



Under the Home

First Grade Science Lesson Printout

Peter and Polly in Autumn by Rose Lucia

Learn from the Masters

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LESSON 1: TWO CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS 4

LESSON 2: PLAYING SCHOOL..... 5

LESSON 3: POLLY'S PUPILS 6

LESSON 4: A BITE OF APPLE..... 8

LESSON 5: THE MAPLE-LEAF CHAIN..... 10

LESSON 6: IN THE WOODS 13

LESSON 7: A CAP OF BURDOCK BURRS..... 15

LESSON 8: PETER'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY 17

LESSON 9: PETER'S FUNNY BED..... 21

LESSON 10: THE STONE-WALL POST OFFICE 24

LESSON 11: THE TREE WITH A STONE IN IT..... 26

LESSON 12: THE BOILING SPRINGS PART I 28

LESSON 13: THE BOILING SPRINGS PART II..... 30

LESSON 14: AT THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP..... 32

LESSON 15: THE FOUR HORSESHOES..... 34

LESSON 16: THE BONFIRE..... 35

LESSON 17: TIM'S FOOTBALL 37

LESSON 18: THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES 39

LESSON 19: JACK FROST'S CELEBRATION..... 41

LESSON 20: TAKING ORDERS..... 43

LESSON 21: PETER'S HAIRCUT 46

LESSON 22: COMFORT 49

LESSON 23: THE LOST PIG 50

LESSON 24: THE DOLL FAMILY..... 53

LESSON 25: CLOTHESHORSE TENTS 55

LESSON 26: THE TENT STORE 57

LESSON 27: THE CIRCUS 59

LESSON 28: STARTING FOR THE FAIR 62

LESSON 29: A BUNCH OF BALLOONS..... 65

LESSON 30: THE BROKEN SHOW CASE 68

LESSON 31: BLACKY'S FISH 70

LESSON 32: FISHERMAN'S LUCK..... 72

UNDER THE HOME FIRST GRADE SCIENCE LESSONS

LESSON 33: HOW PETER CATCHES FISH..... 73
LESSON 34: POLLY GOES TO A WEDDING PART I 75
LESSON 35: POLLY GOES TO A WEDDING PART II 77
LESSON 36: THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON..... 79

Lesson 1: Two Children and Their Pets

Do you know Peter and Polly Howe? Polly is a little girl. She is about as old as you.

She has blue eyes. She has red curls. She has freckles on her face.

Peter is Polly's little brother. Have you a little brother, too? Perhaps your brother is like Peter.



Do you play out of doors every day? Do you pick flowers? Do you go fishing? Do you wade in the brook? Peter and Polly do.

In the winter they play in the snow. Perhaps their games are just like yours.

They roll snowballs and make snowmen. They slide and they build snow forts.

Often they play with their pets. Their father's cow, Black Bess, is one of them. Their mother's horse, Mary, is another.

Their father gave them a dog. Their mother gave them a cat.

The dog has a short tail. He wags his whole body when he wags his tail. So they named him Wag-wag.

You can guess why the cat is called Blacky.

One of Blacky's kittens never grew large. She stayed as small as a little kitten. She was a dwarf.

Peter named her Black Baby. Wag-wag likes Black Baby. He lies close beside her. He laps her with his soft red tongue.

Black Baby likes Wag-wag, too. She cuddles up to him and goes to sleep.

Best of all she likes Black Bess. She sits for hours in the cow's manger.



One evening Peter and Polly went to the barn. They were hunting for Black Baby.

At last they found her. Where do you think she was? Why, she was curled up on the cow's back!

After that she took many naps there. At night, she nearly always sleeps with Black Bess.

Lesson 2: Playing School

Early in September school began. The schoolhouse was a small white building. In front of it was a large yard. This was a good place to play.

Polly went to school every day except Saturdays and Sundays. She liked it very much. Peter stayed at home and played with Tim and Wag-wag and Collie. He liked that better than going to school.

Polly came home from school early. She had plenty of time to play.

One day Polly said, "I know something to do. Let's have a school."

"We used to do that," said Peter.

"Yes, we did, Peter. But I know how to play it better than I did. I go to school now, so I can play it better."

"I do not like to play school," said Tim. "Let's not."

"We are going to," said Polly. "You need not, if you do not wish."

"Well," said Tim, "I will, if Collie may play, too."

"Of course, Collie may," said Polly. "Dogs make good pupils. Wag-wag must play, too. Peter, please go into the house and get some of the doll family. Then we shall have quite a large school."

"Shall we have it out of doors?" asked Peter. "You do not have your real one out of doors."

"Sometimes we do," said Polly. "I like that very much. You and I will have ours out of doors until it is winter."

"I wish it were winter now," said Peter. "I am tired of autumn."

"Well, I am not," said Polly. "I hope that it will be autumn for a long, long time."

"It will not," Tim said. "My father thinks that a hard frost will come any night. He has taken all our pumpkins into the barn."



"So has my father," said Polly. "Oh, I know something! We will play school in the barn. Then we will use the pumpkins for chairs. Come on!"

Polly and Peter picked up the doll family, and away the three children ran. After them ran Collie and Wag-wag.

Lesson 3: Polly's Pupils

In the barn the children looked for pumpkins which had no stems left on them. Some of them were so large that they made good seats.

"We will put four small seats in the front row," said Polly. "Those are for the four dolls. Then we will have four in the next row. Those are for you two boys and Wag-wag and Collie.

"My chair is out here in front. I shall be the teacher. I shall always be the teacher."

"We do not care," said Peter. "If you are the teacher all the time, we shall be naughty boys some of the time."

"No, you will not," said Polly. "Now, boys, take your seats."

"If you say, 'Take your seats,' I shall not do it," said Tim. "You must say, 'Take your pumpkins.'"

"If you say, 'Take your pumpkins,'" said Peter, "I shall really take mine and go away."



"Oh, dear!" said Polly. "What shall I do with two naughty boys? I know. You get the dogs and make them sit on their pumpkins."

The two biggest pumpkins had been put in the row for the two dogs. Tim showed Collie what he was to do.

Collie is a very smart dog. He knew what Tim meant. He was willing to play school. So he tried to sit upon the pumpkin. He was so big that one of his legs kept slipping off.

When Wag-wag saw Collie on his seat, he jumped up on the next one. He was small, so it was easy for him to sit there. "Now, Collie," said the teacher, "how many are two and three?"

Just then Collie slipped off his pumpkin. Polly played that he meant to stand.

"That is right," said the teacher. "You must always stand, when you answer a question. Now, can you tell me I Then come down here and I will help you."

Collie walked out to the teacher.

"You mind very well," said she. "I will show you about two and three. Speak, Collie!"

Collie barked. His master had taught him to do that.

"Speak again!"

Collie barked again.

"That is right, little boy. That is two. Now do it three times more. Speak! Speak! Speak! "



Collie barked three times more.

"Very good," said the teacher. "You have barked five times. That is what two and three make. Do you understand about it?"

Just then she heard a noise. It was Tim and Peter. They were rolling their seats over the barn floor.

"Children, children, stop, stop!" cried the teacher. "What are you doing? Take your seats!"

"We have taken them," shouted Peter. "We have taken them away. It is recess. We are playing it is winter. We are rolling snowballs. See how big they are."

"I will have a bigger one," said Polly. And she ran to get Collie's seat.

Out of the barn and down the driveway rolled the pumpkins. And that was the end of playing school for that day.

Lesson 4: A Bite of Apple

Children," said father, "I must have you work for me this morning."

"What shall we do?" asked Polly. "I almost always like the things you ask us to do."

"This time I am sure that you will like it," said father. "You see, mother is ready to make some jelly. And the apples are ready to be made into jelly."

"Goody, goody!" cried Polly.

"Goody, goody!" cried Peter.

"Why are you saying that?" asked father.

"Because I like apples," said Peter.

"Because I like jelly," said Polly.

"Then come with me, children. Put on your boots. The grass is still wet with dew. Here are two baskets. You may fill them. When they are filled, bring them to mother."



"Shall we fill them just once?" asked Polly. "That isn't much work."

"Oh, no. You must fill them as many times as mother says."

"They are so small that they will not hold many big apples," said Polly. "I could carry a larger basket, and so could Peter."

"These are large enough," said father. "And you are not going to fill them with large apples, but with crab apples. They make good jelly. Some of the large apples are not ripe yet."

"Here we are. Now I will get up in this tree. I will shake the branches. Keep out from underneath. If you do not, you will get hit."

Father climbed the tree. He shook the branches. Down came the crab apples.

"Oh father! How pretty they are!" shouted Polly. "They are red and yellow. Do you think that the jelly will be red and yellow, too?"

"There were some on the ground before," said Peter. "But just look at them now. It will take us all day to pick them up."

"I shall take the very largest ones, Peter," said Polly. "Maybe they will make the best jelly."

Polly and Peter filled their baskets. Mother emptied them. She said, "Please get me some more. I must make many tumblers of jelly. It will be for you to eat next winter."

"Will the largest crab apples make the best jelly, mother?" asked Polly.

"I think not. But bring me those that have not been lying on the ground, if you can."

"I will fill my basket before you fill yours, Peter," shouted Polly. "Come and let us race."

This time the baskets were full before mother was ready for the apples. The children thought that this was a joke.



They hurried back for more. Peter set his basket down and picked up the apples with both hands. His basket was almost full, when he fell against it.

Over it went and the apples were spilled out. He did not like this very well.

Polly said, "I will wait for you. It is no use to hurry so. I will stop working and eat one of these big apples. They are ripe."

"How do you know?" asked Peter. "If they are not, you will have a stomach ache."

"The seeds are all black. See!" said Polly. "Besides, father took some into the house last night. He told mother that they were ripe. So I dare to eat one."

"Then I will eat one, too, Polly. I am hungry. I have worked hard."

"You are always hungry, Peter. And I think that you ought to work hard enough to put those apples back into your basket."

"Wait until I get this big one eaten and I will," said Peter. "You don't eat yours very fast. I think that you are afraid of it."

Polly had been walking about. She had been kicking the apples which lay on the ground. She had been watching the clouds. She had forgotten all about eating her apple. You see, she was not very hungry.

"I am not afraid," she said. And she put the apple to her mouth for a bite.

But she did not take that bite. Instead, she dropped the apple. She opened her mouth wide. She cried, "Ow, ow, ow!"

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" asked Peter.

"Something stung me!" said Polly. "Something stung me on my tongue. I know what it was, too. It was a wasp. I saw him eating my apple a minute ago."

Mother looked at Polly's tongue. It was swollen.

"Poor Polly," she said. "I am sorry. But it is not a very bad sting. It will soon feel better. Why did you put the wasp into your mouth?"

"He was on the apple when I took a bite, mother. So he got into my mouth."

"I guess he did not like it," said Peter. "I guess, he flew away as soon as Polly said, 'Ow.'"



Mother laughed. "Oh Polly," she said, "this will teach you something new. When father comes home, he will say that you must always 'Look before you bite.'"

Lesson 5: The Maple-Leaf Chain

One day, Polly brought something pretty home from school. She showed it to Peter.

She said, "See this wreath of red leaves. I made it. One of the big girls taught me how. I will teach you."



"All right," said Peter. "I have been waiting for you to come home. I thought that you would play with me."

"I will," said Polly. "Let us both hunt for red leaves. They have begun to fall from the trees."

"There are none under these trees in our yard. These are elms. See, their leaves are all yellow."

"I know where to get red leaves," said Peter. "Come down by the fence. The trees down there have red leaves. They have yellow ones, too."

"Yes, they have, Peter. Those are the trees that we tap in the spring. They are sugar maples."

"See," said Peter, "here are many red maple leaves on the ground. And here are many yellow maple leaves, too. And here are a few green leaves.

"I shall use some of the yellow ones in my wreath. They will be pretty."

Polly said, "I will make one wreath all yellow. This is the way to do it. Watch!

"Break the stem off every leaf. Then lay the point of one leaf over the bottom of another. Lay it over just a little.

"Now use one of the stems for a pin. Pin through both leaves. That will hold them together. Then you can pin on another, like this":



"I see," said Peter. "I can do it. First, I shall take a red leaf. Next I shall take a yellow leaf. It is a good way."

"Yes, it is, Peter. See my wreath. It is large enough. I shall wear it on my head. First, I must fasten the ends together. I will show you how to do it."

Polly took another stem-pin. She pinned the first leaf and the last leaf together. This made a circle. She put the wreath on her head. It fitted very well.

"Now I have a crown," she said. "So, of course, I am a queen. Finish your wreath and you may be a king."

Peter put his on his head. Then he made a larger one. He wore this around his neck.

"What are you doing now, Polly?" he asked. "Why are you making such a big one?"

Polly had made a very long chain of maple leaves.

She said, "I am not going to make this into a wreath. I am just going to keep on making a chain.

"I shall hang it on the fence. By and by, it will be so long that it will reach to Tim's house. You help."



Peter made short chains. Polly joined these to the long one. She hung the long one over the pickets of the fence. The red and the yellow leaves looked very pretty on the white fence.

"I believe I like autumn," said Polly. "I like to swing way up into the yellow elm leaves. I like to make wreaths.

"It is fun playing in the leaves. Only I do wish that they could stay on the trees always."

"Then you could not play in them," said Peter. "But most of them are up on the trees yet."

"I know that," said Polly. "But they keep falling down. See the wind blow them. Their stems are all loose. Look at our long chain."

"We can never make one all the way up to Tim's," said Peter. "I am going to stop until tomorrow. We can do more then."

"All right," said Polly. "It is getting dark anyway. We could not see much longer. I wish that night would not come so early. Let's go in."

When morning came, the children ran to look at their lovely chain. What do you think had happened?

Why, in the night, the red and yellow leaves had begun to curl up. They had begun to grow brown. The chain was no longer very pretty.

Lesson 6: In the Woods

Let us go after those beechnuts today," said Tim to Peter. "My mother says that I may."

"The squirrels take all the nuts," said Peter. "We cannot find any."

"Yes, we can," said Tim. "We can get the beechnuts before the squirrels do. Only we must hurry. See if you may go."

