



CORE CLASSICS

ABRIDGED FOR YOUNG READERS

Pollyanna

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

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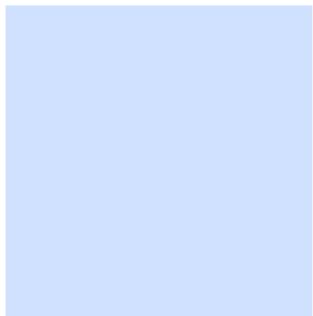
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Pollyanna

by

Eleanor H. Porter

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Introduction

WHEN *Pollyanna* was published in 1913 it created an amazing sensation among readers and rapidly sold more than a million copies. People were very attracted to the story's cheery main character. They wished they had her outlook on life.

Since then, *Pollyanna's* name has become a word in the English language that is used to mean someone who tries to find good in everybody and every situation, someone whose optimism is so blind that it seems a little silly.

Pollyanna's story is not that of a pampered princess, but a lonely orphan. In her young life she has already faced too many sad facts to think that all of life is happy or easy. When she stops to play what she calls "the

glad game," it is not out of fun. She hopes to find a silver lining in a stormy cloud overhead, a consolation for a hard blow. No one has harder blows to cope with than Pollyanna does, and being cheerful is not easy for her either.

Pollyanna believes that everyone naturally wants to be good, because it's by being good that we are most likely to be happy. So she tries to help others to look for good, especially when things seem only wrong. Her message is familiar: when life is disappointing or even painful, stop and count your blessings. There are still things to be thankful for.

E. D. HIRSCH JR.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

Pollyanna

CHAPTER 1

Miss Polly



MISS POLLY HARRINGTON ENTERED HER kitchen a little hurriedly this June morning. Nancy, washing dishes at the sink, looked up in surprise. Nancy had been working in Miss Polly's kitchen only two months, but already she knew that Miss Polly did not usually hurry.

“Nancy!”

“Yes, ma'am,” Nancy answered cheerfully. She continued wiping the pitcher in her hand.

“Nancy” – Miss Polly's voice was stern – “when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to me.”

Nancy flushed miserably. She set the pitcher down at once, nearly tipping it over.

"Yes, ma'am. I will," she stammered, straightening the pitcher. "I was only keepin' on with my work 'cause you specially told me this mornin' to hurry with my dishes."

Miss Polly frowned. "That will do. I did not ask for explanations. I asked for your attention."

"Yes, ma'am." Nancy wondered if she could ever please this woman. She had been so happy to get her first job in the kitchen of the great house on the hill. Nancy had come from The Corners, six miles away, and she knew Miss Polly Harrington only as the mistress of the old Harrington homestead and one of the wealthiest residents of the town. That was two months before. She knew Miss Polly now as a stern woman who frowned if a knife clattered to the floor or if a door banged, but who never smiled, even when knives and doors were still.

"When you've finished your morning work, Nancy," Miss Polly was saying, "you may clean the little room in the attic and make up the bed. My niece, Miss Pollyanna Whittier, is coming to live with me. She is eleven years old, and she will sleep in that room."

"A little girl is coming, Miss Harrington? Oh, won't that be nice!" cried Nancy.

"Nice? Well, that isn't exactly the word I should use," replied Miss Polly. "However, I am a good woman, I hope, and I know my duty."

Nancy blushed. "A little girl here might brighten things up for you," she faltered.

"Thank you," replied the lady. "I can't say, however, that I see a need for that."

"But, of course, you'd want your sister's child," said Nancy.

Miss Polly lifted her chin haughtily. "Really, Nancy, just because I had a sister who was silly enough to bring unnecessary children into a world that was already full enough, I can't see why I should want to take care of them myself. However, I know my duty. See that you clean the corners, Nancy," she said sharply, as she left.

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Nancy.

IN HER OWN ROOM, Miss Polly took out the letter which had arrived two days before from the far-away western town, addressed to Miss Polly

Harrington, Beldingsville, Vermont. It read as follows:

Dear Madam:

I regret to inform you that the Reverend John Whittier died two weeks ago. He left one child, an eleven-year-old girl named Pollyanna. He left practically nothing else except a few books, because, as you know, he was the pastor of this small mission church, and had a very small salary.

I believe he was your deceased sister's husband, but I understand the families were not on the best of terms. He thought, however, that for your sister's sake you might wish to take the child and bring her up among her own people.

If you can take her, we would appreciate it very much if you would write that she might come at once. A man and his wife here are going East very soon, and they would take her with them to Boston, and put her on the Beldingsville train.

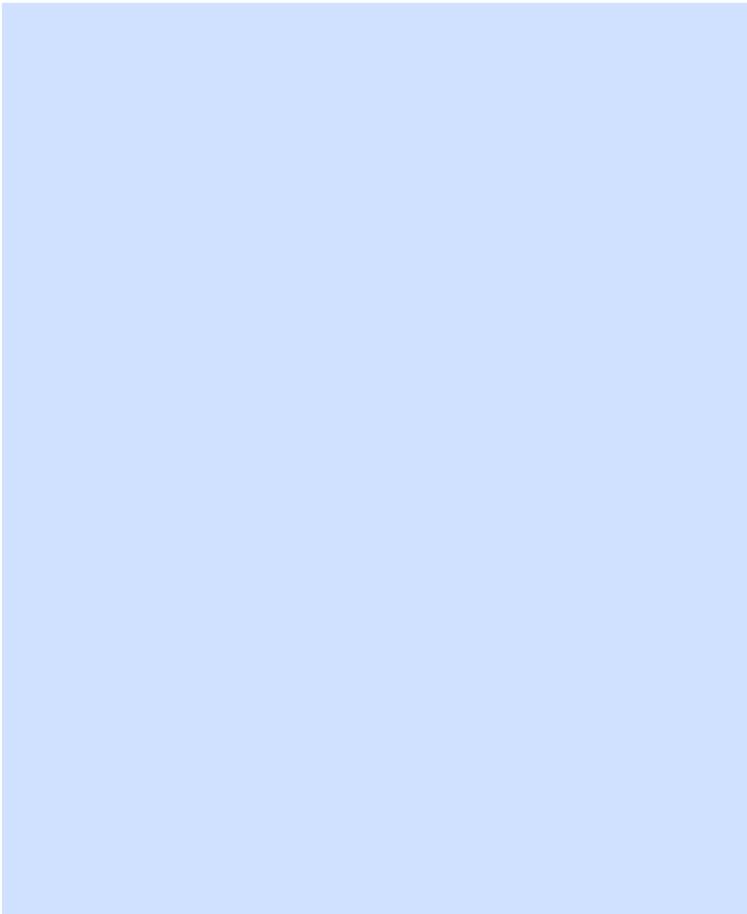
Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Jeremiah O. White



**MISSION
CHURCH**
**A new church
established by
missionaries.**



IN HER OWN ROOM, MISS POLLY TOOK OUT THE LETTER
WHICH HAD ARRIVED TWO DAYS BEFORE.

With a frown Miss Polly folded the letter and tucked it into its envelope. She had answered it, saying

she would take the child. She hoped she knew her duty well enough for that! – disagreeable as it would be.

As she sat now, she thought about her sister, Jennie, this child's mother. When Jennie was twenty, she had insisted upon marrying the young minister, in spite of her family's protests. An older, wealthier man had wanted to marry her, and the family had preferred him. The minister had only a young head full of ideals and enthusiasm, and a heart full of love. Jennie had preferred these, so she had married the minister and had gone south with him as a **home missionary's** wife.

The break had come then. Miss Polly remembered it well, though she had been only fifteen at the time. Jennie had written, for a time, and had named her last baby Pollyanna for her two sisters, Polly and Anna. Her other babies had all died. And in a few years there had come the news of Jenny's death, told in a short, heartbroken note from the minister.

Miss Polly was forty now, and alone in the world. Father, mother, sisters – all were dead. But she was not lonely, she said. She liked being by herself. She preferred quiet. But now ...



HOME
MISSIONARY
A person sent
by a church to
preach to
the poor.

Miss Polly rose with frowning face and closely shut lips. She was glad that she not only knew her duty, but had sufficient strength of character to perform it. But – Pollyanna! What a ridiculous name!

CHAPTER 2

Old Tom and Nancy



IN THE LITTLE ATTIC ROOM NANCY SWEPT AND scrubbed vigorously, paying particular attention to the corners.

“I – just – wish – I – could – dig – out – the – corners – of – her – soul!” she muttered. “The idea of stickin’ that blessed child way up here in this hot little room – with no fire in the winter, too. And all this big house to choose from! Unnecessary children, indeed!” snapped Nancy, wringing her rag so hard her fingers ached.

For some time she worked in silence. Then she looked about the bare little room in disgust.

“Well, it’s done – my part, anyhow,” she sighed. “Poor little soul! A pretty place this is to put a homesick



IN THE LITTLE ATTIC ROOM NANCY SWEPT
AND SCRUBBED VIGOROUSLY.

child!" she finished, going out and closing the door with a bang. "Oh!" she exclaimed, biting her lip. "Well, I don't care. I hope she did hear the bang!"

In the garden that afternoon, Nancy found Old Tom, who had pulled weeds and shoveled the paths about the place for many years.

"Mr. Tom," began Nancy, throwing a quick glance over her shoulder to make sure no one was watching, "did you know a little girl was comin' to live with Miss Polly?"

"Go on with your jokin'," scoffed Tom, straightening his back with difficulty. "Why don't ye tell me the sun is goin' to set in the east tomorrow?"

"But it's true. She told me so herself," said Nancy. "It's her niece and she's eleven years old."

The man's jaw fell. Then a tender light came into his eyes. "It must be Miss Jennie's little gal. Glory be! To think of my old eyes seein' this!"

"Who was Miss Jennie?"

"She was an angel straight out of Heaven," breathed the man. "She was Miss Polly's oldest sister. She was twenty when she married and went away from here years ago. Her babies all died, I heard, except the

last one, and that must be the one that's comin'."

"She's goin' to sleep in the attic — more shame to her!" scolded Nancy, with another glance over her shoulder toward the house.

Old Tom frowned. The next moment a smile curved his lips. "I wonder what Miss Polly will do with a child in the house," he said.

"Well, I wonder what a child will do with Miss Polly in the house!" snapped Nancy.

The old man laughed. "I'm afraid you ain't fond of Miss Polly," he grinned.

"As if anybody could be fond of her!" scorned Nancy.

Old Tom smiled oddly. He stooped and began to work again. "I guess you didn't know about Miss Polly's love affair," he said slowly.

"Love affair! No! And I guess nobody else did either."

"Oh, yes," nodded the old man. "And the fellow's livin' today, right in this town."

"Who is he?"

"I ain't tellin' that." The old man drew himself erect.

"It don't seem possible," maintained Nancy.

Old Tom shook his head. "You didn't know Miss Polly as I did," he argued. "She used to be real pretty. She would be now, if she'd let herself be."

"Pretty! Miss Polly!"

"Yes. If she'd just let that hair of hers out loose, and wear bonnets with flowers in 'em, and lace dresses, she'd be pretty! Miss Polly ain't old."

"Ain't she, though? She's got an awfully good imitation of it," sniffed Nancy.

"Yes, I know. It began at the time of the trouble with her sweetheart," nodded Old Tom. "And it seems as if she's been eatin' thistles ever since; she's that prickly to deal with."

"I should say she was," declared Nancy. "There's no pleasin' her, no matter how you try! I wouldn't stay if the folks at home didn't need the money. But some day I'll just boil over. And when I do, it'll be good-bye Nancy."

Old Tom shook his head. "I know. I've felt it. It's natural — but it ain't best, child. Take my word for it, it ain't best." And again he bent his old head to the work before him.

“Nancy!” called a sharp voice.

“Y-yes, ma’am,” stammered Nancy, and she hurried toward the house.

CHAPTER 3

The Coming of Pollyanna



IN DUE TIME THE TELEGRAM CAME ANNOUNCING that Pollyanna would arrive the next day at four o'clock. Miss Polly read the telegram, frowned, then climbed the stairs to the attic room.

The room contained a small bed, two straight-backed chairs, a washstand, a bureau — without a mirror — and a small table. There were no curtains at the windows, no pictures on the wall. The sun had been pouring down upon the roof, and the little room felt like an oven. Since there were no screens, the windows had not been opened. A big fly was buzzing at one of them now, trying to get out.

Miss Polly killed the fly, straightened a chair, frowned again, and left the room.

"Nancy," she said a few minutes later, at the kitchen door, "I found a fly in Miss Pollyanna's room. The window must have been opened. I have ordered screens, but until they come I expect the windows to remain closed. My niece will arrive tomorrow at four o'clock. I desire you to meet her at the station. Timothy will drive you over in the buggy. The telegram says 'light hair, red-checked dress, and straw hat.' That is all I know."

"Yes, ma'am. But you — "

Miss Polly evidently understood the pause. She frowned and said, "No, I shall not go. It is not necessary. That is all." And she turned away.

Nancy sent her iron with a vicious dig across the dish towel she was ironing.

"'Light hair, red-checked dress, and straw hat' — all she knows, indeed! Well, I'd be ashamed to admit that!"

THE NEXT AFTERNOON Timothy and Nancy drove off in the open buggy to meet the guest. Timothy was Old Tom's son. He was a good-natured youth, and good-looking, as well. Nancy and Timothy were already good friends.

Today, however, Nancy was not her usual talkative self. Over and over she was wondering what sort of child this Pollyanna was, anyway.

"I hope for her sake she's quiet and sensible, and don't bang doors," she sighed to Timothy.

"Well, if she ain't, nobody knows what'll become of the rest of us," grinned Timothy. "Imagine Miss Polly and a noisy kid!"

"Oh, Timothy, I think it was mean to send me," chattered the suddenly frightened Nancy.

Soon she saw the slender little girl in red checks with two fat yellow braids hanging down her back. Beneath the straw hat, an eager, freckled face turned to the right and to the left, plainly searching for someone.

But not for some time could Nancy control her shaking knees sufficiently to go to her. The little girl was standing by herself when Nancy finally approached her.

"Are you Miss Pollyanna?" she asked. The next moment she found herself half smothered in a hug.

"Oh, I'm so glad, glad, GLAD to see you," cried an eager voice in her ear. "Of course I'm Pollyanna, and I'm so glad you came to meet me! I hoped you would."

"You did?" stammered Nancy.



AN EAGER, FRECKLED FACE TURNED TO THE RIGHT AND
TO THE LEFT, PLAINLY SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE.

"Oh, yes. I've been wondering all the way here what you looked like," cried the little girl, dancing on her toes and looking over Nancy from head to foot.

"And now I know, and I'm glad you look just like you do look."

Nancy was relieved to have Timothy come up. Pollyanna's words were most confusing.

"This is Timothy. Maybe you have a trunk," she stammered.

"Yes, I have," nodded Pollyanna. "A brand new one. The **Ladies' Aid** bought it for me. Wasn't it lovely of them?"

LADIES' AID
A local organization of women who raised money for their church and did charities.

The three were off at last, with Pollyanna herself snug between Nancy and Timothy. During the whole process of getting started the little girl had kept up a stream of comments and questions.

"Isn't this lovely? Is it far? I hope it is. I love to ride," sighed Pollyanna. "Of course, if it isn't far, I won't mind, though, 'cause I'll be glad to get there all the sooner, you know. What a pretty street! I knew it was going to be pretty. Father told me — "

She stopped. Nancy saw that her small chin was quivering, and that her eyes were full of tears. In a moment, however, she hurried on, lifting her head bravely.

"Father told me all about it. He remembered. And I ought to have explained before why I'm not in black. There weren't any black things in the last **missionary barrel**. Part of the Ladies' Aid wanted to buy me a black dress and hat, but the other part thought the money ought to go toward the carpet they're trying to get for the church."

Pollyanna paused, and Nancy managed to stammer, "Well, I'm sure it'll be all right."

"I'm glad you feel that way. I do, too," nodded Pollyanna. "Of course, it would have been harder to be glad in black."

"Glad!" gasped Nancy.

"Yes — that Father's gone to Heaven to be with Mother and the rest of us, you know. He said I must be glad. But it's been pretty hard to do it, because I wanted him. And I couldn't help feeling I ought to have him, 'specially as Mother and the rest have God and all the angels, while I didn't have anybody but the Ladies' Aid. But now I'm sure it'll be easier because I've got you, Aunt Polly. I'm so glad I've got you!"



**MISSIONARY
BARREL**

A shipment of supplies from a church to those on missions.

Nancy's aching sympathy for the poor little child turned suddenly into shocked terror.

"Oh, but you've made a mistake, d-dear," she faltered. "I ain't your Aunt Polly, at all!"

"You aren't?" stammered the little girl.

"No. I'm only Nancy. I never thought of your mistakin' me for her. We ain't a bit alike!"

Timothy chuckled softly.

"But who are you?" questioned Pollyanna.

"I'm the hired girl. I do all the work except the washin' and hard ironin'."

"But there is an Aunt Polly?" demanded the child, anxiously.

"You bet your life there is," cut in Timothy.

Pollyanna relaxed visibly. "Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment's silence, then she went on brightly, "I'm glad, after all, that she didn't come to meet me, because now I've got her still coming and I've got you besides."

Pollyanna sighed contentedly. "Aunt Polly's all the aunt I've got, and I didn't know I had her for ever so long. Then Father told me. He said she lived in a lovely big house on top of a hill."

"She does. You can see it now," said Nancy. "It's that big white one with the green shutters."

"Oh, how pretty! And what a lot of trees and grass all around it! Is Aunt Polly rich?"

"Yes, Miss."

"I'm so glad. It must be perfectly lovely to have lots of money. I never knew anyone that did, except the Whites. They had carpets in every room and ice cream on Sundays. Does Aunt Polly have ice cream on Sundays?"

Nancy shook her head and threw a merry look to Timothy. "No, Miss. Your aunt don't like ice cream. At least I never saw it on her table."

Pollyanna's face fell. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I don't see how she can help liking ice cream. But, anyhow, I can be glad about that, 'cause the ice cream you don't eat can't make your stomach ache. Maybe Aunt Polly has got carpets, though."

"Yes, she's got carpets."

"In every room?"

"Well, in almost every room," answered Nancy, frowning suddenly at the thought of the little attic room where there was no carpet.

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried Pollyanna. "I love carpets. We didn't have any, only two little rugs that came in a missionary barrel. Mrs. White had pictures, too. Don't you just love pictures?"

"I don't know," answered Nancy, quietly.

"I do. We didn't have any pictures. They don't come in the barrels much, you know. Two came once, though. But one was so good Father sold it to get money to buy me some shoes. And the other was so bad it fell to pieces. But I'm glad now 'cause I shall like Aunt Polly's all the better, not being used to 'em, you see. My! Isn't this a perfectly beautiful house?" she broke off, as they turned into the wide driveway.

Timothy was unloading the trunk when Nancy muttered in his ear, "You couldn't pay me to leave now!"

"Leave! I should say not," grinned the youth. "It'll be more fun here now, with that kid around, than the movin'-picture shows!"

"Fun! Fun!" repeated Nancy, indignantly. "I guess that blessed child will be needin' some rock to fly to for refuge. Well, I'm goin' to be that rock, Timothy. I am!" she vowed, as she led Pollyanna up the broad steps.

CHAPTER 4

The Little Attic Room



MISS POLLY HARRINGTON DID NOT RISE TO meet her niece. She looked up from her book as Nancy and the little girl appeared in the sitting-room doorway, and she held out a hand.

"How do you do, Pollyanna? I — " She had no chance to say more. Pollyanna flew across the room and flung herself into her aunt's lap.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, I don't know how to be glad enough that you let me come live with you," she sobbed. "You don't know how lovely it is to have you and Nancy and all this after you've had just the Ladies' Aid!"

"Very likely," replied Miss Polly, stiffly, as she tried to unclasp Pollyanna's fingers. She looked with a frown at Nancy. "Nancy, you may go. Pollyanna, please

stand erect in a proper manner. I don't know yet what you look like."

Pollyanna drew back at once, laughing a little hysterically. "No, I suppose you don't. But you see I'm not much to look at, on account of the freckles. And I ought to explain about the red dress. I told Nancy how Father said — "

"Never mind now what your father said," interrupted Miss Polly. "You had a trunk?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Polly, a beautiful trunk that the Ladies' Aid gave me. I haven't got very much in it — of my own, I mean. The barrels haven't had many clothes for little girls in them lately. But there were all Father's books, and Mrs. White said I ought to have those. You see, Father — "

"Pollyanna," interrupted her aunt again, "I do not care to have you talk of your father to me."

The little girl drew in her breath.

"Why, Aunt Polly, you mean — " She hesitated, and her aunt filled the pause.

"We will go upstairs to your room. I told Timothy to take your trunk up, if you had one."

Without speaking, Pollyanna followed her aunt

from the room. Her eyes were brimming with tears, but her chin was bravely high.

After all, I reckon I'm glad she doesn't want me to talk about Father, Pollyanna thought. It'll be easier, maybe, if I don't talk about him. Probably that is why she told me not to talk about him. Pollyanna blinked off the tears and looked eagerly about her.

She was on a stairway now. Just ahead, her aunt's black silk skirt rustled luxuriously. Through an open door she saw pale rugs and satin-covered chairs. The marvelous carpet beneath her feet felt like green moss.

"Oh, Aunt Polly," breathed the little girl, "what a perfectly lovely house! You must be awfully glad you're so rich!"

"Pollyanna!" exclaimed her aunt, turning sharply. "I'm surprised at you!"

"Why, aren't you?" asked Pollyanna.

"Certainly not, Pollyanna. I hope I would never be sinfully proud of any gift the Lord has given me," declared the lady.

Miss Polly turned and walked down the hall toward the attic stairway. She was glad that she had put the child in the attic room. She had wanted to get her

niece as far away from herself as possible, and at the same time place her where she would not destroy valuable furnishings. Now, since Pollyanna seemed to be too proud, it was all the more fortunate that her room was plain and sensible, thought Miss Polly.

Pollyanna's small feet pattered eagerly behind her aunt. Her blue eyes tried not to miss anything of beauty or interest. She wondered which beautiful room full of curtains, rugs, and pictures was to be her very own. Then, abruptly, her aunt opened a door and climbed another stairway.

A bare wall rose on either side. At the top of the stairs, there was a large and shadowy room. Trunks and boxes were stacked in the corners where the roof came down to the floor. It was hot, and it seemed so hard to breathe. Pollyanna lifted her head higher. Then she saw that her aunt had thrown open a door at the right.

"Here is your room, Pollyanna. Your trunk is here, I see. Have you your key?"

Pollyanna nodded. Her eyes were frightened.

Her aunt frowned. "When I ask you a question, I prefer you to answer aloud."

"Yes, Aunt Polly."

"Thank you, that is better. I believe you have everything you need," she added. "I will send Nancy up to help you unpack. Supper is at six o'clock," she finished as she left the room.

For a moment after she had gone Pollyanna stood quite still, looking after her. Then she turned her eyes to the bare wall, the bare floor, the bare windows. She turned them last to the little trunk that had stood not so long before in her own little room in the faraway western home. Then she fell on her knees at its side, covering her face with her hands.

Nancy found her there when she came up a few minutes later. "There, there, you poor lamb," she crooned, pulling the little girl into her arms. "I was afraid I'd find you like this."

Pollyanna shook her head. "But I'm bad, Nancy," she sobbed. "I just can't make myself understand that God and the angels needed my father more than I did."

"They didn't," declared Nancy.

"Oh-h! Nancy!" The burning horror in Pollyanna's eyes dried the tears.

Nancy gave a shamefaced smile and rubbed her own eyes vigorously. "There, there, I didn't mean it, of

course," she cried briskly. "Let's have your key. We'll take out your dresses."

