

OUTDOOR VISITS

***Books by
Edith M. Patch***

NATURE STUDY

Dame Bug and Her Babies

Hexapod Stories

Bird Stories

First Lessons in Nature Study

Holiday Pond

Holiday Meadow

Holiday Hill

Holiday Shore

Mountain Neighbors

Desert Neighbors

Forest Neighbors

Prairie Neighbors

NATURE AND SCIENCE READERS

Hunting

Through Four Seasons

Outdoor Visits

Science at Home

Surprises

The Work of Scientists

OUTDOOR VISITS

by

*Edith M. Patch
and Harrison E. Howe*

*illustrated by
George M. Richards*

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If any person or persons has knowledge of the estate or heirs of Edith M. Patch or Harrison E. Howe, it would be appreciated if they would contact the publishers listed below.

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A Letter to the Boys and Girls

Dear Boys and Girls:

In this book you will read how Nan and Don visited animals and plants that live outdoors.

The animals and plants in this book live in different parts of our country. Most of them live in the North and in the South, too. You can visit many of the same kinds.

There are many kinds of animals

and plants that are not in this book. You can visit those, too.

There are two ways to use this book. One way is to see how many things you can find that are like those in the book. It will be fun to find the same kinds of birds and the same kinds of flowers.

The other way is to see how many things you can find that are different from those in the book. You will like to find animals and plants that Don and Nan did not go to visit.

So you can have a good time with the different visits, too.

When you visit people in their homes, you are not rude to them.

You have good manners. When you visit plants and animals you should be kind to them, too. You should have outdoor good manners.

Boys and girls with good manners do not harm what they find outdoors. They leave most flowers growing and do not break their stems. They leave the birds as happy as they find them. They help keep all the outdoor places lovely.

We wish you many pleasant visits!

Your friends,

Edith M. Patch,

Harrison E. Howe.



FALL VISITS

A Pleasant Game

In summer, Don and Nan played outdoors most of the time. In September they went to school.

“Outdoors was one of our homes in summer,” said Nan. “We lived there almost every day.”

“Now school is one of our homes,” said Don.

“Yes,” said Nan, “when we go outdoors, now, we go for visits. We call on little animals.”

“We call on plants, too,” said Don. “And each visit is a pleasant game.”



Goldenrod Honey

Don liked yellow flowers. So he went to visit some goldenrod.

Many insects visited the flowers, too. Don watched them come and go.

He saw the big black and yellow bumblebees. He heard the happy humming sound they made with their wings.

The bumblebees had a good time when they visited goldenrod flowers. They found nectar there to drink. The nectar was like sweet water and the bumblebees came for it.

Honey bees came to the goldenrod to drink the sweet nectar, too.



Honey bees change nectar to honey. They make goldenrod honey every fall and keep some for winter. There are no flowers for them to visit in winter. When they are hungry, they eat some of their honey for food. Goldenrod honey is good for bees.



Don liked goldenrod honey, too. His mother gave him some to eat with bread.

His mother told him, “Goldenrod honey is darker than clover honey. Some people like it much better than any other kind.”



A Round Goldenrod Gall

When Don went to visit goldenrod plants, he found a gall on a stem.

The gall was a part of the stem that had grown large and round. It was the home of a little insect.

The insect that lived in this gall was a baby fly. It was white. It had no wings or legs. A baby fly is called a maggot.

When the maggot was hungry it ate some of the inside part of the gall. The gall was its home and its food, too.

The maggot ate gall food and grew fat. Then it rested without food.



The young gall insect was quiet all winter. In the spring its six legs and two wings grew.

Then it was not a maggot any more. It was a grown fly with dark wings.

The grown fly could not eat the same kind of food the maggot did.

The gall was not a good home for a grown fly. So the fly came out and flew away.

There was a little round hole in the gall where the fly came out.

When the fly with the pretty dark wings was ready to lay her eggs, she went to some goldenrod stems. She put each egg in a good place on a green growing stem.

Then the goldenrod stem began to grow in a queer way. It grew like a big round ball around the egg.

There was a baby maggot in the egg. When the maggot hatched it was in a round gall. The gall was its good home and its food, too.



The Yellow Spider

A yellow spider lived among the flowers on a goldenrod plant.

Don went to visit her one day.

He did not find her at first and he thought she was not at home.

The spider was about the same color as the goldenrod. She hid among the yellow flowers and did not move. She was hard to see while she was so quiet.