Mother said, "Yes." Then the boys went through the field back of Tim's house. They passed the sandbank. Soon they came to the edge of the woods.



The woods were not green any longer. The trees were bright with colors. There were many red and yellow sugar maples. Tim's father always tapped these in the spring.

A few of the trees in the woods were evergreens. Their needles were a dark green.

And there were many beech trees. Their leaves had turned brown and yellow.

"See, Peter," said Tim. "Some of the leaves have come down. I am glad. We can play in them."

"No," said Peter. "We must hunt for beechnuts. Let us find a beech tree. Then we will look on the ground for nuts."

"All right," said Tim. And he began to hunt for beechnuts under a maple tree.

He looked on top of the leaves. He scraped up the leaves. But not one single nut did he find.

"There are no nuts," he said. "This is not a beechnut year. I shall not hunt anymore."



Just then Peter shouted, "Oh, come here, come here! I have found some! See, see! The squirrels have not taken them all."

He held out his hand. In it were some small, brown nuts. They were three-cornered nuts. Two were in a prickly burr.

"There are more on the ground," he said. "And, Oh Tim! Look up into the tree! I can see burrs all over it. I wish that we could climb up and knock them off."

"I wish so, too," said Tim. "I am going back to look up into my tree. Maybe they have not come down from my tree."

When Peter saw Tim looking up into a maple, he laughed.

"Oh Tim!" he said. "Of course, you cannot find any beechnuts there. Beechnuts do not grow on maples. Find a beech."

Soon Tim found a tree like Peter's. The leaves were not the shape of maple leaves. The bark was smoother than maple bark. It had gray spots on it.

Tim began to find nuts, too. He put them into his pocket. That is where Peter put his.

It was not easy work to find such little nuts. Sometimes they were lying on the leaves. Sometimes the leaves hid them.

"It is easier to pick up butternuts," said Peter. "I could fill my pockets with them very quickly. I shall never get my pockets filled with beechnuts. I have enough any way. Let's go home."

"In a minute," said Tim. "Let's sit here a little while. See the leaves come down. I can hear them, too. Can you?"

"Yes," said Peter. "And I shall be glad when they are all down. I am wishing for winter all the time. My mother says that it will come soon."

The woods were very still. The boys heard no birds singing. Some of them had gone south. Those that were left did not sing.

There was no noise but the sound of the leaves as they fell down from the trees.

Peter got up and scuffed in the fallen leaves.

"I like the smell of them," he said. "Now I am going home. Come on."

So home through the field they went. Collie met them. He jumped around them and barked. Perhaps he said, "Why didn't you take me with you?"

Tim put his hand into his pocket to show Collie his beechnuts. But he could not find them.

He turned his pocket inside out. Still he found no nuts. Instead, he found a large hole.



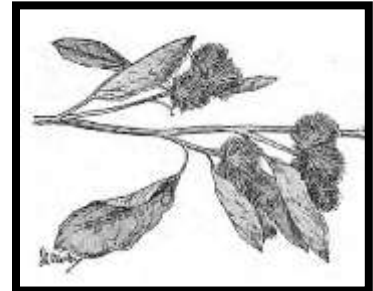
He said to Peter, "The squirrels take most of the nuts, and the hole takes the rest. I think that is a good joke. Let us go for more, tomorrow."

Lesson 7: A Cap of Burdock Burrs

One day, Peter and Polly went to their father's store for mother. On the way home, they noticed some burdock plants.

"See," said Polly, "they are just covered with burrs. As soon as we carry this sugar home, we will come back here and pick some."

"I will pick one now," said Peter. "Oh, my! Oh, my! How prickly it is! Why shall we come back and pick burrs? I do not like to."



"Burrs are prickly," said Polly. "I felt of them yesterday. One of the big girls had some. She was making baskets out of them. It will be fun for us to do that."

So the children carried home the sugar. They told mother about the burdock burrs. Then they went back to pick them.

Have you ever picked any? If you have, you know that they cling to your fingers. And they cling to one another. They do not wish to let go.

Peter made his burrs into a round ball. He said, "Here is a good baseball. In a minute, I shall make it as large as a football."



"Your baseball is a soft one," said Polly. "You cannot bat it very well. If you kick your football, it will come to pieces."

"I shall try it just the same," said Peter. "When are you going to make your baskets?"

"I have picked enough burrs now," said Polly. "Let us sit on the grass near the sidewalk. Then I will show you how to make them."

Polly stuck ten or twelve burrs together. She kept them flat like a mat. Then around the edge she stuck a row which stood up straight. Then another on that, and another until the outside of the basket was high enough.

After that she made a handle from one side to the other. She said, "That is a good basket. Of course, I cannot carry it by the handle, for then the handle would come off."

"Let us make some other baskets," said Peter. "I can make one that is smaller than yours. I wish that the burrs did not stick to my fingers so."

"I will make a basket with square corners, now," said Polly.

"I wish that I could make a hat," said Peter. "You do it for me."

Polly made a very good hat. Then she made another.

She said, "Those hats are too small. I am going to make quite a large plate. I am going to have that for my hat."

She made the plate. She put it on her head. She pressed it down hard. Her hair was very thick and curly. The burrs caught in her thick hair. The hat stayed nicely.

"I have found a hat that will not come off when the wind blows," said Polly. "I like it very much." And she pressed down the burrs again.

"Let's go home now," said Peter. "We can take our football and the baskets and the hats. You can take off your big hat to show to mother."

Polly put up her hand. She pulled at the burdock burrs. The hat began to come to pieces. A few burrs came off her head. But the others were caught in her hair.

She could not get rid of them without pulling her hair very badly. The more she tried, the more her hair became gnarled.

At last she said, "Oh Peter! What shall I do I What shall I do? My hair is all mixed up with those old burrs. I cannot get them out."

"Let me do it," said Peter. He pulled off a few more pieces. He tried to be careful. But he pulled Polly's hair very badly.

At last she said, "You cannot do that anymore. It hurts too much. Besides you will pull out all my hair. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Come," said Peter. "Mother will fix it."

The children ran to find mother.

"Oh mother!" Polly cried. "See what I have done. I put some burdock burrs on my head for a hat. Now I cannot get them off. Can you, mother?"

"Perhaps I can, dear. I will try. But I may hurt you. Can you be a brave little girl? Or should you rather have me cut some of your hair?"

"Have it cut, Polly," said Peter, "It is fun to have short hair."

"No," said Polly. "I like my hair. It curls. I can be brave and let you pull, mother."

So mother carefully picked the burrs from Polly's curls. It took a long, long time. Before she was finished, Polly was very tired. So was mother. But Polly was not cross once.

She said, "I know that you cannot help pulling, mother. And I think it is good of you to help me. If you did not, I should have to get Peter's barber to cut my hair short like Peter's. I am never going to wear a burr hat again."

Polly's mother only said, "I shall be glad, if you do not."



Lesson 8: Peter's Fifth Birthday

Mother, when is my birthday?" asked Peter. "I wish I could be five years old soon."

"You will be five years old soon, Peter. Your birthday is the very last day of this month. It comes on Halloween. Do you know about that?"

"Yes, mother, I know. The big boys and the big girls go out with Jack-o'-lanterns and scare people."

"Sometimes they do," said mother. "I am going to let you have a birthday party this year. Are you glad?"

"Oh, goody, goody, mother! May Tim come?"

"Yes, Peter, and you may ask three other boys to your party. Which shall you choose?"

"I shall choose Ned and Jack and Will. When may I ask them?"

"Any time you wish, Peter. Ask them to come to your party on the last day of October. I will speak to their mothers about it."

Peter awoke early on the morning of his birthday. He called to Polly. Mother heard him.

She said, "Turn on the light, Peter. You may begin to dress, if you wish. There are some presents for you downstairs."

"Did Santa Claus leave them?" asked Peter. "I must hurry and look. May I go down before I dress?"

"If you wish," said mother.

When he ran downstairs, he found a sled, a pair of mittens, a book, and a new fur cap. He liked these very much.

All that day Peter was quite busy. First, he had to help father. Father was working in the barn. He was making Jack-o'-lanterns.

He made big ones and middle-sized ones and little ones. All had funny faces. All were smiling at something. Peter helped to scrape out the insides of the pumpkins.

He said, "I never before saw so many Jack-o'-lanterns. I am glad that you planted lots of pumpkin seeds. What shall we do with so many?"

"Mother will show you by and by," said father.

When the lanterns were done, Peter helped mother. They put the lanterns in the dining room. Some were on a table. Some were on a shelf. Some were on the sideboard. The room was full of smiling lanterns.



Next Peter helped mother wash and polish five apples. These were for an apple game. They hung by strings from the top of the room. They hung down into the middle of the room.

The boys would try to take a bite of these apples without touching them with their hands. This would be fun.

At last it was time for the party to begin. Tim came first. He wished to start playing at once. But just then the three other boys came. Then the fun began.

Tim tried to take a bite out of one swinging apple. But he got only some hard knocks on his nose. The apple was so slippery that he could not get a piece without using his hands.



"I do not wish a bite anyway," said Tim. "You play that game, Ned. I will do something else."

"Here is my train of cars," said Peter. "Let us play with that."

"I shall be the engineer," said Tim. But he ran the engine so fast that the train went off the track.

Then they all played tag. This was fun until Jack tumbled over a chair. He bumped his nose, but he did not care much.

Mrs. Howe said, "You must play a quieter game now. Try puss in the corner. There are four corners in this room and there are five boys."

"Peter, you must be the first one without a corner."

What fun it was changing corners! At last Tim was in the middle. He could not get a corner. He grew tired of trying.

He said, "May we play leapfrog? I will be the first frog."

All the boys but Peter could jump quite well. Peter got stuck. He had to be the next frog.

Then Ned tumbled over his back. So Ned had to be the frog.

At last Mrs. Howe said, "You boys must be hungry. You; nave worked hard. Supper is almost ready. There is time for one game of hide and seek. You may all hide. I will hunt for you. Hurry, while I count five hundred."

Off they ran. After a minute, they heard her call, "One, two, three; look out for me, for I am coming; one, two, three."

She uncovered her eyes and turned around. She saw Peter behind a chair. Then she said, "I spy Peter, and touch the goal before him."

Behind the door she found Will. So she said, "I spy Will, and touch the goal before him."

Just at that minute somebody under the couch sneezed and then somebody laughed. Mother found Jack and Ned there.

She said, "I spy Jack and Ned, and touch the goal before them."

Only Tim was left. He could not be found. Mother hunted everywhere for him. At last she called, "I give up, Tim. You are safe. Come out now."

Tim walked in from the hall. He had been hiding under Mr. Howe's long coat. It hung from a hook nearly to the floor.

"I beat, didn't I?" asked Tim.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Howe. "Now come to the dining room. I hear grandmother. She and Polly have just come in. We were waiting supper for Polly."

She opened the door and the children looked in.

"Oh, oh, oh!" they cried. Then they began to laugh. You see, every Jack-o'-lantern was lighted. Everyone was grinning at them.

And besides, there, on the table, was Peter's birthday cake. That looked very good.

What fun those children had at supper! And the Jack-o'-lanterns must have had fun, too. Anyway, they smiled a great deal.

When the boys went home, each carried a large piece of Peter's cake and a box of candy with him.



The Jack-o'-lanterns stayed all night. They had never before been to a party. Perhaps they talked about it, when everyone had gone to bed.

Lesson 9: Peter's Funny Bed

One morning Peter said to Polly, "I have seen plenty of red leaves. I am glad about it. I wish to have winter soon."

"I am not glad about it, Peter. I think that the red leaves are pretty. But by and by they will all fall from the trees. After that, cold weather will come."

"Yes, it will," said Peter. "The snow and the ice will be here. That is what I like. I think that summer has been long enough."

"I wish that it would last all the year," said Polly. "We stay out of doors more in the summer. It is Saturday, today. I am going to play up at Tim's. Will you come?"



"Yes," said Peter, "I will. I am glad that it is Saturday. You can play with me all day."

Polly and Peter and Tim went into the pasture back of Tim's house. There had been a frost in the night. But it had not hurt the grass and the flowers much.

"It is time for nuts," said Tim. "We will get butternuts over in your field, Peter. But we can get beechnuts up here in my woods. Shall we today?"

"No," said Polly. "Let's not today. Let's go to the sandbank and play in the sand. We can hunt for beechnuts some other time."

The sandbank was high. Near the top there were many, many round holes. The children knew what made them.

"See the swallows' holes," said Polly. "I believe that there are more than ever."

"I should like to see inside one," said Tim. "It must be dark."

"We must let those holes alone," said Polly. "I think that the swallows have all gone south, but maybe they have not. We must not touch their homes."

"We cannot reach them anyway," said Tim. "I tried it the other day. I was not going to hurt the holes. I just wished to look into them."

"Let's build forts," said Peter. "I will build one here."

At the bottom of the sandbank the soft sand was deep. It was a fine place to play.

"I will get some sticks for soldiers," said Polly. "Then they will capture your fort."

"They will not," said Peter. "I shall make my fort too strong. Besides I shall have some big guns on the top."

"I shall not play war," said Tim. "I shall build a city. See, here are my streets. Here are my houses. These sticks are my people. This great big house is a church."

It was fun playing in the sand. It got into the children's shoes. And Tim put some sand down Peter's neck. The sun was very bright and hot. It did not seem like autumn.

At last Peter said, "I have built enough things. What else shall we play?"

"I know," said Polly. "Let us dig holes and bury ourselves."

Soon three holes were dug. But the children could not cover themselves up very well. So Polly said, "We will take turns."

"Bury me first, then," said Peter. "I have worked hard. I am tired. The hole will be a nice soft bed."

"You are always tired or hungry," said Polly. "I think that you are just lazy. But Tim and I will bury you. We will let you be first this time."

So Polly and Tim covered Peter all over except his face. Then Polly put Peter's hat over his face so that the sun would not shine in his eyes.

She said, "You may stay buried until we call you. Then it will be our turn."

She and Tim played in the sand for a few minutes. Then they went farther up the field. In this way, they could get on top of the high sandbank.

They lay down and looked over the edge. They could see Peter. He was perfectly still.

