

BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE EDITED BY DAVID H. WALKER



A RIDING LESSON BY LIN SEE

BY MARIE ALLEN KIMBALL, MARYSVILLE.

LIN SEE was a little Chinese boy. He was only 10 years old, and if he could have talked like you might have told about his home in his far-off country.

Such a tiny bit of land it was, and his father worked so hard there was always some rice for little Lin See to eat.

He played and was happy until a dreadful sickness came, and his father and mother were taken away dead.

Then Sing Doon said Lin See belonged to him, and carried him off to a great town.

Here the small boy used to cry, sometimes he was so hungry.

After a while they went on board a big ship, which began to move swiftly and he felt so badly that he thought the dreadful sickness had come to him like his father and mother.

He lay huddled up in a dark corner full of misery, while the great vessel plowed its way across the wide sea.

They stopped at last, and the poor, homelike Chinese boy was roughly hustled on shore. The ground seemed to rise up before him, and there were so many white people that he thought this must be their country.

Oh, he was so afraid. He felt better when they reached Chinatown, but they did not stay there long.

One night Doon woke him out of his sleep, and they hurried down to the water again.

How Lin See hoped that Doon was frightened as he at this strange place and that they were going back home again.

They got into a small sailboat and went out fast, as if somebody would stop them. A white man seemed to be taking them country from where they first landed, and that his long journey was over at last.

That was how little Lin See was smuggled into the United States.

up the last bundle of her household effects, for the Decapoli family was moving.

It was a very hot day, and the city of Florence seemed to be taking a nap.

There were eleven in the Decapoli family—the father, Marco Decapoli, the mother, Caesera Decapoli, the sons, Niccolini, Fiesole, Lucchia and Filippino, and the daughters were Margherita, Lucia, Maria, Theresa and Emilietta.

"What shall we do, Marco?" asked the mother.

"We had better leave our home with Niccolini and some of the rest and let the remainder of the family go to America."

"Father, if you wish to go, and as you know best, let us go."

Within a week they were on the Atlantic again, bound for New York. It was a long time before they saw it.

Near where they lived was a church where the little boy had no objections to his attending St. Margaret's on condition that he would sing there, for Fiesole "ad a marvelous voice."

Within a month Fiesole had learned enough English to talk with others and also Maria. One Friday night he applied to Mr. Gray, the choir master, asking to be allowed to sing in the choir.

"I am drawing," Maria answered.

"Well let me see what you are doing."

In an instant the teacher's practiced eye saw that talent lay in that little girl, and she sent her to her seat.

On Sunday, in the little church of St. Margaret's, Fiesole made his first appearance as a vocalist.

The people listened entranced and the notes died away in joyous cadence.

It seemed to the people as if an angel had suddenly come into their midst and left, carrying away the sunshine.

More yet. One day before a great assemblage of art students, art buyers and art seekers Maria Decapoli's picture won first prize.

some cat, while Maria, of 14, couldn't help but join in. One night when the vessel was off the coast of England, a great storm came up.

"Stand back!" the captain yelled to the crew as they attempted to board the lifeboats, "or I'll shoot you."

Mrs. Decapoli, trembling and pale-faced, gathered her children about her and Maria took little Emilietta and Filippino in her arms.

"Women and children first," cried the captain. Mrs. Decapoli sent Maria first and then Morin handed down Emilietta and Filippino.

The men at the oars pulled hard and the lights on shore were vanishing.

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So the "new world" was good to them. They were joined by the other members of the family from Italy and now they are all very happy together.

THE BUSINESS THAT FAILED

BY ALMA S. BEMENDERER.

WANTED—By a peddler, a boy of 14 or 15 years, good wages. Apply at Davis' store, Main street, Saturday.

It almost seemed as if the printer of the paper put that piece where James Walker could not fail to see it.

"This is Mr. Jarvis," said the storekeeper, "and here is a young chap to see you, Jim Walker, and I can recommend him as a non-stub boy."

"And a good bit of a walk for him," said Jarvis, grimly, "but a boy like that deserved it. It seems to be my fate to hire the poorest excuses, if I do say so."

"Is the hunting really that good?" "Why, yes, even better, I take it, for you. The other boy being lazy I don't consider that a fair average."

These later words caused James to agree and that morning to start for Linden.

To drive along the smooth roads was pleasant and the peddler was good company. He was familiar with that country and many other places.

"Later Mr. Jarvis began to tell about those who had worked for him. 'One boy was very lazy, the last one. Why, when we were camping at San Pablo he went swimming and kept me waiting till 10 o'clock. Then there was another, John Jones. It was hard work to wake him. You see I like to get started early and the little rascal would sleep, sleep, like a log. One morning I just laid on the whip.'"

"Did he wake up then?" asked James. "Did he? Why, yes. But he skipped out at the next town. Then there was Tom Smith, who ate more fruit than his wages amounted to. Once he ate all the bananas. They were scarce and



ACROSS THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS.

