

Teddy-B and Teddy-G; the Bear Detectives.

No. X.—Mystery of a Lost Boy. Verses by Seymour Eaton. Drawings by C. H. Twelvetrees

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And looked in dishes, tubs and pots,



And under rugs and chairs and cots.



CH-T

This story is told of a little lad,
The only boy his mother had,
Who hid himself one Christmas day
In an easy place and simple way.
His mother hunted high and low
In every spot a lad could go,
Till all tired out at work alone

She called up central on the 'phone,
And asked for number nine-two-three,
The home of TEDDIES-B and G.

"Hello! Hello! The Teddy Bears?
Hello, I say! That number's theirs.
Speak louder, please! Is that TEDDY-B?
The same to you. Yes, I am she;
Yes; Mrs. Horner; the same address.
Come over quick. More trouble? Yes.
You're cooking your dinner?" Then TEDDY-G
Was heard to say to TEDDY-B:
"Tell her to wait for an hour or two
Till we get a chance to have a chew
At these two ducks; they'll be a treat,
With gravy brown and stuffing sweet;
And this plum pudding steaming hot
And the dozen dumplings in the pot."
But TEDDY-B rang off and said,
"Mrs. Horner's boy is lost or dead;
Let's go at once; we can't be late;
Our Christmas dinner will have to wait."
"A boy like that," said TEDDY-G,
"Should always carry round a key
To lock himself where he should stay
When his feet get busy to run away.
It's my opinion the ducks will burn,
And dumplings too, before we return."
But TEDDY-B put on his coat
And on the tree he pinned a note
To say that he and TEDDY-G
Had started off quite hurriedly
To find a boy reported lost
Or overcome with Winter's frost,
And if any callers came that way,
Just watch the dinner, it said, and stay.

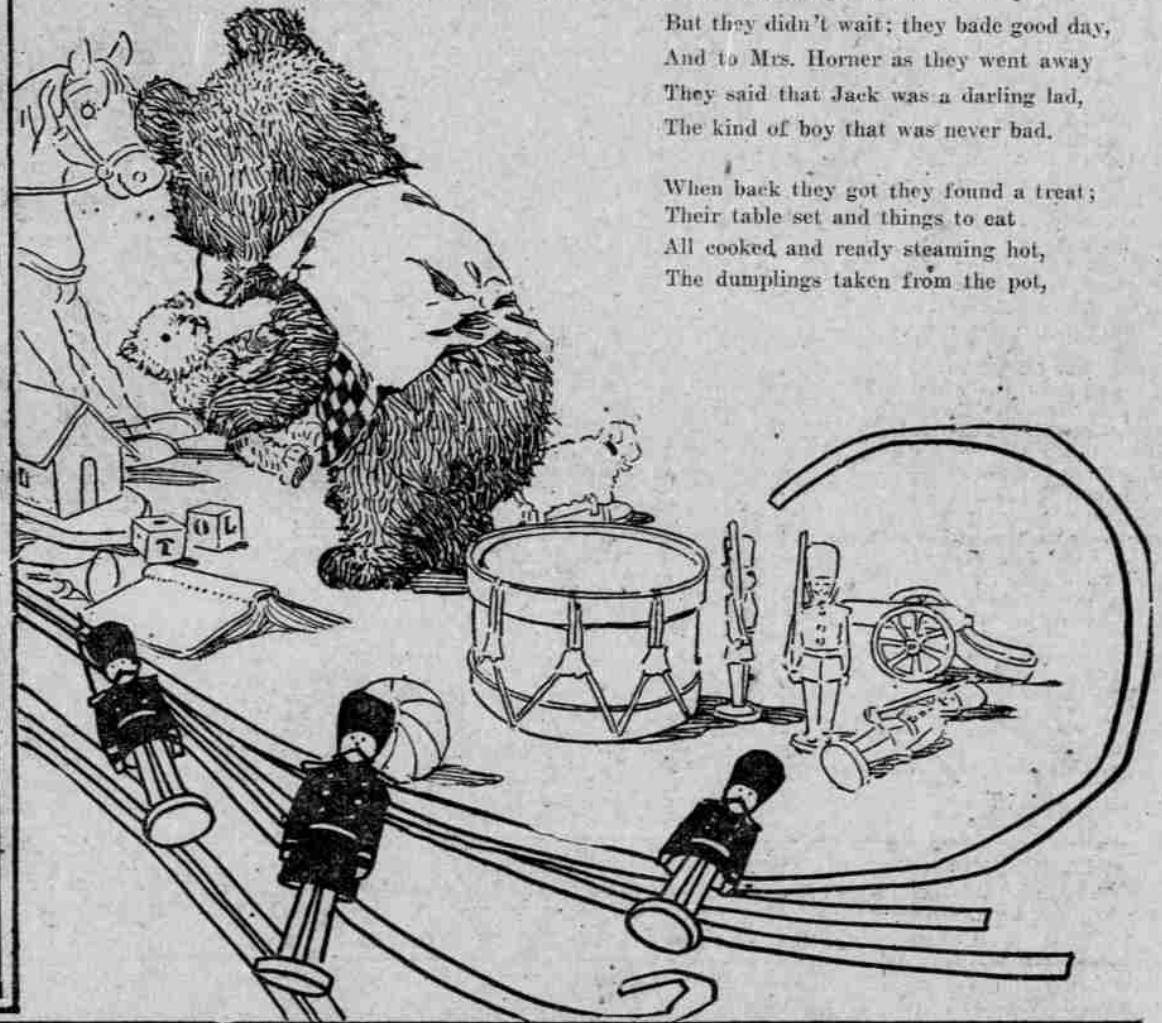
"They found a snowhouse in the yard,
With a snow policeman there on guard."