Polly called to him. "Peter, Peter," she said. "Do you wish to come up here with us?"

Peter did not answer. He did not move.

"He has gone to sleep," said Polly. "How funny! I know something. Let's leave him there. He will get enough of being buried. He will not wish to be first, the next time."

After quite a long while, Peter woke. He had forgotten where he was. He tried to turn over. But he could not.

"What is the matter with me?" he thought to himself. "Where am I? What is on my face? I feel very odd."

At last he remembered. Then he called, "Polly! Polly! Come and dig me out! I have been buried long enough. I do not like my bed anymore.

Polly did not answer.

He called again and again.

Then he said to himself, "Well, I do believe that she has gone off and left me here. I must dig myself out."

At last he stood up. He was covered with sand. But that would brush off. He was not very much pleased with Polly and Tim.

As he started home he said, "Sometimes, when I go to sleep, nice things happen. Once I caught a fish. And sometimes things happen that are not nice. It was not nice to be left all alone."

Lesson 10: The Stone-Wall Post Office

Around Peter's house is a beautiful field. This is Mr. Howe's hayfield. You can find it on the map at the bottom of this page.

The children like this field. All the year round, it is a pleasant place.

In the spring they find blue violets here. In the summer, they watch the birds that make nests in the tall grass. In the winter, they slide here on the crust.

At the farther side of the field, there are some trees. These are butternut trees. In front of the trees is a stone wall.

Peter and Polly like to play by this wall. Sometimes they play that it is a post office.

The holes in the wall are the boxes. There is a box for everyone in the village. Peter has more than one box, and so has Polly.

The children take turns being the postmaster. If Peter is the postmaster, Polly calls for the mail.

The real post office is in their father's store. So they have often seen Mr. Howe put the mail into the boxes.



They use little sticks for the post cards. Leaves are the letters. Stones are the packages. Sometimes the boxes are full of mail—especially Peter's and Polly's.

Often they play that it is Christmas time. Then the boxes are full of packages. It is fun to guess what is in each package.

One day Peter said, "There is a knife in this package. I like it. There is a hammer in this package. I will build a house with it.

"There is a game in this package. Will you play it with me, Polly? And, Oh Polly! There is a pony in this package! That is what I wish for most of all."

"But, Peter, a pony is too big to be in your post office box. It would not come by mail."

"Then Santa Claus will bring it," said Peter. "If I get it, I do not care how it comes."

One day the children saw that the butternuts were falling.

Polly said, "Let's pick up all we can. We will put them in our post office boxes. When they are full, we will bring your cart. Then we can take the nuts home. We will crack them next winter."

So they filled the boxes with nuts. The nuts were still green. The children stained their hands with them.

While they were playing with the nuts, they saw two squirrels. These sat in the trees above them. They watched Peter and Polly with their bright eyes, and scolded them a great deal.

"They want our nuts," said Polly. "But we have put them into our post office boxes. We will keep them."

The next day the children went for their nuts. They took Peter's cart with them. What do you think they found?

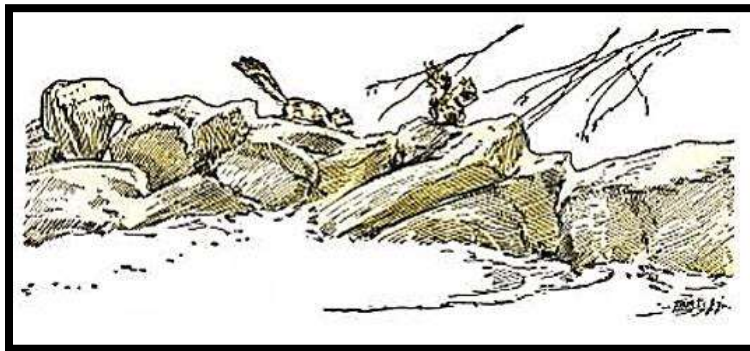
Why, they found their boxes empty! The nuts were all gone!

"Someone bad has been here," said Peter.

Polly laughed. "You always say that, Peter. I think it was those squirrels. And I don't care, because they need the nuts to eat this winter."

"I don't care, either," said Peter. "I think we forgot to lock our boxes."

"Perhaps we did," said Polly. "But I guess the squirrels thought the boxes were theirs. When they called for their mail, they found the boxes full. How pleased they must have been! Let's pick up more nuts for them."



So the children again filled the post office boxes with nuts. Then they went home and left them for the squirrels.

Lesson 11: The Tree with a Stone in it

Should you children like to go to walk with me?" asked father. "It is a nice Sunday afternoon. I know something interesting to show you."

"Oh, yes!" shouted Peter and Polly. "Where shall we go? Tell us fast!"

"Up the road on this side of the river," said father. "You do not often walk there. Get your coats and your mittens. It is cold."

"Oh," said Peter, "if we have to wear mittens, then winter is here."

"The snow has not come yet," said Polly. "So the very best part of the winter is not here. I shall be glad of the snow, myself."

"See how hard the ground is," said father as they walked down the hill. "It is frozen. The sun cannot thaw it any longer."

"There are no leaves left on the maple trees," said Polly. "And there are no leaves left on the elm trees."

"Let us look for signs of late fall and winter," said father. "What can you see, Peter?"

"The birds have gone," said Peter.

"Yes," said father. "Just those are left that stay with us all winter. Now Polly."

"I said about the leaves, father."

"Very well. Peter, you tell next."



"The squirrels have taken the nuts," said Peter. "There are no more on the ground."

"I know two boys who took some of those nuts," father said. "Didn't you and Tim have as many as you wished?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "And the squirrels must have had all that they wished, too."

"They need them in the winter," said Polly. "And we do not. I know more signs. The goldenrod is not yellow anymore. And the other flowers have dried up."

"The corn is cut," said Peter. "It is standing up in bundles."

"Yes," father said. "Mother calls those bundles of corn dancing ladies. See, that field is full of them."

"Some of the ladies are very fat," said Peter. "And they do not dance very fast. I can think of something else. The pumpkins are all taken from the fields."

"And I go to school," said Polly.

"People have been making bonfires," said Peter.

"People have been cutting boughs," said Polly. "They have covered up plants with them. They have piled them around their houses, too. That is a good sign of winter."

"The road is frozen," said Peter. "And it is cold enough to wear mittens."

"Thanksgiving is coming soon," said Polly. "That is the best sign yet. It is coming this very month."

"Goody, goody!" cried Peter. "I know that we are going to eat Thanksgiving dinner at grandmother's."

"I know it, too," said Polly. "Father, what are you going to show us? Are we nearly there?"

"Very nearly, Polly. Do you see that big maple tree? It has no leaves now. But I know that it is a maple by the shape and by the bark. Can you tell that, too?"

"I see it," said Polly. "But what is there interesting about it?"

"Come and look. The interesting thing is at this side. It is near the bottom of the tree. Find it, if you can."

"It looks just like all the other maple trees," said Peter. "Are they all interesting?"

"Yes," said father. "But not in this way. What have you found, Polly?"

"A hole," said Polly. "I will kneel down and see if there is anything in it."

"You are getting very warm," said father. "If you look hard, you will find the interesting thing."

"I see it! Oh, I see it, father!" cried Polly. "There is a flat stone in this hole. It is a big one. How could it get in there?"

"The tree has grown right around it," said father. "I do not know just how. But that stone has been in this tree ever since I can remember.

"The tree was not so large when I was a boy. We boys always used to call it 'the tree with a stone in it.'"

"Do the other children know about it now, father? I never heard of it before. May we show them?"

"Of course you may show them," said father. "They ought to see such an interesting thing."

"This is as good as our dwarf kitten," said Polly. "I wish that we could have it in a circus with her."

"You can, if you have your circus up here," said father.

Lesson 12: The Boiling Springs Part I

"Mother, may I have an egg and some salt? And may Peter and I go walking?"

"Where, Polly?"

"Up the road to the blacksmith's shop. Then on the hill in his pasture."

"What is up there, Polly?"

"I am not sure, mother. The big boys say that there is a boiling spring on the hill. Do you think so, mother?"

"You may go to see, Polly. Peter may go, too. Yes, you may have an egg and some salt."

The children started down the hill. They came to the railroad track.

"Look for the trains, Peter," said Polly.

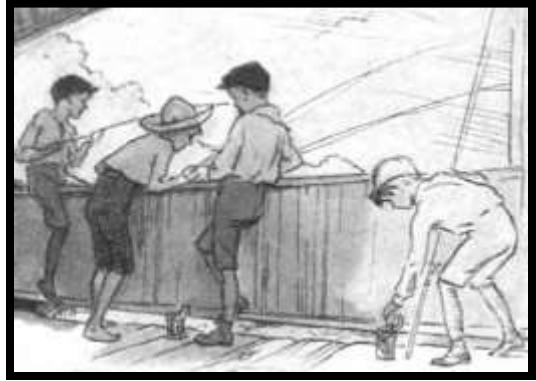
"I do not see any, so come along, Polly."

Next, they crossed the bridge. It was high above the river. Some big boys were fishing from the bridge.

"Have you caught anything?" asked Peter. "I caught a fish once, when I went to sleep."

The big boys laughed.

"I heard that your cat catches your fish for you," said one. "I should like such a smart cat."



"She does not always," said Peter. "Sometimes I do. Goodbye."

At the water tub, Polly turned to the right. The other road would take them to father's store.

"Where are we going, Polly?"

"To find the boiling spring, Peter. It is up in the blacksmith's pasture."

"There is the schoolhouse, Polly. When I am as old as you, I am going to school. I am five years old now."

"Not yet, Peter. Not until October. Your birthday is then. It is only August now."

"Then I am most five and that is more than half past four. I was half past four a long time. See, there is the blacksmith. Let's call to him."

The blacksmith was standing in the shop door.

When he heard them, he said, "Good morning, Polly. Good morning, Peter. Where are you going?"

"We are going to find the boiling spring," answered Polly. "It is up in your pasture. Do you know just where it is?"

"Yes," said the blacksmith. "Do you boys and girls call it that, too? When I was a boy, we always called it so."



"Isn't it a boiling spring?" asked Polly. "See, here is an egg I brought. I am going to boil it in the spring."

"It will be fun to try," said the blacksmith. "Come, and I will show you where the spring is."

"Do you see the path back of the creamery? Follow it up the hill. When you get to that clump of fir trees, stop.

"The boiling spring is there. Come into the shop on your way back. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, and thank you," said Polly.

Lesson 13: The Boiling Springs Part II

Up the path the children went. It was a narrow path. The cows had made it. On each side, there was lovely goldenrod. Peter picked a long stalk.

"Now I am captain," he said. "See my gold sword."

"I see something just as pretty," said Polly. "Over there in the tall grass."

"Oh, yellow daisies, yellow daisies!" shouted Peter. "I like those, too. I like them better than white daisies."

"I call them Black-eyed Susans," said Polly.

"Why do you, Polly?"

"Because they have a dark center, Peter. Here are the bars. Climb over and hold the egg. Then I will climb over."

In the pasture the grass was shorter. But a part of the field was covered with goldenrod. It looked like yellow plumes. It was very bright.

"There are some cows, Polly. Are you afraid of them? I am not."

"No," said Polly. "What is there to be afraid of? We are not afraid of Black Bess."

"We are not afraid of Tim's Jersey cows," said Peter. "But Tim says that some cows do not like red. They will chase you, if you have on red things."

"Well, I have nothing on that is red," said Polly. "So I am not afraid."

"Yes, you have, Polly. Yes, you have. You have on your red hair," cried Peter.



"Oh, dear!" said Polly. "I forgot that. Do cows chase hair? I do not believe that they do. I shall go along."

Soon they came to the fir trees. There, at the foot of a great rock, was the boiling spring. It was larger than a dish pan. It was not deep.

At one side the water ran out of the spring. It made a brook down the hill.

"See the sand at the bottom move, Peter," said Polly. "See the water at the top jump up and down. I do believe that it boils. Oh, goody, goody!"

"Now I will drop in the egg. Do not put your fingers into the water. It might burn them."

The children sat by the spring for a long, long time. They watched the clear water bubble up and down. They waited for the egg to cook.

At last Polly said, "That egg must be boiled hard by this time. I shall not wait any longer. I will poke it out with these sticks. Then I will break it. We can eat it. I have some salt."

When she took it up to break it, it felt very cold.

"Why," said Polly, "this egg is cold. Eggs just boiled are hot. Father burns his fingers when he breaks ours in the morning. What do you suppose is the matter with this?"

"I know," said Peter. "The water is cold. I stuck my finger into it to see. You cannot boil anything in cold water."

"So it is cold," said Polly. "It must be good to drink. Let's drink. It is the oddest boiling water that I ever saw. I shall take the egg and go down now to ask the blacksmith about it."

Lesson 14: At the Blacksmith's Shop

Down the hill Peter and Polly trotted. They followed the little brook. By and by it ran into a larger one.

"This large brook runs into the river," said Polly. "We cannot follow it much farther. We cannot follow it all the way to the river."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Because it goes under the road, Peter. Don't you remember? Here is the place."

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "I remember. Well, let's look under the road."

"All right, Peter. But there is not much to see. It is dark."

"I can see through to the other side," said Peter.

"So can I, now," said Polly. "And, Oh Peter! It is quite a big place. I am sure that we can walk through. Let's go now."

"All right," said Peter. "I should like to walk under the road."

"Dear me! I forgot this old egg," said Polly. "I should be sure to break it. We must wait until some other day. Let us go to the blacksmith's now."

Soon they were at the shop.

"Well, Polly," said the blacksmith, "did the water boil?"

"Here is my egg," said Polly. "It did not cook. Maybe that is a boiling spring. But it is cold water."

"It is really a bubbling spring," said the blacksmith. "Much water comes out of the ground. It comes very fast."

"That makes the sand at the bottom of the spring move. It makes the top of the spring go up and down. The water looks as if it were boiling. But it is not."

"It is a nice spring," said Peter. "I took a drink of the water. It was very cold."



