

# A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

## PELEG PETER



**P**ELEG PETER, the fat rubber doll, lay on his back out in the kitchen, little dreaming that he would be a hero in less than fifteen minutes.

Peleg Peter's little mother lay in her crib fast asleep, and her grandmother had gone upstairs to change her dress. In the sitting room adjoining, Elsie and Meg played paper dolls—softly, so as not to wake the baby. The door was open a little way.

On the kitchen table a row of pies were cooling, flanked by a row of tarts, crisp, golden cookies, puddings, and plump, raisin-speckled cakes. The turkey himself was there, too. He reared his big brown sides above all the other good things, from his post of honor in

the middle. What a tableful of precious goodies it was! And only fat, rubber Peleg Peter to stand guard over it. But he did it!

Elsie and Meg sniffed once in awhile as they played.

"I left the door open to let the smell in. Oh, isn't it perfectly splendid, Meg?" Elsie said.

"I'm so glad tomorrow's Thanksgiving," Meg answered.

But if it hadn't been for Peleg Peter, out in the kitchen, there might have been no Thanksgiving dinner, after all.

Peleg Peter's hour of heroism drew near.

The outside door, a little ajar, was opening wider. A tramp was coming in! He walked on four padded feet—pitter, patter—across the floor, toward the Thanksgiving dinner. He was a big, hungry tramp, with wistful eyes and a shaggy greatcoat.

Nearer, nearer—then he stepped on Peleg Peter, and there arose a shrill squeak—a whistle—of alarm.

Peleg Peter's work was done. He had saved the Thanksgiving dinner. For out rushed Meg and Elsie at his call.

"Oh, you naughty doggie!"

The tramp edged out of the door, disappointed and crestfallen. Then Elsie caught up Peleg Peter.

"Oh, you darling Peleg Peter!" she cried. "You've saved our Thanksgiving!"

## RUNAWAY RALPH

"I WON'T stay here another minute, so there!" pouted little Ralph Perkins. "There's always something horrid to do next. In the morning, I must get up if I'm ever so sleepy, comb my hair, and bother with shoestrings and neckties that are 'most sure to get into knots. It's just the same all day; if grandfather doesn't ask me to do an errand, mother is sure to want the chick-



"Oh, goody! Now I can have all the cup custards."

ens fed, or a basket of apples, or some wood, or something! I'll go where a boy can have a little fun, and I guess every one will miss me."

So filling his pockets with ginger cookies and some doughnuts that grandmother was frying, he said: "Good-by, grandmother; I'm going away to find a real jolly place. I'm tired of living on a stupid old farm."

"Good-by, dearie," smiled grandmother. "Come back to Thanksgiving dinner and eat some of my pumpkin pie and turkey."

"Why-ee!" thought Ralph; "grandmother doesn't



Getting up a Thanksgiving appetite!

—The Holiday Magazine.

## ANIMAL CRACKERS



Mary had a little lamb, two zebras, and a boar;  
Elephants and camels, too, and others by the score.

She ate the whole menagerie and asked the nurse for more.

(But not another one would nurse allow.)

Poor Mary's sleep was much disturbed by tiger, goat and gnu;

Around her bed paraded that most aggravating zoo.

In horrid nightmare circles they all passed in review—

Mary is a vegetarian now!

—St. Nicholas.

## THE TROUBLES OF MOTHER POLLY

It's such a hard thing to be patient  
With Alice so perverse;  
I'm trying to bring the child up well,  
But still she's growing worse.  
I'm trying to correct her faults,  
But when I gently say,  
"Nice little girls don't do that, dear,"  
She's cross for half a day.

How rude it is to stare at folks,  
I've told her time again;  
But still her equal in that line  
I've really never seen.  
When Sister Grace comes in to talk  
And have a little tea,  
She always says, "Please, Alice, niece,  
Don't look a hole thru me."

"That any child, who better knows,  
Should turn toes in that way,  
Just almost breaks my heart to see,"  
She's often heard me say.  
But yet the dreadful child persists  
In always toeing-in,  
Her one excuse, "I'm made that way,"  
Is surely worn quite thin.

But spite her naughtiness, at night,  
From hugging I can't keep;  
She's such a lovely innocent  
When she is half asleep.  
I whisper low, "I love you, dear,  
Forgive your mother Polly,  
I know I 'speak too much of you,  
Since you are just a dolly."

—Emma M. Larson,  
797 Maryland Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

## THE CULPRIT.

"Who whistled in school?" 'Twas the voice of the master  
In tones so prophetic of certain disaster,  
That each little boy and girl, ceasing from labor,  
Looked, somewhat suspicious, at his or her neighbor.

But no one arose and no hand was uplifted.  
"I never shall rest till this matter is sifted.  
The culprit I'll speedily bring to confession,  
And make him ashamed of this awful transgression."

A silence profound reigned. Said timid Lorinda:  
"Pleeth, thir, 'twath an oriole outthids the window."

## HER LETTERS.

"I think I'll never learn to write,"

Said Dorothy, one day,  
"The kind of writing grown folks do;  
Mine's such an easy way.

I just make little lines and dots  
Instead of words, and then  
I make three crosses for my name—  
That's Dorothy Hope Wrenn.

I make big rounds for kisses, too,  
With straight marks on each side  
That mean my arms go round your neck  
And squeeze you hard, beside.

My grandma says most other times  
She needs her specs to read,  
But when a letter comes from me  
She doesn't—no, indeed!"

—The Youth's Companion.

## GLAD FACTS.

How good it is a pumpkin pie  
Is not a creature that can fly!  
And isn't it a lucky treat  
That turkey birds are good to eat!  
But best of all, it seems to me,  
Is that a boy's so buff that he  
Can always hold a little more,  
No matter what he ate before.

## A PUSSY RIDDLE.

Oh mother dear," the Kittens cried,  
"Pray say how can this be!  
We heard a sailor say just now  
He saw cat's paws  
At sea!"

