

LIVE LANGUAGE LESSONS

HOWARD R. DRIGGS

THIRD GRADE



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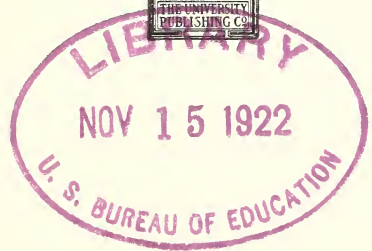
3rd Grade

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HOWARD R. DRIGGS ✓

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION IN ENGLISH AND PRINCIPAL OF THE SECONDARY
TRAINING SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, SALT LAKE CITY



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PREFACE

The first lessons in language should lead the child to love his mother tongue.

The lessons here offered have this as their first aim. They are filled with the spirit of play. They give opportunity for children to share their stories, to play games, to dramatize, to have interesting conversations on things close to child life.

These books are the result of schoolroom practice. Every lesson has been developed in actual teaching both by the author and by teachers under his supervision. The lessons come as the result of experiment under conditions varying from the ungraded rural school to the most advanced graded schools. To provide for these varying conditions with a language series that is rich in content, well-organized, definite, yet flexible, and at the same time practical and teachable, has been the great problem.

The books are to some extent a composite of the best thought of teachers in many states. To all who have inspired, encouraged, and assisted him, the author desires to express his gratitude.

The following are especially to be mentioned: Dr. William M. Stewart, late Dean of the Utah School of Education; Professors George M. Marshall and F. W. Reynolds of the English Department of

the University of Utah; A. C. Nelson, former State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Utah; D. H. Christensen, former Superintendent of Schools of Salt Lake City; J. E. McKnight and the teachers and supervisors of the Utah Normal Training School; J. W. Searson, Professor of the English Language, Nebraska State University; and A. H. Waterhouse, Superintendent of Schools, Fremont, Nebraska.

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HOWARD R. DRIGGS.

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THIRD GRADE

SUMMER STORIES

1

SHARING OUR VACATION FUN

Did you ever play “trading stories”? Think of the fun you have had during the summer just past, and be ready to trade some merry story about your fun for other stories that your classmates have to tell about their fun. To share our stories is to have the fun over again.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

1

Here is a summer story to begin the game. Read it carefully:

A CIRCUS CHASE

One summer day the circus train was to pass through our town. A crowd of us boys gathered at the station, hours before time, to be sure to see it. Then we waited and waited; but no train came.

At last one of the boys said, "Oh, pshaw! the old thing never will come. This is no fun; let's go swimming."

Everybody was out of patience and ready to give up the train; so we all struck out for the old swimming hole, about half a mile away.

Some of the boys, who had outraced the others, were in the water, swimming and diving like ducks. The rest of us were hurrying to join in the fun when a far-away whistle was heard.

"It's the circus train!" shouted some one.

The half-dressed boys scrambled back into their clothes, and dashed away towards the station. The others splashed out of the water, jumped into their trousers like firemen, grabbed up the rest of their clothes, and followed pellmell.

It was a funny sight to see them chasing along the meadow trail, trying to dress as they ran. They tripped and tumbled, jumped up and sped on again. But finally, by a good deal of puffing, every one managed to get there. The last boy came panting up to the station just in time to see the wonderful train go steaming by.

I remember how one old elephant poked his trunk out of the car door and shook it as he passed. That was about all of the circus that I saw. But it was great fun anyway.

EXERCISES

1. What merry summer fun does the story just given call to your mind? Be ready to tell it or some other summer-time story to your classmates.

2. Have you ever seen a circus train? a circus parade? or a circus itself? What thing do you remember best about it? What strange animals did you see? What daring feats did the acrobats perform? What funny things did the clown say and do?

3. If you have never seen a circus, you may tell of animals that you have seen in the park or elsewhere, and of clowns or other comedians that you have seen in other shows.

SEAT WORK

Draw or cut from paper a picture of the clown, of some animal, of the circus tent, of a circus wagon, or of something else that has interested you at the circus. You may make a circus parade. Color your pictures if you desire.

