



Something for Sally

"Oh, Sally," said Jane.

"Your birthday will come very soon.

It will come in four days.

Do you want a little red wagon?

Do you want a pretty doll?"

"No, no, no!" said Sally.

"Not a wagon! Not a doll!

I want a playhouse.

A big, big playhouse."

Then Sally ran out to play.

"What next?" laughed Jane.

"What will Sally want next?

We cannot get a playhouse for her.

What will make her happy?"

"I know," said Dick.

"We can make a playhouse for her.

Maybe Father will help us."

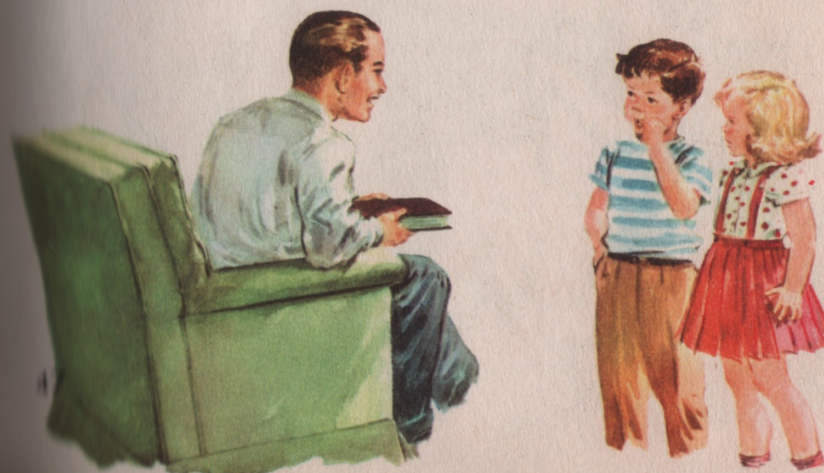
At first Father did not say yes.

He did not say no.

But at last he said, "Maybe.

Maybe we three can make it

at Grandfather's farm."



Next day all three went to the farm to work on the playhouse.

Grandfather wanted to help.

So there were four at work.

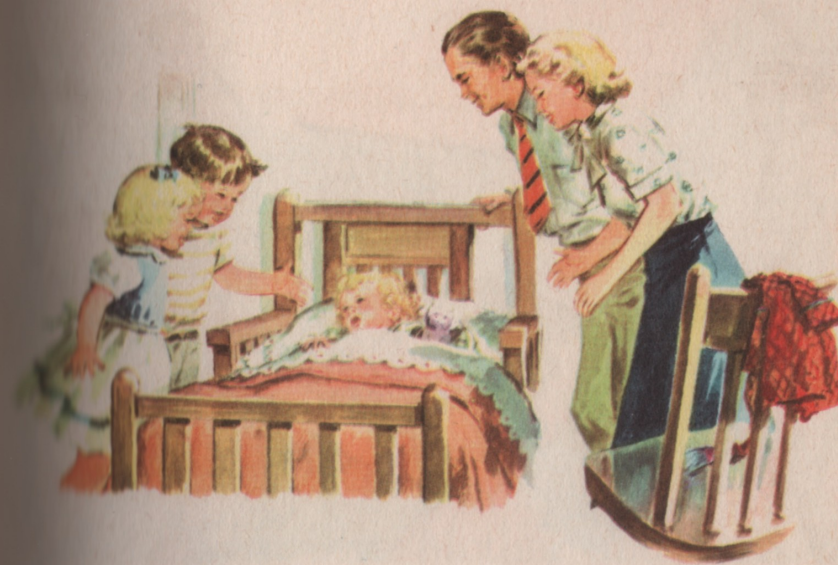
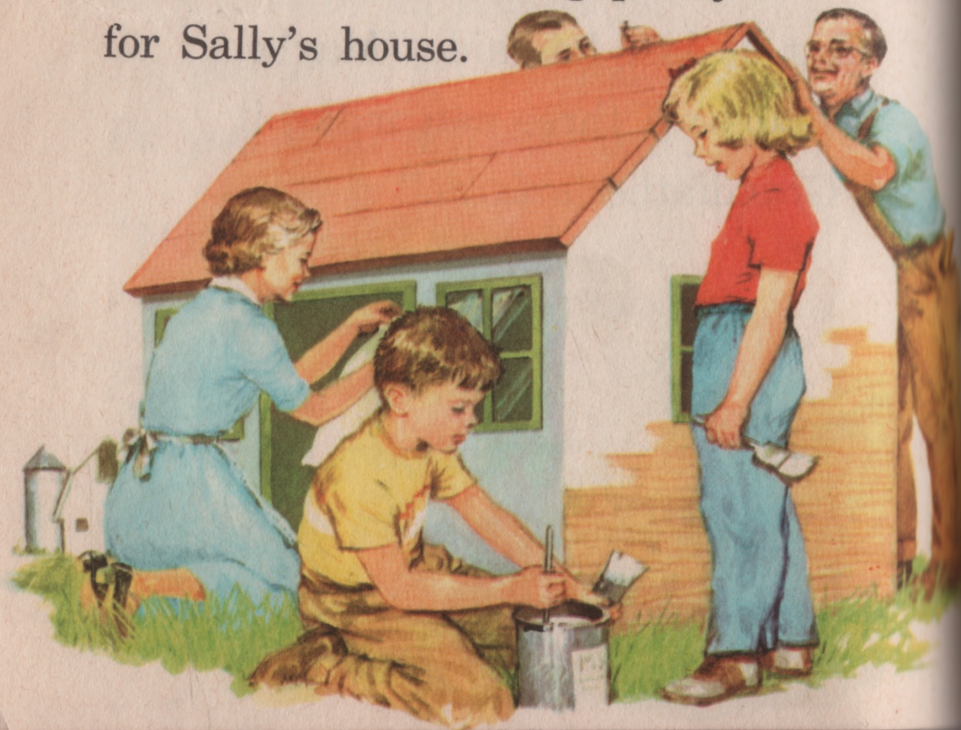
Grandmother wanted to help, too.