Tearfully, Pollyanna produced the key.

"There aren't very many," she said.

"Then they're all the sooner unpacked," declared Nancy.

"That's so! I can be glad of that," she cried.

Nancy stared. "Of course," she answered uncertainly.

Nancy made short work of unpacking the books, the patched underwear, and the few unattractive dresses. Pollyanna, smiling bravely now, flew about, hanging the dresses in the closet, stacking the books on the table, and putting away the underwear in drawers.

"I'm sure it's going to be a very nice room. Don't you think so?" she asked.

There was no answer. Nancy was very busy, apparently, with her head in the trunk. Pollyanna, standing at the bureau, gazed at the bare wall above.

"And I can be glad there isn't any looking-glass, so I don't have to see my freckles."

Nancy made a strange sound, but when Pollyanna turned, her head was in the trunk again. At

one of the windows, a few minutes later, Pollyanna gave a cry and clapped her hands.

“Oh, Nancy,” she breathed. “Look! Way off there, those trees and the houses and that lovely church spire, and the river shining like silver. Why, nobody needs pictures with that to look at. Oh, I’m so glad she let me have this room!”

To Pollyanna’s surprise, Nancy burst into tears. Pollyanna hurried to her side.

“Why, Nancy, what is it?” she cried. “This wasn’t your room, was it?”

“My room!” stormed Nancy, choking back the tears. “If you ain’t a little angel straight from Heaven! Oh, there’s her bell!” Nancy sprang to her feet and clattered down the stairs.

Left alone, Pollyanna went back to her “picture,” as she called the view from the window. She touched the window frame tentatively. She could not endure the stifling heat any longer. To her joy, the frame moved. The next moment the window was wide open. Pollyanna leaned out, drinking in the sweet air.

She ran to the other window. That, too, flew up. A big fly swept past her nose and buzzed about the room.

Then another came, and another, but Pollyanna ignored them. She had made a wonderful discovery: a huge tree flung great branches against this window. To Pollyanna they looked like arms outstretched, inviting her.

Suddenly she laughed aloud. "I believe I can do it," she chuckled. The next moment she climbed to the window ledge. From there it was easy to step to the nearest branch. Then, like a monkey, she swung from limb to limb until she reached the lowest branch. The drop to the ground was frightening, even for Pollyanana, who was used to climbing trees. But she swung from her strong little arms and landed on all fours in the grass. Then she picked herself up and looked eagerly about her.

She was at the back of the house. Before her lay a garden in which a bent old man was working. Beyond the garden a path led through a field and up a steep hill to a huge rock. To Pollyanna, there was just one place in the world worth being: on top of that big rock.

She skipped by the old man and, a little out of breath, reached the path that ran through the field. Then she began to climb. Already, however, she was thinking what a long, long way off that rock must be, when it had looked so near!

Fifteen minutes later the clock in the hallway of the Harrington home struck six. At precisely the last stroke Nancy rang the bell for supper.

One, two, three minutes passed. Miss Polly frowned and tapped the floor with her slipper. Then she went into the hall and looked upstairs, plainly impatient.

"Nancy," she said, "my niece is late. I told her what time supper was. She may as well learn to be punctual. When she comes down she may have bread and milk in the kitchen."

"Yes, ma'am."

At the earliest possible moment after supper, Nancy crept up the back stairs to the attic room.

"Bread and milk!" she muttered, as she pushed open the door. The next moment she gave a frightened cry. "Where have you gone?" She looked in the closet, under the bed, and then she flew downstairs and out to Old Tom in the garden.

"Mr. Tom, that child's gone," she wailed.

The old man straightened up. "Gone?" he repeated, sweeping the sunset sky with his gaze. He stopped, stared a moment, then turned with a slow grin, pointing

with a crooked finger to a slender figure standing on top of a huge rock.

“If Miss Polly asks, tell her I ain’t forgettin’ the dishes, but I gone on a stroll,” Nancy called over her shoulder, as she sped toward the path.

CHAPTER 5

The Game



FOR LAND'S SAKE, MISS POLLYANNA, WHAT A scare you gave me," panted Nancy. She hurried up to the big rock, down which Pollyanna had just slid.

"Scare? Oh, I'm so sorry. But you mustn't ever get scared about me, Nancy. Father used to, till he found I always came back all right."

"But I didn't even know you'd left," cried Nancy, tucking the little girl's hand under her arm and hurrying down the hill. "I didn't see you go. I guess you flew up through the roof."

Pollyanna skipped gleefully. "I did, but I flew down instead of up. I came down the tree."

Nancy stopped short. "You did what?"

"Came down the tree, outside my window."

"My stars!" gasped Nancy. "I'd like to know what yer aunt would say about that!"

"Would you? I'll tell her, so you can find out," promised the little girl, cheerfully.

"Mercy!" gasped Nancy. "No!"

"You don't mean she'd care!" cried Pollyanna.

"No — er — yes — well, never mind. I don't really want to know what she'd say," stammered Nancy, determined to keep one scolding from Pollyanna. "But we better hurry. I've got to get the dishes done, ye know."

"I'll help," promised Pollyanna.

"Oh, Miss Pollyanna!" protested Nancy.

The sky was darkening fast. Pollyanna took a firmer hold of her friend's arm.

"I reckon I'm glad that you did get scared, 'cause then you came after me," she shivered.

"Poor little lamb! And you must be hungry, too. I'm afraid you'll have to have bread and milk in the kitchen with me. Yer aunt didn't like it when you didn't come down to supper."

"But I couldn't. I was up here."

"But she didn't know that," observed Nancy.

"I'm sorry about the bread and milk."

"I'm not. I'm glad."

"Glad! Why?"

"I like bread and milk, and I'd like to eat with you. I don't see any trouble being glad about that."

"You don't seem to see any trouble bein' glad about everythin'," retorted Nancy, thinking of Pollyanna's brave attempts to like the attic room.

Pollyanna laughed softly. "Well, that's the glad game, you know."

"What in the world are you talkin' about?"

"Why, it's a game Father told to me and it's lovely," replied Pollyanna. "We've played it ever since I was a little girl."

"What is it?"

Pollyanna laughed again, but she sighed, too. In the twilight her face looked thin and wistful.

"We began it on some crutches that came in a missionary barrel."

"Crutches!"

"Yes. You see Father had written that I wanted a doll. But when the barrel came, the lady wrote that no dolls had come in, but little crutches had. So she sent 'em

along in case some child could use 'em. That's when we began it."

"Well, I must say I can't see any game about that," declared Nancy, irritably.

"The game was to find something about everything to be glad about," responded Pollyanna. "We began right then, on the crutches."

"Goodness me! I can't see anythin' to be glad about gettin' a pair of crutches when you wanted a doll!"

Pollyanna clapped her hands.

"There is!" she crowed. "I couldn't see it, either, at first. Father had to tell me."

"Then suppose you tell me," snapped Nancy.

"Goosey! Why, just be glad because you don't need 'em!" cried Pollyanna, triumphantly. "It's easy when you know how!"

"Well, of all the strange things!" said Nancy.

"Oh, it isn't strange. It's lovely," maintained Pollyanna enthusiastically. "We've played it ever since. The harder it is, the more fun it is. Only sometimes it's almost too hard, like when your father goes to Heaven, and there isn't anybody but a Ladies' Aid left."

"Yes, or when you're put in a little room at the top

of the house with nothin' in it," growled Nancy.

"That was a hard one, at first," Pollyanna admitted, "especially when I was so lonesome. I just didn't feel like playing the game, and I had been wanting pretty things. Then I happened to think how I hated to see my freckles in the looking-glass, and I saw that lovely picture out the window, too. So then I knew I'd found things to be glad about. You see, when you're hunting for glad things, you sort of forget the other kind."

"Humph!" choked Nancy, trying to swallow the lump in her throat.

"Generally it doesn't take so long," sighed Pollyanna, "and lots of times now I just think of them without thinking, you know. I've got so used to playing it. It's a lovely game. F-father and I used to like it so much," she faltered. "I suppose it'll be a little harder now, with nobody to play it with. Maybe Aunt Polly will play it," she added, as an afterthought.

"My stars! Her!" breathed Nancy, behind her teeth. Then, aloud, she said, "See here, Miss Pollyanna, I'll play it with ye."

"Oh, Nancy!" cried Pollyanna, giving her a hug. "That'll be splendid. Won't we have fun?"

"Maybe," said Nancy. "But don't count too much on me. I never was much good at games, but I'll try. You'll have someone to play it with, anyhow," she finished, as they entered the kitchen together.

Pollyanna ate her bread and milk with good appetite. Then she went into the sitting room, where her aunt sat reading.

Miss Polly looked up coldly.

"Have you had your supper, Pollyanna?"

"Yes, Aunt Polly."

"I'm very sorry, Pollyanna, that I had to send you into the kitchen to eat bread and milk."

"But I was glad you did it, Aunt Polly. I like bread and milk, and Nancy, too. You mustn't feel bad about that one bit."

Aunt Polly sat a little more erect in her chair. "Pollyanna, it's time you were in bed. Tomorrow we must plan your hours and go over your clothing to see what you need. Nancy will give you a candle. Be careful how you handle it. Breakfast will be at seven-thirty. Good night."

Pollyanna came straight to her aunt's side and gave her a hug.

"I've had such a beautiful time, so far," she sighed happily. "I know I'm going to love living with you. Good night," she called cheerfully, as she ran from the room.

"Well!" declared Miss Polly. "What an extraordinary child! She's glad I punished her!"

Fifteen minutes later, in the attic room, a lonely girl sobbed, "I know, Father-among-the-angels, I'm not playing the game now. But I don't believe even you could find anything to be glad about sleeping all alone way up here in the dark."

In the kitchen, Nancy jabbed her dish cloth into the milk pitcher and muttered, "If playin' a silly game about bein' glad you've got crutches is bein' that rock of refuge, why, I'm goin' to play it. I am!"

CHAPTER 6

A Question of Duty



IT WAS NEARLY SEVEN O'CLOCK WHEN POLLYANNA awoke that first day after her arrival. Her windows faced the south and the west, so she could not see the sun yet, but she could see the blue morning sky. The day promised to be fair.

Outside the birds were twittering joyously. Pollyanna flew to the window to talk to them. She saw that down in the garden her aunt was already out among the rosebushes.

Pollyanna sped down the attic stairs, leaving both doors wide open. She ran through the hall, down more stairs, then bang through the front door and around to the garden.

Aunt Polly, with the bent old man, was leaning

over a rosebush. Pollyanna, gurgling with delight, flung herself upon her.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, I reckon I am glad this morning just to be alive!"

"Pollyanna!" protested the lady, pulling herself as erect as she could with a ninety-pound girl hanging onto her neck. "Is this the way you say good morning?"

The little girl dropped to her toes and danced up and down. "No, only when I love folks so I just can't help it! I saw you from my window, Aunt Polly, and you looked so good I just had to come down and hug you!"

The old man turned his back suddenly. Miss Polly tried to frown.

"Pollyanna, you — Thomas, that will do for this morning," she said stiffly. Then she turned and walked away.

"Do you always work in the garden, Mr. — ?" asked Pollyanna.

The man turned. His lips were twitching, but his eyes looked blurred as if with tears.

"I'm Old Tom, the gardener," he answered. Timidly, he reached out a shaking hand and let it rest for a moment on her bright hair. "You are so like your moth-

er, little Miss! I used to know her when she was even littler than you be."

Pollyanna caught her breath. "You knew my mother? Oh, please tell me about her!" And she sat down in the path by the old man's side.

A bell sounded from the house. The next moment Nancy flew out the back door.

"Miss Pollyanna, in the morning that bell means breakfast," she panted, pulling the little girl to her feet and hurrying her back to the house, "and it always means that you're to run like time when ye hear it, no matter where ye be." She shooed Pollyanna into the house.

Breakfast, for the first five minutes, was silent. Then Miss Polly, watching two flies darting here and there over the table, said sternly, "Nancy, where did those flies come from?"

"I don't know, ma'am." Nancy hadn't noticed Pollyanna's open windows the afternoon before.

"Maybe they're my flies, Aunt Polly," observed Pollyanna.

Nancy hurried out of the room, still carrying the hot muffins she had just brought in.

"Yours!" gasped Miss Polly. "What do you mean? Where did they come from?"

"Why, they came from out-of-doors, through the windows. I saw some of them come in."

"You saw them! You mean you opened those windows without any screens?"

"Why, yes, Aunt Polly."

Nancy came in again with the muffins. Her face was very red.

"Nancy," directed Miss Polly, "go to Miss Pollyanna's room and shut the windows. Later, go through every room with the fly swatter."

To her niece she said, "Pollyanna, I ordered screens for those windows. It was my duty to do that. But you have forgotten your duty."

"My duty?" Pollyanna's eyes were wide with wonder.

"Certainly. It is warm, but I consider it your duty to keep your windows closed till the screens come. Flies are very dangerous to health. After breakfast I will give you a pamphlet on this matter to read."

"Thank you, Aunt Polly. I love to read!"

Miss Polly drew in her breath, then shut her lips hard. Pollyanna, seeing her stern face, frowned thoughtfully.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Polly," she apologized timidly. "I won't open the windows again."

Her aunt made no reply. When the meal was over, she went to the bookcase in the sitting room and took out a booklet.

"This is the article I spoke of, Pollyanna. Go to your room and read it. I will be up in half an hour to look over your things."

Pollyanna, her eyes on the illustration of a fly's head, cried, "Thank you!" The next moment she skipped from the room, banging the door.

Half an hour later Miss Polly, her face stern, entered Pollyanna's room. She was greeted with a burst of enthusiasm.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, I didn't know flies could carry such a lot of things on their feet, and — "

"That will do," observed Aunt Polly, with dignity. "Pollyanna, you may bring out your clothes now, and I will look them over. What are not suitable for you I shall give away."

Reluctantly, Pollyanna turned to the closet.

"I'm afraid you'll think they're worse than the Ladies' Aid did," she sighed. "But there were mostly

things for boys and older folks in the last two or three barrels. Did you ever have a missionary barrel, Aunt Polly?"

At her aunt's look of shocked anger, Pollyanna corrected herself at once.

"Why, no, of course you didn't, Aunt Polly!" she hurried on. "I forgot. But you see sometimes I forget that you are rich. Up here, you know."

Miss Polly's lips parted, but no words came. Pollyanna, unaware that she had said anything unpleasant, hurried on. "Well, you can't tell a thing about missionary barrels, except that you won't find in 'em what you think you're going to. It was the barrels that were hardest to play the game on, for Father and —"

Just in time Pollyanna remembered that she was not to talk of her father to her aunt. She dived into her closet and brought out the poor little dresses.

"They aren't nice," she said. "But they're all I've got."

Miss Polly turned over the clothes and the patched underwear in the bureau drawers.

"I've got the best ones on," said Pollyanna. "The Ladies' Aid bought me one new set."

Miss Polly turned to Pollyanna abruptly. "You have been to school, of course, Pollyanna?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Polly. Besides, Fath — I mean, I was taught at home some, too."

Miss Polly frowned. "Very good. In the fall you will enter school here. Meanwhile, I ought to hear you read aloud half an hour each day. Have you studied music?"

"Not much. I learned to play the piano a little. But I'd just as soon let that go."

"Very likely," observed Aunt Polly. "Nevertheless, it is my duty to see that you are properly instructed in music. You sew, of course."

"Yes, ma'am." Pollyanna sighed. "The Ladies' Aid taught me. But I had an awful time. Mrs. Jones didn't believe in holding your needle like the rest of 'em, and Mrs. White thought backstitching ought to be taught before hemming."

"Well, I shall teach you sewing myself. You do not know how to cook, I presume."

Pollyanna laughed. "They were just beginning to teach me this summer, but I hadn't got far. I'd only learned chocolate fudge and fig cake, when — when I had

to stop." Her voice broke.

"Chocolate fudge and fig cake, indeed!" scorned Miss Polly. She paused, then went on slowly, "At nine o'clock every morning you will read aloud one half hour to me. Before that you will put this room in order. Wednesday and Saturday mornings, after nine-thirty, you will spend with Nancy in the kitchen, learning to cook. Other mornings you will sew with me. That will leave the afternoons for your music. I shall arrange a teacher at once for you," she finished decisively, as she rose from her chair.

Pollyanna cried out in dismay. "Oh, but Aunt Polly, you haven't left me any time just to live."

"To live, child! What do you mean?"

"I mean doing the things you want to do: playing outdoors, reading to myself, climbing hills, talking to Mr. Tom and Nancy, and finding out all about the houses and the people and everything. That's what I call living."

Miss Polly lifted her head irritably. "Pollyanna, you are the most extraordinary child! You will be allowed a proper amount of playtime. But if I am willing to do my duty in seeing that you have proper instruction, you

ought to be willing to do yours by seeing that that instruction is not ungratefully wasted."

Pollyanna looked shocked. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if I ever could be ungrateful to you! Why, I love you!"

"Then see that you don't act ungrateful," said Miss Polly, as she turned toward the door.

She had gone halfway down the stairs when a small voice called after her, "Please, Aunt Polly, you didn't tell me which of my things you want to give away."

Aunt Polly sighed. "Not one of your dresses is fit for my niece to wear. Certainly I would not be doing my duty if I let you appear in them."

Pollyanna sighed now. She believed she was going to hate that word — duty.

"Aunt Polly, please," she called wistfully, "isn't there any way you can be glad about all that duty business?"

"What?" Miss Polly looked up in surprise. Then, with red cheeks, she swept angrily down the stairs. "Don't be impertinent, Pollyanna!"

In the hot attic room Pollyanna dropped onto one of the straight-backed chairs. It seemed that life here was going to be one duty after another.

For several minutes Pollyanna sat in silence,
Then, slowly, she rose and began to put away the dresses.

"There just isn't anything to be glad about," she said aloud. "Unless it's to be glad when the duty's done!" And she laughed.

CHAPTER 7

Pollyanna and Punishments



AT ONE-THIRTY TIMOTHY DROVE MISS POLLY and her niece to four or five stores to buy a new wardrobe for Pollyanna.

The shopping expedition took the entire afternoon. Then came supper and a delightful talk with Old Tom in the garden, and another with Nancy on the back porch.

Old Tom told Pollyanna wonderful things of her mother that made her very happy. And Nancy told her all about the little farm six miles away at The Corners, where lived her own dear mother, and her dear brother and sisters.

"They've got lovely names," sighed Nancy.
"They're Algernon, and Florabelle, and Estelle. I just
hate being called Nancy!"

"Oh, what a dreadful thing to say! Why?"

"Because it isn't pretty like the others."

"But I love the name Nancy, because it's you."

"Humph! Well, I guess you could love the name
Clarissa Mabelle just as well," retorted Nancy. "I think
that name's just grand!"

Pollyanna laughed. "Well, anyhow," she chuck-
led, "you can be glad it isn't Hephzibah."

"Hephzibah!"

"Yes. Mrs. White's name is that. Her husband
calls her Hep, and she doesn't like it. She says when he
calls out 'Hep! Hep!' she feels as if he's going to yell
'Hurrah!' next."

Nancy's gloomy face relaxed into a broad smile.
"Well! From now on, when I hear 'Nancy' I'll think of
'Hep! Hep!' and giggle. I guess I am glad — " She stopped
short. "Say, Miss Pollyanna, were you playin' that
game?"

Pollyanna frowned, then laughed. "Why, I was
playing the game, but that time I just did it without

thinking. You get so used to looking for something to be glad about. And generally there is something about everything that you can be glad about, if you keep hunting long enough."

"Well, maybe," granted Nancy, doubtfully.

AT EIGHT-THIRTY Pollyanna went up to bed. The little room was like an oven. Pollyanna looked at the two closed windows, but she did not raise them. She undressed, folded her clothes, said her prayers, blew out her candle, and climbed into bed.

She lay in sleepless misery, tossing from side to side, for what seemed like hours. Finally she slipped out of bed, felt her way across the room, and opened her door.

Out in the main attic, the moon flung a path of silver across the floor from the east dormer window. Pollyanna pattered straight into that silvery path, and on to the window.

As she peered out, she saw, only a little way below the window, the wide, flat tin roof of Miss Polly's sun parlor. If only her bed were out there!

Suddenly Pollyanna remembered that she had

seen near this attic window a row of long white bags hanging from nails. Nancy had said that they contained the winter clothing, put away for the summer. Pollyanna felt her way to these bags. She selected a soft one for a bed, another one for a pillow, and still another for a covering. Then she pattered to the window again, stuffed the bags through to the roof below, let herself down, and closed the window carefully behind her.

How deliciously cool it was! The tin roof under her feet crackled with little snaps that Pollyanna rather liked. She walked two or three times back and forth from end to end; it gave her such a pleasant sensation of airy space after her hot little room. And the roof was so broad and flat that she had no fear of falling off. Finally, she curled up on the soft bag and settled herself to sleep.

"I'm so glad the screens didn't come," she murmured, blinking up at the stars, "else I couldn't have had this!"

Downstairs, Miss Polly was hurrying into her dressing gown and slippers, her face white and frightened. A minute before she had telephoned in a shaking voice to Timothy, "Come up quick! You and your father! Somebody is on the roof of the sun parlor. Hurry!"

Some time later, Pollyanna, just dropping off to sleep, was startled by a lantern flash, and three amazed voices. She opened her eyes to find Timothy at the top of a ladder near her, Old Tom just getting through the window, and her aunt peering out at her from behind him.

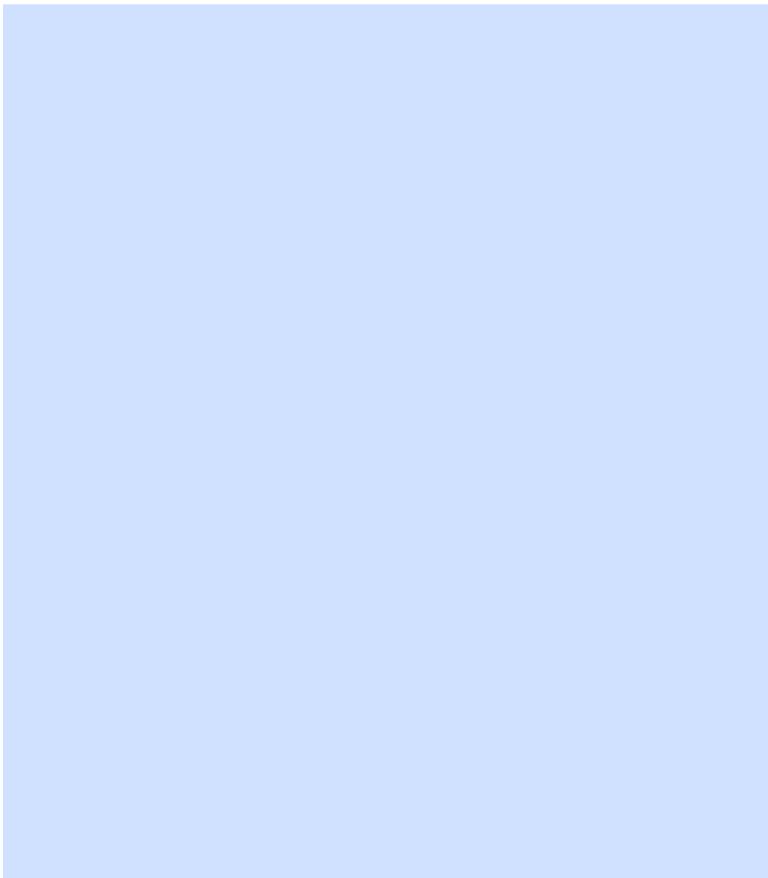
"Pollyanna?" cried Aunt Polly.

