

Japanese Boy===Furnace Taker=Care=Of

One cold daytimes are Hon. Jap-boy much dishcouraged by unpresence of anything in pocket of pants. Hearing hon. fat Irishwoman landlady elevating up stairs, I arise up quickly and exit out window in fast rush. Hon. fire-excape are nice furniture on house-wall, so Jap-boy are unable to slowly mingle through alley with great speed.

I then scramble gracefully down street to find some lost jobs. Success, moreover, are absent. "Do no-one want to amplyment me?" I ask myself. But there are no answer, so hurrying slowly past news-boy paper-stand without boy, I grab paper and leave soon.

I quickly turn to male-men-wanted-for-help page, which are soon overlooked. Many jobs are there for button-sewer-ons in factorys, and firemen etc. and so forth, but I am disgust. None are for me. But sudden I see a sign on nearby fashionable barn:—

"Man wanted to take care of furnace."

Furnace are new thing to Hon. Jap boy, but for several reasons all of which are the same, I put down curiousness and ring bell. Thinnish highbrow-looking butler open Hon. door, and I yoller softly:—

"Please to enquire, where the furnaceman jobs to get."

He sniggle "Ha, ha," in my face, but I fail to see wits, having only last Sunday liver in stomach.

Please to beg pardon," I haggle, "Where are Hon. Missus?" He then take me to her with much impolishness, and I ax her for job in serious haste.

"Are you experience?" she arbitrate.

"Sure I renig in American," if pay are attached to job."

"Well," she snips, "Jimes, shom his jooties," and hang her double-eye-glass-with-handle on shoulder. of kimona. Hon. butler escape me carefully down back stairs, landing me on end of tail among many ashes.

"Firstly, please to sift these ashes," inform fishface-with-hairbunch-on-end-of-cheek." Then put draft on for an hour, after which remove off and place on check."

This are all strange news to poor Jap-boy, but I snaggle back, "All right, Jimes. "This do not seem to please Hon. Butler, but he retreats away, and I are left alone with me. So, quickly starting fast business of ashes-sifting I make much dust in place.

"Heah, heah!" soon yollah missus down. "Go to alley for sifting ashes idjit." I must go to alley, where soon ashes are all sifted. Then I remind myself of draft, so I open back door and stand for some whiles in shiv. All at once Hon. missus jump down, almost knocking me nearly one-half-way over with scare, and snarl:—

"Say, darn-fool Jap! You freeze my both feet off with cold! For why are door open?"

"Hon. Jimes have told me to put on draft," I renig, but she know almost nothing, and BANG! goes door. Next I assure to put on check, so ascending up stairs I take smallest check in desk of Hon misses and presume to put it on fire. She are still standing near beside me, and while reading "\$53.40" she fall unconscious, and hollah, "Jimes, help! Help!"

Jimes are already there, moreover, and next thing poor Jap-boy finds himself all outside in graceful bunch around alley.

"Are that house some of Dunning," I quest, but no one are there to hear, so Hon. Jap-boy are once more out of job with no pay.

Hoping you are the same, I remain

Nogi Hiro
per W. C. W., '18.

(With much apologies to Hashmura Togo.)