

"Didn't they? Why didn't God tell them any better?"

"I don't know."

"Did Jesus wear clothes?" she inquired.

"Who?" he demanded, caught unawares.

"Jesus. You know, God's boy," she replied, earnestly.

"Of course he wore clothes," Wally protested.

"Why didn't he tell the barbarians?"

"O Lord, I don't know. This has got nothing to do with your performance this afternoon," Wally urged, trying to get back to the subject and on to solid ground.

"What kind of punishing are you going to do?" she inquired.

"I don't know," he admitted. "What do you think I ought to do?"

She thought about that with awakened interest.

"There's whipping, but I don't mind that."

"You don't?"

"No. There's shutting up, but that's fun. I play I'm a prisoner then."

"Are there any punishments you don't like?"

"Yes. Parties are punishment, and kindiegarden in winter is punishment."

"You think the party this afternoon was punishment, do you?"

"Yes."

"Who punished you?"

"Max."

"I wish you wouldn't call your mother 'Max.'"

"Why not?"