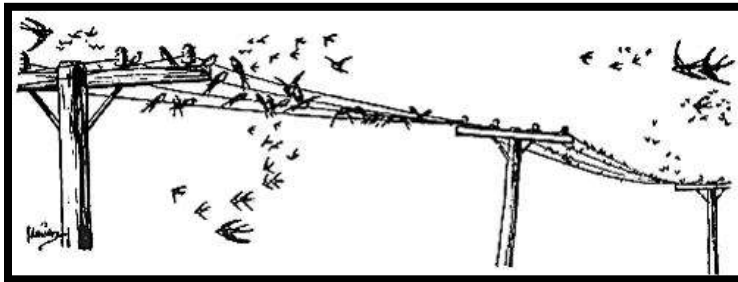
"Yes," said the blacksmith. "That water must come from deep down in the ground. It is the coldest spring I know."

"I had a good time, anyway," said Polly. "We saw goldenrod and Black-eyed Susans."

"That is a sign that autumn is almost here," said the blacksmith. "I can see another sign this very minute."

"Where, where?" cried both children.

"Look on the telephone wires. The sign is there."



"Oh, oh, see the swallows!" cried Polly. "I never before saw so many together. The wires are full."

"Perhaps you saw the very same thing last fall," the blacksmith said. "It happens every year. They are thinking about flying away. They go south for the winter, you know."

"But it isn't time," said Polly. "It isn't really autumn yet. It is only next to it. Oh, I do not wish them to go. I wish they would stay here."

"They will not go yet. But they cannot stay here all winter. They could not get food," said the blacksmith.

"Oh, oh!" called Peter. "They are going now! They are going now! They have just started! See them!"

The blacksmith laughed. "They are only flying about for fun, Peter. Come and see what I have in my shop."

Lesson 15: The Four Horseshoes

The blacksmith and Polly and Peter went into the shop. It was fun inside. The children had often seen the blacksmith fit shoes on horses' feet.

They liked to watch him hammer the white-hot iron. They liked to see the sparks that the hammer made. They liked to watch his fire.

"Why, there is Mary, our horse," said Polly. "I did not know that she was over here."

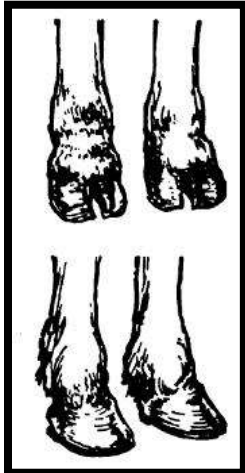
"I have been shoeing her. She is all ready to go to the store. I shall lead her. You may both ride on her back."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly. "Sometimes father lets us do that."

"Here are two presents for you, Polly. And here are two presents for you, Peter. Do you know what they are?"



"They look like horseshoes," said Polly. "Thank you very much. But what odd little horseshoes! Did you make them for Mary? I guess that they did not fit her."



"I did not make them for Mary. Can you guess what they are for?"

"They are just big enough for Tim's goat," said Peter.

"They are not for Billy," said the blacksmith. "Guess again."

"Are they for a little calf?"

"No," said the blacksmith. "And I think that you had better look at Billy's feet. Then I think that you had better look at a calf's feet. You will see that round shoes would not fit them."

"Then what are these for?" asked Polly. "I cannot guess."

"I made them for a pony. If you were my children, maybe I should buy you a pony for your very own."

"Oh, would you?" asked Peter. "I should like that. But I cannot be your boy, because I am my father's."

"Show him what I gave you. Tell him that you would like a pony to fit those four shoes. Well, Polly, what is the matter?"

"Nothing much," said Polly. "I just dropped my horseshoes into my apron pocket. I forgot that my egg was there. It is all broken, now."

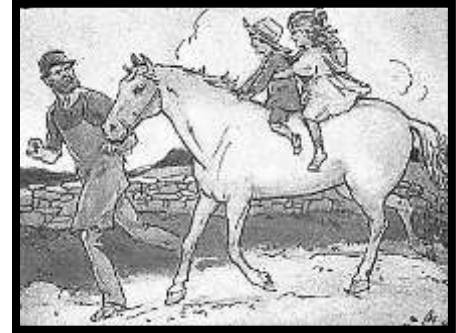
"I should say it is, Polly. Come over here and clean up a little. Wipe out that pocket. Now are you ready? Then up you go on Mary. Peter first, Polly behind."

"It is quite slippery up here," said Peter. "Maybe I shall slide off."

"That will not matter, unless you have eggs in your pocket, too. Have you, Peter?"

"No," said Peter, "just horseshoes."

"Then forward march," said the blacksmith. And off they started.



Lesson 16: The Bonfire

The next day father said, "Peter and Polly, will you work for me? I wish to buy your leaves. I will give you a cent for three loads."

"Oh, goody, goody!" said Polly.

"Oh, goody, goody!" said Peter.

"You must put the leaves in a pile in the garden. I will show you where."

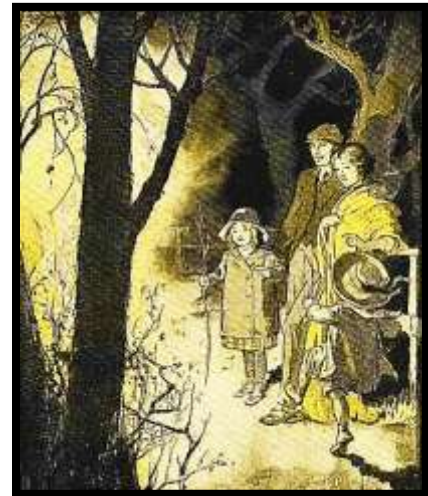
"What will you do with them, father?" asked Polly.

"You will see tonight, if you are good workmen."

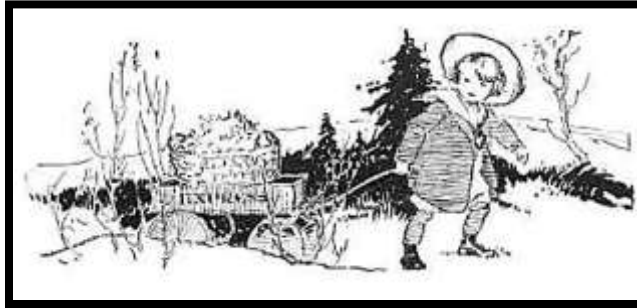
In the night the wind had blown the leaves about. So the children raked them up once more.

Then they filled the big basket full. They packed in the leaves as hard as they could.

"That is to give good measure," said Polly. "Father always gives good measure at his store. So you and I must, too."



Every time they took a basketful to the garden, Polly made a mark on a piece of paper. At last the yard was raked clean. They had taken to the garden twenty-nine loads. They had worked nearly all day.



At supper father said, "You are good workmen, chicks. Our yard looks very clean. It is ready for winter.

"You piled the leaves carefully in the garden, too. Now, how much do I owe you?"

"We took twenty-nine loads, father," said Polly. "I wish there had been one more to make thirty."

"Why do you wish that, Polly?"

"Because three goes in thirty better than in twenty-nine."

"Well," said father, "we will call it thirty loads, Polly. I saw you packing the leaves into the basket very hard.

"You are honest workmen to give me such good measure. Now, Polly, three goes in thirty how many times?"

"Ten times, father. So you owe us ten cents. We shall each have five cents."

"Very good, Polly. Here is your money. I have a surprise for you. Put on your coats and come to the garden. Mother will come, too."

In the garden they found father beside the pile of leaves. He had thrown many things upon it.

He said, "I came home early and cleaned up the garden. Now, what shall we do with all this stuff?"

"Burn it, burn it!" shouted both children at once. "A bonfire, a bonfire!"

"Very well," said father. "You may burn it. Here is a match for you, Polly. And here is one for you, Peter. Light your fire."

Polly and Peter lighted the great heap. Soon the red flames were leaping up. They made the garden bright. Farther away from the fire it was very dark.

"Oh, see, see, mother!" cried Polly. "The flames are as pretty as the red and yellow leaves. Have they taken the color from the leaves? How hot they are!"

The children danced around the fire until it died down. Then mother took them into the house. It was bedtime.

Lesson 17: Tim's Football

Peter," called Tim, "come out here."

Tim was in Peter's front yard. He was kicking something about.

"What are you doing?" asked Peter.

"I am playing football. Don't you know that all the big boys play football in the autumn? My mother made me this football. It is a good one. See!"

Tim picked up his ball. He handed it to Peter. It was just a bag made of cloth. It was stuffed with rags.



"Yes, it is a good one," said Peter. "One day I made a football out of burdock burrs. But it came to pieces, when I kicked it. Yours will not do that."

"No," said Tim, "it will not. My mother said that I may kick it to pieces, if I can. Then my father will bring me a real one from Large Village."

"Let me take it a minute, Tim. Let me show it to my mother. She will make one for me."

Mrs. Howe made Peter a football. It was just like Tim's. It did not take her very long to do it. She made a strong bag on the sewing machine. She stuffed it with rags. Then she sewed up the end.

"There," she said, "now you both have footballs. I think that they are very good ones. You may go to Tim's and play with them. Tim has some leaves up at his house for you to jump in."

Tim and Peter kicked their footballs all the way up the hill. Sometimes the balls did not go straight. Sometimes, when they tried, the boys did not kick them at all.

Once Peter kicked very hard. He did not touch his ball. He kicked so hard that he fell down.

"See all your leaves, Tim," said Peter. "Your yard is full of them. Let's rake them up. Maybe we can have a bonfire."

"We can rake them," said Tim. "But we cannot burn them. I heard my father say that he should keep our leaves."

"What for?" asked Peter.

"He is going to put them in a big pile," said Tim. "He is going to cover them over."

"After he has left them in a pile for a long, long time, they will rot. Then they will be good for the garden."

"I should rather have a bonfire," said Peter.

"So should I," said Tim. "But my father would not. He gets things to sell from his garden. So he has to make them grow fast."

"My father does not," said Peter. "He keeps a store. He has the post office, too. That is in his store. I have seen him put the letters into boxes."



"So have I," said Tim. "And I have had a letter, too. Let's rake up a pile of leaves now. We can jump in them."

"Where is my football?" asked Peter.

"I do not know, Peter. It must be somewhere in the leaves. We can find it when we rake them up. Oh, see mine!"

"There is a hole in it," said Peter. "The insides are sticking out. Now you can have a real one, Tim. Your mother said so. Let us take it in to show her."

When the boys came out of the house, Tim said, "Polly and I buried you in the sand the other day. Now you bury me in the leaves."

He lay down and Peter piled leaves all over him. He even covered up his face. The leaves were very light. Tim liked the smell of them.

Soon he jumped up. He did not need anyone to dig him out. Then he covered Peter all over.

"Do not go to sleep," he said. "If you do, we shall never get the leaves raked up. Now you have been buried long enough. Come out!"

Next, they tried to bury Collie and Wag-wag. But the dogs would not lie still. They thought that it was some kind of game. They wished to play, too.

At last the boys found Peter's football.

"I must take this home, before I lose it again," said Peter. "Goodbye, Tim. I have had a good time. Come and play with me this afternoon."

Lesson 18: The First Snowflakes

Mother, may I go to school to meet Polly?" asked Peter. "Tim has gone away. I have played with Wag-wag all the afternoon."

"Why, yes," said mother.

"Then may Polly and I take a walk? We will not go far."

"Yes," said mother again. "Be home before dark, please. It grows dark very early now. Next month will come the shortest days of the whole year."

Peter went over to the schoolhouse. The children were just coming out.



One of the big boys said to him, "Hello, Peter. Did you think that you would come to school again? Have you grown big enough now? "

Peter only said, "I am waiting for Polly and there she is."

"Polly, Polly," he called, "come with me. Mother said that we might take a walk. I know where to go."

"Where?" asked Polly.

"To the place where the brook runs under the road. Let us go under the road today. Will you?"

"All right, I will," said Polly. "I always meant to. But I forgot about it. It will be fun. Isn't it cold?"

"Yes," said Peter. "My fingers are cold. But I do not care. Only I wish that I had on my new mittens."

"Look at this," said Polly. "Come out in the road. See how it is frozen into ruts. I am going to walk on the ridges."

"That isn't very much to look at," said Peter. "It has been that way for a few days."

"Yes, it has," said Polly. "But look in the ruts. There is ice. It is thin. Let us step on it. Hear it crack."

"There is a puddle," said Peter. "It has ice on it, too. See me step on that."

"Keep off the middle," said Polly. "You do not know how deep that puddle is. If the ice lets you down, you may get your feet wet."

"All right," said Peter. "There is the blacksmith's shop, Polly. Do you think that the blacksmith is inside?"

"Perhaps he is, Peter. See! He has closed his big door. That is because it is cold weather.

"He has it closed in winter. I like it to be summer better. Then I can see into the shop."



"Here is the brook, Polly. Let us climb down the bank and look under the road."

"There is ice on the edges of the brook, Peter. I think that the boiling spring is colder than ever now. Let's break off pieces of this ice."

"Can we walk through under the road?" asked Peter. "I told Tim about it. He said that we could not."

"I think that we can," said Polly. "Come on. We will try. Keep close to the wall. Do not step into the water."

"It is quite dark," said Peter. "I am glad that it is not far."

"You must bend down now, Peter. I have to bend down. Do not push me. I shall slip in, if you do."

"Oh, there is the end," said Peter. "I can see the field. I do not like this place. It is hard walking on the stones. It is cold here, too."

"I am out," shouted Polly. "Come on, Peter. Oh Peter, Peter, Peter!"

"What, what?" called Peter. "Have you fallen in?"

"No, no!" shouted Polly. "But look at this! Don't you know what it is?"

"A snowflake, a snowflake!" cried Peter. "And here is one on my sleeve, too."

"There are more in the air, Peter. See them! See them! Do you suppose that it will be winter right away?"

"Of course it will, Polly. It is winter when the snow comes. Let us run home and get our sleds. You may take my new one part of the time."

The children were at home before it was dark.

At supper time, when father came, Polly said, "Will you please get our sleds out for us tomorrow, father? How much has it snowed now?"

"Not much," said father. "You see, that was just a little flurry of snow. We shall have many such before there is a good storm. You must wait a little longer for your sliding."

