

WHISTLE FOR WILLIE

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Oh, how Peter wished he could whistle! He saw a boy playing with his dog. Whenever the boy whistled, the dog ran straight to him. Peter tried and tried to whistle, but he couldn't. So instead he began to turn himself around—around and around he whirled.....faster and faster....

When he stopped everything turned down..... and up..... And up..... and down..... and around and around. Peter saw his dog, Willie, coming. Quick as a wink, he hid in an empty carton lying on the sidewalk. "Wouldn't it be funny if I whistled?" Peter thought. "Willie would stop and look all around to see who it was."

Peter tried again to whistle---but still he couldn't. So Willie just walked on. Peter got out of the carton and started home. On the way he took some colored chinks out of his pocket and drew a long, long line. He went into his house and put on his father's old hat to make himself feel more grown-up. He looked into the mirror to practice whistling. Still no whistle! First he walked a long a crack in the sidewalk. Then he tried to run away from his shadow. He jumped off his shadow. But when he landed they were together again. He came to the corner where the carton was, and who should he see but Willie! Peter scrambled under the carton. He blew and blew. Suddenly ---- out came a real whistle! Willie stopped and looked around to see who it was.

"it's me," Peter shouted, and stood up. Willie raced straight to him. Peter's mother asked him and Willie to go on an errand to the grocery store. He whistle all the way there, and he whistle al the way home.