They asked Mrs. Horner about the lad,
If always good, or ever bad;
His age and looks, the clothes he wore,
And if she sent him to the store,
And if sometimes he stayed out late,
And about his dinner, how much he ate,
And if he did the things she said
From breakfast time till he went to bed;
And then she showed his photograph,
The funniest thing; it made them laugh:
For this little lad was round and plump,
With dimpled cheeks, the jolliest lump,
And not a bit like the kind of lad
Who runs away and acts up bad.
TEDDY-B made notes in a little book
And then they started out to look.

They searched the house from room to room,
And swept the floors with brush and broom,
And looked in dishes, tubs and pots,
And under rugs and chairs and cots,
And behind the pictures on the walls
In parlor, dining-room and halls,
And in the bathtub they looked for him,
Where boys sometimes learn how to swim;
And, last of all, they took a peep
To see if he had gone to sleep
With Christmas toys, a score or more,
Scattered around the nursery floor;
But he wasn't there, and TEDDY-G
Picked up a Teddy Bear to see
If the little woolly thing could say
Where his master went when he walked away;
But the Teddy Bear didn't say a word;

Just chirped like a little bird.
They then went out on Wintry street
To look for marks of his little feet.
They found a snowhouse in the yard,
With snow policemen there on guard;
And here they thought perhaps he'd be.
They asked the man to let them see.
He wasn't there; no mark or sound
Of any kind of boy was found.
They stopped a wagon on the street,
Delivering groceries, fruit and meat,
And asked the man if any trace,
As round he went from place to place,
Of a little boy was in the snow;
But he shook his head to answer "No."
Then TEDDY-G proposed that they
Go search the barn and mow of hay;

"Picked up a Teddy Bear to see
If the little woolly thing could say
Where his master went when he walked away."



To follow out another scent;
And the scent this time was a good supply
Of the smell of plums in Christmas pie.
They sniffed and sniffed along the hall,
And then along the stairs and wall,
Till through the keyhole of a door
They sniffed the plums just as before.
Then in they went, and sure enough,
They found in the corner the very stuff—
A Christmas pie filled full with plums—
And the little lad tusing both his thumbs;
His face all smeared with juice and pie
From chin to nose, from nose to eye.

"Tell us your name and we'll let you free."
"I'm little Jack Horner," the lad replied;
"I sat in this corner and tried to hide
Till I ate the whole of this Christmas pie;
I'll get it finished by and by."
The pie was sitting on his knee,
And the Teddy Bears just laughed to see
His jolly face and merry eye
As he ate each plum and bite of pie.
But they didn't wait; they bade good day,
And to Mrs. Horner as they went away
They said that Jack was a darling lad,
The kind of boy that was never bad.

When back they got they found a treat;
Their table set and things to eat
All cooked and ready steaming hot,
The dumplings taken from the pot,



"A Christmas pie filled full with plums,
And the little lad using both his thumbs."

But 'twas no use; just as they feared,
This lad had simply disappeared.
TEDDY-B said he would not give in;
He had never lost, and meant to win.
"If we should fail this time," said he,
"We'll spoil all Teddy history."
Back to the house again they went

And roasted duck, and pudding, too,
All on the table there in view;
And in the center roses red
And a pretty little note, which said,
"You Teddy Bears have the queerest way,
To run away on Christmas day;
But I suppose you're doing good,"
And signed, "Your friend, Red Riding Hood."