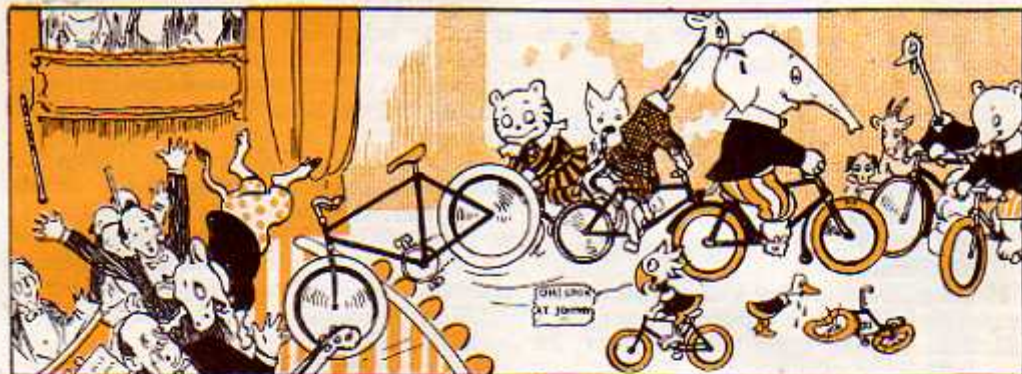


GET INTO MISCHIEF AT THE PLAYHOUSE



"Capital! Capital!" cried the manager, as the curtain went down again. "What else can you do?" "Can you lead us some bicycles?" asked Tim. "Oh, yes!" said the manager. "Well, bring them in," answered Tim, far too excited to remember his manners. "We'll show you some trick riding—my troupe know heaps of tricks." And they did, too. There was scarcely anything the boys couldn't do on a bicycle. But the people clapped so that they got rather venturesome. "Look out!" cried Tim suddenly. But it was too late. With a crash and a roar Johnny Hull and his bicycle went spinning—right into the middle of the orchestra below!



"What are you going to do now?" asked the boys, as Johnny came clapping up to the others. "It would be rather fun to try some juggling," said Tim, with a mischievous twinkle. "Rather!" said Jacko, who had watched it done heaps of times. "We want a lot of plates and glasses and a basin or two. If we all stand in a row and start sending the things spinning at once it'll look fine. It's quite simple." Da, it wasn't. They sent the things up in the air right enough, but the job was to catch them again. Crash! went a couple of plates. "Horrors!" whispered Jumbo, as a big basin slipped through his fingers and slid down on to the floor with a bang.



"We've done it now," said Tim, as he caught sight of the angry face of the manager, who was coming towards them as fast as he could. "Run, boys!" They didn't need telling twice. Away they rushed, helter-skelter. Jumbo and Bobby Bruin sprang into one of the stage-boxes, and frightened a lady into hysterics; Tim leapt on to the ledge that ran round the balcony; Joey flew up to the gallery, and escaped by the stairs; but how the others got away they couldn't tell you—that manager never saw one of them again! But, sad to relate, Mrs. Hippo was really angry this time, and for playing truant gave them what they richly deserved—well, you can guess!