Pollyanna blinked sleepy eyes and sat up. "Why, Mr. Tom — Aunt Polly!" she stammered. "Don't look so scared! I was just so hot in there. But I shut the window, Aunt Polly, so the flies couldn't carry those germ things in."

Timothy disappeared suddenly down the ladder. Old Tom handed his lantern to Miss Polly and followed his son. Miss Polly bit her lip hard. Then she said sternly, "Pollyanna, hand those things to me and come in!"

To Pollyanna the air in the attic was all the more stifling after being out-of-doors, but she did not complain. She only drew a long sigh.

At the top of the stairs Miss Polly said crisply, "For the rest of the night, Pollyanna, you are to sleep in my bed with me. The screens will be here tomorrow, but until then I consider it my duty to keep you where I know where you are."



SHE OPENED HER EYES TO FIND TIMOTHY AT THE
TOP OF A LADDER NEAR HER.

“With you?” Pollyanna cried. “Oh, Aunt Polly,
how lovely of you! I’ve so wanted to sleep with someone

that belonged to me. I reckon I am glad now those screens didn't come!"

There was no reply. Miss Polly was stalking on ahead, feeling helpless. For the third time since Pollyanna's arrival, Miss Polly was punishing her. And for the third time Pollyanna seemed to think her punishment was a reward.

CHAPTER 8

Pollyanna Pays a Visit



LIFE AT THE HARRINGTON HOMESTEAD SETTLED into something like order, though not exactly the order that Miss Polly had prescribed. Pollyanna sewed, practiced, read aloud, and studied cooking in the kitchen, but she did not give to any of these things quite so much time as had been planned. She had more time, also, to "just live." Every afternoon from two until six o'clock was hers to do with as she liked, provided she did not do certain things prohibited by Aunt Polly.

It is a question, perhaps, whether this leisure time was given as a relief to Pollyanna from work, or as a relief to Aunt Polly from Pollyanna. Certainly, as the July days passed, Miss Polly declared many times, "What an extraordinary child!" And certainly the reading and

sewing lessons left her each day dazed and exhausted.

Nancy fared better. She was not dazed or exhausted. Indeed, Wednesdays and Saturdays came to be special days for her.

There were no children in the neighborhood for Pollyanna to play with. This, however, did not seem to disturb Pollyanna in the least.

"I don't mind it at all," she explained to Nancy. "I'm happy just to walk around and see the streets and the houses and watch the people. I just love people. Don't you, Nancy?"

"Well, not all of 'em," retorted Nancy.

Almost every afternoon Pollyanna begged for an errand to run, so that she might take a walk. On these walks she often met the Man. To herself Pollyanna always called him "the Man," even if she met a dozen other men the same day.

The Man often wore a long black coat and a high silk hat. His face was cleanshaven and rather pale, and his hair was somewhat gray. He walked erect, and rapidly, and he was always alone, which made Pollyanna sorry for him. Perhaps this was why she spoke to him one day.

"HOW DO YOU DO, SIR? ISN'T THIS A NICE DAY?" SHE CALLED
CHEERILY, AS SHE APPROACHED HIM.

"How do you do, sir? Isn't this a nice day?" she called cheerily, as she approached him.

The man glanced about him, then stopped uncertainly. "Did you speak to me?" he asked in a sharp voice.

"Yes, sir," beamed Pollyanna. "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"Eh? Oh. Humph!" he grunted and strode on.

Pollyanna laughed. He was such a funny man, she thought.

The next day she saw him again. "It isn't quite so nice as yesterday, but it's pretty nice," she called out cheerfully.

"Eh? Oh! Humph!" grunted the man as before. And once again Pollyanna laughed.

The third time Pollyanna spoke to him, the man stopped abruptly.

"See here, child, who are you, and why are you speaking to me every day?"

"I'm Pollyanna Whittier and I thought you looked lonesome. I'm so glad you stopped. Now we're introduced, only I don't know your name."

"Well, of all the — " The man did not finish his sentence, but strode on faster than ever.

Pollyanna looked after him with a disappointed

droop to her lips.

"That was only half an introduction. I don't know his name, yet," she murmured, as she proceeded on her way.

Pollyanna was carrying **calf's-foot jelly** to Mrs. Snow. Miss Harrington always sent something to Mrs. Snow once a week. She said it was her duty, since Mrs. Snow was poor, sick, and a member of her church. Miss Polly did her duty by Mrs. Snow on Thursday afternoon — not personally, but through Nancy. Today Pollyanna had asked to go in her place.

CALF'S-FOOT JELLY

A jelly made from gelatin that comes from boiling calves' feet.

"I'd love to do it, Nancy."

"Well, you won't after you've done it once," predicted Nancy.

"Why not?"

"Because nobody does. If folks weren't sorry for her, nobody would go near her, she's that cantankerous. I pity her daughter who has to take care of her."

"But, why, Nancy?"

Nancy shrugged. "Well, it's just that nothin' is ever right for Mrs. Snow. If it's Monday she says she wishes it was Sunday. If you take her jelly you're sure to

hear she wanted chicken. But if you did bring her chicken, she'd want lamb!"

"Why, what a funny woman," laughed Pollyanna. "I think I shall like to go to see her. She must be so different. I love different folks."

"Well, I hope Mrs. Snow's different, for the sake of the rest of us!" Nancy finished grimly.

Pollyanna was thinking of these remarks as she turned in at the gate of the shabby little cottage. Her eyes sparkled at the prospect of meeting this "different" Mrs. Snow.

A pale-faced, tired-looking young girl answered her knock at the door.

"How do you do?" began Pollyanna politely. "I'm from Miss Polly Harrington, and I'd like to see Mrs. Snow, please."

"Well, you're the first one that ever liked to see her," muttered the girl under her breath, but Pollyanna did not hear this. The girl had turned and was leading the way through the hall to a door at the end of it.

In the sickroom, Pollyanna blinked a little before she could see in the gloom. Then she saw, dimly outlined, a woman half-sitting up in the bed across the

room. Pollyanna walked toward her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Snow? Aunt Polly has sent you some calf's-foot jelly."

"Dear me! Jelly?" murmured a fretful voice. "Of course I'm very much obliged, but I was hoping it would be lamb broth today."

Pollyanna frowned. "Why, I thought it was chicken you wanted when folks brought you jelly," she said.

"What?" The sick woman turned sharply.

"Nothing," apologized Pollyanna. "It doesn't really make any difference. It's only that Nancy said it was chicken you wanted when we brought jelly, and lamb broth when we brought chicken, but maybe it was the other way."

The sick woman pulled herself up in bed.

"Well, Miss Impertinence, who are you?" she demanded.

Pollyanna laughed. "Oh, that isn't my name, Mrs. Snow. And I'm so glad it isn't! I'm Pollyanna Whittier, Miss Polly Harrington's niece, and I've come to live with her. That's why I'm here with the jelly."

The sick woman fell back on her pillow.

"Very well, thank you. Your aunt is very kind, but

my appetite isn't very good this morning, and I was wanting lamb." She stopped suddenly. "I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"Oh dear, I wish I didn't," sighed Pollyanna, placing the jelly on the little stand and seating herself comfortably in the nearest chair. "You lose so much time sleeping! Don't you think so?"

"Lose time sleeping?" exclaimed the woman.

"Yes, when you might be just living, you know. It seems a pity we can't live nights, too."

Once again the woman pulled herself erect in her bed. "Well, if you ain't the amazing one!" she cried. "Go pull up the curtain," she directed. "I should like to know what you look like!"

Pollyanna rose to her feet. "Oh dear! Then you'll see my freckles, won't you?" she sighed, as she went to the window. "And just when I was so glad it was dark and you couldn't see 'em. There! Now you can — oh!" she broke off excitedly, as she turned back to the bed. "I'm so glad you wanted to see me, because now I can see you! They didn't tell me you were so pretty!"

"Me! — pretty!" scoffed the woman.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know it?" cried Pollyanna.



"THERE!" PANTED POLLYANNA, PLUCKING A FLOWER FROM A
VASE NEAR BY AND TUCKING IT INTO THE DARK HAIR.

"Your eyes are so big and dark, and your hair's all dark and curly. And you've got red cheeks. Why, Mrs. Snow, you are pretty! Just let me show you," she exclaimed, skipping over

to the bureau and picking up a hand mirror.

On the way back to the bed she stopped.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to fix your hair just a little before I let you see it," she proposed. "May I, please?"

"Why, I suppose so, if you want to," permitted Mrs. Snow.

"Oh, thank you. I love to fix people's hair," said Pollyanna, reaching for a comb. "I won't do much today, of course. But some day I'm going to take it all down and have a perfectly lovely time with it."

For five minutes Pollyanna worked swiftly. Meanwhile the sick woman was, in spite of herself, beginning to tingle with excitement.

"There!" panted Pollyanna, plucking a flower from a vase near by and tucking it into the dark hair. "Now we're ready to be looked at!" And she held out the mirror in triumph.

"Humph!" grunted the sick woman, eyeing her reflection severely. "It won't last, with me tossing back and forth on the pillow as I do."

"Of course not, and I'm glad, too," nodded Pollyanna, cheerfully, "because then I can fix it again.

Anyhow, I should think you'd be glad it's black. Black shows up so much nicer on a pillow than yellow hair like mine does."

Mrs. Snow dropped the mirror and turned irritably. "You wouldn't be glad for black hair nor anything else if you had to lie here all day!"

Pollyanna frowned thoughtfully.

"Why, it would be kind of hard to be glad about things, wouldn't it?" she wondered aloud.

"Be glad about things — when you're sick in bed all your days? Well, I should say it would," retorted Mrs. Snow. "If you don't think so, just tell me something to be glad about!"

To Mrs. Snow's amazement, Pollyanna sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

"Oh, goody! That'll be a hard one, won't it? I've got to go now, but I'll think and think all the way home. And maybe the next time I come I can tell it to you. I've had a lovely time! Good-bye," she called, as she tripped through the doorway.

"Well, I never! Now, what does she mean by that?" asked Mrs. Snow, staring after her visitor. By and by she picked up the mirror.

"That little thing has got a knack with hair," she muttered. "But, what's the use?" she sighed, dropping the little mirror into the bedclothes.

CHAPTER 9

Which Tells of the Man



IT RAINED THE NEXT TIME POLLYANNA SAW THE Man. She greeted him, however, with a bright smile.

"It isn't so nice today, is it?" she called. "I'm glad it doesn't rain always!"

The man did not even grunt this time, nor turn his head. Pollyanna decided that he did not hear her. The next time, therefore, she spoke up louder. The Man was striding along, his hands behind his back, and his eyes on the ground.

"How do you do?" she chirped. "I'm so glad it isn't yesterday, aren't you?"

The man stopped abruptly. There was a scowl on his face. "See here, little girl, we might as well settle this

thing right now," he began. "I've got something besides the weather to think of. I don't know whether the sun shines or not."

Pollyanna beamed joyously. "No, sir, I thought you didn't. That's why I told you — so you would notice that the sun shines, and all that. I knew you'd be glad it did if you only stopped to think of it."

"Well, of all the — " said the man. He started forward again, but after the second step he turned back, still frowning. "Why don't you find someone your own age to talk to?"

"I'd like to, sir, but there aren't any around here. I don't mind very much. I like old folks just as well, maybe better, sometimes — being so used to the Ladies' Aid."

"Humph! The Ladies' Aid! Is that what you took me for?" The man's lips were threatening to smile.

Pollyanna laughed. "Oh, no, sir. You don't look a mite like a Ladies' Aider — not but that you're just as good, of course," she added politely. "I'm sure you're much nicer than you look!"

"Well, of all the — " he said again, as he turned and strode on as before.

The next time Pollyanna met the Man he looked straight into her eyes. His face looked really pleasant, Pollyanna thought.

"Good afternoon," he greeted her stiffly. "Perhaps I'd better say right away that I know the sun is shining."

"You don't have to tell me," nodded Pollyanna. "I knew you knew it just as soon as I saw you."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I saw it in your eyes and in your smile."

"Humph!" grunted the man as he passed on.

The Man always spoke to Pollyanna after this, though usually he said little but "Good afternoon." Even that, however, was a surprise to Nancy, who was with Pollyanna one day when the Man greeted her.

"Sakes alive, Miss Pollyanna," she gasped, "did that man speak to you?"

"Why, yes, he always does — now," smiled Pollyanna.

"Goodness! Do you know who he is?" demanded Nancy.

Pollyanna shook her head. "He forgot to tell me."

Nancy's eyes widened. "But he never speaks to

anybody. He hasn't for years. He's John Pendleton. He lives alone in a great big lovely house all full of grand things, they say. Some says he's crazy. And some says he's got a **skeleton in his closet.**"



"Oh, Nancy!" shuddered Pollyanna. "How can he keep such a dreadful thing? I should think he'd throw it away!"

Nancy chuckled. She knew Pollyanna thought she meant a real skeleton, but she didn't correct her.

"And everybody says he's mysterious," she went on. "Some years he just travels, week in and week out. When he comes back he writes strange books about the things he's found in those countries. He's got loads of money from his father, but he never spends it around here."

"He is a funny man, and he's different, too, just like Mrs. Snow, only he's a different different," said Pollyanna.

"Well, I guess he is — rather," chuckled Nancy.

"I'm gladder than ever now that he speaks to me," sighed Pollyanna contentedly.

A Surprise for Mrs. Snow



THE NEXT TIME POLLYANNA WENT TO SEE Mrs. Snow, she found her in a darkened room again.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" asked a voice from the bed. "I remember you. I wish you had come yesterday. I wanted you yesterday."

"Did you? Well, I'm glad it isn't any farther away from yesterday than today," laughed Pollyanna. She set her basket down on a chair. "My! but aren't you dark here, though? I can't see you a bit," she cried, crossing to the window and pulling up the shade. "I want to see if you've fixed your hair like I did. Oh, you haven't! But, never mind. Maybe you'll let me do it later. But now I want you to see what I've brought you."

The woman moved restlessly. "Well, what is it?"

"Guess! What do you want?" said Pollyanna.

The woman hesitated. She had gotten so used to wanting what she did not have, that it was impossible to say what she did want.

"Well, of course, there's lamb broth — "

"I've got it!" crowed Pollyanna.

"But that's what I didn't want," sighed the sick woman. "It was chicken I wanted."

"Oh, I've got that, too," chuckled Pollyanna.

"Both of them?" the woman demanded.

"Yes — and calf's-foot jelly," said Pollyanna. "I thought you should have what you wanted for once, so Nancy and I fixed it. There's only a little of each — but there's some of all of 'em!"

There was no reply. The sick woman seemed to be trying — mentally — to find something she had lost.

"There!" announced Pollyanna as she lifted three bowls from her basket and arranged them in a row on the table. "How do you do today?" she asked.

"Very poorly," murmured Mrs. Snow. "Nellie Higgins next door has begun music lessons, and her practicing drives me nearly wild. She was at it all morning."

Pollyanna nodded sympathetically. "I know. It is awful! Mrs. White had it once — one of my Ladies' Aiders, you know. She had rheumatic fever at the same time, so she couldn't thrash around — move, you know, when the music gets too hard to stand. She told me she'd have gone crazy if it hadn't been for Mr. White's sister's ears."

"Sister's — ears? What do you mean?"

Pollyanna laughed. "Well, you see, Mr. White's sister was awfully deaf. And she came to visit 'em. Well, they had such an awful time making her understand anything, that every time the piano started to play across the street, Mrs. White felt so glad she could hear it, that she didn't mind so much that she did hear it. You see, she was playing the game, too."

"The game?"

Pollyanna clapped her hands. "I almost forgot, but I've thought of what you can be glad about, Mrs. Snow."

"Glad about! What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you remember? You asked me to tell you something to be glad about even though you have to lie here in bed all day."

"Oh!" scoffed the woman. "That? I remember that. But I didn't suppose you meant it."

"Oh, I did," nodded Pollyanna, "and I found it, too. But it was hard. It's more fun, though, when it's hard. And I admit that I couldn't think of anything for a while. Then I got it."

"Did you, really? Well, what is it?" Mrs. Snow's voice was sarcastically polite.

Pollyanna drew a long breath. "I thought how glad you could be that other folks weren't like you — all sick in bed, you know," she announced.

Mrs. Snow stared. Her eyes were angry. "Well, really!" she said in a disagreeable voice.

"And now I'll tell you the game," proposed Pollyanna. "It'll be just lovely for you to play. And there's so much more fun when it is hard! You see, it's like this." And she began to tell of the missionary barrel, the crutches, and the doll that did not come.

The story was just finished when Milly appeared at the door.

"Your aunt wants you, Miss Pollyanna," she said. "She telephoned down to the Harlows' across the way. She says you've got some practicing to make up before dark."

Pollyanna rose reluctantly.

"All right," she sighed. "I'll hurry." Suddenly she laughed. "I suppose I ought to be glad I've got legs to hurry with, hadn't I, Mrs. Snow?"

There was no answer. Mrs. Snow's eyes were closed. But Milly, whose eyes were wide open with surprise, saw that there were tears on Mrs. Snow's cheeks.

"Good-bye," called Pollyanna over her shoulder. "I'm awfully sorry about the hair. Maybe I can do it next time!"

ONE AFTERNOON Pollyanna, coming down from her attic room, met her aunt on the stairway.

"Why, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely!" she cried. "You were coming up to see me! Come right in," she finished, scampering up the stairs and throwing her door wide open.

Miss Polly had been planning to look for a white wool shawl in the cedar chest. But to her surprise, she found herself instead in Pollyanna's little room sitting in one of the straight-backed chairs. So many times since Pollyanna came, Miss Polly had found herself like this, doing some unexpected, surprising thing, quite unlike

the thing she had set out to do!

"I love company," said Pollyanna, "specially since I've had this room, you know. Oh, I had a room, always, but it was a rented room, and rented rooms aren't half as nice as owned ones, are they? I do own this one, don't I?"

"Why, y-yes, Pollyanna," murmured Miss Polly, wondering why she did not get up at once and go to look for that shawl.

"And of course now I just love this room, even if it hasn't got the carpets and curtains and pictures that I'd been want—" With a blush Pollyanna stopped short.

"What's that, Pollyanna?"

"Nothing, Aunt Polly. I didn't mean to say it."

"Probably not," returned Miss Polly, coldly, "but you did, so suppose we have the rest of it."

"It was only that I'd been kind of planning on pretty carpets and lace curtains and things, you know."

"Planning on them!" interrupted Miss Polly, sharply.

Pollyanna blushed more. "I shouldn't have, of course," she apologized. "It was only because I'd always wanted them and hadn't had them. Oh, we'd had two

rugs in the barrels, but they were little, and one had ink spots, and the other holes. And there were those two pictures — the good one we sold and the bad one that broke. Of course if it hadn't been for all that I shouldn't have wanted pretty things, and I shouldn't have got to planning all through the hall that first day how pretty mine would be here, and — But, truly, Aunt Polly, it was just a few minutes before I was glad that the bureau didn't have a looking-glass, because it didn't show my freckles. And there couldn't be a nicer picture than the one out my window. And you've been so good to me, that — ”

Miss Polly rose suddenly to her feet. Her face was very red. “That will do, Pollyanna,” she said stiffly. “You have said quite enough.” The next minute she had swept down the stairs. Not until she reached the first floor did it occur to her that she had gone up into the attic to find a white wool shawl.

Less than twenty-four hours later Miss Polly said to Nancy, “You may move Miss Pollyanna’s things downstairs this morning to the room directly beneath. I have decided to have my niece sleep there for now.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Nancy aloud.

To Pollyanna, a minute later, she cried joyously,

"Listen to this, Miss Pollyanna. You're going to sleep downstairs in the room straight under this."

Pollyanna grew white. "Really and truly?"

Nancy nodded her head to Pollyanna over the armful of dresses she had taken from the closet. "I'm to take down yer things, and I'm goin' to take 'em, too, before she changes her mind."

Pollyanna did not stop to hear the end of this sentence. She was flying downstairs, two steps at a time.

Bang went two doors and a chair before Pollyanna at last reached her goal — Aunt Polly.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, did you mean it, really? Why, that room's got everything — the carpet and curtains and three pictures."

"Very well, Pollyanna. I am pleased that you like the change. But if you think so much of all those things, I trust you will take proper care of them. Pollyanna, please pick up that chair. And you have banged two doors in the last half minute." Miss Polly spoke sternly. For some reason, she felt like crying, and Miss Polly was not used to that feeling.

Pollyanna picked up the chair. "Yes'm. I know I banged those doors," she admitted cheerfully. "You see

I'd just found out about the room, and I reckon you'd have banged doors if — ” Pollyanna stopped short. “Aunt Polly, did you ever bang doors?”

“I hope not!” Miss Polly was shocked.

“Why, Aunt Polly, what a shame!” Pollyanna's face expressed sympathy.

“A shame!” repeated Aunt Polly, too dazed to say more.

“Why, yes. You see, if you'd felt like banging doors you'd have banged 'em, of course. And if you didn't, that must have meant that you weren't ever glad over anything. I'm so sorry you weren't ever glad over anything!”

“Pollyanna!” gasped the lady, but Pollyanna was gone, and only the distant bang of the attic-stairway door answered her.

Miss Polly, in the sitting room, felt disturbed. Of course she had been glad — over some things!

Introducing Jimmy



AUGUST BROUGHT SEVERAL SURPRISES.
First, Pollyanna found a kitten mewing pitifully some distance down the road.

"I was glad I didn't find anyone who owned it," she told her aunt, "because I wanted to bring it home all the time. I love kitties. I knew you'd be glad to let it live here."

Miss Polly looked at the little gray bunch of misery in Pollyanna's arms and shivered. Miss Polly did not care for cats. "Ugh! What a dirty little beast! And it's sick, I'm sure."

"I know it, poor thing," crooned Pollyanna, looking into the creature's frightened eyes. "And it's trembling, too, it's so scared. It doesn't know that we're going

to keep it. I told everybody we would keep it, if I didn't find where it belonged."

Miss Polly opened her lips and tried to speak, but couldn't. She felt helpless.

"I knew," hurried on Pollyanna, "that you wouldn't let a little lonesome kitty go hunting for a home when you'd just taken me in," she nodded happily, as she ran from the room.

"But, Pollyanna," protested Miss Polly. "I—" But Pollyanna was already halfway to the kitchen, calling, "Nancy, just see this dear little kitty." And Aunt Polly, in the sitting room, fell back in her chair with a gasp of dismay.

The next day it was a dog, even dirtier than the kitten. Miss Polly hated dogs even more than cats, but she found herself powerless to protest.

When, in less than a week, Pollyanna brought home a small, ragged boy, Miss Polly did have something to say. It happened this way.

Pollyanna had been taking calf's-foot jelly to Mrs. Snow. Mrs. Snow and Pollyanna were the best of friends now. Their friendship had started from Pollyanna's third visit, the one after she had told Mrs.

Snow of the game. Mrs. Snow herself was playing the game now, with Pollyanna. She was not playing it very well — she had been sorry for everything for so long that it was not easy to be glad for anything now. But under Pollyanna's cheery instructions, she was learning fast. Today, to Pollyanna's delight, she had said that she was glad Pollyanna brought calf's-foot jelly, because that was just what she had been wanting.

Pollyanna was thinking of this when suddenly she saw the boy.

The boy was sitting in a sad little heap by the roadside, whittling half-heartedly at a small stick.

"Hullo," smiled Pollyanna.

The boy glanced up, but he looked away again, at once. "Hullo yourself," he mumbled.

Pollyanna hesitated, then dropped down on the grass near him. She had sighed at times for some companion of her own age. She decided to make the most of this one.