2

THE CIRCUS PARADE

Complete the circus rhyme by filling the blanks with the right words from the list that follows. Copy it in full and be ready to read it. Be careful to spell the words correctly and to put in all the capitals and marks as you copy the poem:

The big parade came down the street
 With — and — gay;
 The horses — and the children —
 To hear the — play.

The — camels — along
 Unmindful of the —;
 The elephants — and the —,
 Were — sights for the boys.

LIVE LANGUAGE LESSONS

There were —— monkeys in a ——,
 They —— and —— about;
 And a —— clown in white and ——,
 That made us —— and ——.

And last of all a ——,
 That whistled —— with steam,
 Hip, hip, hooray, for the —— day!
 It seems like a —— dream.

jolly	fairy	circus	clumsy	banners
awkward	too	noise	pennants	kangaroo
tunes	flags	strange	slouched	danced
pranced	brown	funny	calliope	chased
nimble	music	shout	frisked	laugh
cage				



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

A PLAY CIRCUS

3

FOR FUN

1. What is the funniest thing you ever saw a clown or other comedian do?

2. The clown sometimes says funny things to make the people laugh. What jolly joke have you heard him give?

3. Sometimes he makes a funny **conundrum** for the people to guess. Do you know what a conundrum is? Here are some conundrums with their answers:

a. When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

b. Why is **b** like a hot fire? Because it makes **oil** boil.

c. What animal always carries his baggage with him? The elephant is never without his trunk.

4. What funny conundrum, or riddle, do you know?

5. Try to get a good one to give to your classmates to guess.

SEAT WORK

Find the answer to each of the following conundrums and riddles, in the list of answers that follows; copy the answers, numbering each one correctly:

1. As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.
2. In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
3. What shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air,
Every customer takes two pair.
4. What has a face but no mouth?
5. What has an eye but cannot see?
6. Which is the left side of a plum pudding?
7. Why are fowls the most economical things a farmer
can keep?
8. Why is a watch like a river?
9. Why is c like a school teacher?
10. What is it that the more you take from it the
larger it grows?
11. When is a man thinner than a lath?
12. Which is the best day for making a pancake?

ANSWERS

Because it makes lasses into classes; the blacksmith; the part that is not eaten; an egg; Friday; a well; because for every grain of wheat they give a peck; a hole; when he's a-shaving; because it does not run long without winding; a needle; a watch or clock.

ANIMAL TRICKS

Next to the clown, the most interesting thing about the circus, for boys and girls, seems to be the animals. The poet Riley has one little boy say this:

“The funniest thing in the world I know,
Is watchin’ monkeys at a show.”

Monkeys are surely very amusing little creatures. What have you ever seen them do, or heard or read about them? Here is a story of one:

A POLITE MONKEY

One day an organ-grinder with a monkey came to our house. The man would play a tune on his organ; then the lively monkey would jump about very knowingly and hunt for the pennies and nickels we threw to him on the grass. When he found a coin, he would put it into his pocket, give a sober look at us, and lift his little red cap very politely.



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THE POLITE MONKEY

EXERCISES

What clever act have you seen a trained animal perform?

You have no doubt watched trained dogs, cats, horses, elephants, seals, bears, or other animals do tricks. Be ready to tell what you have seen them do.

SEAT WORK

Write some interesting thing about each of five different animals you know; as,

The elephant picks up hay and other food with his trunk.

If you wish you may write five different things about some one animal; for illustration:

THE DEER

The deer is a very graceful creature.

It has a coat of tan and white.

On the head of the male deer are horns.

The deer eats grass and leaves.

It can leap very fast with its slender legs.

Be careful to spell correctly the words you use, and to begin each thing you tell with a capital letter and close it with a period.

5

TRAINING ANIMALS

Have you ever tried to break a colt, or train a dog or cat or goat or any other animal?

If not, you may have watched some one else doing such things. Tell what was done and what hap-



TENDING HIS GOATS

pened. Give some lively experience you have had or have heard about training animals.

Here is a story of two little boys who tried to manage a trained goat. Complete the story by finding the right words for the blanks. How many blanks are there? Make a list of numbers on a slip of paper, one for each blank. Write the right word or words by each number; as, 1. take care of; 2. visit. When the story is completed, read it:

TROUBLES WITH A GOAT

Budge and Toddie were brothers. Budge was six and Toddie was three years old. Their Uncle Harry had come to — them while their father and mother were away on a —.

