

things was a man sittin' on a cow, an' papa read a card hangin' on it—"Shoki, punisher of imps and bad boys," an' then he said, "You'd better behave yourself, Budge, for that 'old chap is looking for *you*." I didn't think he looked *shockey* a bit, an' I just told papa so, and then a lady laughed an' said I was a smart boy, as if it was anything very smart not to be afraid of a little old iron man on an iron cow!

You just ought to see how people looks inside of 'em; I saw some people that was cutted open, only they wasn't real people, but just made of mortar. You just get tired to see what lots of funny places bread an' butter an' apples have to go in us before they turn into little boy, and how there's four little boxes in our hearts that keep openin' an' shuttin' lots of times every minute without the hinges ever comin' loose an' lettin' the covers drop off, like they do in our toy-boxes.

You never saw such lots of pictures; there was rooms, an' rooms, an' rooms, an' each one of them was as lovely as Mr. Brown's barn was when the circus pictures was all over it. There was one big picture that papa said was all about a lady named Cornaro, that was stole away from her home, and the people that stole her tried to make her happy by givin' her nice things, but the picture looked so much like a lovely big rug that I wanted to get up there an' lie down an' roll on it. An' then there was the *awfullest* picture of a whole lot of little boys—not so very little, either—that was crucified to keep the Lord from bein' angry. I tell *you*, I just said a little prayer right away, an' told the Lord that I was glad I wasn't a little boy then, if that was the kind of things they done to 'em. I guess I know what people mean now, when they say they've got the blues, cos that dreadful picture was blue all over.

I think comin' home was about as nice as anything, though, cos boys kept coming through the cars with bananas, an' figs, an' peanuts, an' apples, an' cakes, an' papa bought me everything I wanted, an' a lovely lady sat in the seat with us an' told about a picture of Columbus's sailors kneelin' down an' beggin' him to forgive 'em for bein' so bad, just like mamma reads to us out of the history-book. An' then another lady sat in the seat with us, but she wasn't so nice, cos she said "Sontounial,"—I think big folks ought to know how to talk plainer than that. An' papa said he'd go out a minute or two, an' I was thinkin' what a great traveller I was gettin' to be, an' how I knew most everything now I'd been to the Centennial, an' how I was smart enough to be a big man right away, an' what lots of things I'd do, and how I'd have everything nice I wanted to, like big men do, when all at once I got afraid we'd gone off an' left papa, an' then I got to be a little boy right away again, an' I cried, an' when papa got back I just jumped in his lap an' thought I'd rather stay a little boy.

I'm awful sorry you wasn't there, too, Tod, but papa said such a little boy as you couldn't do so much walkin'. An' I asked papa when there'd be one that you'd be big enough to go to, an' he said, "Not for a hundred years." Gracious Peter! I knew you'd be dead before then. But you'll see a centennial even if you die, cos the Lord has everything nice in heaven, an' centennials are nice, so there'll be lots of 'em there, an' you won't get tired a bit lookin' at 'em, an' I don't believe the *angels* 'll laugh at you when you say things,