"My name's Pollyanna Whittier," she began pleasantly. "What's yours?"

Again the boy stirred restlessly.

"Jimmy Bean," he grunted.



THE BOY WAS SITTING IN A SAD LITTLE HEAP BY THE ROADSIDE.

"Good! Now, we're introduced. I live at Miss Polly Harrington's house. Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Nowhere! Why, you can't do that. Everybody lives somewhere," asserted Pollyanna.

"Well, I don't. I'm huntin' up a new place."

"Oh! Where is it?"

The boy regarded her with scornful eyes. "Silly! As if I'd be huntin' for it, if I knew!"

Pollyanna tossed her head a little. This was not a nice boy, and she did not like to be called "silly." Still, he was somebody besides old folks.

"Where did you live before?" she asked.

"Well, if you don't ask a lot of questions!" sighed the boy impatiently.

"I have to," retorted Pollyanna calmly, "else I couldn't find out a thing about you. If you'd talk more, I wouldn't talk so much."

The boy gave a short laugh. His face looked a little pleasanter when he spoke this time.

"All right then — here goes! I'm Jimmy Bean, and I'm ten years old goin' on eleven. I come last year to live at the Orphans' Home, but they've got so many kids there ain't much room, an' I don't believe they want me. So I've quit. I'm goin' to live somewhere else. I'd like a

home with a mother in it. If ye has a home, ye has folks. An' I haven't had folks since dad died. So I'm huntin' now. I've tried four houses, but they didn't want me."

"Why, what a shame!" sympathized Pollyanna. "I know just how you feel, because after my father died, there wasn't anybody but the Ladies' Aid for me, until Aunt Polly said —" Pollyanna stopped abruptly. She had an idea.

"Oh, I know just the place for you," she cried. "Aunt Polly'll take you — I know she will! You don't know how good and kind she is!"

Jimmy Bean's thin little face brightened. "Would she, now? I'd work, an' I'm real strong!" He bared a small, bony arm.

"Of course she would!" she said, springing to her feet and tugging at his arm. "It's an awful big house. Maybe you'll have to sleep in the attic room at first. But there's screens now, so it won't be so hot, and the flies can't get in, either, to bring in germs on their feet. Did you know about that? You won't mind sleeping in that room at all, I'm sure," panted Pollyanna.

"Gorry!" exclaimed Jimmy Bean. "I shouldn't think anybody who could talk like that, runnin', would

need to ask questions to fill up time!"

Pollyanna laughed. "Well, anyhow, you can be glad of that," she retorted, "for when I'm talking, you don't have to!"

When they reached the house, Pollyanna led Jimmy Bean straight to her amazed aunt.

"Oh, Aunt Polly," she cried. "Just look here! I've got something ever so much nicer than Fluffy and Buffy for you to bring up. It's a real live boy. He won't mind sleeping in the attic, at first, and he says he'll work, but I shall need him most of the time to play with, I reckon."

Miss Polly grew white, then very red. She did not quite understand, but she thought she understood enough. "Pollyanna, who is this dirty little boy?" she demanded sharply.

The "dirty little boy" fell back a step. Pollyanna laughed merrily. "I forgot to tell you his name! He is dirty, isn't he? Just like Fluffy and Buffy were when you took them in. But I reckon he'll improve by washing, and — Oh, I almost forgot again," she broke off with a laugh. "This is Jimmy Bean, Aunt Polly."

"Well, what is he doing here?"

"Why, Aunt Polly, I just told you!" Pollyanna's

eyes were wide with surprise. "He's for you. I brought him home — so he could live here, you know. He wants a home and folks. I told him how good you were to me, and to Fluffy and Buffy, and that I knew you would be to him, because he's even nicer than cats and dogs."

Miss Polly dropped back in her chair and raised a shaking hand to her throat. Helplessness was threatening to overcome her. With a struggle, however, she pulled herself erect.

"That will do, Pollyanna. This is the most absurd thing you've done yet. As if cats and dogs weren't bad enough but you must also bring home ragged little beggars from the street, who — "

There was a sudden stir from the boy. His eyes flashed and his chin came up. With two strides of his sturdy little legs he confronted Miss Polly fearlessly.

"I ain't a beggar, ma'am. I was plannin' to work for my board an' keep. I wouldn't have come to your old house, if that girl hadn't made me, tellin' me how you was so good an' kind that you'd be just dyin' to take me in. So, there!" And he stalked from the room.

"Oh, Aunt Polly," choked Pollyanna. "Why, I thought you'd be glad to have him here!"

Miss Polly raised her hand. Her nerves had snapped at last. The "good and kind" of the boy's words were still ringing in her ears, and the old helplessness was almost upon her.

"Pollyanna," she cried sharply, "will you stop using that word 'glad'! It's 'glad' — 'glad' — 'glad' from morning till night. I think I shall go wild!"

Pollyanna's jaw dropped. "Why, Aunt Polly," she breathed, "I should think you'd be glad to have me gl — Oh!" she broke off, clapping her hand to her lips and hurrying from the room.

Before the boy had reached the end of the driveway, Pollyanna caught up with him.

"Jimmy Bean, I want you to know how sorry I am," she panted.

"Sorry nothin'! I ain't blamin' you," said the boy. "But I ain't no beggar!"

"Of course you aren't! But you mustn't blame Auntie," appealed Pollyanna. "She is good and kind, really, but I probably didn't explain it right. I do wish I could find a place for you, though!"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "Never mind. I guess I can find one myself."

Pollyanna was frowning thoughtfully. Suddenly her face lit up. "Say, I'll tell you what I will do! The Ladies' Aid meets this afternoon. I heard Aunt Polly say so. I'll tell them about you."

"What is a Ladies' Aid?"

"It's a lot of ladies that meet and sew and give suppers and raise money and — and talk. I'm going to tell them about you this afternoon."

Again the boy turned fiercely. "Not much you will! Maybe you think I'm goin' to stand around an' hear a whole lot of women call me a beggar."

"Oh, but you wouldn't be there," argued Pollyanna, quickly. "I'd go alone, of course, and tell them. And there'd be some of 'em, I know, that would be glad to give you a home."

"I'd work — don't forget to say that," cautioned the boy.

"Of course not," promised Pollyanna. "I'll let you know tomorrow."

"Where?"

"By the road — where I found you today."

"All right." The boy paused before he went on slowly, "Maybe I'd better go back to the Home, then, for

tonight. I didn't leave till this mornin'. I didn't tell 'em I wasn't comin' back. But they ain't like folks, you know. They don't care!"

"I know," nodded Pollyanna. "But when I see you tomorrow, I'll have a home with folks that do care all ready for you."

In Pendleton Woods



POLLYANNA WENT TO THE LADIES' AID MEETING, and she told the ladies about Jimmy Bean. But no one agreed to take him.

When she left the meeting, Pollyanna turned her steps toward Pendleton Hill. It had been a hard day, even though it had been "vacation," as she called the infrequent days when there was no sewing or cooking lesson. Pollyanna was sure that a walk through the green quiet of Pendleton Woods would do her good.

"I don't have to get home till five-thirty," she told herself. "It'll be so much nicer to go by way of the woods, even if I do have to climb up Pendleton Hill to get there."

It was very beautiful in Pendleton Woods, as Pollyanna knew. But today it seemed even more delightful

than ever, despite her disappointment over what she must tell Jimmy Bean tomorrow.

Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. A dog had barked some distance ahead. A moment later he dashed toward her, still barking.

“Hullo, doggie!” Pollyanna snapped her fingers at the dog and looked expectantly down the path. She had seen the dog once before, with the Man, Mr. John Pendleton. She watched eagerly, but Mr. Pendleton did not appear.

The dog was acting strangely. He yelped and ran back and forth in the path ahead. Soon they reached a side path, and down this the little dog flew, only to come back at once, whining and barking.

“That isn’t the way home,” laughed Pollyanna, keeping to the main path.

The little dog seemed frantic now. Back and forth between Pollyanna and the side path he vibrated, barking and whining. At last Pollyanna understood. She turned and followed him.

The little dog dashed madly ahead. Soon Pollyanna came upon the reason for it all. A man was lying motionless at the foot of a steep rock a few yards from the side path.



POLLYANNA SAT SO STILL SHE HARDLY SEEMED TO BREATHE.

A twig cracked sharply under Pollyanna's foot, and the man turned his head. With a cry of dismay

Pollyanna ran to his side.

"Mr. Pendleton! Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? Oh, no! I'm just taking a siesta," snapped the man. "See here, what can you do? Have you got any sense?"

Pollyanna caught her breath. Then she answered each question. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, I can't do many things, but most of the Ladies' Aiders said I had real good sense. I heard 'em say so one day. They didn't know I heard, though."

The man smiled grimly. "There, there, child. I beg your pardon. It's this confounded leg of mine. Now listen." With some difficulty he reached his hand into his pocket and brought out a bunch of keys, singling out one between his thumb and forefinger. "Straight down the path there, about five minutes' walk, is my house. This key opens the side door. When you get into the house, go straight through the hall to the door at the end. On the big desk in the middle of the room is a telephone. Do you know how to use a telephone?"

"Yes, sir! Once when Aunt Polly — "

"Never mind Aunt Polly," cut in the man, as he tried to move himself a little. "Hunt up Dr. Thomas

Chilton's number on the card you'll find somewhere around there. It ought to be on the hook down at the side, but it probably won't be. You know a **telephone card**, I suppose, when you see one?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I just love Aunt Polly's, and —"

"Tell Dr. Chilton that John Pendleton is at the foot of Little Eagle Ledge in Pendleton Woods with a broken leg. He should come at once with a stretcher and two men. Tell him to come by the path from the house."

"A broken leg? Oh, Mr. Pendleton, how awful!" shuddered Pollyanna. "I'm so glad I came! Can't I do —"

"Yes, you can — but evidently you won't! Will you do what I ask and stop talking?" moaned the man. With a little sob, Pollyanna went.

Pollyanna did not stop to look up at the patches of blue between the tops of the trees. She kept her eyes on the ground to make sure that no twig or stone tripped her hurrying feet.

It was not long before she saw the house. She was



TELEPHONE CARD
A list of telephone numbers when too few people in an area had phones to make the list into a book.

almost frightened at the great pile of gray stone with its pillared verandas and imposing entrance. Pausing only a moment, however, she sped across the neglected lawn and around to the side door. Her fingers, stiff from their tight clutch upon the keys, had trouble turning the lock, but at last the heavy carved door swung slowly back.

Pollyanna caught her breath. In spite of her haste, she paused and looked fearfully into the dark hall. Her thoughts were in a whirl. This was John Pendleton's mysterious house, the house into which only he entered, the house with — somewhere — a skeleton. Yet she was expected to enter these frightening rooms by herself and telephone the doctor.

With a little cry Pollyanna ran through the hall to the door at the end and opened it.

The room was large and gloomy. Through the west window the sun threw a shaft of gold across the floor, gleamed on the tarnished brass andirons in the fireplace, and touched the telephone on the desk in the middle of the room. Pollyanna hurriedly tiptoed toward the desk.

The telephone card was not on its hook. It was on the floor. But Pollyanna found it and ran her shaking

forefinger down through the C's to "Chilton." Soon Dr. Chilton himself was on the line. Trembling, Pollyanna delivered her message and answered the doctor's questions. Then she hung up the receiver and drew a long breath of relief.

Pollyanna glanced around. She saw crimson draperies, book-lined walls, a littered floor, an untidy desk, countless closed doors (any one of which might conceal a skeleton), and dust everywhere. Then she fled back through the hall to the great carved door, still half open.

In an incredibly short time, Pollyanna was back in the woods at the man's side.

"What is the trouble? Couldn't you get in?" he demanded.

Pollyanna opened her eyes wide. "Of course I could! I'm here," she answered. "As if I'd be here if I hadn't got in! And the doctor will be up as soon as possible. He said he knew just where you were, so I didn't stay to show him. I wanted to be with you."

"Did you?" smiled the man, grimly. "Well, I can't say I admire your taste. I should think you might find more pleasant companions."

"Do you mean because you're so cross?"

"Thanks for your frankness. Yes."

Pollyanna laughed. "But you're only cross outside. You aren't cross inside a bit!"

"How do you know that?" asked the man. He tried to change the position of his head without moving the rest of his body.

"Oh, lots of ways. There, the way you act with the dog," she added. She pointed to the slender hand that rested on the dog's head. "It's funny how dogs and cats know the insides of folks better than other folks do, isn't it? Say, I'm going to hold your head," she finished abruptly.

The man winced and groaned once while the change was being made. But in the end he found Pollyanna's lap a welcome substitute for the rocks on which his head had lain before.

"Well, that is better," he murmured.

He did not speak again for some time. Pollyanna wondered if he were asleep. She did not think he was. He looked as if his lips were tight shut to keep back moans of pain. Pollyanna almost cried as she looked at his strong body lying there so helpless.

Minute by minute the time passed. The sun dropped lower and the shadows grew deeper under the

trees. Pollyanna sat so still she hardly seemed to breathe. A bird alighted fearlessly within reach of her hand. A squirrel whisked his bushy tail on a branch almost under her nose, keeping his bright eyes on the motionless dog.

At last the dog pricked up his ears and gave a short bark. Soon three men appeared carrying a stretcher.

A tall, kind-eyed man walked forward cheerily. Pollyanna knew him by sight as Dr. Chilton.

"Well, my little lady, playing nurse?"

"Oh, no, sir," smiled Pollyanna. "I've only held his head. I haven't given him a mite of medicine. But I'm glad I was here."

"So am I," nodded the doctor, as he turned his attention to the injured man.

Just a Matter of Jelly

POLLYANNA WAS A LITTLE LATE FOR SUPPER ON the night of the accident to John Pendleton, but, as it happened, she did not get a scolding.

Nancy met her at the door. "Well, if I ain't glad to see you," she sighed. "It's six-thirty!"

"I know," admitted Pollyanna anxiously, "but I'm not to blame. And I don't think even Aunt Polly will say I am, either."

"She won't have the chance," retorted Nancy, with satisfaction. "She's gone."

"Gone!" gasped Pollyanna. "You don't mean that I've driven her away?"

"No," answered Nancy. "Her cousin died suddenly down in Boston, and she had to go. She won't be back

for three days. Now I guess we're glad all right. We'll be keepin' house together, just you and me, all that time."

Pollyanna looked shocked. "Glad! Oh, Nancy, when it's a funeral?"

"Oh, but it wasn't the funeral I was glad for, Miss Pollyanna. It was — " Nancy stopped abruptly. A twinkle came into her eyes. "Why, Miss Pollyanna, you're the one who taught me to play the game," she said.

Pollyanna puckered her forehead into a troubled frown. "I can't help it, Nancy," she argued with a shake of her head. "There are some things that it isn't right to play the game on — and funerals is one of them. There's nothing in a funeral to be glad about."

Nancy chuckled. "We can be glad it isn't ours," she observed. But Pollyanna did not hear. She had begun to tell of the accident.

The next afternoon, Pollyanna met Jimmy Bean. Of course, Jimmy was disappointed that the Ladies' Aid didn't have a home for him.

"Why, I'll write to my Ladies' Aiders out West about you," said Pollyanna.

Jimmy's face brightened. "Do you think they would take me?" he asked.

"Of course they would! You wait. I'll write 'em."

"All right, but don't forget to say I'll work for my board an' keep," put in Jimmy. "An' I suppose I better stay where I am till you hear."

"Of course," nodded Pollyanna. "Then I'll know where to find you."

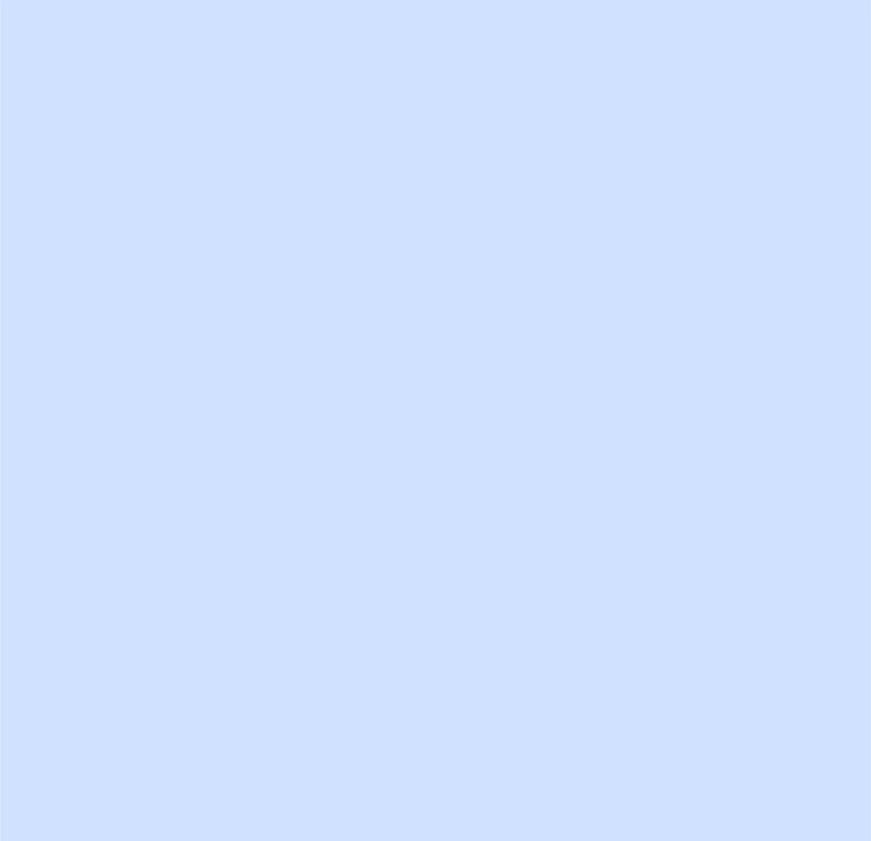
It was about a week after the accident in Pendleton Woods that Pollyanna said to her aunt one morning, "Aunt Polly, please may I take Mrs. Snow's calf's-foot jelly this week to someone else? I'm sure Mrs. Snow wouldn't mind."

"Dear me, Pollyanna, what are you up to now?" sighed her aunt.

"Nothing, Aunt Polly, that you would mind, I'm sure. You let me take jelly to her, so I thought you would to him — this once. You see, his broken leg won't last forever."

"What are you talking about, Pollyanna?"

Pollyanna stared, then her face relaxed. "Oh, I forgot you didn't know. You see, it happened while you were gone. It was the same day you went that I found him in the woods, you know. And I had to unlock his house and telephone for the doctor, and hold his head, and everything. And then I came away and haven't seen him since."



"I'LL GO AND GET THE JELLY," FINISHED POLLYANNA,
ALREADY HALFWAY ACROSS THE ROOM.

But when Nancy made the jelly for Mrs. Snow this week I thought how nice it would be if I could take it to him instead of her, just this once. Aunt Polly, may I?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Miss Polly, a little wearily.
"Who did you say he was?"

"The Man. I mean, Mr. John Pendleton."

Miss Polly almost sprang from her chair. "John Pendleton!"

"Yes. Maybe you know him."

Miss Polly did not answer. Instead she asked,
"Do you know him?"

Pollyanna nodded. "Oh, yes. He always speaks
and smiles — now. He's only cross outside, you know. I'll
go and get the jelly," finished Pollyanna, already halfway
across the room.

"Pollyanna, wait!" Miss Polly's voice was sud-
denly very stern. "I've changed my mind. I would prefer
that Mrs. Snow had that jelly today, as usual. That is all.
You may go now."

Pollyanna's face fell. "Oh, but Aunt Polly, she can
always be sick and have things, you know, but his is just
a broken leg, and broken legs get better. He's had it a
whole week now."

"Yes, I remember. I heard Mr. John Pendleton
had met with an accident," said Miss Polly, a little stiffly,
"but — I do not care to be sending jelly to John

Pendleton, Pollyanna."

"I know, he is cross — outside," admitted Pollyanna, sadly, "so I suppose you don't like him. But I wouldn't say you sent it. I'd say it was me. I like him. I'd be glad to send him jelly."

Miss Polly began to shake her head again. Then, suddenly, she stopped and asked in a quiet voice, "Does he know who you are, Pollyanna?"

The little girl sighed. "I reckon not. I told him my name, once, but he never calls me it."

"Does he know where you live?"

"Oh, no. I never told him that."

"Then he doesn't know you're my niece?"

"I don't think so."

For a moment there was silence. Miss Polly was looking at Pollyanna with eyes that did not seem to see her at all. The little girl, shifting impatiently from one small foot to the other, sighed. Then Miss Polly roused herself with a start.

"Very well, Pollyanna," she said at last, in a strange voice, "you may take the jelly to Mr. Pendleton as your own gift. But understand: I do not send it. Be very sure that he does not think I do!"

"Thank you, Aunt Polly," cried Pollyanna, as she flew through the door.

CHAPTER 14

Dr. Chilton



M R. JOHN PENDLETON'S HOUSE LOOKED very different to Pollyanna when she made her second visit there. Windows were open, an elderly woman was hanging out clothes in the back-yard, and the doctor's carriage stood outside.

As before, Pollyanna went to the side door. This time she rang the bell.

A familiar-looking small dog bounded up the steps to greet her, but there was a slight delay before the woman who had been hanging out the clothes opened the door.

"If you please, I've brought some calf's-foot jelly for Mr. Pendleton," smiled Pollyanna.

"Thank you," said the woman, reaching for the bowl. "Who shall I say sent it?"

The doctor, coming into the hall at that moment, heard the woman's words and saw the disappointed look on Pollyanna's face. He stepped quickly forward.

"Ah! Calf's-foot jelly?" he asked. "That will be fine! Maybe you'd like to see our patient, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir," beamed Pollyanna. And the woman led the way, looking surprised.

Behind the doctor, a young man (a trained nurse from the nearest city) gave a disturbed exclamation.

"But, Doctor, didn't Mr. Pendleton give orders not to admit anyone?"

"Oh, yes," nodded the doctor. "But I'm giving orders now." Then he added, "That little girl is better than a bottle of tonic any day. If anything or anybody can take the grouch out of Pendleton, she can. That's why I sent her in."

"Who is she?"

"She's the niece of one of our best-known residents. Her name is Pollyanna Whittier. I don't know her very well yet, but lots of my patients do, I'm thankful to say!"

The nurse smiled. "Indeed! And what are the ingredients of her wonder-working tonic?"

The doctor shook his head. "I don't know. As near as I can find out it is an overwhelming gladness for everything that has happened or is going to happen. Her speeches are constantly being repeated to me, and most of them seem to be about 'just being glad.'" As he stepped out onto the porch, he said with a smile, "I wish I could prescribe her as I would pills." He picked up the reins and stepped into the carriage.

Pollyanna, meanwhile, was being taken to John Pendleton's rooms.

Her way led through the library at the end of the hall. Pollyanna saw at once that great changes had taken place. The book-lined walls and the crimson curtains were the same, but there was no litter on the floor, no untidiness on the desk, and no dust in sight. The telephone card hung in its proper place, and the brass andirons had been polished. One of the mysterious doors was open. A moment later Pollyanna found herself in a richly furnished bedroom. The maid was saying in a frightened voice, "If you please, sir, here's a little girl with some jelly. The doctor said to bring her in."

Pollyanna found herself alone with a very cross-looking man lying flat on his back in bed.

"See here, didn't I say — " began an angry voice. "Oh, it's you!" it broke off, as Pollyanna stepped toward the bed.

"Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna. "I'm so glad they let me in! I was so afraid I wasn't going to see you at all. Then the doctor came and he said I might."

