

## THE CRICKET

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"Because he always does what I say." Wally stifled a smile.

"But don't you know you mustn't take off your clothes before mixed company?"

"But we were playing barbarian."

"Well, you shouldn't play that kind of game."

"Why not?"

"Because——" He floundered. "Now, look here, you must never take off your clothes again."

"Not when I go to bed?"—with interest.

"I mean before people."

"Not before Miss Wilder, or Mary?"

"Don't be stupid," he exploded. "You know what I mean—before boys and girls."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't nice. Don't you know what modesty is?"

"No; what is it?"

"It's—it's—well, it's just that you mustn't show your body to people."

"Isn't my face my body?"

"That's different. Everybody shows his face." She considered that.

"If everybody showed their bodies it would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"No," Wally said, harshly, because he felt she was making a fool of him.

"But the barbarians never wore any clothes, and they were nice."

"That's different. They didn't know any better."