

again, and I dashed back to the hall, grabbing my automobile coat as I ran.

I drummed on Betsy's and Miss Matthews' and Miss Snaith's doors, just as Mr. Witherspoon, who had also been wakened by the light, came tumbling upstairs three steps at a time, struggling into an overcoat as he ran.

"Get all the children down to the dining-room, babies first," I gasped. "I'll turn in the alarm."

He dashed on up to the third floor while I ran to the telephone — and oh, I thought I'd never get Central! She was sound asleep.

"The John Grier Home is burning! Turn in the fire-alarm and rouse the village. Give me 505," I said.

In one second I had the doctor. Maybe I was n't glad to hear his cool, unexcited voice!

"We're on fire!" I cried. "Come quick, and bring all the men you can!"

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes. Fill the bath-tubs with water and put in blankets." And he hung up.

I dashed back to the hall. Betsy was ringing our fire-bell, and Percy had already routed out his Indian tribes in dormitories B and C.

Our first thought was not to stop the fire, but to get the children to a place of safety. We began in G, and went from crib to crib, snatching a baby and a blanket, and rushing them to the door, and handing them out to the Indians, who lugged them down-stairs. Both G and F were full of smoke, and the children so