



PETER AND POLLY

By EUGENE J. HALL

Photographs by CORNELIA CLARKE



THE accompanying photographs tell a picture story that was conceived and executed by a young lady of sixteen, who lives on a farm in central Iowa. As a photographic and animal-training achievement I

teaching them to stand in any position in which she placed them. At first they moved as soon as released, but by treating them with great gentleness and kindness, and by rewarding them with a saucer of milk or a piece

consider them as remarkable as anything of the kind I have ever seen.

of meat, she finally taught them what was required

Miss Clarke trained her cats from kittenhood, and posed them and took their pictures with very little assistance. The result is a triumph of patience and perseverance.

of them. As they grew older, whenever they were hungry they came voluntarily to be posed and have their pictures taken.

These two cats are of the common, short-haired variety. When they were very young Miss Clarke began their training by

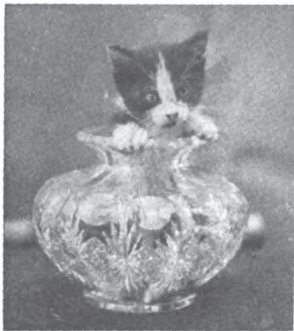
Meanwhile she was gaining experience with her camera, and this, together with a native daintiness of imagination and a love of pets, produced the accompanying results.



Peter was once a young kitten



So was Polly



Polly was very little



Peter liked to play ball



They were inseparable playmates



At length came school days for Peter



And Polly



And much hard study



But some time for play



Peter once treated Polly to cream



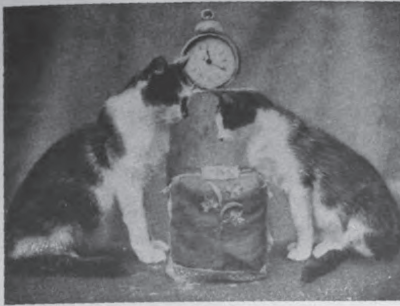
Later he ordered luncheon for her



One evening Peter came to call



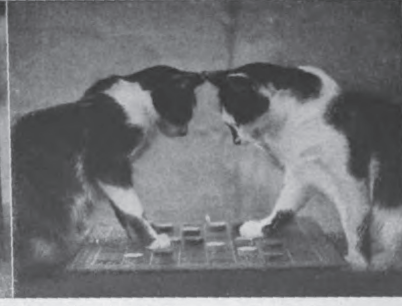
But Polly was not quite ready



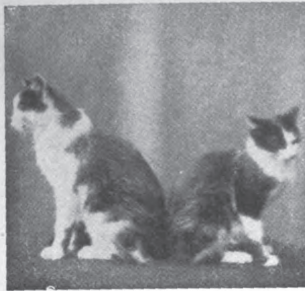
He found it hard to leave early



And she was very sleepy next morning



Once, while playing a friendly game



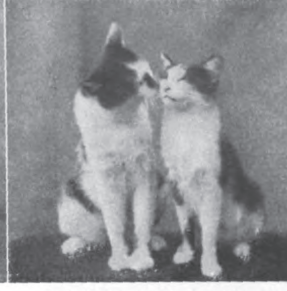
They quarreled



Peter was gloomy



Polly wept



But they made up again



Finally came their wedding day



Folly was a lovely bride



She made a fine housekeeper



She did her own washing



Every Monday, at first



And ironed on Tuesday



Till little Peter and Polly came



They took up all her time



But Peter and Polly never ceased to be sweethearts



Old Peter



Old Polly