At last Don saw the yellow spider. Then he laughed and said, “How do you do, Mrs. Spider? I came to see you and I thought you were not at home.”

After a time a fly came to visit the goldenrod. It was a pretty fly with yellow stripes on its body. The fly was hungry and came to eat some pollen and drink some nectar.

The fly did not see the spider but the spider saw the fly.

When the fly came near enough, the spider jumped and caught it.

Don jumped, too, when the spider did. He was surprised to see a quiet spider move so quickly.

The goldenrod plants had no flowers in the spring time. So this spider lived among other kinds of flowers then.

For a while the spider lived among white flowers. She was not a yellow spider then. She was white.

The spider could change her color so she would be the same color as her home. She could be white among white flowers and yellow among yellow flowers.



This spider was shaped somewhat like a crab and her name was Crab Spider. She had four long legs and four short legs. She could walk sidewise and backward more quickly than forward.

Don told Nan about his visit.

He said, “I saw a spider that looked like a little yellow crab.”



Blue Chicory

Nan liked blue flowers and she often visited chicory plants.

Once she went to call on chicory in the afternoon. The flowers were not open then.

So she went about eight o'clock one Saturday morning. The flowers were open. They opened about five o'clock and stayed open until ten or twelve o'clock.

Nan told her uncle about visiting the chicory. "Uncle Tom," she said, "I went to see some chicory flowers in the morning. They were open and looked as lovely as blue daisies."

Uncle Tom said, “Different kinds of plants have different habits.

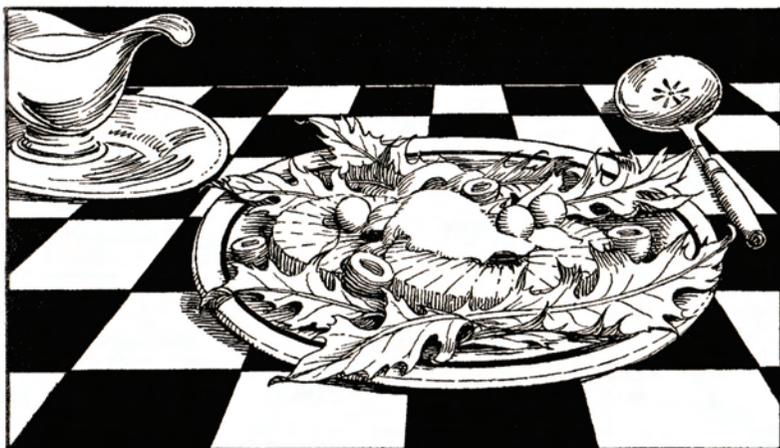
“Some flowers stay open day and night. Some open in the dark and stay open all night. Some open in the morning and close before the middle of the day.”

“Once I went to see the chicory in the afternoon,” said Nan, “and I was surprised. I could not find any open flowers.”

Nan asked if chicory is a weed.

“People call chicory a weed when it grows where they wish to have other plants,” her uncle told her.

But in many places people grow chicory in their gardens.



Sometimes people grow chicory in the dark. Sometimes they cover the plants with sand.

Then the leaves are white and tender. They have a bitter taste but they are good to eat.

Some people cook these tender white bitter leaves. Some people like to eat them raw.



Chicory plants have big thick roots. The roots live in the ground all winter.

These roots are often dried and used like coffee.

Some people like a drink that is part coffee and part chicory. But some people do not like to have any chicory in their coffee.

Uncle Tom told Nan how people use chicory leaves and roots.

