

342 TALES OF CHINESE CHILDREN

"But you must!" sadly urged Lum Yook.  
"You are a white boy and Pan is Chinese."

"I am Chinese too! I am Chinese too!"  
cried Pat.

"He Chinese! He Chinese!" pleaded Pan.  
Her little nose was swollen with crying; her  
little eyes red-rimmed.

But Pat was driven away.

Pat, his schoolbooks under his arm, was  
walking down the hill, whistling cheerily. His  
roving glance down a side street was suddenly  
arrested.

"Geel!" he exclaimed. "If that isn't Pan!  
Pan, oh, Pan!" he shouted.

Pan turned. There was a shrill cry of de-  
light, and Pan was clinging to Pat, crying:  
"Nice Pat! Good Pat!"

Then she pushed him away from her and  
scanned him from head to foot.

"Nice coat! Nice boot! How many  
dollars?" she queried.

Pat laughed good-humoredly. "I don't  
know," he answered. "Mother bought them."

"Mother!" echoed Pan. She puckered her  
brows for a moment.

"You are grown big, Pat," was her next  
remark.

"And you have grown little, Pan," re-