Then there were five.

Dick and Jane wanted Grandmother to help paint the playhouse.

But Grandmother did not paint.

She made something pretty for Sally's house.



In four days Sally's birthday came.

All the family went to her room.

They all said, "Happy birthday!

Get up, Sally, and come with us.

Come with us and see something."

"Get up, Sally," said Dick.

"See what we made for you.

Hurry, Sally, hurry!"

And Sally did hurry.

She ran very, very fast.



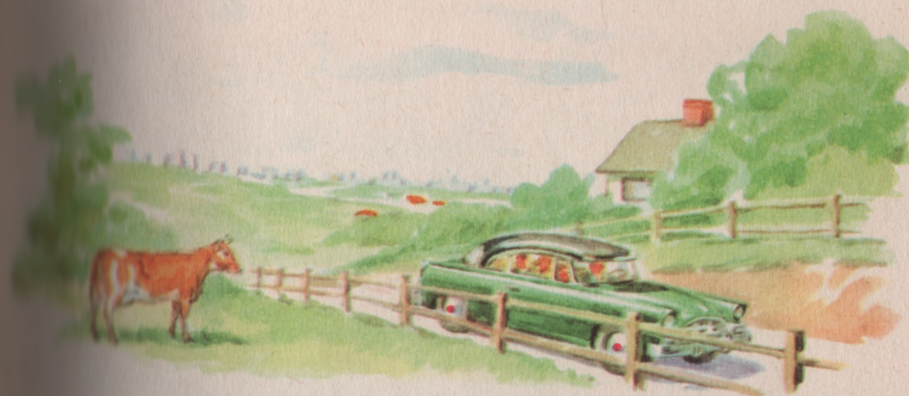
"Oh, oh! You made a playhouse in a wagon," said Sally.

"But I cannot play in that house. I will have to ride in it."

Father laughed and said, "Oh, Sally! We will take your playhouse out. Then you can play in it."

"Good! Good!" said Sally.

"I want to play in my house. I do not want to ride in it."



Work at the Farm

One day Dick and Jane went to the farm with Mother and Sally. Jim and Patty went, too.

"We will get to the farm soon," Jane said to Jim and Patty.

"Look for a big white barn and a yellow house.

That is where Grandmother lives."

"A pony lives there, too," said Sally.

"Hurry, Mother, hurry. I want to see the pony."

