

## CHAPTER XXVII

THE autumn sun struggled palely through the windows of the Chiklren's Hospital, and sent a beam across the high narrow bed where Chick Flathers lay, suspiciously watching the proceedings of the attendant nurses. He was not at all sure that he had done right in coming. For two days he had been made to stay in bed, and this morning he had suffered his third bath and been deprived of his breakfast. His being there at all was merely a concession to friendship. Mis' Queerington had persuaded him. He would n't have come for the Other One, the fat one who smiled and talked about The Willows Awful Home. He would n't even come for Aunt 'Tella, but Mis' Queerington was different; she understood fellows. She had said that the doctors would fix his throat so that he could yell louder than any boy on Billy-goat Hill! All the suppressed yells of a dozen years quivered on his lips at the thought of it!

"Chick, here's a orange and some cookies I brought you." It was Aunt 'Tella who sat down by the bed and took his hand. "If you ever get