COME and play with me, rabbit." So the rabbit that was lazily frolicking among the Nevada sagebrush came and played with Wawona, the little, black-eyed Indian boy; and all the birds, insects and reptiles in turn came obedient to the call and played with the child of the sun, who laughed as gaily as a mountain bird until the shadows of the highest peaks of the Sierras began to creep over the plains and foothills, and the sun burned red, like a camp fire, ere it sank from sight.

sleep he said that he wanted to see his toys and Smut Face brought them; nor did she scold or strike him all that night.

A tepee was reddening in the last rays of the sun. At the door lay a

"Wawona, Wawona," cried out the Indian squaw, forgetting her usual stolidity. "Are you sick?"

TO TURN THE MILKMAID INTO A PRINCESS.



Cut diagonal lines on both sides at B-F, then fold forward at A-B, fold forward at A-B, fold back at A-C, fold back at A-C, fold down at C-F, fold forward at D-E, fold back at F-G.

under the load," explained Jarvis, regretfully, "and I didn't notice till it was too late."

Later, after crossing a swift stream while going up the end-board, near which James was sitting, broke from its fastenings, the load slipped out and James was tossed to one side of the road in time to see the mass slide into the stream and float away.

Tying the horses, the peddler came around in great rage.

"You little rascal," he exclaimed, "so that is what you were doing back there! Cut the fastenings, did you?"

James dodged into the underbrush. The peddler followed, threatening to punish him severely, but as James was smaller and more nimble he led him a merry chase through the tangled underbrush, and under cover of the confusion swam across the stream, and following along the road, got a ride home.

He did not speak again all night, but just as the sun peeped over the eastern mountains he called out, "Good-by sun," and was still.

Across the plain shrieked the wind, whirling the snow wreaths before it. Old Smut Face listened keenly, not moving from her place.

"It is the great Spirit talking to Wawona so that he will not lose his way in the snow, while he is crossing the mountains," she said.

She sat long, gloomily smoking her pipe and musing. Then she rose and put all the toys gently in the box.

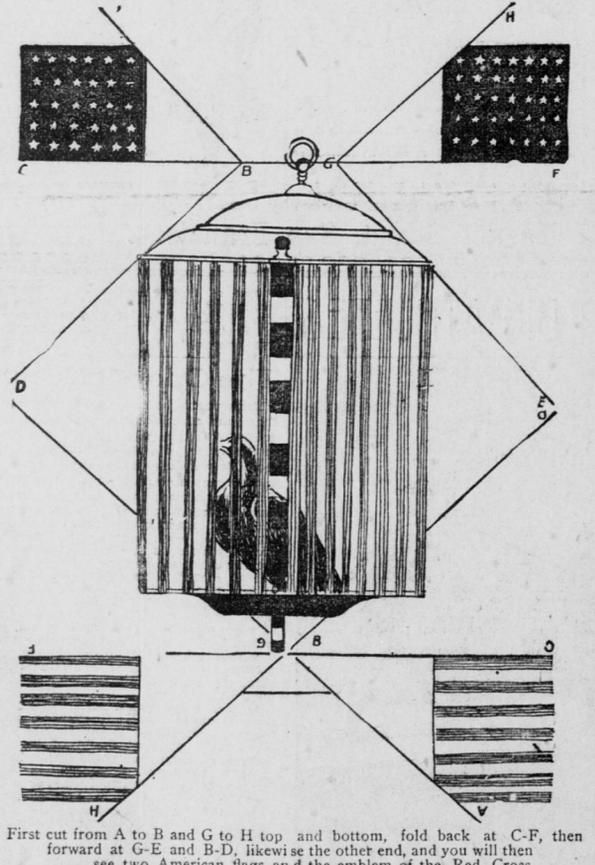
When the time came for Wawona to

Smut Face, the squaw, his aunt, made no answer, as the little fellow put his toys in an old soap box and sat down upon a bear skin on the ground and seemed to be looking far away.

With the night came a cold November storm. The air was thick with snow. Through the mountain canyons the wind howled like a demon. The skies were overcast with thick, suffocating clouds.

When the time came for Wawona to

TO MAKE FLAGS AND EMBLEM.



IN THE LAND OF PROMISE

BY ESTELLE BAKER. NAY, nay, Philippino, touch not that!" Filippino screwed his little Italian features into a sulky knot, and he stamped his foot.

leave the house in charge of Niccolini and Lucia and Theresa, while the rest of the family were to sail for the wonderful land of America.

"Good-by," yelled Fiesole. "Good-by," came the tearful answer from the shore. The boat was leaving the shores of sunny Italy with seven Decapolis on board and four on shore.

Out on the ocean! Fiesole scampered and played like a great frolic-

ONCE MORE ON MARKET STREET.