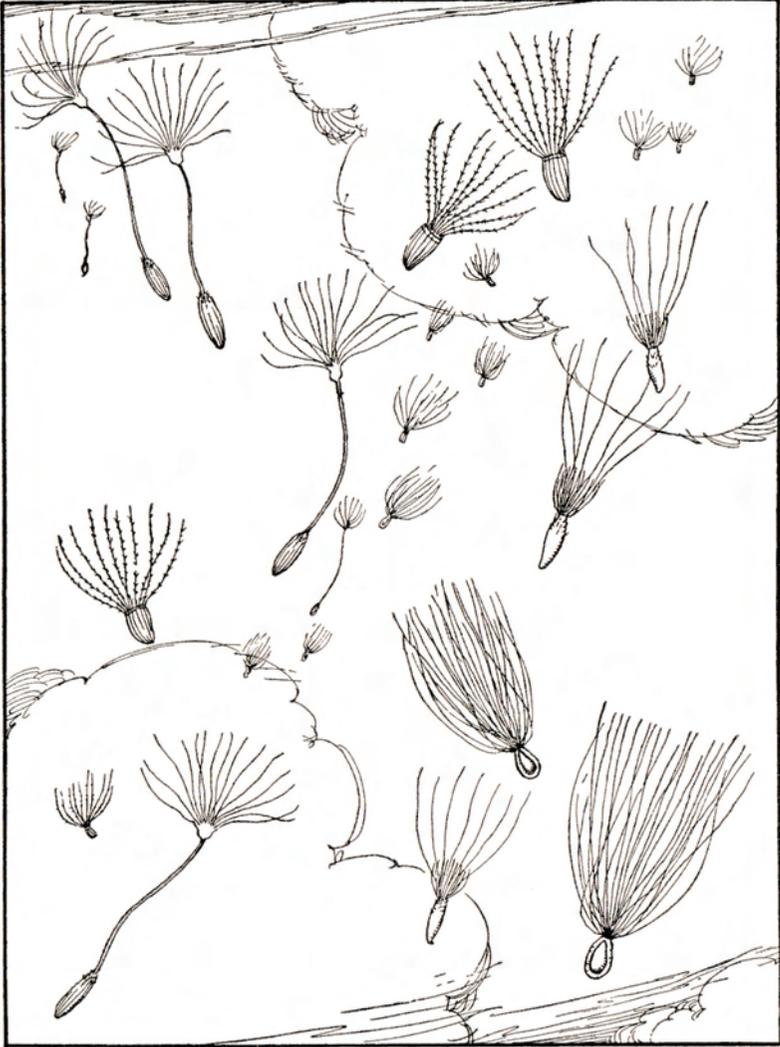
Then he told her about chicory honey. He said, “Sometimes people grow many, many chicory plants for bees. Honey bees visit the flowers and drink the sweet nectar. Then they change the nectar to honey.”

Nan said, “Once I saw some bees drink nectar when I went to visit the chicory.

“I wish I might have some chicory honey to eat with bread and butter.”

One day Nan dug up a chicory root and took it to school.

Her teacher said, “You may put it in the school garden, if you like.”



Flyaway Seeds

One fall day Nan said, “Don, shall we visit some plants with flyaway seeds?”

“Dandelions have flyaway seeds,” said Don. “We played with some in the spring.”

“They do not fly with wings as birds do,” said Nan.

“No,” said Don, “they go away where the wind takes them.”

Nan said, “Uncle Tom told me that many plants have seeds that go up in the air like dandelion seeds.”

“Perhaps,” said Don, “we can find some to visit to-day.”

Then Don and Nan went for a walk.

They found different kinds of plants with flyaway seeds.

They watched some of the seeds go away in the air.

When the wind went fast, the seeds went fast, too. Don and Nan ran but they could not catch the seeds.

“Each flyaway seed is a baby plant,” said Nan. “It is going a long, long way from home.”

“Perhaps it will come to a good place,” said Don. “Perhaps the wind will stop and the seed will fall. Perhaps it will grow and live in a new home. Perhaps we can go to visit it then!”



Don and Nan liked the pretty flat milkweed seeds best of all the flyaway seeds.

The milkweed seeds were in a pod. There were many seeds in one big green pod.

Each milkweed seed had a brown coat. At one end of the coat were many fine white fibers.

The fibers were like soft hairs. They were as fine as the silk that a spider makes.

The milkweed pod opened when the seeds were ripe.

The sunshine and the dry air touched the seeds in the open pod. Then the fine fibers began to move.

The wind touched the soft fibers and they came out of the pod. The brown seed coats came with them.

A baby milkweed was inside each seed coat. So each baby milkweed had a ride.

The seeds went with the wind in the sunshine. They went high in the air when the wind took them up.

The wind went fast and took the milkweed seeds a long way.

The seeds fell to the ground when the air was still. They could grow in their new homes.

So there were many young milkweeds a long way from their mother plant.

Don broke a leaf from a milkweed stem. Some juice ran out of the broken place. The juice was white.

He and Nan told Uncle Tom about their visits to the milkweed.

Uncle Tom said, "Some people call the plant milkweed because its juice is as white as milk.

"But some people have a different name for the same plant. They call it silkweed because the fibers on the seeds look like silk."

"I shall call it milkweed because its juice is white," said Don.

"I shall call it silkweed because its fibers look like fine soft silk," said Nan.