Lesson 19: Jack Frost's Celebration

How the wind blows tonight!" said father after supper. "It whistles around the corners. It nearly whistled off my hat, when I came home."

"I should think that you would wear a cap," said mother.

"Fur caps will be needed soon," father said. "The cold weather is here to stay. No more warm weather until next spring. Let's celebrate, this evening."

"I know what celebrate means," said Polly. "It's what we do on the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"Birthdays, too," said Peter. "I had a birthday party."

"That is so," Polly said. "But what shall we celebrate tonight?"

"Let us celebrate winter," father said. "Let us give Jack Frost a party. Come now and begin."

"First we will light the fire in the fireplace. Light your end, Polly. Light your end, Peter. We will see which end burns brighter."



"Mother will fix the chairs while I am down in the cellar. You two look out for sparks. That kindling wood is snapping."

In a few minutes, father was back. Can you guess what he brought?
A pan full of apples. They came from a barrel in the cellar. They had grown out in the orchard.

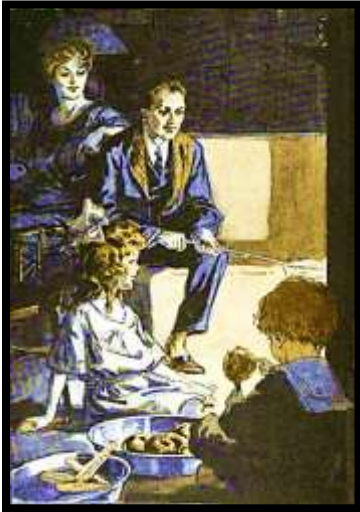
Besides, he had a bag with ears of corn in it. And he had another pan, and a corn popper.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Peter and Polly. "How could you carry so many things?"

Father put down the pan of apples. "We will each roast one," he said. "Pick yours out, children. Now we will put our apples on the bricks near the fire.

"Peter, you may watch them. After a while, you must turn them around. Do you know why?"

"What shall I do, father?" asked Polly.



"You may shell some corn into the popper. We cannot pop it yet. We must wait for the flames to die down a little."

"Next week is Thanksgiving," said mother. "Won't it be fun to go down to grandmother's for dinner? I wish that we might have a snowstorm before then."

"I am thankful right now," said Polly. "I am thankful for you and father and Peter and grandmother and this fire. I shall be thankful for popped corn, when I get some."

"We will try it now," said father. And he began to shake the popper over the coals.

Pop, pop, pop, pop went the corn. The white kernels hopped up and down. They seemed to be trying to get out.

"It is nearly done," said Polly. "See! The popper is full."

Just at that minute the corn caught fire.

"Oh, oh!" cried Polly. "It will all burn up! It will all burn up!"

It did not. Father quickly blew out the flames. Some of the kernels were black. He poured the others into the warm pan. Mother put in salt and melted butter.

Polly shelled more corn, and father popped it. Soon the pan was full. Did anything ever taste so good as that hot, buttered popped corn?

At last father said, "This celebration is almost over. I believe that it is long after bedtime."

Polly said, "I am sure, now, that I am glad winter has come. I was not sure before. I have had a good time at our winter party."

"So have I," said Peter. "I am going to kiss everybody goodnight. I have had such a good time that I have lots of kisses in my face."



"Pass them around then, my son," said father. "Then run upstairs to bed. Jack Frost's party is finished."

Lesson 20: Taking Orders

I know a new game, Peter," said Tim.

"Where did you get it, Tim?"

"I got it from some boys, Peter. Yesterday my mother and I went visiting. I played it then."

"Let's play it now," said Peter. "What shall we do first?"

"We keep a store. Every day we take our horse and wagon. We call on our customers. They give us orders. We write them in a book.

"By and by we go back to our store. We put lots of things in our wagon. Then we drive around and give the things to our customers."

"All right," said Peter. "My father keeps a store. We will play that it is ours. But where is the book?"

"Here it is, Peter. My mother gave it to me yesterday. We played with it then."

"Well, where is our wagon?"

"There is your father's wagon, Peter. It is in front of the barn. I saw it. That is what made me think of the game."

Tim and Peter climbed into the wagon.

"You drive," said Tim. "I will take the orders. I know just how. See my pencil."

"Get up," said Peter to his play horse. And off they went.

"I wish that we truly had a horse," he said. "Then we could take orders all over the village."

"I should rather have my goat," said Tim. "I like him better than a horse."

"Sometimes he will not go when you wish him to," said Peter. "That is not very nice."

"I do not care," said Tim. "I like old Billy just the same. Here is the first house, Peter. Stop for me to get out."

"Whoa," said Peter. And the play horse stopped at once. Tim ran to Peter's back door. He knocked. Mrs. Howe, Peter's mother, was in the kitchen. She came to the door.



"Good morning, Tim," she said.

"Good morning," said Tim. "I am a store man. I am taking orders. Will you please order something of me?"

"Yes, I will. Let me see. Please bring me one pound of butter and one half pound of tea. Can you do that?"

"Oh, yes," said Tim. "I can bring you more. We have a very big store."

"Then I will order a dozen eggs and a quart of milk. Do not let Peter bring me a quart of eggs and a dozen of milk. That is the way he played store once."

Peter heard what his mother said and he laughed. He had learned better than that.

"Goodbye," said Tim.

"Goodbye," said Mrs. Howe. "Oh Tim! Perhaps other families live in this house. Go to the side door and to the front door and see."

Tim climbed back into the wagon.

"Get up," said Peter to his horse. And the play horse started.

"Did you get many orders? How far is it to the next house?"

"I got four orders. Here is the next house. Please stop now."

"Whoa," said Peter. And the horse stopped at once.

Tim knocked at the side door. A lady, with a blue dress on, opened it. Tim played that it was not Mrs. Howe.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Storekeeper," said the lady. "Please bring me a box of salt, a pound of cheese, and a box of crackers."

"Shall I bring you some bread?"

"I make my own bread, thank you. It is better than baker's bread. But you may bring me a pound of coffee. Have you written all the things down? Goodbye."

"Goodbye," said Tim.

He climbed back into the wagon.

"Get up," said Peter to his horse. And the play horse started. "How far is it to the next house?"

"Not very far," said Tim. "It is just to your front door. Lots of families live in your house this morning. Here it is."

"Whoa," said Peter. And the horse stopped at once.

Knock, knock, knock went Tim's hand on the front door. A lady, with a large white apron on, opened it.

"Good morning, Mr. Orderman," she said. "I have been watching for you. I need a dozen pears and a dozen peaches. I need a box of strawberries, too."

"You cannot have the strawberries," said Tim. "They were all gone long ago. They come in the early summer. It is almost autumn now. My mother did not get enough to can."

"That is too bad," said the lady. "Then you cannot eat strawberries this winter, can you? Please bring me the pears and the peaches.

"You must get very hungry taking so many orders. Here is a bag of cookies for you and for the man who drives. You may eat them under the trees."

"Oh, thank you," said Tim. "I like this place best of all. We will bring your things some other time. Goodbye."

The driver got down from his seat. He unharnessed the horse. Then the driver and the order man sat on the grass to eat their dinner. The horse had his dinner, too.

They had driven so far that they were tired and hungry.



Lesson 21: Peter's Haircut

Peter must have his hair cut soon," said mother. "It is growing very long."

"Yes, it is," said Polly. "I shall have to braid it."

"That will hardly do, Polly. Boys do not have their hair braided. They have it cut."

"I cannot take him to the barber's today," said father. "I cannot take him tomorrow. The next day is Sunday. And Monday is a holiday."

"Oh, dear!" said Peter. "Can't you ever take me?"

"That is only four days, Peter," said Polly.

"I know it, Polly. But my hair will grow very long. I do not wish it braided. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"I will not braid it, Peter. I was only teasing you."

"Father," Peter said, "let me go to the barber's alone. I know where it is."

There was no barber where Peter and Polly lived. When Peter had his hair cut, he went to the nearest village. Peter and Polly always called this "Large Village."

"How can you get to Large Village, Peter?"

"I can walk," said Peter.



"It is four miles," said Polly. "I guess you can't walk so far as that. I think you would stop when you came to Farmer Brown's."

"That is just halfway," said Peter. "I think I should not stop, either. I could not get my hair cut there."

"You wait a little while, Peter," said father. "The blacksmith is going to Large Village today. Perhaps he will take you with him. I will go over to his shop to see him. Then I will telephone to you."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Peter. "I hope he will take me. I like to ride with him."

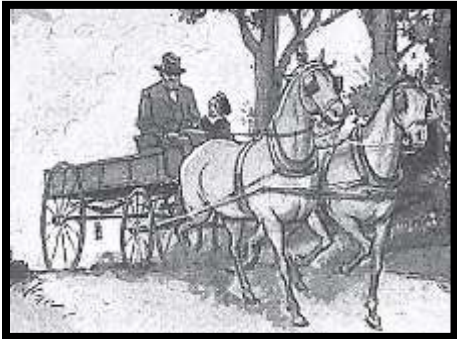
In a few minutes the telephone rang.

"You may answer it, Peter," said mother. "Perhaps it is father telephoning to you."

"Hello," said Peter. "Oh, will he take me? Yes, I will get ready now. Goodbye."

"What did father say?" asked mother.

"He said that the blacksmith will take me. I must go to father's store now."



Peter ran to the store. Father was busy with some customers.

"Here is your money," he said. "Keep it safe. Now go outside and watch for the blacksmith. He will soon be along."

When the blacksmith came, Peter climbed up into his wagon. The seat was high. Peter liked that.

The blacksmith had two horses. Peter wished to drive them. So he took hold of the ends of the reins. He played that he was driving.

The blacksmith and Peter talked of many things. They talked about shoeing horses and mending wagons. They spoke of ponies. They spoke of boiling springs.

And then they talked about hair that was too long, and about going to the barber's. At last they were in Large Village. They came to the barber's shop.

"Here we are, Peter," said the blacksmith. "Have you your money? I shall come back for you in a little while. You wait for me."

Peter went in. He said to one man, "I must have my hair cut. Will you cut it? Here is the money to pay you."

"Yes, I will," said the barber. "Climb up into this chair. How will you have it cut — short or long?"

"It is long now," said Peter. "So I will have it cut short."

"Very well," said the man. "Short it shall be." And he began to snip, snip, snip with his shears.

At last the hair was cut. Peter jumped down from the chair. He put on his cap. It did not fit. It was too large. He felt of the back of his head.



His hair was stiff and short. He climbed up on the chair and looked in the mirror. "Oh, oh!" he cried. "My hair is short like father's. I have always wished it to be like that."

"You said to cut it short," answered the barber. "Was that wrong? Won't your father like it?"

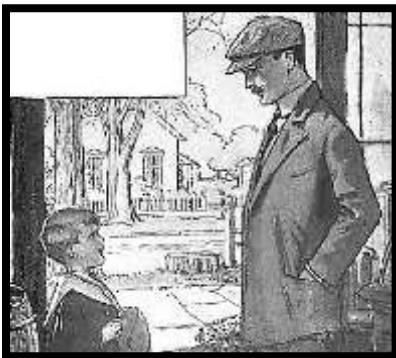
"Maybe he will not care," said Peter. "And anyway, I am glad. There is the blacksmith. I must go now. Goodbye."

"See my hair," said Peter to the blacksmith.

"I can't see much, Peter. You must have left most of it behind you. Is that the way you were told to have it cut?"

"I wasn't told," said Peter. "Maybe my father will not care, and I like it." Peter got out of the wagon at father's store.

When father saw him, he said, "Well, I never! Now whose boy is this?"



"Oh father! Don't you know me? It is Peter. It is your boy."

"So it is," said father. "But where is your hair? Your cap is too large."

"My hair is at the barber's. Do you care? I like it short."

"No, Peter. I do not, much. But I think that mother may care. She likes it cut the other way. It is my fault, not yours. I forgot to tell you what to say to the barber. You wait for me here. I am going home to dinner in a minute.

"We will go together and tell mother about it. She will laugh. You do look funny. Your hair will grow before winter, so perhaps she will not mind.

Lesson 22: Comfort

My dolls are sick and tired sometimes,
And I can't stand their noise;
I put them quickly into bed,
And hide away their toys;
I shut the door and leave them
In the playroom all alone,
And scamper quickly down the stairs,
For fear I'll hear them moan.



Last night I had the toothache hard;
My mother was so kind;
She held me closely in her arms,
And said to never mind.
She gently kissed the achy spot,
And soothed me with a song;
And, if you will believe my word,
The pain was quickly gone.

I like to have my mother care
When I am sick and blue;
I shouldn't wonder if my dolls
Would like me gentle, too.

I think next time that one is sick,
I'll sit and smooth her hair,
I'll hold her hand and pat her cheek,
And let her know I care.

by Caroline M. Griswold.

Lesson 23: The Lost Pig

One day the blacksmith drove to Large Village. He drove in his high wagon. It was filled with many things. Some of these things were iron and rattled.

But the funniest noise in the wagon was, "Grunt, grunt." This noise was made by a little black pig.

The blacksmith had said to him, "Little pig, I am going to take you for a drive. You shall go with me to Large Village."

"Grunt, grunt, grunt," said the little pig.

"There is a man at Large Village who wants you. He will feed you well. You will grow fat. Then he will make pork of you."

"Grunt, grunt, grunt, grunt," said the little pig.

"Now I will put you into this bag. I will tie the bag around your neck, so. Your head will be out of the bag. You can look about and enjoy your ride.

"But the bag will be around your feet. It will keep them still. So you cannot jump out of the wagon."

"Grunt, grunt," said the little pig.

"Now in you go! Be a good little pig. You may talk to me, if you wish. But do not try to roll out."

The little pig did talk. He said over and over, "Grunt, grunt, grunt."



Perhaps this meant, "I do not like to be tied up in a bag. I do not wish to be made into pork. I will roll out, if I can."

By and by, the blacksmith overtook a man who was walking. He gave the man a ride.

Then he forgot about the little pig. He did not hear the little pig's grunts. Instead, he talked to the man.

The little pig did not lie still. He wiggled and wiggled. At last he had wiggled to the end of the wagon.

The very next minute, out he rolled. He fell on the road, bump! But the dust was deep and soft and he was not hurt.

