing to do, Art," he had stepped to the Chinaman's side and had shaken his hand.

As Arthur feelingly begged the laundryman's pardon, confessing to his own wrongdoing, his mother stood a surprised listener. And after the neighbors and John Chinaman had departed she asked her son what it all meant. Arthur honestly told her of his wickedness toward the Chinaman, and declared he had not realized that a "chink" was really a human being till that very hour.

"Ah, my son," said Mrs. Graves, "you have indeed acted very, very wickedly, and see how the poor abused Chinaman has repaid your treatment of him! He has given good for evil. He's a brave fellow, and may teach his superiors in station many noble things."

"Well, he has taught me something," said Arthur. "I now know that a staunch heart and a brave nature are to be found inside a Chinaman's breast as well as in that of one of our own people. I shall make it a point to stop at John's shop of evenings."

And Chinaman, and declared he had not realized that a "chink" was really a human being till that very hour.

"We all owe him a debt of gratitude which I hope we shall never forget," said Mrs. Graves continued: "How I was

frightened! I didn't know which way to turn. In a trice the good fellow was on his feet, taking up his gun which I had left to hand him. In a short time he had every sparrow out. You may all say what you please about Chinamen, but this one is a hero. And Mrs. Graves advanced to shake John's hand warmly as she expressed her deep gratitude to him for the service he had rendered.

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