

harvest time anyway, and he was too busy to hunt for her. The poor mother was afraid to tell him she had encouraged Susie in her flight and with good psychology begged him to go and look for Susie. Mike prophesied cheerfully that the wolves would eat her. But he was wrong.

Hiding in the straw stacks by day and travelling by night, milking a friendly cow into her tin cup and digging a turnip out of a farmer's field, and above all, avoiding being seen by anyone likely to send her back, Susie made her way without misfortune. Susie did her best to keep her hands and face clean by washing at creeks and in the cow troughs in the pastures and once she made bold to go to the back door of a farm house and was given not only a good meal but clean clothes by a kind woman. Susie was afraid to tell her she had run away, but being a child of some imagination, she made up a good story about being on her way to her Aunt's. The woman persuaded her to go to bed and have a good sleep and that was the only time that Susie slept in a bed. Susie was never quite sure of how many days she spent on her trip. Twice she got a ride, but the last time the man asked her so many questions that she got frightened. However, there came in the sky one night that warm glow of light which gave her courage to go on.

She was dirty, tired and ragged, but undaunted. In the grey light of morning she crept cautiously into the city. She came in on Namao Avenue glad to find the streets deserted for little Susie was not afraid of anything but human beings. The smell of bacon frying brought her to a stop and her feet led her through an open door, and so it happened that Susie had her first meal, in a Chinese restaurant. Sam Lung was preparing to go off for the night when this queer little apparition appeared at his elbow. Sam took one look at her and then