In spite of himself the man's lips twitched into a smile, but all he said was "Humph!"

"And I've brought you some calf's-foot jelly," said Pollyanna. "I hope you like it?"

"Never ate it." The scowl had come back to the man's face.

For an instant Pollyanna looked disappointed. She set the bowl of jelly down.

"Didn't you? Well, if you didn't, then you can't know you don't like it, can you? I'm glad you haven't, after all. Now, if you knew — "

"Yes, yes. Well, there's one thing I know all right, and that is that I'm flat on my back right here this minute, and that I'll have to stay here till doomsday, I guess."



DOOMSDAY

Also called Judgment Day. A day prophesied in Jewish, Christian and Islamic belief on which God ends the world. On that day the dead will rise up and be judged along with the living. Sinners will be cast into hell and the righteous sent to live in heaven.

Pollyanna looked shocked. "Oh, no! It couldn't be till doomsday, when the angel Gabriel blows his trumpet, unless it should come quicker than we think it will. Oh, I know the Bible says it may come quicker than we think, but I don't think it will — that is, of course I believe the Bible, but I mean I don't think it will come as much quicker as it would if it should come now, and — "

John Pendleton laughed suddenly.

"Aren't you getting a little mixed up?" he asked.

The little girl laughed. "Maybe. But what I mean is, that broken legs don't last forever. I should think you could be glad of that."

"Oh, I am," retorted the man grimly.

"And you only broke one. You can be glad it wasn't two." Pollyanna was warming to her task.

"Of course! So fortunate," sniffed the man. "I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!"

Pollyanna chuckled. "Oh, that's the best yet," she crowed. "I know what a centipede is. They've got lots of legs. And you can be glad — "

"Oh, of course," interrupted the man, sharply, all the old bitterness coming back to his voice. "I can be

glad, too, for all the rest, I suppose — the nurse, and the doctor, and that confounded woman in the kitchen!"

"Why, yes, sir — only think how bad it would be if you didn't have them — and you lying here like this!"

"As if that wasn't the very thing that was at the bottom of the whole matter," retorted the man, "because I am lying here like this! And yet you expect me to say I'm glad because of a fool woman who disarranges the whole house and calls it 'housekeeping,' and a man who helps her and calls it 'nursing,' to say nothing of the doctor who eggs 'em both on — and the whole bunch of them expecting me to pay them for it!"

Pollyanna frowned sympathetically. "Yes, I know. That part is too bad — about the money — when you've been saving it, too, all this time."

"When — eh?"

Pollyanna smiled. "When you've been saving your money. Nancy told me."

"May I inquire who Nancy is?"

"Our Nancy. She works for Aunt Polly."

"Aunt Polly! Well, who is Aunt Polly?"

"She's Miss Polly Harrington. I live with her."

The man made a sudden movement. "Miss Polly Harrington!" he said. "You live with her!"

"Yes. I'm her niece," said Pollyanna. "My mother was her sister. And after Father went to be with her and the rest of us in Heaven, there wasn't anyone left for me down here but the Ladies' Aid. So she took me."

The man did not answer. His face, as he lay back on the pillow now, was very white — so white that Pollyanna was frightened. She rose uncertainly to her feet. "I reckon maybe I'd better go," she proposed. "I hope you'll like the jelly."

The man turned his head suddenly and opened his eyes. There was a curious longing in their dark depths which even Pollyanna saw.

"And so you are Miss Polly Harrington's niece," he said gently.

"Yes, sir."

Still the man's dark eyes lingered on her face, until Pollyanna, feeling restless, murmured, "I suppose you know her."

John Pendleton smiled oddly. "Oh, yes, I know her." He hesitated, then went on. "But you don't mean that Miss Polly Harrington sent that jelly to me?" he said slowly.

Pollyanna looked distressed. "No, sir; she didn't. She said I must be very sure not to let you think she did send it."

"I thought as much," said the man, shortly, turning away his head. And Pollyanna, still more distressed, tiptoed from the room.

She found the doctor waiting in his carriage. The nurse stood on the steps.

"Miss Pollyanna, may I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" asked the doctor smilingly.

"Thank you, sir. I just love to ride," beamed Pollyanna, as he reached out to help her in.

"Do you?" smiled the doctor. "Well, as near as I can judge, there are a good many things you love to do — eh?" he added, as they drove briskly away.

Pollyanna laughed. "Why, I don't know. I reckon perhaps there are," she admitted. "I like to do almost everything that's living. Of course I don't like the other things very well, sewing, and reading out loud, and all that. But they aren't living."

"No? What are they, then?"

"Aunt Polly says they're 'learning to live,'" sighed Pollyanna, with a sad smile.



"WELL, AS NEAR AS I CAN JUDGE, THERE ARE A GOOD MANY THINGS
YOU LOVE TO DO — EH?" HE ADDED, AS THEY DROVE BRISKLY AWAY.

The doctor smiled now, a little strangely. "Does she? Well, I should think she might say just that."

"Yes," responded Pollyanna. "But I don't see it that way at all. I don't think you have to learn how to live. I didn't, anyhow."

The doctor drew a long sigh."I'm afraid some of us do have to, little girl," he said. Then, for a time he was silent. Pollyanna, glancing at his face, felt sorry for him. He looked so sad.

She wished that she could do something. She said, in a timid voice, "Dr. Chilton, I think being a doctor would be the very gladdest kind of a business there was."

The doctor turned in surprise. "Gladdest! When I see so much suffering always, everywhere I go?" he cried.

She nodded. "I know, but you're helping it – don't you see? And of course you're glad to help it! And so that makes you the gladdest of any of us."

The doctor's eyes filled with sudden hot tears. His life was a lonely one. He had no wife and no home except his two-room office in a boarding house. His profession was very dear to him. Looking into Pollyanna's

shining eyes, he felt as if a loving hand had been suddenly laid on his head in blessing. He knew that, after a long day's work or a tiring night, he would remember Pollyanna's words.

"God bless you, little girl," he said unsteadily. The doctor left Pollyanna at her own door. He smiled at Nancy, who was sweeping off the front porch, then drove rapidly away.

Pollyanna found her aunt in the sitting room.

"Who was that man who drove into the yard, Pollyanna?" questioned the lady a little sharply.

"Why, Aunt Polly, that was Dr. Chilton! Don't you know him?"

"Dr. Chilton! What was he doing here?"

"He drove me home. Oh, and I gave the jelly to Mr. Pendleton."

Miss Polly lifted her head quickly. "Did he think I sent it?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Polly. I told him you didn't."

Miss Polly turned pink. "You told him I didn't!"

Pollyanna opened her eyes wide at her aunt's voice.

"Why, Aunt Polly, you said to!"

Aunt Polly sighed. "I said, Pollyanna, that I did not send it, and for you to be very sure that he did not think I did! That's very different from telling him outright that I did not send it." And she turned away.

"Dear me! Well, I don't see where the difference is," sighed Pollyanna, as she went to hang her hat on the one particular hook upon which Aunt Polly had said that it must be hung.

A Red Rose and a Lace Shawl



ON A RAINY DAY ABOUT A WEEK AFTER Pollyanna's visit to Mr. John Pendleton, Miss Polly attended an early afternoon committee meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. When she returned, her cheeks were bright pink, and her hair, blown by the damp wind, had fluffed into kinks and curls.

Pollyanna had never before seen her aunt look like this. "Oh – oh – oh! Why, Aunt Polly, you've got 'em, too," she cried, dancing round her aunt, as that lady entered the sitting room.

"Got what, you impossible child?"

"Those darling little black curls! Oh, Aunt Polly,

they're so pretty!"

"Nonsense! What do you mean, Pollyanna, by going to the Ladies' Aid in that absurd fashion about that beggar boy?"

"But it isn't nonsense," urged Pollyanna, answering only the first of her aunt's remarks. "You don't know how pretty you look with your hair like that! Oh, Aunt Polly, please may I do your hair like Mrs. Snow's and put in a flower?"

"Pollyanna!" (Miss Polly spoke very sharply — because Pollyanna's words had given her an odd throb of joy. When before had anybody cared how she looked?) "Pollyanna, you did not answer my question. Why did you go to the Ladies' Aid in that absurd fashion?"

"Yes, I know. But, I didn't know it was absurd until I found out that they didn't want to help Jimmy. So then I wrote to my Ladies' Aiders. You will let me do your hair, won't you?"

Aunt Polly put her hand to her throat. The old, helpless feeling was upon her.

"But, Pollyanna, when the ladies told me how you came to them, I was so ashamed!"

Pollyanna began to dance up and down. "You

didn't say I couldn't do your hair," she crowed. "Now wait just where you are. I'll get a comb."

"But Pollyanna," protested Aunt Polly, following the little girl from the room and panting upstairs after her.

"Oh, did you come up here?" Pollyanna greeted her at the door of Miss Polly's own room. "That'll be nicer yet! I've got the comb. Now sit down, please. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!"

"But, Pollyanna, I — I — "

Miss Polly did not finish her sentence. To her amazement she found herself in the low chair before the dressing table, with her hair tumbling about her ears under ten very gentle fingers.

"I just love to do folks' hair," purred Pollyanna. "I did a lot of the Ladies' Aiders'. Oh, Aunt Polly, I've just thought of something! But it's a secret. Now your hair is almost done, and I'm going to leave you just a minute. You must promise not to peek till I come back. Now remember!" she said, as she ran from the room.

Aloud Miss Polly said nothing. To herself she said that of course she should at once put her hair up properly again.

At that moment Miss Polly caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of the dressing table. And what she saw sent a flush of rosy color to her cheeks.

She saw a face — not young, it is true — but alight with excitement and surprise. The cheeks were a pretty pink. The eyes sparkled. The hair lay in loose waves with softening little curls here and there.

So amazed was Miss Polly at what she saw that she forgot to do over her hair, until she heard Pollyanna enter the room again. Before she could move, she felt a folded something slipped across her eyes and tied in the back.

“Pollyanna! What are you doing?” she cried.

Pollyanna chuckled. “That’s just what I don’t want you to know, Aunt Polly, and I was afraid you would peek, so I tied on the handkerchief. Now sit still. It won’t take but a minute, then I’ll let you see.”

“But, Pollyanna,” began Miss Polly, struggling blindly to her feet, “you must take this off! What are you doing?” she gasped, as she felt a soft something slipped about her shoulders.

With trembling fingers Pollyanna was draping about her aunt’s shoulders an old but beautiful lace

"I JUST LOVE TO DO FOLKS' HAIR," PURRED POLLYANNA.

shawl. She found the shawl the week before when Nancy straightened the attic.

Her task completed, Pollyanna looked at her work with eyes that approved, but that saw yet one touch wanting. Promptly, she pulled her aunt toward the sun

parlor where a red rose was blooming.

"Pollyanna, where are you taking me?" cried Aunt Polly, trying to hold herself back.

"It's just to the sun parlor. I'll have you ready now in no time," panted Pollyanna, reaching for the rose and thrusting it into the soft hair above Miss Polly's left ear. "There!" she cried, untying the handkerchief. "Oh, Aunt Polly, now I reckon you'll be glad I dressed you up!"

For one dazed moment Miss Polly looked at herself and at her surroundings. Then she gave a low cry and fled to her room. Pollyanna saw, through the open windows of the parlor, a horse and carriage turning into the driveway. She recognized at once the man who held the reins.

Delightedly she leaned forward. "Dr. Chilton! Did you want to see me? I'm up here."

"Yes," smiled the doctor, gravely. "Will you come down, please?"

In the bedroom Pollyanna found a flushed-faced, angry-eyed woman plucking at the pins that held a lace shawl in place.

"Pollyanna, how could you?" moaned the woman. "To think of your rigging me up like this, and

then letting me be seen!"

Pollyanna stopped in dismay. "But you looked lovely, Aunt Polly."

"Lovely?" scorned the woman, flinging the shawl to one side and attacking her hair.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, please let the hair stay!"

"Stay? Like this? As if I would!" And Miss Polly pulled her hair back tightly.

"Oh dear! And you did look so pretty," almost sobbed Pollyanna, as she stumbled through the door.

Downstairs Pollyanna found the doctor waiting in his carriage.

"I've prescribed you for a patient and he's sent me to get the prescription filled," announced the doctor.
"Will you go?"

"You mean to the drugstore?" asked Pollyanna.

The doctor shook his head with a smile. "Not exactly. It's Mr. John Pendleton. He would like to see you today, if you'll be so good as to come. It's stopped raining, so I drove down after you. Will you come? I'll bring you back before six o'clock."

"I'd love to!" exclaimed Pollyanna. "Let me ask Aunt Polly."

In a few minutes she returned, hat in hand, but with a sober face.

"Didn't your aunt want you to go?" asked the doctor, as they drove away.

"Yes," sighed Pollyanna. "She wanted me to go too much, I'm afraid."

"Wanted you to go too much?"

Pollyanna sighed again. "Yes. I reckon she didn't want me there. You see, she said, 'Yes, yes, run along! I wish you'd gone before.'"

The doctor smiled, but with his lips only. His eyes were very grave. For some time he said nothing. Then he asked, "Wasn't it your aunt I saw a few minutes ago in the window of the sun parlor?"

Pollyanna drew a long breath. "Yes. That's the whole trouble, I suppose. You see, I'd dressed her up in a lovely lace shawl I found upstairs, and I'd fixed her hair and put on a rose, and she looked so pretty. Didn't you think she looked lovely?"

For a moment the doctor did not answer. When he did speak his voice was so low Pollyanna could but just hear the words.

"Yes, Pollyanna, I thought she looked lovely."

"Did you? I'm so glad! I'll tell her," nodded the little girl.

To her surprise the doctor exclaimed, "Never! Pollyanna, I'm afraid I have to ask you not to tell her that."

"Why, Dr. Chilton! Why not? I should think you'd be glad — "

"But she might not be," cut in the doctor.

Pollyanna considered this for a moment. "Maybe she wouldn't," she sighed. "She ran because she saw you. And she spoke afterwards about being seen in that outfit."

"I thought as much," declared the doctor, under his breath.

"Still, I don't see why," maintained Pollyanna, "when she looked so pretty!"

The doctor said nothing. He did not speak again until they were almost to the great house in which John Pendleton lay with a broken leg.

“Just Like a Book”



JOHN PENDLETON GREETED POLLYANNA WITH A smile.

“Well, Miss Pollyanna, you must be a very forgiving little person, else you wouldn’t have come to see me again today.”

“Why, Mr. Pendleton, I was real glad to come, and I don’t see why I shouldn’t be, either.”

“Oh, well, I was pretty cross with you, I’m afraid, both the other day when you so kindly brought me the jelly, and that time when you found me with the broken leg. I don’t think I’ve ever thanked you for that. Now, even you would admit that you were very forgiving to come and see me, after such ungrateful treatment as that!”

Pollyanna stirred uneasily. "But I was glad to find you. I don't mean I was glad your leg was broken, of course," she corrected hurriedly.

John Pendleton smiled. "I understand. Your tongue does get away with you once in a while, doesn't it? I do thank you, however. You are a very brave little girl to do what you did that day. I thank you for the jelly, too," he added.

"Did you like it?" asked Pollyanna.

"Very much. There isn't any more today that Aunt Polly didn't send, is there?"

His visitor looked distressed. "N-no, sir." She hesitated, then went on. "Please, Mr. Pendleton, I didn't mean to be rude when I said Aunt Polly did not send the jelly."

There was no answer. John Pendleton was not smiling now. He was looking straight ahead. After a time he sighed and turned to Pollyanna.

"Well, well, this will never do! I didn't send for you to see me moping this time. Listen! Out in the library you will find a carved box on the lower shelf of the big case with glass doors. That is, it'll be there if that confounded woman hasn't moved it! You may bring it to me.

It is heavy, but not too heavy for you to carry, I think."

"Oh, I'm awfully strong," declared Pollyanna, cheerfully. In a minute she returned with the box.

It was a wonderful half hour that Pollyanna spent then. The box was full of treasures that John Pendleton had picked up in years of travel. There was an entertaining story about each one.

The visit was delightful, but before it was over, Pollyanna realized that they were talking about something besides the wonderful things in the beautiful carved box. They were talking of herself, of Nancy, of Aunt Polly, and of her daily life. They were talking, too, even of the life and home long ago in the far western town.

When it was nearly time for her to go, the man said, "Little girl, I want you to come to see me often. Will you? I'm lonesome, and I need you. I thought, at first, after I found out who you were, that I didn't want you to come anymore. You reminded me of something I have tried for long years to forget. But I've changed my mind, and now I want you to come. Will you?"

"Why, yes, I'd love to come!" said Pollyanna.

"Thank you," said John Pendleton, gently.

THE BOX WAS FULL OF TREASURES THAT JOHN PENDLETON
HAD PICKED UP IN YEARS OF TRAVEL.

AFTER SUPPER that evening, Pollyanna, sitting on the back porch, told Nancy all about Mr. John Pendleton's wonderful carved box and the still more

wonderful things it contained.

"And to think," sighed Nancy, "that he showed ye all them things, and told ye about 'em — him that's so cross he never talks to no one!"

"Oh, but he isn't cross, Nancy, only outside," objected Pollyanna. "I don't see why everybody thinks he's so bad, either. They wouldn't, if they knew him. But even Aunt Polly doesn't like him very well. She wouldn't send the jelly to him, you know, and she was so afraid he'd think she did send it!"

"What beats me is how he happened to take to you so, Miss Pollyanna — meanin' no offense to you, of course — but he ain't the sort of man who generally takes to kids," said Nancy.

Pollyanna smiled. "But he did, Nancy," she nodded, "only he didn't want to. Why, today he owned up that one time he just felt he never wanted to see me again, because I reminded him of something he wanted to forget."

"What's that?" asked Nancy, excitedly. "He said you reminded him of something he wanted to forget? What was it?"

"He didn't tell me. He just said it was something."

"The mystery!" breathed Nancy, in an awestruck voice. "That's why he took to you in the first place. Why, that's just like a book. I've read lots of 'em. *Lady Maud's Secret*, and *The Lost Heir*, and *Hidden for Years*. All of 'em had mysteries just like this. My stars! Now tell me everythin' he said! No wonder he took to you!"

"But he didn't," cried Pollyanna, "not till I talked to him, first. And he didn't even know who I was till I took the calf's-foot jelly, and had to make him understand that Aunt Polly didn't send it, and — "

Nancy sprang to her feet and clasped her hands together suddenly. "Oh, Miss Pollyanna, I know, I know — I know!" she cried. The next minute she was down at Pollyanna's side again. "Tell me — now think, and answer straight and true," she urged excitedly. "It was after he found out you was Miss Polly's niece that he said he didn't ever want to see ye again, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much," said Nancy. "And Miss Polly wouldn't send jelly herself, would she?"

"No."

"And you told him she didn't send it?"

"Why, yes."

"And he began to act strange after he found out you was her niece, didn't he?"

"Why, yes. He did act a little strange over that jelly," admitted Pollyanna, with a frown.

Nancy drew a long sigh.

"Then I've got it. Mr. John Pendleton was Miss Polly Harrington's sweetheart!" she announced impressively, but with a glance over her shoulder.

"Why, Nancy, he couldn't be! She doesn't like him," objected Pollyanna.

Nancy gave her a scornful glance. "Of course she don't! That's the quarrel!"

Pollyanna still looked incredulous. With another long breath Nancy happily settled herself to tell the story.

"It's like this. Just before you come, Mr. Tom told me Miss Polly had had a sweetheart once. I didn't believe it. But Mr. Tom said she had, and that he was livin' now right in this town. And now I know, of course. It's John Pendleton. Don't he have a mystery? Don't he shut himself up in that house alone? Didn't he act strange when he found out you was Miss Polly's niece? And now didn't he say you remind him of somethin' he wants to forget?

Just as if anybody couldn't see it was Miss Polly! Why, Miss Pollyanna, it's as plain as the nose on yer face."

"Oh-h!" said Pollyanna, amazed. "But, Nancy, if they loved each other they'd make up some time. Both of 'em all alone, all these years. I should think they'd be glad to make up!"

Nancy sniffed. "I guess maybe you don't know much about love affairs, Miss Pollyanna."

Prisms

AS THE WARM AUGUST DAYS PASSED, Pollyanna went often to the house on Pendleton Hill. She did not feel, however, that her visits were really a success. The man seemed to want her there. But when she was there, he seemed scarcely any happier — at least, so Pollyanna thought.

He talked to her, and he showed her many strange and beautiful things — books, pictures, and curios. But he still fretted over his own helplessness, and he disliked the rules of the unwelcome members of his household. He seemed to like to hear Pollyanna talk, however, and Pollyanna talked. But she was never sure when she would look up and find him lying back on his pillow with that hurt look. She twice tried to tell him

about the “glad game,” but neither time had she got beyond the beginning of what her father had said. John Pendleton had turned the conversation abruptly to another subject.

Pollyanna never doubted now that John Pendleton was her Aunt Polly’s one-time sweetheart. And with all the strength of her loving, loyal heart, she wished she could bring happiness into their — to her mind — miserably lonely lives.

Just how to do this, however, she could not see. She talked to Mr. Pendleton about her aunt. He listened, sometimes politely, sometimes irritably, frequently with a smile. She tried to talk to her aunt about Mr. Pendleton. Generally, however, Miss Polly would not listen. She always found something else to talk about. She often did that, however, when Pollyanna was talking of others — of Dr. Chilton, for instance. Pollyanna blamed this, though, on the fact that Dr. Chilton had seen her with the rose in her hair. Aunt Polly, indeed, seemed particularly bitter against Dr. Chilton, as Pollyanna found out one day when a bad cold shut her up in the house.

“If you are not better by night I shall send for the doctor,” Aunt Polly said.

"Shall you? Then I'm going to be worse," gurgled Pollyanna. "I'd love to have Dr. Chilton come to see me!"

"Dr. Chilton is not our family physician," Miss Polly said sternly. I shall send for Dr. Warren — if you are worse."

Pollyanna did not grow worse, however, and Dr. Warren was not summoned.

"And I'm so glad, too," Pollyanna said to her aunt that evening. "Of course I like Dr. Warren, but I like Dr. Chilton better, and I'm afraid he'd feel hurt if I didn't have him. He wasn't really to blame that he happened to see you when I'd dressed you up so pretty that day, Aunt Polly," she finished.

"Pollyanna, I really do not wish to discuss Dr. Chilton — or his feelings," said Miss Polly.

Pollyanna looked at her for a moment. Then she sighed, "I just love to see you when your cheeks are pink like that. Why, Aunt Polly!" But her aunt was already out of sight down the hall.

TOWARD THE END of August Pollyanna, making an early morning call on John Pendleton, found a flaming band of blue and gold and green edged with red and violet lying across his pillow. She stopped short in delight.

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, it's a baby rainbow come in to pay you a visit!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands together softly. "Oh, how pretty it is! But how did it get in?" she cried.

The man laughed a little grimly: "Well, I suppose it got in when the sun struck that glass thermometer in the window," he said wearily.

"Oh, it's so pretty! Does just the sun do that? My! It's like living in a rainbow!"

The man laughed, watching Pollyanna's face curiously. Suddenly a new thought came to him. He touched the bell at his side.

"Nora," he said, when the elderly maid appeared at the door, "bring me one of the big candlesticks from the mantel in the front drawing-room."

"Yes, sir," murmured the woman. In a minute she returned. A musical tinkling entered the room with her. It came from the prisms encircling the old-fashioned candlestick in her hand.

"Thank you. You may set it here on the stand," directed the man. "Now get a string and fasten it to that window there. Let the string reach straight across the window."

"That will be all. Thank you," he said, when she had carried out his directions. As she left the room he turned smiling eyes toward Pollyanna.