The blacksmith did not hear him fall. The iron in the wagon made too much noise for that. So he drove on to Large Village.

The little pig did not like the road. He did not like the bag. So he began to kick again.

Before you could think, he had rolled himself down the bank by the side of the road. There he lay.

That very same day Peter and Polly drove to Large Village. Their father took them.

Polly was driving. She was going very slowly. All at once she said, "What is that?"

"Stop and see," said father.

"Grunt, grunt, grunt," came from the side of the road.

"I can hear a pig," said Peter. "But where is he?"

"I see him," said father. And down he jumped. "Well, I never!" he said. "Somebody must have lost him out of a wagon. I call that a good joke."

"I wonder whose pig he is," said Polly.

"I don't know," said father. "But, if you like, you may ask the people we meet if they have lost him. Somebody may come back to look for him."

So Polly asked the very next man they met.



"Lost a pig?" he said. "No, I haven't. What do you mean?"

When they showed him the little pig he laughed. Then he drove on.

Next, they met two ladies. Polly was sure that they were driving back to look for the little pig.

So she called, "We have your pig."

"Our pig?" said the ladies. "We have no pig."

Then Mr. Howe told them about the pig. They smiled at Polly.

One of them said, "We have no little girl either. And I wish that we had."

"Don't you wish for a little boy, too?" asked Peter.

"We should very much like a little girl, a little boy, and a little black pig," said the lady.

"Perhaps you may have the pig," said Polly. "Perhaps we cannot find the owner."

The ladies laughed. Then one said, "If we cannot have the girl and the boy, we will not have the pig." And they drove on.

Soon Polly saw the blacksmith driving along. When he came near, she began to call, "We've found a pig! We've found a pig!"

At the same time the blacksmith began to call, "I've lost my little black pig! I've lost my little black pig!"

At that everybody laughed but the pig. He only said, "Grunt, grunt."

The blacksmith took him and took Peter, too. Then they all drove to Large Village.

Lesson 24: The Doll Family

See what I have, Peter," said Polly.

"What are they, Polly?"

"They are acorns. They came from oak trees. Here are some oak leaves."

"I never saw any acorns before. They look like nuts. What are they good for?"

"To play with, Peter. I will show you how, soon. And they are good for squirrels."

"Squirrels get all the nuts," said Peter. "Tim and I cannot find anymore beechnuts. We know where they are, too. Those old squirrels have them."

"What if they have?" asked Polly. "You cannot have everything that there is to eat."

"Are acorns good to eat, Polly?"

"These are not very good," said Polly. "But the squirrels like them. One of the big boys gave me these. He got them up on the hill. He says many oak trees grow there. He gave me these oak leaves, too. Aren't they pretty?"

"Yes," said Peter. "They are not like elm leaves. They are not like maple leaves. And they are not like beech leaves."

"See what a dark red they are, Peter. I wish that we had some oak trees here."

"So do I," said Peter. "Let's plant an acorn. Maybe it will grow. How do you play with acorns?"

"I shall have a dolls' party," said Polly. "We can have it on the front steps. Let us bring out the family."

Polly and Peter had a large family. It was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Rag Doll and eight children. Mother and grandmother had given the dolls to them.

Polly had other beautiful dolls. One was two feet tall. But she liked the family best. She could play harder with them.



Mrs. Rag Doll sat on one step with four children. Mr. Rag Doll sat on the step above with four children.

Polly always played Mrs. Rag Doll. Peter always played Mr. Rag Doll.

MRS. RAG DOLL: "Can't you keep your children still? They are all jumping around."

MR. RAG DOLL: "No, I cannot. Why don't you keep yours still?"

MRS. RAG DOLL: "They would be still, if your children would stop kicking them."

MR. RAG DOLL: "It is time for them to have their tea, anyway. Where are those new cups?"

Polly put an acorn in its cup in the lap of each doll. She set cups without the acorns on the step beside each doll.

Then Mrs. Rag Doll said, "Now they each have a cup of tea. They each have a plate of cake, too. Perhaps they will behave."

The children did not behave. Just as soon as they had finished eating, they began to push and pinch one another.

The boys threw their cups and saucers on the grass. Then the girls threw their plates on the grass. Their mother and their father were ashamed of them.

MRS. RAG DOLL: "What shall we do with these naughty children I They have not been so bad for a long time."

MR. RAG DOLL: "They have not been to a party for a long time. They have forgotten how to behave. I think they have broken all the dishes."

MRS. RAG DOLL: "Oh, dear! How dreadful. I shall take them straight home. I shall put them to bed."

MR. RAG DOLL: "I will help you. They ought to be punished. Maybe I shall spank them."

"No, you will not, Peter. Mother does not spank us," said Polly.

"She does not send us to bed in the afternoon, either, Polly," said Peter.

"That is so," said Polly. "Then I shall not do it."

MR. RAG DOLL: "Perhaps they are not feeling well. Sometimes I am cross when I do not feel well."

MRS. RAG DOLL: "Perhaps that is so. I will hold my four in my arms and comfort them. Then they will feel better."

MR. RAG DOLL: "I will hold my four in my arms and comfort them. Then they will get well."

So Polly and Peter gathered their large family up in their arms. They carried them into the house and upstairs to the playroom.



There they sat down to comfort their naughty dolls.

Lesson 25: Clotheshorse Tents

Mother," said Polly, "can you make us a tent?"

"A tent?" asked mother. "What for?"

"To play in, mother. Some of the other children have tents. I should like one."

"Perhaps they bought theirs, Polly."

"Yes, they did, mother. But I thought that maybe you could make one. You do make us things."

"Perhaps I can, Polly. Let me see. Yes, I think of a way. Come and help me."

Mother went out into the back kitchen. She had some clotheshorses there.



She said, "Take hold of the end of this clotheshorse, Polly. We will carry it out of doors. It is quite heavy. But you can do it. Now here is a good place. We will stand it up. Let us go for the other."

"They are just the shape of some tents," said Polly. "How did you think of them, mother? But they are not quite right. They have no roofs."

"That is so, Polly. We will find something for roofs."

The two clotheshorses were set up side by side. Some old blankets and shawls were spread over them.

"Oh, goody, goody!" shouted Polly. "Now we have our tents. They are good ones, too. Thank you, mother."

"What shall we play?" asked Peter.

"Come into my tent, Peter. We will sit down. Guess what I thought of playing."



"Is it soldiers?" asked Peter. "Soldiers sleep in tents."

"No, but soldiers would be a good game. We can play that sometime. Guess again."

"Hunters," said Peter. "When father goes hunting and fishing, he has a tent."

"No, but that would be a good game. I shall remember that one."

"You tell, then," said Peter. "I cannot spend anymore time guessing."

"We will get mother to let us have something to eat. We will have a tent picnic."

"That is a good game, Polly. What can we have to eat? And can we have something to drink?"

"We can have bread and sugar, and bread and jelly. And maybe we can have cookies. Perhaps mother will make us some lemonade. It is quite a hot day."

"Let us ask her now," said Peter, "I am very hungry."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Polly. "I have thought of something better. Let us have lemonade to sell. We can charge two cents a glass. Perhaps somebody will buy."

"I should rather have the picnic," said Peter. "I told you that I am very hungry."

"But you like to keep store, Peter. You will like to play this."

"All right," said Peter. "Let us ask mother."

Mother said, "Yes." She went into the kitchen to make lemonade and sandwiches.

"May we take the four wooden chairs that are in the back kitchen, mother?" asked Polly. "We will put boards across them. They will be our counters."

Mother said, "Yes," again. So Peter and Polly made a counter in front of Peter's tent. Then, with the two other chairs, they made a counter in front of Polly's tent.

Mother gave them some clean glasses. She said, "You can use each glass only once. It is not right to let anyone drink out of a used glass. Polly, you may sell the lemonade."

"Then Peter may sell the sandwiches," said Polly. "He likes those best, so he will be glad. See, Peter! You have three plates full of sandwiches. Do not eat them all."

"No," said Peter. "I will leave a few to sell." And he sat down on the grass behind his counter.

After a few minutes he said, "I am getting tired of waiting for someone to buy. I am going to begin to eat my things up now."

Lesson 26: The Tent Store

Peter and Polly had not really waited very long when Tim came past. He saw the tents in Peter's yard. They were quite near the road.

"What are you doing?" he called. "Are you playing something? I wish to play, too."

"We have a store," said Polly. "We are selling lemonade and sandwiches. Do you wish to buy?"

"Yes," said Tim. "I do. I have some money. My mother just gave it to me. I was going to the store for candy. I will buy a glass of lemonade."

"Have you two cents?" asked Polly. "It will be two cents."

"Here it is, Polly. And I have more than that. I will buy some sandwiches. How much are they, Peter?"

"I will sell you all there are on this plate for two cents, Tim," said Peter.



"Oh Peter!" cried Polly. "You must not do that. You do not charge enough. Sell him four for two cents. They are big ones, anyway."

"I wish that I could play with you," said Tim. "I could help sell things."

"Come into my tent then," said Peter. "You may play with us."

In just a few minutes Tim's father drove up the road.



"Father, father!" called Tim. "Here is a store. You must stop and buy something."

"Whoa," said his father to the horse. "What have you to sell? Why, it looks like lemonade. That is just what I need. Give me a glass. Yes, that is good. Give me another glass, Polly. Now, how much do I owe you?"

"Two cents for each glass, please. That will be four cents."

"That is very cheap," said Tim's father. "At the circus, we have to pay ten cents a glass. And, at the fair, it costs five cents. I think that I will pay you ten cents for the two glasses."

"Thank you very much," said Polly. "I hope you will come again."

"Now, father, you must buy something to eat," said Tim. "That is what Peter and I are selling."

"Very well," said his father. "I believe that I am hungry. And supper time is a long way off. How much are the sandwiches?"

"I will give you all there are on that plate for five cents," said Peter.

"No, you will not, Peter," said Tim. "I had just four for two cents. So that is all you can have, father."

"That will be quite enough," said his father. "Give me four of those big ones, and you may have this five-cent piece. Here comes your grandmother, Polly. Perhaps she will be a good customer."

Polly's grandmother lives down the road just a little way. She is Mr. Howe's mother.



"Oh grandmother, will you buy something from us?" called the children.

"That is just what I came for," said grandmother. "I heard you were keeping a store."

"How did you hear it, grandmother?" asked Peter.

"A little bird told me, Peter. Haven't you any cookies to sell? I must have cookies for supper. Oh, yes, I see them. Run into the house, Peter. Get a paper bag for them."

Polly counted the cookies for Peter. He could not count very well. There were just one dozen.

"I will give you ten cents for those cookies," said grandmother. "And now, Polly, I will drink a glass of your good lemonade. Here are three cents for it. Goodbye."

"Let's drink up the rest," said Polly. "I am thirsty. Besides we have enough money. We can eat up the rest of the sandwiches, too. I have thought of something to do tomorrow."

"Let's have another store," said Peter.

"No," said Polly. "We will have a circus. Tim's father made me think of it. He said something about lemonade at the circus."

"How can we?" asked Tim.

"I will think and tell you tomorrow morning," said Polly. "You come down early. Now let's carry the things back into the house."

Lesson 27: The Circus

"Boys," said Polly, "I know just how to have a circus. First, we must make a ring. We will use sticks of wood from the wood pile. I asked father if we might.

"We will lay them down in a circle. You can each bring two sticks at a time. I will bring three."

It took some minutes to make the circus ring large enough. But, at last, it was done. The sticks of wood were laid end to end in a circle.

"Now let us have the circus," said Peter.

"First, Tim must go home and get Billy, his goat," said Polly. "Billy is to be one of the performers. Bring Collie, too, Tim."

Collie is Tim's dog. He is a wise and beautiful sheep dog.

Tim and Peter went up the hill. They found Billy out by the barn.

"Come along, Billy," said Peter. "We need you in the circus."

Billy would not stir. He did not know what fun a circus is.



"I know how to get him," said Tim. "There is Collie. He will get Billy for us. He knows how to drive cows. I think that he can drive old Billy."

Tim called to Collie. At last Collie understood what he was to do. He ran behind Billy and nipped at his heels. This made Billy turn around. He put down his head. He chased Collie. He tried to butt him.

Peter and Tim started out of the yard. Collie followed them. Billy followed Collie. At last they were at Peter's. Polly was waiting in the ring with Wag-wag.

When Billy saw Wag-wag, he started after him. Wag-wag ran around in a circle. Billy chased him.



"Oh, look, look!" shouted Peter. "That is the first part of our circus. It is a race between a goat and a dog."

"That is all Billy needs to do," said Tim. "He must not work too hard. He may go home now. What will come next?"

"I have two things to come next," said Polly. "I fixed them while you were up after Billy. Here is the first. We will draw it around the ring."

Polly drew Peter's cart out from one of the tents. On the cart, there was a box. It had a cover. It had slats across both sides. Some kind of fruit had come in it.

There was no fruit in it now. Instead, there was a fierce, wild panther. It was the fiercest kind of panther, for it was black.

"Mew, mew, mew," cried that panther. And she walked around and around the cage trying to get out.

Polly said, "Be quiet, panther. You are a very wild animal. I must draw your cage around the circus ring. Everybody wishes to see you. In a little while I shall give you a whole sheep to eat."

"Mew, mew, mew," still cried the panther. Perhaps that meant, "I am not a panther. I am Blacky."

"I like animals," said Tim. "I wish that we had more."

"I have two more," said Polly. "I will show one to you in Peter's tent. Come now."

She took the wild panther out of the cage. She carried her to the tent.

She said, "Ladies and gentlemen, here is the most wonderful cat in the world. She can catch fish. None of you have cats that can do such a smart thing."

"Maybe that is so," said Tim. "But we can catch fish ourselves. What comes next?"

"You do," said Polly. "You must jump down from the very top of the cage. Go and get one of the back-kitchen chairs. We shall put the cage on top of it. You can jump from that."

Tim jumped several times. Then Peter jumped several times. Then they both turned somersaults.

At last they thought they would jump from the top of the cage together. They climbed up on the cage. But it was not strong enough to hold them.

