

SARAH BENSON

Once there lived in the city of New York a very beautiful girl, about 14 years old, whose name was Sarah Benson. Sarah was a very poor little girl and her mother and father were both dead, so she lived in this large city with her aunt, who was poor and blind.

Every morning Sarah had to roll her aunt around over the city in a rolling chair—begging. Sarah did not want to do this, she wanted to work so her aunt would not have to beg, but her aunt was a very cruel woman and she would not let her.

After a scanty dinner, or sometimes none at all, Sarah would have a little time to do what ever she wished. She usually spent her time with a young man who lived across the hall from where she and her aunt lived. This young man was named Jim Johnson, and he was a violinist, but he was very poor and could not play well enough to go on the stage. Sarah would go over to see him, and while he played she would sing. A mutual fondness was the result.

One day when Sarah was going down to the little store on the corner to get a loaf of bread, she passed a group of boys and girls. When she passed them, she heard them say, "There goes that old blind woman's gal," and all began to laugh and make fun of her. Although her aunt was very cruel to her, she did not like to hear the boys and girls speak unkindly of her, so, knowing she could not do much with such a crowd, she began to cry and ran home. As she was going up the steps she met Jim, her faithful friend.

He stopped and asked, "What's the matter, little Pal?" This was a nice name he had given her.

She told him all about the boys and girls and everything they had said.

He took her in his arms like a big brother would do his little sister and said, "There now, don't cry any more Sarah. Those little children did not mean to hurt your feelings."

Several days after this, Sarah had a great sorrow to come into her life. She came home one afternoon from a visit to Jim, and when she went into the room, she found her aunt lying on the floor, dead. She had been sitting in her rolling chair and had fallen forward on her face. Sa-

rah gave a scream, and Jim came running to her. She began to cry like her little heart was broken, and again Jim comforted her. This made Sarah love him more than ever.

After the funeral of Sarah's aunt the people of the neighborhood tried to put her in an orphanage home, but Jim would not let them. He adopted her as his child, and they were able to practice their music more often than before.

Sarah was sent to school, and she learned very fast. It was not long before she was leading her class in all of her studies, because Jim was a very intelligent person, and he helped her with her lessons.

Late one afternoon, as Jim and Sarah were getting supper, a big limousine drove up in front of the apartment house. Jim and Sarah wondered who would be stopping in front of the shabby apartment. They went on with the work, but when someone knocked, Sarah, thinking it the landlady, went to the door. She was very much surprised to find two men standing there.

One of them asked, "Does Jim Johnson live here?"

Sarah said, "Yes," won't you come in?"

The two men went in, and Sarah went to get Jim. Jim came in and the two men told him they were getting people with talent to start a show. Jim could hardly believe what he was hearing when the men asked him to play. Jim said he would be glad to do so, and told them about Sarah. He then took his violin and played for them, while Sarah sang. The men were delighted with their work. They signed a contract to begin work the next week, starting with a salary of two hundred dollars a month, which would be raised very soon.

That night when Sarah went to bed she said her prayers, and thanked God for giving her such a dear friend as Jim Johnson.

Miss Criddlebaugh—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Elmer Crouse—"At the bottom."

• • •

Miss Mann—"Thompson Low is going to be a page in the Senate."

Clifton Tesh—"What!—is he going to have a page in the Twin Sentinel"

Miss Mann—"Boys and girls, you make a bad mistake, by saying sumpum."

Miss Mann—ten minutes later—"Oh, I'm through on time, sumpum going to happen."

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

—Emerson.

Get Your Shoe Repairing done at
HARVEY BROS.
At Rear of H. H. Koonts' Store
Phone 7275

Barber Shop
For Service
Call at
SID ROAN'S BARBER SHOP

ARTHUR L. LEONARD

Groceries

Telephone 242

Lexington, N. C.

When in Need
BEST GROCERIES
BEST MEATS
on short notice
Phone 381

H. H. KOONT'S
Who will deliver the Goods.

DRINK

Coca-Cola

IN BOTTLES