"Bring me the candlestick, please, Pollyanna."

With both hands she brought it. In a moment he was slipping off the prisms, one by one, until a dozen of them lay on the bed.

"Now, my dear, suppose you take them and hook them to that string across the window. If you really want to live in a rainbow, we'll have to have a rainbow for you to live in!"

Pollyanna had hung up three of the prisms in the sunlit window when she saw what was going to happen. She was so excited then she could scarcely control her shaking fingers enough to hang up the rest. But at last her task was finished and she stepped back with a cry of delight.

The bedroom had become a fairyland. Everywhere were bits of dancing red and green, violet and orange, gold and blue. The wall, the floor, and the furniture, even the bed itself, shimmered with color.

"How lovely!" breathed Pollyanna. "I reckon the sun himself is trying to play the game now, don't you?"

she cried, forgetting that Mr. Pendleton could not know what she was talking about. "Oh, how I wish I had a lot of those things! I would like to give them to Aunt Polly and Mrs. Snow and lots of folks. Then they'd be glad all right! Why, I think even Aunt Polly'd get so glad she couldn't help banging doors — if she lived in a rainbow. Don't you?"

Mr. Pendleton laughed. "Well, I think it would take more than a few prisms in the sunlight to make your aunt bang many doors for gladness. But what do you mean?"

Pollyanna stared, then she drew a long breath.
"Oh, I forgot. You don't know about the game."

"Suppose you tell me."

And Pollyanna told him the whole thing, starting with the crutches that should have been a doll. As she talked she looked at the dancing colors from the prisms swaying in the sunlit window.

"That's all," she sighed, when she had finished.
"Now you know why I said the sun was trying to play the game."

For a moment there was silence. Then a low voice from the bed said unsteadily, "Perhaps. But I'm thinking that you are the very finest prism of them all, Pollyanna."

"Oh, but I don't show beautiful colors when the sun shines through me, Mr. Pendleton!"

"Don't you?" smiled the man. And Pollyanna wondered why there were tears in his eyes.

"No," she said, adding, "I'm afraid the sun doesn't make anything but freckles out of me."

The man laughed a laugh that sounded almost like a sob.

CHAPTER 18

Which Is Somewhat Surprising



POLLYANNA ENTERED SCHOOL IN SEPTEMBER. In some ways, school was a surprise to Pollyanna. And Pollyanna, in many ways, was a surprise to school. They were soon on the best of terms, however, and to her aunt Pollyanna confessed that going to school was living.

In spite of her delight in her new work, Pollyanna did not forget her old friends. She could not give them quite so much time now, but she gave them what time she could. John Pendleton, of them all, was the most dissatisfied.

One Saturday he spoke to her about it.

"See here, Pollyanna, how would you like to come and live with me?" he asked. "I don't see anything of you, nowadays."

Pollyanna laughed. "I thought you didn't like to have folks around," she said.

"Oh, but that was before you taught me to play that wonderful game of yours. Now I'm glad to be waited on, hand and foot!" he said, shaking one of his crutches playfully at the little girl.

"Oh, but you aren't really glad at all for things. You just say you are," pouted Pollyanna. "You know you don't play the game right ever."

The man's face grew very grave. "That's why I want you, little girl — to help me. Will you come?"

Pollyanna turned in surprise.

"Mr. Pendleton, you don't really mean that?"

"But I do. I want you. Will you come?"

Pollyanna looked distressed. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, you know I can't. I'm Aunt Polly's!"

Pollyanna could not understand the look that crossed the man's face. His head came up fiercely.

"You're no more hers than — Perhaps she would let you come to me," he finished more gently. "Would

you come, if she did?"

Pollyanna frowned in deep thought. "But Aunt Polly has been so good to me," she said. Again that look crossed the man's face. But this time, when he spoke, his voice was low and sad.

"Pollyanna, years ago I loved somebody very much. I hoped to bring her to this house. I pictured how happy we'd be together."

"Yes," said Pollyanna, with sympathy.

"But — well, I didn't bring her here. Never mind why. I just didn't — that's all. And ever since then this house has never been a home. It takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence, to make a home, Pollyanna, and I have not had either. Now will you come, my dear?"

Pollyanna sprang to her feet. "Mr. Pendleton, you mean that you wish you had had that woman's hand and heart all this time?"

"Why, y-yes, Pollyanna."

"I'm so glad!" sighed the little girl. "Now you can take us both, and everything will be lovely."

"Take — you — both?" repeated the man.

Doubt crossed Pollyanna's face.

"Well, of course, Aunt Polly isn't won over, yet, but I'm sure she will be if you tell it to her just as you did to me, and then we'd both come."

A look of terror leaped to the man's eyes.

"Aunt Polly come — here!"

Pollyanna's eyes widened a little. "Would you rather go there?" she asked.

"Pollyanna, what are you talking about?" asked the man, very gently.

"Why, where we're going to live, of course," replied Pollyanna, in surprise. "You said it was here that you had wanted Aunt Polly's hand and heart all these years to make a home, and — "

A cry came from the man's throat. He raised his hand and began to speak. But the next moment he dropped his hand at his side.

"The doctor, sir," said the maid in the doorway.

Pollyanna rose at once to leave.

John Pendleton turned to her feverishly.

"For Heaven's sake, say nothing of what I asked you — yet," he begged, in a low voice.

Pollyanna dimpled into a sunny smile. "Of course not! As if I didn't know you'd rather tell her

yourself!" she called back merrily.

John Pendleton fell back in his chair.

"Why, what's up?" demanded the doctor, a minute later, his fingers on his patient's galloping pulse.

"Overdose of tonic," John Pendleton laughed.

Which Is More Surprising



SUNDAY MORNINGS POLLYANNA USUALLY attended church and Sunday school. Sunday afternoons she frequently went for a walk with Nancy. She planned one for the day after the Saturday visit to Mr. Pendleton, but on the way home from church Dr. Chilton overtook her in his carriage.

"Let me drive you home, Pollyanna," he suggested. "I want to speak to you a minute. I was just driving out to your place to tell you," he went on, as Pollyanna settled at his side. "Mr. Pendleton sent a request for you to go to see him this afternoon. He says it's very important."

Pollyanna nodded. "Yes, I know. I'll go."

The doctor eyed her with some surprise. "I'm not sure I shall let you, after all," he declared. "You seemed

more upsetting than soothing yesterday, young lady."

Pollyanna laughed. "Oh, it wasn't me, truly. It was Aunt Polly."

The doctor gave a start. "Your aunt!" he said.

"Yes. And it's so exciting and lovely, just like a story. I'm going to tell you," she burst out. "He said not to mention it, but he meant not to mention it to Aunt Polly. Of course he would want to tell her himself instead of having me do it. Sweethearts!"

"Sweethearts!"

"Yes," nodded Pollyanna. "That's the story part. I didn't know it till Nancy told me. She said Aunt Polly had a sweetheart years ago, and they quarrelled. She didn't know who it was at first. But we've found out now. It's Mr. Pendleton."

The doctor relaxed suddenly.

"Oh! I didn't know," he said quietly.

Pollyanna hurried on. "Yes, and I'm so glad now. It's come out lovely. Mr. Pendleton asked me to come and live with him, but I wouldn't leave Aunt Polly after she'd been so good to me. Then he told me all about the woman's hand and heart that he used to want, and I found out that he wanted it now. And I was so glad! For

if he wants to make up the quarrel, everything will be all right now, and Aunt Polly and I will both go to live there, or else he'll come to live with us. Of course Aunt Polly doesn't know yet, and we haven't got everything settled. So I suppose that is why he wanted to see me this afternoon."

There was an odd smile on the doctor's lips. "Yes. I can well imagine that Mr. John Pendleton does want to see you, Pollyanna," he nodded, as he pulled his horse to a stop before the door.

POLLYANNA FOUND a very nervous John Pendleton waiting for her that afternoon.

"Pollyanna," he began at once. "I've been trying all night to puzzle out what you meant yesterday about my wanting your Aunt Polly's hand and heart here all those years. What did you mean?"

"Why, because you were sweethearts once. And I was so glad you still felt that way now."

"Sweethearts! Your Aunt Polly and I?"

At the surprise in his voice, Pollyanna opened wide her eyes. "Why, Nancy said you were!"

The man gave a short laugh. "Indeed! Well, I'm

afraid Nancy didn't know."

"Then you weren't?"

"Never!"

"Oh dear! And it was all going so splendidly," sobbed Pollyanna. "I'd have been so glad to come with Aunt Polly."

"And you won't now?" the man asked.

"Of course not! I'm Aunt Polly's."

The man turned now, almost fiercely. "Before you were hers, Pollyanna, you were your mother's. It was your mother's hand and heart that I wanted years ago. I had not meant to tell you, but perhaps it's better that I do."

John Pendleton's face had grown very white. He was speaking with difficulty. "I loved your mother, but she didn't love me. After a time she went away with your father. I did not know until then how much I cared. For years I have been a cross, unlovable old man, though I'm not sixty yet, Pollyanna. Then, one day, like one of the prisms that you love so well, you danced into my life. I found out who you were, and I thought I never wanted to see you again. I didn't want to be reminded of your mother. But now I want you always. Pollyanna, won't you come — now?"

"But, Mr. Pendleton, I — There's Aunt Polly!"
Pollyanna's eyes were blurred with tears.

The man made an impatient gesture. "What about me? How do you suppose I'm going to be glad about anything without you? Why, if I had you for my own little girl, I'd be glad for anything. And I'd try to make you glad, too. All my money should go to make you happy."

Pollyanna looked shocked. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, as if I'd let you spend it on me! Besides, anybody with as much money as you have doesn't need me to make you glad about things. You're making other folks so glad giving them things that you just can't help being glad yourself! Why, look at those prisms you gave Mrs. Snow and me, and the gold piece you gave Nancy on her birthday, and — "

"Never mind about all that," interrupted the man. "That's all nonsense. It wasn't much, but what there was, was because of you. You gave those things. Not I! You," he repeated, in answer to the shock in her face. "And that only goes to prove all the more how I need you," he pleaded once more. "If ever I am to play the glad game, Pollyanna, you'll have to come play it with me."

Pollyanna's forehead puckered into a frown.

"Aunt Polly has been so good to me," she began, but the man interrupted her sharply.

"Of course she's been good to you! But she doesn't want you half so much as I do," he argued.

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, she's glad, I — "

"Glad!" interrupted the man, losing his patience. "Miss Polly doesn't know how to be glad for anything! Oh, she does her duty. She's a very dutiful woman. We haven't been the best of friends for the last twenty years. But I know her. She isn't the glad kind, Pollyanna. As for your coming to me — you just ask her and see if she won't let you come. And, oh, little girl, I want you so!" he finished brokenly.

Pollyanna rose with a sigh. "All right. I'll ask her," she said. "Of course I don't mean that I wouldn't like to live here with you, Mr. Pendleton, but — " She did not complete her sentence. There was a moment's silence, then she added, "Well, anyhow, I'm glad I didn't tell her yesterday, when I thought you wanted her, too."

John Pendleton smiled grimly. "Well, yes, Pollyanna, it is just as well that you didn't say it."

"I didn't — only to the doctor, and he doesn't — "

"The doctor!" cried John Pendleton, turning quickly. "Not Dr. Chilton?"

"Yes, when he came to tell me you wanted to see me today."

"Well, of all the — " muttered the man, falling back in his chair. "And what did the doctor say?"

Pollyanna frowned. "Why, I don't remember. Not much, I reckon. Oh, he did say he could well imagine you wanted to see me."

"Did he, indeed!" answered John Pendleton.

A Question Answered



THE SKY WAS DARKENING WITH AN APPROACHING thunder shower when Pollyanna hurried down the hill from John Pendleton's house. Halfway home she met Nancy with an umbrella.

"Miss Polly wanted me to come with this. She was worried about ye!" announced Nancy.

"Was she?" murmured Pollyanna.

Nancy sniffed. "You don't seem to notice what I said," she observed. "I said yer aunt was worried about ye!"

"Oh," sighed Pollyanna. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare her."

"Well, I'm glad," said Nancy, unexpectedly.

Pollyanna stared. "Glad that Aunt Polly was

scared about me! Why, Nancy, that isn't the way to play the game!" she objected.

"I wasn't playin' the game!" retorted Nancy. "You don't understand what it means to have Miss Polly worried about ye, child! It means she's at last gettin' human. She ain't just doin' her duty all the time."

"Why, Nancy," said Pollyanna, "Aunt Polly always does her duty. She's a very dutiful woman!"

Nancy chuckled. "You're right she is. But she's somethin' more, now, since you came."

Pollyanna's brows drew into a troubled frown. "There, that's what I was going to ask you, Nancy," she sighed. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? Would she mind if I wasn't here anymore?"

Nancy looked at the little girl. She had expected to be asked this question long before and she had wondered how she should answer it honestly without hurting Pollyanna. But now Nancy welcomed the question with open arms. She was sure that she could set the love-hungry little girl's heart at rest.

"Likes to have ye here? Would she miss ye if ye wasn't here?" cried Nancy, indignantly. "Didn't she send me with an umbrella 'cause she saw a little cloud in the

sky? Didn't she give you the pretty room you wanted? You've been softenin' her up. There's the cat, and the dog, and the way she speaks to me, and — oh, lots of things. Why, Miss Pollyanna, she'd miss ye," finished Nancy.

"Oh, Nancy, I'm so glad — glad — glad! You don't know how glad I am that Aunt Polly wants me!"

As if I'd leave her now! thought Pollyanna, as she climbed the stairs to her room a little later. I always knew I wanted to live with Aunt Polly, but I didn't know quite how much I wanted Aunt Polly to want to live with me!

Pollyanna dreaded telling John Pendleton of her decision. She was very fond of him and sorry for him — because he seemed to be so sorry for himself. She was sorry, too, for the long, lonely life that had made him so unhappy. And she was sad that it had been because of her mother that he had spent those dreary years. She pictured the great gray house as it would be after Mr. Pendleton was well again, with its silent rooms, its littered floors, and its disordered desk. She wished that someone might be found who — and she sprang to her feet with a little cry of joy at the thought that had come to her.

As soon as she could, she hurried up the hill to John Pendleton's house. In due time she found herself in the great dim library, with John Pendleton sitting near her, his dog at his feet.

"Well, Pollyanna, is it to be the glad game with me, all the rest of my life?" asked the man, gently.

"Oh, yes," cried Pollyanna. "I've thought of the very gladdest kind of a thing for you to do, and — "

"With — you?" asked John Pendleton, his mouth growing a little stern at the corners.

"N-no; but — "

"Pollyanna, you aren't going to say no!" interrupted a voice deep with emotion.

"I've got to, Mr. Pendleton, truly. Aunt Polly — "

"Did she refuse to let you come?"

"I didn't ask her," stammered the little girl, miserably. Pollyanna turned away her eyes. She could not meet the hurt gaze of her friend.

"So you didn't even ask her!"

"I couldn't, sir," faltered Pollyanna. "You see, I found out without asking. Aunt Polly wants me with her, and I want to stay, too," she confessed bravely. "I think sometimes she's beginning to be glad about things. Mr.

Pendleton, I couldn't leave Aunt Polly now!"

There was a long pause. Only the snapping of the fire broke the silence. At last, however, the man spoke. "No, Pollyanna. I see. You couldn't leave her now," he said. "I won't ask you again."

"Oh, but you don't know about the rest of it," she reminded him eagerly. "There's the very gladdest thing you can do — truly there is! You said only a woman's hand and heart or a child's presence could make a home. And I can get it for you — a child's presence. Not me, but another one."

"As if I would have any but you!" said Mr. Pendleton.

"But you will — when you know. You're so kind and good! I know you'll take him!"

"Take — who?"

"Jimmy Bean. He's the 'child's presence,' you know. And he'll be so glad to be it. I had to tell him last week that even my Ladies' Aid out West wouldn't take him, and he was so disappointed. But now he'll be so glad!"

"Will he? Well, I won't," declared the man. "Pollyanna, this is nonsense!"

"You mean you won't take him?"

"I mean just that."

"But he'd be a lovely child's presence," faltered Pollyanna. She was almost crying now. "You couldn't be lonesome with Jimmy around."

"I don't doubt it," replied the man, "but I think I prefer the lonesomeness."

Pollyanna suddenly remembered something Nancy had once told her.

"Maybe you think a nice live boy wouldn't be better than that old dead skeleton you keep somewhere. But I think it would!"

"Skeleton?"

"Yes. Nancy said you had one in your closet."

"Why, what — " Suddenly the man threw back his head and laughed. He laughed so heartily that Pollyanna began to cry from nervousness. When he saw that, John Pendleton's face grew grave.

"Pollyanna, I suspect you are right," he said gently. "In fact, I know that a nice live boy would be far better than my skeleton in the closet. Only sometimes we want to keep our skeletons. However, suppose you tell me a little more about this nice little boy." And Pollyanna told him.

Perhaps the laugh cleared the air. Or perhaps Jimmy Bean's story touched a heart already strangely softened. At all events, when Pollyanna went home that night she carried with her an invitation for Jimmy Bean to call at the great house with Pollyanna on Saturday afternoon.

"And I'm so glad, and I'm sure you'll like him," said Pollyanna, as she said good-bye. "I do want Jimmy to have a home and folks that care."

An Accident

AT MRS. SNOW'S REQUEST, POLLYANNA WENT one day to Dr. Chilton's office to get the name of a medicine which Mrs. Snow had forgotten.

"I've never been to your home before! This is your home, isn't it?" she said, looking about her.

The doctor smiled a little sadly. "Yes — such as it is," he answered, as he wrote something on the pad in his hand, "but it's a pretty poor apology for a home. They're just rooms, that's all."

Pollyanna nodded her head wisely. "I know. It takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence, to make a home," she said.

"Eh?" The doctor wheeled about abruptly.

"Mr. Pendleton told me," nodded Pollyanna,

"about the woman's hand and heart, or the child's presence. Why don't you get a woman's hand and heart, Dr. Chilton? Or maybe you'd take Jimmy Bean if Mr. Pendleton doesn't."

Dr. Chilton laughed quietly. "So Mr. Pendleton says it takes a woman's hand and heart to make a home, does he?" he asked.

"Yes. He says his is just a house, too. Why don't you get a woman's hand and heart, Dr. Chilton? Oh — ." Pollyanna blushed. "I suppose I ought to tell you. It wasn't Aunt Polly that Mr. Pendleton loved long ago. And so we aren't going there to live. I made a mistake. I hope you didn't tell anyone," she finished anxiously.

"No — I didn't tell anyone, Pollyanna," replied the doctor, a little strangely.

"Oh, that's all right, then," sighed Pollyanna. "You see, you're the only one I told, and I thought Mr. Pendleton looked sort of funny when I said I'd told you."

"Did he?" The doctor's lips twitched.

"Yes. But why don't you get a woman's hand and heart, Dr. Chilton?"

There was a moment's silence. Then he said, "They're not always to be had for the asking."

Pollyanna frowned thoughtfully. "But I should think you could get 'em," she argued.

"Thank you," laughed the doctor. "I'm afraid women haven't been so obliging," he observed.

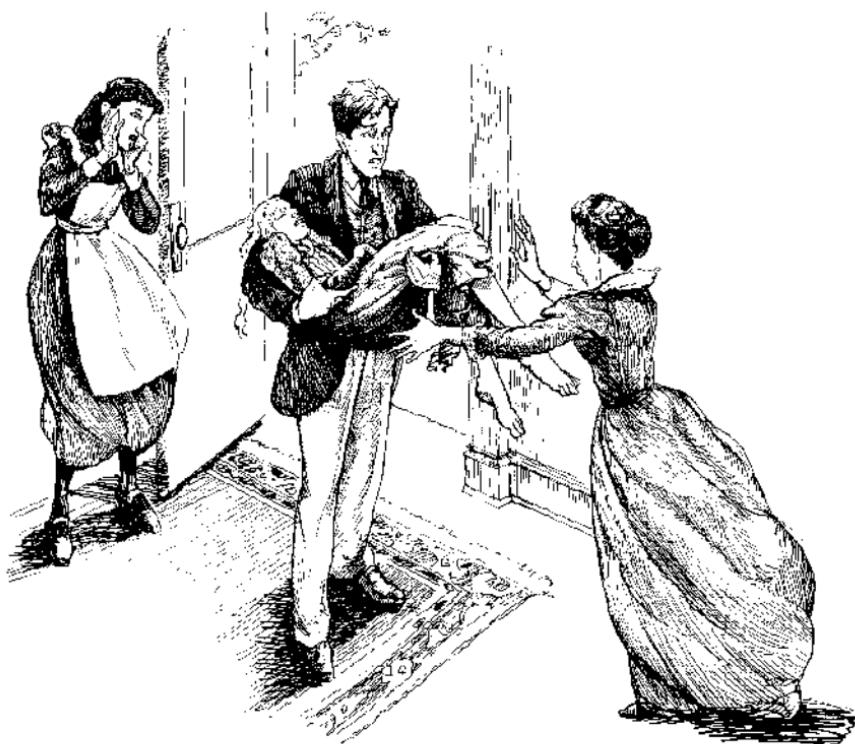
Pollyanna frowned again. "Why, Dr. Chilton, you don't mean you tried to get somebody's hand and heart once, like Mr. Pendleton, and — and couldn't, do you?"

The doctor got to his feet abruptly. "There, there, Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Run back to Mrs. Snow. I've written down the name of the medicine. Was there anything else?"

Pollyanna shook her head. "No, sir. Thank you, sir," she said soberly, as she turned toward the door. From the little hallway she called back, her face suddenly lit up, "Anyhow, I'm glad it wasn't my mother's hand and heart that you wanted and couldn't get, Dr. Chilton. Good-bye!"

ON THE LAST DAY of October the accident occurred. Pollyanna, hurrying home from school, crossed the road in front of a fast car.

No one could seem to tell afterward just what had happened. And no one could be found who could



POLLYANNA WAS CARRIED, LIMP AND UNCONSCIOUS,
INTO HER LITTLE ROOM.

tell why it happened or who was to blame. Pollyanna was carried, limp and unconscious, into her little room. There, a whitefaced Aunt Polly and a weeping Nancy undressed her tenderly and put her to bed. Dr. Warren

hurried from the village as fast as a car could bring him.

"Ye only needed to look at her aunt's face to see that she wasn't just doin' her duty," Nancy was sobbing to Old Tom in the garden, after the doctor had arrived. "Yer hands don't shake, and yer eyes don't look as if ye was tryin' to hold back the Angel of Death himself, when you're just doin' yer duty, Mr. Tom."

"Is she hurt bad?" The old man's voice shook.

"There ain't no tellin'," sobbed Nancy. "She lay back so white an' still she might easy be dead. But Miss Polly said she wasn't dead — an' Miss Polly ought to know — she kept up such a listenin' an' a feelin' for her heartbeats an' her breath!"

"But where is she hurt?"

"I don't know," moaned Nancy. "There's a little cut on her blessed head, but it ain't bad, Miss Polly says. She says she's afraid it's infernally she's hurt."

A faint flicker came into Old Tom's eyes. "I guess you mean internally, Nancy," he said dryly.

"Eh? Well, I don't know," moaned Nancy, with a shake of her head. "I wish I had a big washin' to do!" she wailed, wringing her hands.

Even after the doctor was gone, however, there

seemed to be little that Nancy could tell Mr. Tom. There appeared to be no bones broken, and the cut was not serious. But the doctor had looked very grave and had said that time alone could tell. After he had gone, Miss Polly's face was even whiter than before. The patient seemed to be resting as comfortably as could be expected. A trained nurse had been sent for and would come that night. That was all. Nancy, sobbing, went back to her kitchen.