The top smashed in. Off the chair they both tumbled, while Polly laughed and laughed.

She said, "I forgot to have any clowns. You are very good ones. Come into the other tent now. That is a side show. I have something wonderful there."



When they came to the other tent she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, here is the most wonderful thing in the world. It is a dwarf. This dwarf will never grow any larger. She will always stay just the size that she is now."

"Oh," said Tim, "that is Blacky's little kitten — the one that never grew up. Is she a dwarf?"

"Yes," said Polly. "Just think! Isn't it wonderful? How should you like to stay always just as little as you are now? "

"I should not like it," said Tim. "Why don't you feed her? I have to eat lots of things to make me grow."

"Feeding her doesn't make her grow," said Polly. "We have tried everything. She is just a dwarf. She will always stay a dwarf. Come out now. I have one more thing to show you. It is a dancing bear."

Polly went to the circus ring. She called to Collie. She took his forepaws in her hands. She made him stand up straight.

Then she said, "Come, dancing bear, come and dance." And she pulled Collie after her around the ring.

Peter and Tim clapped their hands.

Tim said, "I used to call Collie, Jersey cow. Perhaps I shall call him the dancing bear, now."

"That is all the circus today," said Polly. "But we need not put the ring back tonight. I asked father."



"Tomorrow we can have the same circus and ask the other children to come. We will charge ten pins for each child."

"All right," said Tim and Peter. "That will be fun. We will be better clowns tomorrow."

Lesson 28: Starting for the Fair

Polly ran into the house from school one day. She banged all the doors.

"Next week is fair week! Next week is fair week!" she shouted.

Peter was in the house. He heard Polly. "Next week is fair week! Next week is fair week!" he shouted, too.

"How do you know, Peter?" asked Polly.

"Because you said so," answered Peter. "Besides, the blacksmith said so. His horses are going to the fair to get blue ribbons. Do horses like to go to the fair? If we go, shall we get blue ribbons?"



Father laughed. "You certainly are a prize," he said. "You ought to get a blue ribbon."

"Then will you take us so that we can?" asked Peter.

And Polly said, "Oh, will you take us? School closes for two days so that all the children can go."

"Yes," said father. "I mean to take you. Mother is going, too. If it does not rain, we shall have a good time."

"Goody, goody!" cried both children.

"Shall we drive Mary?" asked Polly. "Tim is going on the train."

"I think so," said father. "But we may go on the train. That will be just as mother says. You must ask her."

"Are you going on the train, mother?" asked Peter. "I wish to go on the train."

"If we do, you will have to help carry the luncheon," said mother.

"Oh, shall we take things to eat?" shouted Peter. "Goody, goody! Then let us go in our carriage."

"I think that will be easier," said mother.

The day of the fair was warm and bright. Mother and father were up early. So were Peter and Polly.

Mother got the breakfast, and washed the dishes, and put up the luncheon. Father fed the horse, and milked the cow, and fed the hens.

Polly made the beds. She was in a great hurry to get them done.

She smoothed out all the wrinkles in mother's bed. She smoothed out all the wrinkles in father's bed. She smoothed out all the wrinkles in Peter's bed.

When she came to her own bed she said, "I shall not smooth out all my wrinkles. It takes too long. I wish to be downstairs and know what is going on."

You see that mother and father and Polly were all busy. And Peter was busy, too. He was busy getting into everybody's way.

He stood just where mother wished to walk. Then he went upstairs and stood just where Polly wished to walk. But he did not mean to do so.

At last mother said, "Peter, why don't you run out and sit in the carriage? In a few minutes, father will harness Mary. I am almost ready now."

"I will," said Peter. He got his hat and his coat. Father had drawn the two-seated carriage out of the barn. Peter climbed into it.

He waited a long, long time. He thought that he had waited all the morning. But it was really only half an hour.

At last Polly came. Then father brought out the luncheon basket. He harnessed Mary. Mother came out of the side door. She was ready, too.

Mother and Polly sat on the back seat. Father and Peter sat in front.



Down the hill they went. Past the store and through the woods, past Farmer Brown's and on, on, on to Large Village the road ran.

"I never was so happy before in all my life," said Polly. "Just think! We are going to the fair, and we are going to have a picnic, too. I must jump up and down."

"Jump then," said mother. "But remember the blacksmith's pig. Do not jump out."

Through Large Village they went. Then the road became crowded. There were many carriages. There were more automobiles.

They had to drive very slowly. But at last they came in sight of the Fair Grounds.

Lesson 29: A Bunch of Balloons

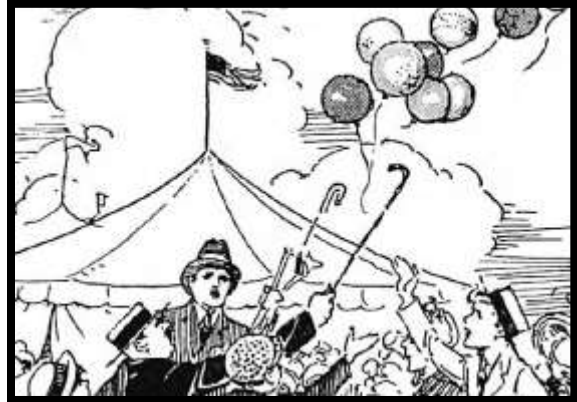
See all the people!" cried Polly. "I did not know that there were so many except at a circus."

"Father, where did you put Mary?" asked Peter.

"Over there by the fence. Here is a ticket for her. No one can take her without this ticket. She will wait for us."

"Let us go into that place," said Polly. "See all the people going in there."

"That is a place in which to eat," father said. "We do not wish to eat yet. Besides, we brought our food with us."



"Let us go to see the cattle," said mother.

Father took them to a large building. It was full of sheep. There were many different kinds.

"Farmer Brown has some of his sheep here," said father.

"Are his two pet lambs here?" asked Peter. "I mean the ones that came to our party on his piazza last summer. I hope that they will get a blue ribbon."

After they had seen the sheep, they went into the building where the cows were kept.

"Some of Tim's Jersey cows are here," said father. "Perhaps we can find them."

There were hundreds of cows. The children grew tired of looking at so many. At last they found Tim's Jersey cows standing side by side.

"Let us look at the horses now," said father. "Perhaps we can find the blacksmith's."

"Perhaps you can find a pony for us," said Peter. "I wish that you would try."

"Now," said father, "you have seen enough of the horses. There are the pigs left to see. Does anybody wish to look at the pigs?"

"Suppose you go alone," said mother. "The children and I will stay outside this building and wait for you. We are a little tired."

"Look for the little black pig!" Polly shouted.

Mother and Polly and Peter found a bench on which to sit.

Then mother said, "Now let us look for interesting things. You first, Polly. What do you see that is interesting?"

"All the automobiles standing over there. And all the wagons. And all the people."

"Yes," said mother. "There are hundreds of automobiles and wagons. Peter, what do you see?"

"All the people going into that place to eat. And all the people coming out."

"Oh, oh!" cried Polly. "Look, look! See the men leading the ponies, Peter!"

"Oh Polly!" cried Peter. "See the men leading the dogs! "

"Those dogs are going to race," said mother.

"Where, where? Let us go," said Polly.

"We will see them this afternoon, Polly," said mother. "They do not race until then."

"Oh, I wish that we had brought Wag-wag," said Polly. "I am sure that he could beat."

"Perhaps he could not," said mother. "Those dogs are trained to race. Wag-wag is not."

"Oh mother, mother!" cried Peter.

"There is a boy with some balloons! See them! See them! Red ones and white ones and blue ones. May we have some?"

"Yes, you may. Here is a dime for you, Peter. Here is a dime for you, Polly. Run and buy."

"Stop, stop" called Peter to the boy. "I will buy a red balloon."

"I will buy a blue one," said Polly. "Here is the money."

The boy untied a blue and a red balloon. He gave them to Polly and to Peter.

A crowd of people had gathered around him. Somebody pushed against him. He dropped Polly's money.

He stooped to pick it up. His bunch of balloons slipped from his hand. He jumped up and caught at them. But he only pushed them farther away.

Other people tried to get them. But the crowd was thick. People bumped against one another. Nobody caught the balloons. Up into the air they sailed.

The boy looked ready to cry. But he did not. He said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be punished for losing my balloons. I wish I could get them."

"It is too bad," said one man. "Perhaps we can help you. Here! Give me your cap.



"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "let us put into this boy's cap the money for his balloons. Then he will not be punished for losing them.

It is too nice a day for anybody to be punished. Now walk right up and help." And he dropped in a large piece of silver money.

Mrs. Howe gave Peter and Polly each five cents. They put the money into the cap. The man who passed the cap smiled at Polly.

Many, many people put money into the cap. The boy had enough to pay for his balloons.

Then the crowd went away. Polly and Peter watched the bunch of balloons up in the air.

At last Polly said to her mother, "That was a homely man who held the cap. But he looked handsome to me. I think that he is kind.

"You see I remember, 'Handsome is that handsome does.'"

And nothing more was ever heard of Tommy Trout, who didn't mind.

Lesson 30: The Broken Show Case

Before long, father found mother and Polly and Peter. He saw the children's balloons. He heard the story of the bunch that went up in the air.

Then he said, "Now, before we have our luncheon, I will take you to the merry-go-round. Have you heard the music? Do you wish a ride?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Polly and Peter dancing up and down.

Do you know what a merry-go-round is? If you do not, look at the picture. It will show you.

Peter and Polly had ridden on one just twice before. Then they had liked it very much.

Peter chose a black horse and Polly chose a gray one. They were side by side. Father sat on one behind these two. Many other people sat on other horses.

At last the music started. The horses started, too. All moved around in a circle. It was quite a large circle, but not so large as a circus ring.



Faster and faster the horses went. Polly and Peter held on with both hands. Around and around the circle they flew. Oh, what fun it was!

Then the music stopped. The horses slowed down. The people climbed off the horses, and it was over.

"I should like to ride again," said Peter. "Does it cost much?"

"Five cents apiece," said father. "Perhaps we can have one more ride after luncheon. Come now, it is time to eat."

The luncheon was taken to a shady place and opened. How good everything looked! How good everything tasted!

Father said, "While we eat, I will tell you a story. Then we shall not hurry. This is a true story. It happened to me, when I was a little boy.

"One day my father took me to the fair. He showed me the same things that I have shown you. He let me ride on the horses. He gave me a drink of lemonade."

"Oh," said Peter, "I wish that you would get us some lemonade."

"The kind that Polly sells is better than any we can buy at the fair," said father.

"Let us wait until we get home. Here is plenty of cold water."

"Please go on, father," said Polly. "What else did you do at the fair? Were there horse races?"

"Yes," said father. "After luncheon, we shall see horse races just like them. We will sit in the grandstand. Then we can see very well. Yes, when my father took me to the fair, I saw horse races.

"I was about as old as Peter, then. In the afternoon, I began to be very tired. My father said that he would take me home. But first he wished to go into one more place.

"This was a very large building. In it were all kinds of things. These had been made by different people. There were bedspreads and quilts hanging up. There were all kinds of fancy work.

"The only things which pleased me were the things to eat. There were many counters and show cases filled with bread, cookies, cake, pies, and candy.

"My father lifted me up in his arms so that I could look into one showcase. He began to talk with the woman who stood behind the case. He did not see what I was doing.

"I told you that I was very tired. I just leaned out of my father's arms and rested my arms on the glass at the top of the case.

"Crack, crack, crack went that glass. I had leaned so hard that I had broken it.

"The woman who owned it was very angry. She was quite cross to me. But my father told her that he would pay for it at once. As soon as he did, she cut a cake and gave me a large piece.

"When we got home, I heard my father telling your Grandmother Howe about it. He told her that he thought he had paid for the cake the woman gave us, because she had charged him so much for the glass."

"That is a good story, father," said Polly. "I like stories about when you were a little boy. I am sorry that you broke the case. I hope you were not frightened."

"I was a little, Polly," said father. "Now, if you have finished your luncheon, we will have another ride on the merry-go-round. Then we must get good seats in the grandstand for the races."

Lesson 31: Blacky's Fish

Blacky is a wise old cat. She likes milk very well. She likes potato very well.

Better than these she likes corn. She will gnaw it off the cob. Of course, she is fond of meat. But best of all she likes fish.

Blacky will beg a long time for cooked fish. Once, she even stole a piece. After that mother never left fish where Blacky could get it. Then she could not be naughty.

One day Polly and Peter were playing in the yard. Tim was playing with them. Tim is Peter's little friend. He lives in the very next house. You can find it on the map shown at the bottom of the page.

Polly said to Peter, "What has Blacky there?"

"Where?" asked Peter.

"In her mouth, Peter. Now she has dropped it. I saw her coming up the road with it."

"I'll see what it is," said Peter.

He ran to Blacky. She was sitting down watching what she had dropped.



"Oh Polly" called Peter. "Come here, come here! It is a fish. It is alive. It wiggles. Where did she get it?"

"I don't know," said Polly.

"Perhaps she stole it out of somebody's kitchen," said Tim.

"People do not have live fish in their kitchens. Do they, Polly?" said Peter.

"No, I guess not," said Polly. "It looks like a sucker. What is she going to do with it?"

"Eat it, of course," said Peter.

But Blacky did not eat it. Instead, she picked it up again. She carried it to the kitchen door.

There she dropped the fish and mewed. Mrs. Howe came to the door. She opened it for Blacky.

Blacky took up the fish once more. She carried it into the kitchen. She put it down where her dish of food was put three times a day.

Peter and Polly and Tim had followed her.

"Where did Blacky get this fish, children?" asked mother. "Did you give it to her?"

"No, mother. We do not know where she got it. It was alive when we first saw it."

"Perhaps one of the big boys gave it to her. Have any of them been fishing, Peter?"

"I do not know, mother. Maybe Blacky caught it herself."

"Of course she did not, Peter," said Polly. "Do not be so silly. Cats cannot fish."



"She has been in the water," said mother. "See! Her fur is all wet in front. And underneath it is wet, too."

"I wonder if she could have caught that fish. I have heard of such things. Blacky is a wise old cat. Perhaps she is wise enough to go fishing."