Sometime during the next morning Pollyanna opened her eyes and realized where she was. "Why, Aunt Polly, what's the matter? Isn't it daytime? Why don't I get up?" she cried. "Why, Aunt Polly, I can't get up," she moaned, falling back on the pillow, after trying to lift herself.

"No, dear, I wouldn't try — just yet," soothed her aunt quickly, but very quietly.

"But what is the matter? Why can't I get up?"

Miss Polly looked at the white-capped young woman standing at the window.

The young woman nodded. "Tell her," the lips said.

Miss Polly cleared her throat and tried to swallow the lump that would scarcely let her speak.

"You were hurt, dear, by the automobile last night. But never mind that now. Auntie wants you to rest and go to sleep again."

"Hurt? Oh, yes; I — I ran." Pollyanna's eyes were dazed. She lifted her hand to her forehead. "Why it's — done up, and it — hurts!"

"Yes, dear, but never mind. Just rest."

"But, Aunt Polly, I feel so funny, and so bad! My legs feel so — so strange — only they don't feel — at all!"

Miss Polly looked to the nurse for help, then struggled to her feet and turned away. The nurse came forward quickly.

"It's high time we were getting acquainted," she began cheerily. "And I'm going to introduce myself. I am Miss Hunt and I've come to help your aunt take care of you. And the very first thing I'm going to do is to ask you to swallow these little white pills for me."

Pollyanna's eyes grew a bit wild. "But I don't want to be taken care of! I want to get up. You know I go to school. Can't I go tomorrow?"

From the window where Aunt Polly stood there came a quiet cry.

"Tomorrow?" smiled the nurse. "Well, I may not let you out quite so soon as that."

"But I must go to school day after tomorrow," said Pollyanna. "There are examinations then, you know."

She spoke again, a minute later, of school and the automobile, and how her head ached. But soon her voice became quiet as she fell asleep.

John Pendleton

OLLYANNA DID NOT GO TO SCHOOL. HOWEVER, she did not realize this. Pollyanna did not realize anything, in fact, until a week had passed. Then the fever subsided, the pain lessened somewhat, and her mind awoke to full consciousness. She had to be told all over again what had occurred.

"And so it's hurt that I am and not sick," she sighed at last. "Well, I'm glad of that."

"Glad, Pollyanna?" asked her aunt.

"Yes. I'd so much rather have broken legs like Mr. Pendleton's than be sick like Mrs. Snow, you know. Broken legs get well."

Miss Polly — who had said nothing whatever about broken legs — got suddenly to her feet and walked

to the little dressing-table across the room. She picked up one object after another and put each down. Her face was white and tired.

On the bed Pollyanna lay blinking at the dancing band of colors on the ceiling, which came from one of the prisms in the window.

"I'm glad I don't have smallpox," she murmured contentedly. "And I'm glad it isn't appendicitis or measles, because they're catching, measles are, and they wouldn't let you stay here."

"You seem to — to be glad for a good many things, my dear," faltered Aunt Polly.

Pollyanna laughed softly. "I am. I've been thinking of lots of 'em all the time I've been looking up at that rainbow. I love rainbows. I'm glad of some things I haven't said yet. I'm almost glad I was hurt."

"Pollyanna!"

Pollyanna laughed softly. "Well, you see, since I have been hurt, you've called me 'dear' lots of times — and you didn't before. I love to be called 'dear' — by folks that belong to you, I mean. Oh, Aunt Polly, I'm so glad you belong to me!"

Aunt Polly did not answer. Her eyes were full of

tears. She turned and hurried from the room.

THAT AFTERNOON Nancy ran out to Old Tom, who was cleaning harnesses in the barn.

"Mr. Tom," she panted. "Who do you suppose is in the parlor now with the mistress?"

Old Tom shook his head. "There's no tellin'," he declared.

"Yes, there is. I'm telling. John Pendleton!"

"You're jokin', girl."

"Not much I am. I let him in myself — crutches an' all! Just think, Mr. Tom — him callin' on her!"

"Well, why not?" demanded the old man.

Nancy glanced through the open barn door toward the house and came a step nearer to the old man.

"Listen! You told me Miss Polly had a sweetheart, didn't you? Well, I heard somethin' that made me think he was in love with Miss Polly."

"Mr. Pendleton!" Old Tom straightened up.

"Yes. Oh, now I know he wasn't. It was that blessed child's mother he was in love with," she said. "Well, I've been askin' folks about him some, and I've found out that him an' Miss Polly haven't been friends

MR. JOHN PENDLETON did not have to wait long in the parlor before Miss Polly came down. As he attempted to rise, she made a gesture of protest. She did not offer her hand, however, and her face was cold.

"I called to ask about Pollyanna," he began at once.

"Thank you. She is the same," said Miss Polly.

"Won't you tell me how she is?" His voice was not quite steady.

A look of pain crossed the woman's face. "I can't. I wish I could!"

"You mean — you don't know?"

"Yes."

"But — the doctor?"

"Dr. Warren himself seems — at sea. He has arranged for a consultation with a New York specialist."

"But, what were her injuries that you know?"

"A slight cut on the head, one or two bruises, and an injury to the spine which has seemed to cause — paralysis from the hips down."

A low cry came from the man. Then he asked, "And Pollyanna — how does she take it?"

"She doesn't understand — at all — how things really are. And I can't tell her."

"But she must know — something!"

Miss Polly lifted her hand to her collar.

"She knows she can't move. But she thinks her legs are broken. She says she's glad it's broken legs because broken legs get well."

Through the blur of tears in his own eyes, the man saw Miss Polly's worried face. He asked gently, "I wonder if you know, Miss Harrington, how I tried to get Pollyanna to live with me."

"With you! — Pollyanna!"

The man winced at the tone of her voice, but his own voice was still cool when he spoke again. "Yes. I wanted to adopt her and make her my heir. I was ready to give Pollyanna the love that had been twenty-five years in storage."

"Love." Miss Polly remembered suddenly why she had taken this child in the first place, and she remembered also Pollyanna's own words uttered that very morning: "I love to be called 'dear' by folks that belong to you!" It was this love-hungry little girl that had been offered the stored-up affection of twenty-five years.

Miss Polly realized how dreary her own future would be without Pollyanna.

"Well?" she said. And the man smiled sadly.

"She would not come," he answered. "She would not leave you. She said you had been so good to her. She wanted to stay with you — and she said she thought you wanted her to stay," he finished.

He heard a swift step at his side and found a shaking hand thrust toward him.

"When the specialist comes, and I know anything definite, you will hear from me," said a trembling voice. "Thank you for coming. Pollyanna will be pleased."

A Waiting Game



THE DAY AFTER JOHN PENDLETON'S CALL, Miss Polly spoke to Pollyanna about a visit by the specialist.

"Pollyanna, my dear," she began gently, "we have decided that we want another doctor besides Dr. Warren to see you."

A joyous light came to Pollyanna's face. "Dr. Chilton! Oh, Aunt Polly, I'd love to have Dr. Chilton! I've wanted him all the time, but I was afraid you didn't. So I didn't like to say anything. But I'm so glad you do want him!"

Aunt Polly's face had turned white, but when she answered, she tried to speak cheerfully.

"Oh, no, dear! It wasn't Dr. Chilton that I meant.

It is a famous doctor from New York, who knows a great deal about hurts like yours."

Pollyanna's face fell. "I don't believe he knows half so much as Dr. Chilton."

"Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear."

"But it was Dr. Chilton who doctored Mr. Pendleton's broken leg, Aunt Polly. If you don't mind very much, I would like to have Dr. Chilton — truly I would!"

Miss Polly looked upset. For a moment she did not speak at all. Then she said gently, but with a touch of her old stern decisiveness, "But I do mind, Pollyanna. I mind very much. I would do almost anything for you, my dear. But I don't wish Dr. Chilton called in on this case. He cannot know so much about your trouble as this great doctor does, who will come tomorrow."

Pollyanna still looked unconvinced. "But, Aunt Polly, if you loved Dr. Chilton — "

"What, Pollyanna?" Aunt Polly's voice was very sharp now. Her cheeks were very red, too.

"If you loved Dr. Chilton," sighed Pollyanna, "it seems to me that would make a difference in the good he would do. And I love Dr. Chilton."

The nurse entered the room at that moment, and Aunt Polly rose to her feet abruptly, a look of relief on her face. "I am very sorry, Pollyanna," she said, stiffly, "but I'm afraid you'll have to let me be the judge this time. It's already arranged."

However, the New York doctor did not come. At the last moment a telegram told of the sudden illness of the specialist himself. This led Pollyanna to plead again for Dr. Chilton.

But as before, Aunt Polly shook her head and said, "No, dear."

As the days of waiting passed, it seemed that Aunt Polly was doing everything that she could do to please her niece (except call Dr. Chilton).

"You couldn't have made me believe it," Nancy said to Old Tom one morning. "Every minute in the day Miss Polly just hangs around waitin' to do somethin' for that blessed lamb. She wouldn't let Fluff nor Buff upstairs for love or money a week ago. Now she lets them tumble all over the bed just because it pleases Miss Pollyanna!"

"And she moves them little glass danglers to different windows so the sun'll make the 'rainbows dance,'

"NOW SHE LETS THEM TUMBLE ALL OVER THE BED JUST
BECAUSE IT PLEASES MISS POLLYANNA!"

as that blessed child calls it. And the other day, the nurse was actually doin' her hair, and Miss Pollyanna was

bossin' from the bed. And I declare if Miss Polly hasn't wore her hair like that every day now! She don't look like the same woman, what with the ribbons and lace Miss Pollyanna makes her wear around her neck. Say, Mr. Tom, who was her sweetheart?"

"Ye won't find out from me," answered the old man. "How is the little gal today?"

Nancy shook her head. "Just the same. She just lays there and sleeps and talks some, and tries to be glad 'cause the sun sets or the moon rises, till it's enough to make yer heart break."

"I know. It's the game," nodded Old Tom.

"She told you about that game?"

"Oh, yes. She told me long ago." The old man hesitated, then went on, his lips twitching a little. "I was growlin' one day 'cause I was so bent up and crooked. An' what do ye suppose she said? She said I could be glad that I didn't have to stoop so far to do my weedin' — 'cause I was already bent part way over."

Nancy laughed. "Well, you might know she'd find somethin'. We've been playin' that game since almost the first, because there wasn't no one else she could play it with."

"The little gal's told every one about the game, I guess. I'm hearin' of it everywhere, now, since she was hurted," said Tom.

"Well, she didn't tell Miss Polly," replied Nancy. "Miss Pollyanna told me long ago that she couldn't tell her, because her aunt didn't like to have her talk about her father. And it was her father's game, and she'd have to talk about him if she did tell it. So she never told her."

"Oh, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "They was always bitter against the minister 'cause he took Miss Jennie away. Miss Polly could never forgive him. It was a bad mess," he sighed, as he turned away.

"Yes, it was," sighed Nancy.

For no one were those days of waiting easy. The nurse tried to look cheerful, but her eyes were troubled. The doctor was nervous and impatient. Miss Polly said little, but could not hide the fact that she was growing thin and pale. As to Pollyanna, she petted the dog, smoothed the cat's sleek head, admired the flowers and ate the fruits and jellies that were sent in to her, and returned cheery answers to the many messages of love that were brought to her bedside. But she, too, grew pale and thin.

As to the game — Pollyanna told Nancy these days how glad she was going to be when she could go to school again, go to see Mrs. Snow, go to call on Mr. Pendleton, and go to ride with Dr. Chilton. She didn't seem to realize that all this gladness was in the future, not the present.

CHAPTER 24

A Door Ajar



D R. MEAD, THE SPECIALIST, CAME A WEEK later. He was tall, with kind gray eyes and a cheerful smile. Pollyanna liked him at once, and she told him.

“You look a lot like my doctor,” she added.

“Your doctor?” Dr. Mead glanced in surprise at Dr. Warren, who was talking with the nurse a few feet away. Dr. Warren was a small, brown-eyed man with a pointed brown beard.

“Oh, that isn’t my doctor,” smiled Pollyanna. “Dr. Warren is Aunt Polly’s doctor. My doctor is Dr. Chilton.”

“Oh!” said Dr. Mead, his eyes resting on Miss Polly, who, with a blush, turned hastily away.

“Yes.” Pollyanna hesitated, then continued with

her usual truthfulness. "You see, I wanted Dr. Chilton all the time, but Aunt Polly wanted you. She said you knew more than Dr. Chilton about broken legs like mine. And if you do, I can be glad for that. Do you?"

"Only time can tell, little girl," the doctor said gently. Then he turned a grave face toward Dr. Warren, who had just come to the bedside.

EVERYONE SAID afterward that the cat did it. Certainly, if Fluffy had not poked a paw against Pollyanna's unlatched door, the door would not have swung noiselessly open until it stood a foot ajar. And if it had not been open, Pollyanna would not have heard her aunt's words.

In the hall the two doctors, the nurse, and Miss Polly stood talking. In Pollyanna's room Fluffy had just jumped to the bed with a little purring "meow" when Aunt Polly's exclamation sounded clearly and sharply.

"Not that! Doctor, not that! You don't mean the child will never walk again!"

It was all confusion then. First, from the bedroom came Pollyanna's terrified "Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly!" Then Miss Polly, seeing the open door and realizing that her

words had been heard, gave a moan and fainted dead away.

The nurse stumbled toward Pollyanna's room. She found a purring cat on the bed trying to attract the white-faced, wild-eyed little girl.

"Miss Hunt, please, I want Aunt Polly. I want her right away, quick, please!"

The nurse closed the door. Her face was very pale. "She — she can't come just this minute, dear. She will — a little later. What is it? Can't I — get it?"

Pollyanna shook her head.

"But I want to know what she said — just now. Did you hear her? I want Aunt Polly — she said something. I want her to tell me it isn't true!"

The nurse tried to speak, but no words came.

"Miss Hunt, it is true! Oh, it isn't true! You don't mean I can't ever — walk again!"

"There, there, dear — don't, don't!" choked the nurse. "Perhaps he was mistaken. Lots of things could happen, you know."

"But Aunt Polly said he knew more than anybody else about broken legs like mine!"

"Yes, yes, I know, dear, but all doctors make mistakes sometimes. Just don't think anymore about it now.

Please don't, dear."

Pollyanna flung out her arms wildly. "But I can't help thinking about it," she sobbed. "It's all there is now to think about. Why, Miss Hunt, how am I going to school, or to see Mr. Pendleton, or Mrs. Snow, or — or anybody?" She sobbed on. Suddenly she stopped and looked up, a new terror in her eyes. "Why, if I can't walk, how am I ever going to be glad for — anything?"

Miss Hunt did not know "the game," but she did know that her patient must be quieted. In spite of her own heartache, her hands had not been idle, and she stood now at the bedside with the quieting tablet ready.

"There, there, dear, just take this," she said, "and by and by we'll see what can be done. Lots of times, things aren't half as bad as they seem."

Obediently Pollyanna took the medicine. "I know. That sounds like things Father used to say," faltered Pollyanna. "He said there was always something about everything that might be worse, but I reckon he'd never just heard he couldn't ever walk again. I don't see how there can be anything about that that could be worse — do you?"

But Miss Hunt did not trust herself to speak.

Two Visits

NANCY WAS SENT TO TELL MR. JOHN PENDLETON of Dr. Mead's opinion. There had been a time when Nancy would have been happy to see Mr. Pendleton and his mysterious house. But today her heart was too heavy. She scarcely looked about as she waited for Mr. Pendleton to appear.

"I'm Nancy, sir," she said respectfully, when he came into the room. "Miss Harrington sent me to tell you about Miss Pollyanna. It ain't well, Mr. Pendleton," she choked.

"You don't mean — " He paused, and she bowed her head miserably.

"Yes, sir. He says she can't walk again — never."

For a moment there was absolute silence in the

room. Then the man spoke, in a voice shaken with emotion.
“Poor – little – girl!”

Nancy glanced at him, but dropped her eyes at once. She had not supposed that sour, stern John Pendleton could look like that. In a moment he spoke again, still in the low, unsteady voice.

“It seems cruel – never to dance in the sunshine again! My little prism girl!”

There was another silence. Then, abruptly, the man asked, “She doesn’t know yet, does she?”

“But she does, sir,” sobbed Nancy. “The cat pushed open the door an’ Miss Pollyanna overheard ‘em talkin’. She found out – that way.”

“Poor – little – girl!” sighed the man again.

“Yes, sir,” choked Nancy. “I’ve only seen her twice since she knew about it, an’ it done me up both times. Ye see she keeps thinkin’ all the time of new things she can’t do. It worries her, too, ‘cause she can’t seem to be glad – maybe you don’t know about her game, though,” broke off Nancy.

“The glad game?” asked the man. “Oh, yes.”

“Oh, well, I guess she has told it to most folks. But ye see, now she can’t play it herself, an’ it worries her.

She says she can't think of a thing about this not walkin' again to be glad about."

"Well, why should she?" retorted the man.

Nancy shifted her feet uneasily. "That's the way I felt, too — till I happened to think — it would be easier if she could find somethin', ye know. So I tried to — to remind her."

"To remind her! Of what?"

"Of how she told others to play it — Mrs. Snow and the rest, ye know. But the poor little lamb just cries an' says it don't seem the same. She says she's told herself over an' over again how glad she is that other folks ain't like her. But that all the time she's sayin' it, she ain't thinkin' of anythin' only how she can't ever walk again."

Nancy paused, but the man did not speak. He sat with his hand over his eyes.

"Then I tried to remind her how she used to say the game was all the nicer to play when it was hard," resumed Nancy, in a dull voice. "But she says that, too, is different — when it really is hard. I must be goin' now, sir," she broke off.

At the door she hesitated, turned, and asked timidly, "I couldn't tell Miss Pollyanna that you'd seen

Jimmy Bean again, sir, could I?"

"I don't see how you could — as I haven't seen him," observed the man. "Why?"

"Nothin', sir, only — well, that's one of the things that she was feelin' bad about, that she couldn't take him to see you, now. She said she'd taken him once, but she didn't think he showed off very well that day, and that she was afraid you didn't think he would make a very nice child's presence. Maybe you know what she means, sir."

"Yes, I know what she means."

"All right, sir. It was only that she was wantin' to take him again, she said, to show ye he really was a lovely child's presence. I begs yer pardon, sir. Good-bye!"
And Nancy fled.

IT DID NOT TAKE long for the entire town to learn that the great New York doctor had said Pollyanna would never walk again. Never before had the town been so stirred. Everybody knew by sight the little freckled face that had always a smile of greeting. And almost everybody knew of the game that Pollyanna played. To think that never again would that smiling face be seen

on their streets — never again would that cheery little voice proclaim the gladness of some everyday experience! It seemed impossible and cruel.

In kitchens and sitting rooms and over backyard fences women talked of it and wept. On street corners and in stores the men talked, too, and wept — though not so openly. And they kept weeping when they heard Nancy's pitiful story that Pollyanna was sorry most of all because she could not now be glad over anything.

Then the same thought came to Pollyanna's friends. Almost at once, the mistress of the Harrington homestead, greatly to her surprise, began to receive calls: calls from men, women, and children — many of whom Miss Polly had not supposed that her niece knew at all.

Some came in and sat down for five or ten minutes. Some stood awkwardly on the porch steps. Some brought a book, a bunch of flowers, or a special food. Some cried. But all inquired very anxiously for the little injured girl and all sent to her some message. It was these messages which, after a time, stirred Miss Polly to action.

First came Mr. John Pendleton. He came without his crutches today.

"I don't need to tell you how shocked I am," he began. "Can nothing be done?"

Miss Polly gave a gesture of despair. "Oh, Dr. Mead prescribed treatments and medicines, and Dr. Warren is carrying them out, of course. But Dr. Mead held out almost no hope."

John Pendleton rose abruptly. His mouth was set into stern lines. Miss Polly, looking at him, knew why he could not stay longer in her presence. At the door he turned. "I have a message for Pollyanna," he said. "Tell her, please, that I have seen Jimmy Bean and — that he's going to be my boy. I shall adopt him, probably."

"You will adopt Jimmy Bean!" Miss Polly gasped.

The man lifted his chin a little. "Yes. Tell Pollyanna I thought she would be glad to know."

"Why, of — of course," faltered Miss Polly.

"Thank you," bowed John Pendleton, as he turned to go.

In the middle of the floor Miss Polly stood, silent and amazed. Even yet she could scarcely believe what her ears had heard.

With a dazed face Miss Polly went upstairs to Pollyanna's room. "Pollyanna, I have a message for you

from Mr. Pendleton. He says to tell you he has taken Jimmy Bean for his little boy. He said he thought you'd be glad to know it."

Pollyanna's little face flamed into joy. "Glad? Well, I reckon I am glad! Oh, Aunt Polly, I've so wanted to find a place for Jimmy — and that's such a lovely place! I'm so glad for Mr. Pendleton, too. Now he'll have the child's presence."

"The — what?"

Pollyanna blushed. She had forgotten that she had never told her aunt of Mr. Pendleton's desire to adopt her.

"The child's presence," stammered Pollyanna, hastily. "Mr. Pendleton told me once, you see, that only a woman's hand and heart or a child's presence could make a home. And now he's got the child's presence."

"Oh, I — see," said Miss Polly very gently.

Pollyanna, fearful that her aunt might ask embarrassing questions, hurried to lead the conversation away from Mr. Pendleton.

"Dr. Chilton says so, too — that it takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence, to make a home, you know," she remarked.

Miss Polly turned with a start. "Dr. Chilton! How do you know that?"

"He told me so. When he said he lived in just rooms, you know — not a home. So I asked him why he didn't get a woman's hand and heart and have a home."

"Pollyanna!" Miss Polly had turned sharply. Her cheeks showed a sudden color.

"Well, I did. He looked so — so sorrowful."

"What did he — say?"

"He said that you couldn't always get them for the asking."

There was a brief silence.

Pollyanna sighed. "He wants one, anyhow, I know, and I wish he could have one."

"Why, Pollyanna, how do you know?"

"Because, afterwards, on another day, he said something else. He said that low, too, but I heard him. He said that he'd give all the world if he did have one woman's hand and heart. Why, Aunt Polly, what's the matter?" Aunt Polly had risen hurriedly and gone to the window.

"Nothing, dear. I was changing the position of this prism," said Aunt Polly, whose face was now aflame.

The Game and Its Players

NOT LONG AFTER JOHN PENDLETON'S SECOND visit, Milly Snow called one afternoon. Milly Snow had never before been to the Harrington homestead. She blushed and looked embarrassed when Miss Polly entered the room.

"I — I came to inquire for the little girl," she stammered.

"You are very kind. She is the same. How is your mother?" replied Miss Polly, wearily.

"That is what I came to ask you to tell Miss Pollyanna," said the girl, breathlessly. "We think it's so perfectly awful that the little thing can't ever walk again, after all she's done for Mother, you know, teaching her to play the game, and all that. And when we heard how now

she couldn't play it herself — poor little dear! I'm sure I don't see how she can, either, in her condition! But we thought if she could only know what she had done for us, that it would help, you know, in her own case, about the game, because she could be a little glad — ” Milly stopped helplessly, and seemed to be waiting for Miss Polly to speak.

Miss Polly had sat politely listening, but with a puzzled questioning in her eyes. When the pause came she filled it with a quiet, “I don’t think I quite understand, Milly. Just what is it that you want me to tell my niece?”

“I want you to make her see what she’s done for us,” answered the girl. “She’s seen that Mother is different, because she’s been there. But I want her to know how different she is — and me, too. I’ve been trying to play the game — a little.”

Miss Polly frowned. She would have asked what Milly meant by this “game,” but there was no opportunity. Milly was rushing on.

“You know nothing was ever right before — for Mother. But now she lets me keep the shades up, and she takes interest in things — how she looks, and her night-

dress, and all that. And she's actually begun to knit little baby blankets for hospitals. And she's so glad she can do it! And that was all Miss Pollyanna's doing, you know, 'cause she told Mother she could be glad she'd got her hands and arms, anyway. And that made Mother wonder why she didn't do something with her hands and arms. And so she began to knit. And you can't think what a different room it is now, what with the red and blue and yellow yarn, and the prisms in the window that she gave her. Why, it actually makes you feel better just to go in there now. And before I used to dread it awfully, it was so dark and gloomy, and Mother was so — so unhappy, you know.

"So we want you to please tell Miss Pollyanna that it's all because of her. And please say we're so glad we know her, that we thought, if she knew it, it would make her a little glad that she knew us," said Milly, rising. "You'll tell her?"

"Why, of course," said Miss Polly, wondering just how much she could remember to tell.

These visits of John Pendleton and Milly Snow were only the first of many. And always there were the messages that puzzled Miss Polly.

One day there was a lady named Mrs. Tarbell.

"I'm a stranger to you," she began. "But I'm not a stranger to your little niece, Pollyanna. I've been at the hotel all summer, and everyday I take long walks for my health. I met your niece on these walks. She's such a dear little girl! I wish I could make you understand what she's been to me. I was very sad when I came up here. And her bright face and cheery ways reminded me of my own little girl that I lost years ago. I was so shocked to hear of the accident. And then when I learned that the poor child would never walk again, and that she was so unhappy because she couldn't be glad any longer, I just had to come to you. Will you tell her that Mrs. Tarbell is glad now. Your niece will know just what I mean. Thank you." And she took her leave.

Thoroughly confused, Miss Polly hurried upstairs to Pollyanna's room.

"Pollyanna, do you know a Mrs. Tarbell?"

"Oh, yes. I love Mrs. Tarbell. She's sick and awfully sad. She takes long walks. We go together. I mean — we used to." Pollyanna's voice broke, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Miss Polly cleared her throat. "Well, she's just been here, dear. She left a message for you. She said to

tell you that Mrs. Tarbell is glad now."

Pollyanna clapped her hands softly. "Did she say that — really? Oh, I'm so glad!"

"But, Pollyanna, what did she mean?"

"Why, it's the game, and — " Pollyanna stopped short, her fingers to her lips.

"What game?"

"N-nothing much, Aunt Polly. That is — I can't tell it unless I tell other things that I'm not to speak of."

The little girl looked so upset that Miss Polly didn't ask any more questions.

Not long after Mrs. Tarbell's visit a young woman came. She had cheeks that were too pink and hair that was too yellow, and she wore high heels and cheap jewelry. Miss Polly had heard a lot about her, and she was amazed and angry to see her at the Harrington home-stead.

The woman asked if she might see the little girl. Miss Polly told the woman that no one was allowed yet to see Pollyanna.

The woman hesitated, then spoke. "My name is Mrs. Tom Payson. I'm sure you've heard of me. Maybe some of the things you've heard ain't true. But never

mind that. I came about the little girl. I heard about the accident, and it broke me all up. Last week I heard how she couldn't ever walk again, and I wished I could give her my legs. Maybe you don't know it, but I've seen a good deal of that little girl of yours. We live on the Pendleton Hill road, and she used to come in and play with the kids and talk to me — and my man, when he was home. She didn't know that her kind of folks don't generally call on my kind.

"She did us a lot of good. It's been hard times with us this year, in more ways than one. We was reckoning on getting a divorce. Then came the accident, and we heard about the little girl's never walking again. And we got to thinking how she used to come and sit on our doorstep and play with the kids, and laugh. She was always being glad about something. Then one day she told us why, and about the game, you know.

"I came to tell her today that maybe she can be a little glad for us, 'cause we've decided to stick to each other and play the game ourselves. Will you tell her?"

"Yes, I will," promised Miss Polly. Then she stepped forward and held out her hand. "And thank you for coming, Mrs. Payson," she said.

Mrs. Payson clutched at the outstretched hand, turned, and fled.

The door had scarcely closed before Miss Polly was confronting Nancy in the kitchen.

"Nancy, will you tell me what this absurd game is that the whole town seems to be babbling about? And what has my niece to do with it? Why does everybody send word to her that they're playing it? As near as I can judge, half the town are stopping family quarrels or learning to like something they never liked before, and all because of Pollyanna. Will you tell me what it all means?"

To Miss Polly's surprise, Nancy burst into tears. "It means that ever since last June that blessed child has been makin' the whole town glad, an' now they're turnin' around an' tryin' to make her a little glad, too."

"Glad of what?"

"Just glad! That's the game."

Miss Polly actually stamped her foot. "There you go like all the rest, Nancy. What game?"

Nancy looked her mistress squarely in the eye. "It's a game Miss Pollyanna's father learned her to play. She got a pair of crutches once in a missionary barrel

when she wanted a doll, an' she cried like any child would. Then her father told her that there was somethin' about everythin' that you could be glad about. An' that she could be glad about them crutches."

"Glad for — crutches!" Miss Polly choked back a sob. She was thinking of the helpless little legs on the bed upstairs.

"Yes'm. That's what I said, an' Miss Pollyanna said that's what she said, too. But he told her she could be glad — 'cause she didn't need 'em."

"Oh-h!" cried Miss Polly.

"And after that she said they made a regular game of findin' somethin' in everythin' to be glad about. They called it the glad game. You'd be surprised how cute it works, ma'am," maintained Nancy, with almost the eagerness of Pollyanna herself. "She's made me glad on such a lot of things. An' it's made 'em so much easier. For instance, she's actually made me glad for Monday mornin's."

"Glad — for Monday mornings?"

Nancy laughed. "I know it does sound nutty, ma'am. That blessed lamb found out I hated Monday mornin's somethin' awful. One day she said to me: 'Well,

anyhow, Nancy, I should think you could be gladder on Monday mornin' than on any other day in the week, because it would be whole week before you'd have another one! An' I've thought of it every Monday mornin' since — an' it helped. It made me laugh, anyhow, every time I thought of it."

"But why hasn't — she told me — the game?" faltered Miss Polly.

Nancy hesitated. "Begginn' yer pardon, ma'am, you told her not to speak of her father, so she couldn't tell ye. It was her father's game, ye see."

Miss Polly bit her lip.

"She wanted to tell ye, first off," continued Nancy. "She wanted somebody to play it with, ye know. That's why I begun it, so she could have someone."

"And these others?" Miss Polly's voice shook.

"Oh, almost everybody knows it now, I guess. I'm hearin' of it everywhere I go. She told a lot, and they told the rest. Now, since she's hurt, everybody feels so bad — 'specially when they heard how bad she feels 'cause she can't find anythin' to be glad about. An' so they've been comin' every day to tell her how glad she's made them, hopin' that'll help some. Ye see, she's always wanted

everybody to play the game with her."

"Well, I know somebody who'll play it — now," choked Miss Polly, as she turned and sped through the kitchen doorway.

Behind her, Nancy stood staring. "Well, I'll believe anythin' now," she muttered to herself.

A little later, in Pollyanna's room, the nurse left Miss Polly and Pollyanna alone together.

"And you've had still another caller today, my dear," announced Miss Polly. "Do you remember Mrs. Payson?"

"I reckon I do! She lives on the way to Mr. Pendleton's, and she's got the prettiest little girl and boy. She's awfully nice, and so's her husband — only they don't seem to know how nice each other is. Sometimes they fight. They're poor, too.

"But she wears real pretty clothes, sometimes, in spite of their being so poor," said Pollyanna. "And she's got perfectly beautiful rings with diamonds and rubies and emeralds, but she says she's got one ring too many and that she's going to throw it away and get a divorce instead. What is a divorce, Aunt Polly? I'm afraid it isn't very nice, because she didn't look happy when she talked

about it. And she said if she did get it, they wouldn't live there anymore, and that Mr. Payson would go way off."

"But they aren't going way off, dear," said Aunt Polly, hurriedly. "They're going to stay right there together."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Then they'll be there when I go up to see — Oh dear!" broke off the little girl. "Aunt Polly, why can't I remember that my legs don't go anymore?"

"There, there, don't," choked her aunt. "Perhaps you'll drive up sometime. But listen! I haven't told you all that Mrs. Payson said. She wanted me to tell you that they were going to stay together and to play the game, just as you wanted them to."

Pollyanna smiled through wet eyes. "Did they, really? Oh, I am glad of that!"

"Yes, she said she hoped you'd be. That's why she told you, to make you — glad, Pollyanna."

Pollyanna looked up quickly. "Why, Aunt Polly, do you know about the game?"

"Yes, dear." Miss Polly forced her voice to be cheerfully matter-of-fact. "Nancy told me. And I'm going to play it now — with you."

"Oh, Aunt Polly, I'm so glad! You see, I've really wanted you most of anybody, all the time."

Aunt Polly caught her breath. It was even harder this time to keep her voice steady, but she did it. "Yes, dear, and there are all those others, too. Why, Pollyanna, I think all the town is playing that game now with you, and the whole town is wonderfully happier — and all because of one little girl."

Pollyanna clapped her hands. "Oh, I'm so glad," she cried. Then a wonderful light lit up her face. "Why, Aunt Polly, there is something I can be glad about, after all. I can be glad I've had my legs, anyway — else I couldn't have done that!"

Through an Open Window



ONE BY ONE THE SHORT WINTER DAYS CAME and went — but they were not short to Pollyanna. They were long and sometimes full of pain. These days, however, Pollyanna was trying to turn a cheerful face toward whatever came. Was she not ‘specially bound to play the game, now that Aunt Polly was playing it too? And Aunt Polly found so many things to be glad about! It was Aunt Polly who brought home the story about the poor old lady who had only two teeth, but who was so glad that those two teeth “hit”!

Pollyanna now, like Mrs. Snow, was knitting wonderful things out of bright yarns that trailed across

the white spread, and made Pollyanna so glad she had her hands and arms, anyway.

Pollyanna saw people now, occasionally, and always there were the loving messages from those she could not see. And always they brought her something new to think about — and Pollyanna needed new things to think about.

Once she had seen John Pendleton, and twice she had seen Jimmy Bean. John Pendleton had told her what a fine boy Jimmy was getting to be, and how well he was doing. Jimmy had told her what a first-rate home he had, and what bang-up "folks" Mr. Pendleton made. And both had said that it was all owing to her.

"Which makes me all the gladder, you know, that I have had my legs," Pollyanna confided to her aunt afterwards.

THE WINTER PASSED, and spring came. There seemed every reason to believe that Dr. Mead's worst fears would be realized — that Pollyanna would never walk again.

One Saturday morning, Dr. Thomas Chilton made a surprise call on Mr. John Pendleton.

"Pendleton," began the doctor, "I've come to you because you know something of my relations with Miss Polly Harrington."

John Pendleton did know of the affair between Polly Harrington and Thomas Chilton, but the matter had not been mentioned between them for fifteen years, or more.

"Yes," he said, trying to sound concerned but not curious.

"Pendleton, I want to see that child. I must make an examination."

"Well — can't you?"

"Can't I? Pendleton, you know very well that I haven't been inside that door for more than fifteen years. Polly Harrington told me that the next time she asked me to enter her house, I might take it that she was begging my pardon, and that all would be as before — which meant that she'd marry me."

"But couldn't you go — without her asking?"

The doctor frowned. "Well, hardly. I have some pride, you know."

"But if you're so anxious — couldn't you swallow your pride and forget the quarrel . . ."

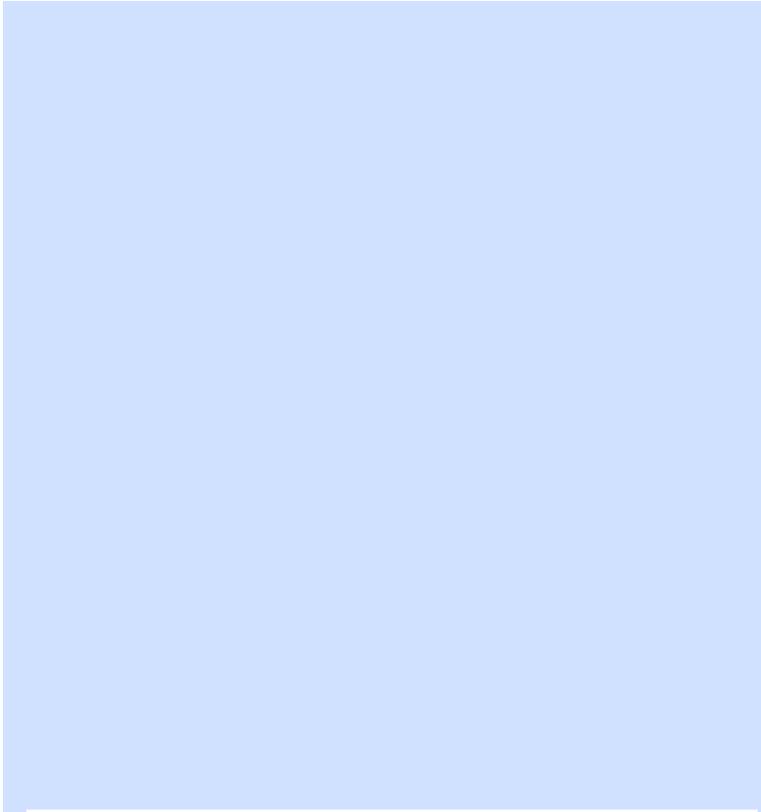
"Forget the quarrel!" interrupted the doctor. "I'm not talking of that kind of pride. So far as that is concerned, I'd go from here to there on my knees if that would do any good. It's professional pride I'm talking about. It's a case of sickness, and I'm a doctor. I can't butt in and say, 'Here, take me!' can I?"

"Chilton, what was the quarrel?" demanded Pendleton.

The doctor made an impatient gesture and got to his feet. "What was it?" he snarled, pacing the room angrily. "Something silly. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to say there was no quarrel. Pendleton, I must see that child. It may mean life or death. It will mean — I honestly believe — nine chances out of ten that Pollyanna Whittier will walk again!"

The words were spoken clearly, impressively, and they were spoken just as Dr. Chilton had almost reached the open window near John Pendleton's chair. They reached the ears of a small boy kneeling beneath the window on the ground outside.

Jimmy Bean, at his Saturday morning task of pulling up the first little green weeds of the flowerbeds, sat up with ears and eyes wide open.



JIMMY BEAN SAT UP FROM HIS WEEDING TASK
WITH EARS AND EYES WIDE OPEN.

“Walk! Pollyanna!” John Pendleton was saying.
“What do you mean?”

“I mean that I think her case is very much like
one that a college friend of mine has just helped. For

years he's been making this sort of thing a special study. And from what I hear — but I want to see the girl!"

John Pendleton came erect in his chair. "You must see her, man! Couldn't you — say, through Dr. Warren?"

The other shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Warren has been very decent, though. He told me himself that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but Miss Harrington said no. Pendleton, I've got to see that child! But how can I — without a direct request from her aunt? — which I'll never get!"

"She must be made to ask you."

"How? She's too proud and angry to ask me."

"But if she could be made to see — to understand," urged John Pendleton.

"Yes, and who's going to do it?" demanded the doctor.

"I don't know, I don't know," groaned the other.

Outside the window Jimmy Bean stirred suddenly. Up to now he had scarcely breathed, so intently had he listened to every word.

"Well, I know!" he whispered. "I'm goin' to do it!" And he rose to his feet, crept around the corner of the house, and ran with all his might down Pendleton Hill.

Jimmy Takes the Helm



IT'S JIMMY BEAN. HE WANTS TO SEE YE, MA'AM," announced Nancy in the doorway.

"Me?" asked Miss Polly, plainly surprised. "Are you sure he did not mean Miss Pollyanna? He may see her a few minutes today, if he likes."

"Yes'm. I told him. But he said it was you he wanted."

"Very well, I'll come down."

In the sitting room Miss Polly found a round-eyed boy, who began to speak at once. "Ma'am, I suppose it's dreadful — what I'm doin', an' what I'm sayin', but I can't help it. It's for Pollyanna, and I'd walk over hot coals for her, or face you, or — or anythin' like that, anytime. An' I think you would, too, if you thought there was a

chance for her to walk again. An' so that's why I come to tell ye that I knew you would ask Dr. Chilton here if you understood — ”

“Wh-at?” interrupted Miss Polly.

Jimmy sighed despairingly. “There, I didn’t mean to make ye mad. That’s why I begun by tellin’ ye about her walkin’ again. I thought you’d listen to that.”

“Jimmy, what are you talking about? Begin at the beginning, and be sure I understand each thing as you go. Don’t plunge into the middle of it as you did before — and mix everything all up!”

Jimmy wet his lips determinedly. “Well, to begin with, Dr. Chilton come to see Mr. Pendleton, an’ they talked in the library. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Jimmy.” Miss Polly’s voice was rather faint.

“Well, the window was open, and I was weedin’ the flowerbed under it an’ I heard ‘em talk.”

“Oh, Jimmy! Listening!”

“I’m glad I listened,” said Jimmy. “You will be when I tell ye. Why, it may make Pollyanna — walk!”

“Jimmy, what do you mean?” Miss Polly was leaning forward eagerly.

“There, I told ye so,” nodded Jimmy, contentedly.

"Well, Dr. Chilton knows some doctor somewhere that can cure Pollyanna, he thinks — make her walk, ye know, but he can't tell sure till he sees her. And he wants to see her somethin' awful, but he told Mr. Pendleton you wouldn't let him."

Miss Polly's face turned very red. "But, Jimmy, I couldn't! That is, I didn't know!" Miss Polly was twisting her fingers together helplessly.

"Yes, an' that's why I come to tell ye, so you would know," asserted Jimmy eagerly. "They said that for some reason you wouldn't let Dr. Chilton come, an' you told Dr. Warren so. An' Dr. Chilton couldn't come himself, without you asked him. An' they was wishin' somebody could make you understand, only they didn't know who could. I was outside the window, an' I says to myself right away, 'By Jinks, I'll do it!' An' I come — an' have I made ye understand?"

"Yes. But, Jimmy, about that doctor," implored Miss Polly. "Who was he? Are they sure he could make Pollyanna walk?"

"They didn't say who he was. Dr. Chilton knows him, an' he's just cured somebody just like her, Dr. Chilton thinks. You will let Dr. Chilton come, won't you?

— now you understand?"

Miss Polly turned her head from side to side. Her breath was coming in rapid gasps. Jimmy, watching her with anxious eyes, thought she was going to cry. But she did not cry. After a minute she said, "Yes — I'll let — Dr. Chilton — see her. Now run home, Jimmy. I've got to speak to Dr. Warren. He's upstairs now. I saw him drive in a few minutes ago."

A little later Dr. Warren was surprised to meet an agitated Miss Polly in the hall. He was still more surprised to hear the lady say, breathlessly, "Dr. Warren, you asked me once to allow Dr. Chilton to be called in consultation, and — I refused. Since then I have reconsidered. I very much desire that you should call in Dr. Chilton. Will you not ask him at once — please? Thank you."

A New Uncle



THE NEXT TIME DR. WARREN ENTERED Pollyanna's room, a tall, broad-shouldered man followed close behind him.

"Oh, Dr. Chilton, how glad I am to see you!" cried Pollyanna. "But, of course, if Aunt Polly doesn't want — "

"It is all right, my dear, don't worry," soothed Miss Polly, agitatedly, hurrying forward. "I have told Dr. Chilton that — that I want him to look you over — with Dr. Warren, this morning."

"Oh, then you asked him to come," murmured Pollyanna, contentedly.

"Yes, dear, I asked him. That is — " But it was too late. The adoring happiness that had leaped to Dr.

Chilton's eyes was unmistakable and Miss Polly had seen it. With very pink cheeks she turned and left the room hurriedly.

Over in the window the nurse and Dr. Warren were talking earnestly. Dr. Chilton held out both his hands to Pollyanna.

"Little girl, I'm thinking that one of the very gladdest jobs you ever did has been done today," he said in a voice shaken with emotion.

At twilight a wonderfully different Aunt Polly crept to Pollyanna's bedside. The nurse was at supper. They had the room to themselves.

"Pollyanna, dear, I'm going to tell you — the very first one of all. Someday I'm going to give Dr. Chilton to you for your — uncle. And it's you that have done it all. Oh, Pollyanna, I'm so — happy! And so — glad! Darling!"

Pollyanna began to clap her hands, but stopped.

"Aunt Polly, were you the woman's hand and heart he wanted so long ago? I know you were! And that's what he meant by saying I'd done the gladdest job of all — today. Why, Aunt Polly, I'm so glad that I don't mind — even my legs, now!"

Aunt Polly swallowed a sob.

"Perhaps, someday, dear — " But Aunt Polly did not finish. Aunt Polly did not dare to tell yet the great hope that Dr. Chilton had put into her heart. But she did say, "Pollyanna, next week you're going to take a journey. You're going to be carried in cars and carriages to a great doctor who has a big house many miles from here made for just such people as you are. He's a dear friend of Dr. Chilton's, and we're going to see what he can do for you!"

*Which is a Letter
from Pollyanna*



DEAR AUNT POLLY AND UNCLE TOM:

I can walk! Today I walked all the way from my bed to the window! Six steps! My, how good it was to be on legs again!

All the doctors stood around and smiled, and all the nurses stood beside them and cried. A lady in the next ward, who walked last week first, peeked in the door. And another one, who hopes she can walk next month, was invited in to the party, and she lay on my nurse's bed and clapped her hands. Even

Tilly, who washes the floor, looked through the window and called me "Honey child" when she wasn't crying too much.

I don't see why they cried. I wanted to sing and shout and yell! Just think, I can walk — walk — walk! Now I don't mind being here almost ten months. I didn't miss the wedding, anyhow. Wasn't that just like you, Aunt Polly, to get married right beside my bed, so I could see you. You always do think of the gladdest things!

Pretty soon, they say, I shall go home. I wish I could walk all the way there. I do. I don't think I shall ever want to ride anywhere anymore. It will be so good just to walk. Oh, I'm so glad! I'm glad for everything. Why, I'm glad now I lost my legs for a while, for you never, never know how perfectly lovely legs are till you haven't got them — that go, I mean. I'm going to walk eight steps tomorrow.

With heaps of love to everybody,

Pollyanna

"I CAN WALK! TODAY I WALKED ALL THE WAY FROM
MY BED TO THE WINDOW!"

Eleanor H. Porter

1868-1920

LEANOR HODGMAN PORTER WAS BORN IN Littleton, New Hampshire, in 1868, and grew up there. She had a very fine singing voice and later went to study in Boston at the famous New England Conservatory of Music. For many years she

sang in public concerts, in homes, and church choirs. In 1892, she married John Porter, a Boston businessman, and lived the rest of her life in nearby Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Her first novel was published in 1907 and over the next thirteen years she wrote thirteen more novels. Though many of her books were best-sellers, she is remembered for *Pollyanna*, which came out in 1913 and sold more than one million copies in less than a year. The next year she wrote *Pollyanna Grows Up*, which was also a best-seller. The little girl who was the main character of the stories was so popular that when Porter died, other authors began a series to carry on Pollyanna's adventures. Pollyanna Clubs sprang up around America.

Porter died at the height of her fame in 1920.

Pollyanna is no pampered princess. She is a lonely orphan who faces hardships and setbacks. But she wins people's hearts by trying to see the good, even at the worst of times. By playing what she calls "the glad game," she reminds us that when life is disappointing or painful, there are still things to be thankful for.

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