"If the sucker was close to the bank, she could catch it with her claws," said Polly.

"Maybe Peter is right, after all. Tell us about it, old Blacky."

Blacky only purred and rubbed up against mother.

"She wishes something," said mother. "And I think that I know what it is. She does not like raw fish. Most cats do, but she does not. She is asking me to cook it for her. And so I will."

"Here comes father. He will clean Blacky's fish. You may tell him about it while he does so."

In a few minutes, father brought it in to mother.

"I do believe that Blacky is a fisherman," he said. "I should like to see just how she did it. Perhaps we can catch her at it sometime."

Then mother boiled the fish and Blacky ate it for supper. She did not offer anyone a bite. But that was just as well. Suckers are not good for us to eat late in the summer.

Lesson 32: Fisherman's Luck

This morning I went fishing all alone,
And sat for 'most a day upon a stone;
I dropped my line with care into the brook,
And watched the little fish swim round my hook.

I said, "Kind fish, do bite without a worm;
I have one, but I hate to feel him squirm.
If you will only please me in this way,
I'll give my wiggly worm to you for pay."

But there, I never had a single bite;
It seems to me they did not treat me right.
If I were just a fishie in a brook,
To please a little boy, I'd bite his hook.

— Caroline M. Griswold.



Lesson 33: How Peter Catches Fish

One morning Peter went fishing. He went all alone. He did not take Tim. He did not take Polly.

He said to himself, "Blacky went fishing all alone and she caught a fish. I shall try that way, too."

Father had given Peter a real fishing pole. He had given him a real line and a real hook.

Peter had wished for these very much. He asked father for them.



He said, "Tim does not have to fish with a pin anymore. His father has given him a hook. I would be careful, if you gave me one."

"Is a hook all that you need, Peter?" asked father.

"No, father. I need a line and a fishing pole, too."

"Very well, Peter," father said. "I will get these things for you. But you must do something for me."

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "I will do something for you. What is it?"

"I will show you two places where you may fish. You may go to those places all alone. And you may take other children with you. But, unless I am with you, you must always fish at those places. Will you?"

"Yes, I will, father. But why?"

"Because those are safe places. If you fall in, it will not matter much. Now remember, my son."

"I will remember, father. And I will remember more, when I have my fishing pole and hook and line."

He was very much pleased when his father brought these home. He said, "They are just like the ones that the big boys have. When may I go fishing?"

"Any time mother says that you may, Peter. Do you remember where the fishing places are?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "Yesterday I saw a sucker near one place. Perhaps I can catch it. Oh father! you forgot something."

"What did I forget, Peter?"

"You forgot the bait. I thought that you would give me a whole box of worms. Then I should have some whenever I wished to fish."

Father laughed. He said, "That is not just the way we do it, Peter. You cannot keep your worms very long. If you do, they are not good for bait. You must dig fresh ones every time you go fishing."



Peter liked to fish. He liked it best of all the things that he could do in the summer. So he went often.

He never caught a fish. But he did not care about that. Every time he went, he thought that he surely should.

After Blacky brought home her fish, he said to himself, "If Blacky can catch fish, so can I. I shall go again and try."

He went out into the garden. He dug one worm, he dug another. He did not like very well to put them on the hook.

So, sometimes, he took only one. But today he felt sure that he should need more. He put them carefully into a large tin can.

Then he went to a flat rock. It stuck out into the river. He put a fat worm on his hook. He dropped the hook into the water. He sat down and waited.

It was hot on the rock. The sun was very bright. Peter sat still a long, long time. He did not have a single bite.

At last he said to himself, "I will see if there are any fish here."

He crawled to the edge of the rock. He looked over. Yes, there were many little fish. Some were still. Some were swimming about.

He tried to catch one in his hand. But he could not. He tried to catch one in his hat. But he could not. Then he poked them with the end of his pole. This made them all swim away.



So Peter put his hook back into the water. He waited a long, long time again.

At last he lay down on the hot rock. He fell fast asleep. He slept until nearly dinner time.

What do you think woke him? Why, Blacky. She mewed and rubbed up against his face.

Perhaps she had come fishing again. Perhaps she said to him, "I can catch fish and you cannot. I am smarter than you."

Peter got up. He started to go home. Then he remembered his fishing pole. He took it up. He pulled on the line. It felt heavy.

"Oh Blacky!" cried Peter. "I think that I have caught a fish, too!"

He pulled more on the line. In another minute, there, on the flat rock, lay a small sucker.

"I have! I have! Oh, I have!" shouted Peter.

He quickly filled his can with water. Then he took his little fish off the hook. He put it in his can. And he and Blacky went home.

On the way up the hill Peter said, "I know how to do it now, old Blacky. Just go to sleep, and the fish will bite."

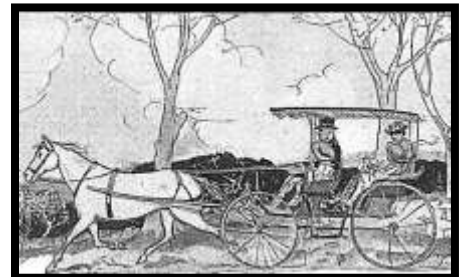
Lesson 34: Polly Goes to a Wedding Part I

Polly was very much excited. She was going to a wedding. So was Peter. But he did not care so much about it. Father and mother were going, too.

Every morning at breakfast Polly talked about that wedding.

"Now there are only five days to wait. Now there are only four days to wait," she would say.

And at last she said, "Oh, goody, goody! It is tomorrow!"



Mother said, "Yesterday I bought some new ribbon for your hair, Polly. See, here it is."

"It is wide, isn't it, mother? Thank you very much. And I am going to wear my white dress and my white shoes and stockings."

"Yes," said mother, "and your coat is all clean. You may wear that."

"I think that I shall look very well," said Polly.

"Perhaps you will," father said. "But remember, 'Handsome is that handsome does.' It means that if you behave well, you will look well. And if you do not behave well, you will not look well."

The day of the wedding came. Mother dressed Peter and Polly. Both had on their best clothes. How well they did look!

Father harnessed Mary to the two-seated carriage. Then off they went.

It was not many miles to the house. Soon they were there.

"I am glad that we are early," said mother. "I promised to help see to the things in the dining room."

"Oh, are there things to eat?" asked Peter. "I am hungry now."

"Yes, there are things to eat," said mother. "But they come after the wedding. So you must wait."

"I will unharness the horse," said father. "Then I will see if I can help. What shall Peter and Polly do? We must not let them get in the way."

"Let me see," said mother. "Why, Peter and Polly may sit right here in the carriage. By and by we will come out for them."

"Goodbye, children," said father. "'Handsome is that handsome does,' you know, Polly."



Peter and Polly sat in the carriage. At first, they played that they were driving. But, after a short time, they wished to do something else.

Then they looked around. They saw the barn, the henhouses, and another small building.

"Maybe that is the ice house," said Polly.

"Do you think that they will have ice cream?" asked Peter. "Oh, I hope so! I hope so!"

"Perhaps they will, if that is really an ice house," said Polly.

"Then I must see if it is, Polly. Mother will not care." And down he jumped.

He ran to the little house. A padlock was on the door. He could not open it. But he saw sawdust about. So he felt sure that it was an ice house.

Lesson 35: Polly Goes to a Wedding Part II

Oh, goody, goody!" Peter cried, when he saw the sawdust. "I am sure that we shall have ice cream. I shall not get back into the carriage. It is nicer here. I am going to see what is around that corner."

Peter was gone a long, long time. Polly called to him. He did not answer. At last she jumped down, too. She ran around the corner to find him.

There he was, looking through a fence.

"What do you think that is?" he asked. "Don't you see? Over there back of the big rock. I have watched and watched."

"I see it now," said Polly. "I am going to climb the fence and see what it is."



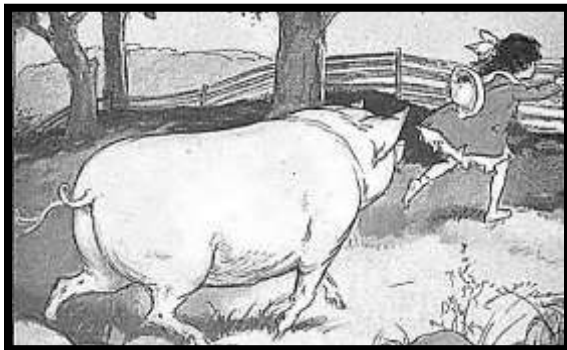
Over she climbed. There was a puddle near the fence. But she took care not to step into it. She ran to the rock. She peeped on the other side.

It was an ear that Peter had been watching. The ear belonged to the largest pig that Polly ever saw. He was so large that she just looked and looked.

By and by the pig saw her. He began to get up. Then Polly felt sure that he was as large as an elephant, at least.

He was so large that she would rather see him from the other side of the fence. So she turned and began to run.

Peter saw the pig come from behind the rock. He saw the pig begin to trot after Polly. Perhaps the pig wished to be fed. Perhaps he wished to look at his visitor.



Polly did not stop to look around. She just ran toward the fence as fast as she could. Peter screamed to her, "Run, Polly! He will get you! Run! Run!"

Polly heard Peter. She thought that the pig must be very near. She was close to the puddle. Should she go around it? If she did, the pig might catch her.

So she jumped into it, and scrambled up on the fence. The muddy water splashed over her. It spoiled her shoes and stockings. It spoiled her dress, too.

She looked back. The pig had stopped before it reached the puddle. It was poking the ground with its snout.

"Oh Peter!" cried Polly. "Look at me! Why did you shout, 'Run, run'? I thought that the pig was close to me. I thought that I did not have time to go around the puddle. Look at my clothes!"

Just then Polly heard father say, "'Handsome is that handsome does,' Polly. Are you handsome now?"

"Why didn't you stay in the carriage? The wedding is over. I went out to get you, but you were gone, and I could not stop to look for you.



"Come now, both of you. You may have ice cream and other things to eat."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Polly. "I have missed the wedding. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And I cannot even go in. I am too dirty."

"Well, climb into the carriage then," said father. "I will bring you out something to eat. Peter may come in."

"No," said Peter. "I must stay with Polly. She went over the fence for me. And I made her jump into the puddle. So I must stay out with her."

"Very well," said father. "That is only fair. Now I will go and tell why you cannot come in." And he walked toward the house.

"Tell them that it is the very biggest pig in the world," shouted Peter.

When Polly heard the people laugh she said, "There! Father has told them. I shall remember this wedding for a long time. And I shall remember, 'Handsome is that handsome does,' too."

Lesson 36: The Geography Lesson

Polly liked to go to school. She had wished to go for a long time. She thought that she should like it. And, sure enough, she did.

Father had taught Polly to read. So she did not begin with the very easiest book. She began with the second reader.

It was just the same with the number work. She knew all about eight and eight, and nine and nine.

She could tell Miss Barnes, her teacher, the answer to six times four, and seven times three.

Besides, she could tell how much things cost at her father's store. And she knew how much sugar you could buy for thirty cents, if it cost ten cents a pound.

One day, Miss Barnes said, "Now we will have our geography lesson. We will talk about our village. You may tell all the things that you have seen when I have taken you walking. Who will talk first? "



"I will," said Polly. "I know things about our village. It is called East Village. It is in a valley. The hills are high all around it. They make good sliding places.

"There is one store and it is my father's. The post office is in it. There is one church. It is white. I go to church.

"There is a railroad station. Peter and I have to watch for trains when we cross the tracks."

"Where does the railroad go?" asked Miss Barnes.

"It goes to Large Village," said Polly. "And when you get there, you can travel to many other places. I am not sure where it goes the other way."

"I know," said a big boy. "It goes through the White Mountains. If you ride far enough, you will reach the ocean. Once I did."

"Good," said Miss Barnes. "Can you tell more, Polly? "

"Oh, yes," answered Polly. "I know about the blacksmith's shop. I go there. The blacksmith is my friend. Next to his shop is the creamery. Some of the butter they make goes far away. I have seen boxes of it at the station."

"They send it to Boston," said another girl.

"There is a sawmill," said Polly. "They make butter boxes there. Besides, they saw up big logs. I have seen them.

"I have been inside the grain shop. That is where Tim's father buys all the grain for his Jersey cows. We get ours there, too. But we do not buy so much."

"Have we a river?" asked Miss Barnes.

"Yes, it is the Moose River," said Polly. "Last winter I saw men cutting ice on it. I saw them putting the cakes into the big ice house. The boys fish in the river in the summer. So does Blacky.

"It turns the wheels of the sawmill. I have seen three brooks that run into it. One goes under the road just a little way from here. Lots of other brooks must help to make it, too."

"Where do the brooks come from?" asked Miss Barnes. "Perhaps you do not know that, Polly."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Polly. "Peter and I went to the boiling spring the other day. A brook comes from that. It is the one that goes under the road."

"Can you tell us anything about our trees?" asked Miss Barnes.

"We have elm trees in our yard," said Polly. "Our swing is in one of them. We can swing way up in the branches. The leaves are all gone now.

"We have maple trees in front of our house. They go all the way up to Tim's. Peter and I made wreaths of their leaves. They were red and yellow.

"I know something more, too. Next spring my father will tap those trees. We can get maple sugar from their sap.

"Peter and I know where to find butter nut trees. The squirrels take most of the butternuts.

"We know where to find beech trees, too. Once Tim hunted for beechnuts under a maple.

"One of the big boys gave me some acorns and some oak leaves. I do not know where the oak trees are."

UNDER THE HOME FIRST GRADE SCIENCE LESSONS

"That is a good geography lesson, Polly," said Miss Barnes. "Your father must have shown you a great many things. I did not show you all that you told us about. Now I have thought of something.

"I am going to give a box to each child in my room. We will call them 'Keepsake Boxes.'

"You may put into these boxes anything about this geography lesson that you can find. I will look at your boxes next week. Do you think that will be fun?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Barnes!" shouted all the children.

And Polly said, "I can think of lots of things for my Keepsake Box this very minute. I can think of butternuts, and beechnuts, and corn from the grain shop, and a stamp from the post office. Oh, I am in a hurry to go home so that I can begin."