To keep the —— lads —— and out of ——, Uncle Harry gave them all sorts of —— and other things that boys like.

But the best —— of all was a —— goat and a ——. You never saw —— boys than they were when it came. They —— and —— and —— and —— their hands. And they could not wait a ——. They —— have a ride at once.

So —— Uncle Harry said they might. He told Mike, the ——, to —— —— the goat, and go with the boys to keep them from getting ——. Budge was to be the ——, of course.

Uncle Harry went for a drive, too, with a friend of his. Their horses were —— along the road, when all of a —— a —— goat dashed round the turn just ahead of them. A red wagon was —— behind it. Hard after the goat came ——, excited and ——. Then came Budge and Toddie covered with —— and —— at the top of their voices.

“What is the matter?” cried Uncle Harry as they ran up to him.

“Why,” sobbed Budge, “Mike went to light his pipe, and I just laid the whip on the goat’s back and he skidooed!”

“Nasty old goat skidooed!” echoed Toddie.

“Well, stop crying and climb up here,” said Uncle Harry; “we’ll drive you home; Mike will bring back your goat. But I guess you have had enough goat trouble for one day.”

sudden	minute	driver	visit
trotting	take care of	billy	toys
clapped	happier	danced	must
mischief	good-natured	hitch up	hurt
shouted	laughed	trailing	gift
coachman	runaway	bawling	Mike
angry	interested	lively	dust

6

ANIMAL GAMES

ORAL EXERCISES

Budge and Toddie would tease Uncle Harry every night for stories. One night Toddie asked him to tell them about "Nawn dark."

"About what?" asked Uncle Harry.

"Oh, he means about Noah and the Ark," explained Budge.

Do you know the story that Toddie wanted? If not, ask some one to read or tell it to you. Be ready to tell it to the class.

Have you ever seen the toy called "Noah's Ark"? Describe it.

SEAT WORK

Play that you are getting the animals for the ark or the zoo. You may have for your ark or zoo all the animals whose names you can spell correctly. See how many you can get. Write them neatly on a slip of paper, or draw a picture of the ark and write the names within it.

Here are some "Noah's Ark" games to play:

I

NOAH'S ARK

Some pupil leaves the room. The rest choose some animal. Then the pupil returns and says:

"Please, **may** I come **into** the ark?"

The leader replies: "You may come **into** the ark if you can tell your name."

The pupil answers: "I do not know my name, but I can guess it." Then he questions the other pupils; as,

"What is my color, John?"

John must reply in a complete sentence: "Your color is gray."

"How many feet have I, Mary?"

"You have four feet."

"How large am I, Tom?"

"You are about as large as an ordinary dog."

"Is my name **wolf**?"

"Yes, your name is **wolf**."

"**May** I come into the ark?"

"Yes, you **may** come **into** the ark," says the leader.

Each pupil may have three questions and three guesses. If he fails, he must go out again.

II

A ZOO GUESSING GAME*

Describe some animal by filling these blanks from the list that follows, or by choosing words of your own. Copy the paragraph neatly:

I am an animal about as large as a ——. I live ——. My color is ——. I have a —— coat. I eat ——. Men sometimes hunt me ——.

mouse	in the woods	black
cat	in the mountains	brown
sheep	on the plains	white
horse	in the jungle	gray
elephant	near the streams	spotted

* A most charming picture book which will help in these games is *Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo*, The Century Company.

shaggy		for my meat	
furry		for my fur	
glossy		for my skin	
smooth		to put me in shows	
curly		because I am harmful	

grass	nuts	meat	fish
grains	leaves	fruits	roots

When your description is ready, you may read it, and the others may guess what animal is meant.

In guessing, ask complete questions and answer completely; as,

Are you a bear? No, I am not a bear.

Are you a lion? Yes, I am a lion.

7

FARM ANIMALS

ORAL EXERCISE

1. Tell of some experience you have had with dogs, cats, colts, calves, cows, horses, pigs, donkeys, sheep, or other tame animals.

2. How are these animals cared for?

3. What things do animals do to us, or do for us?



THE PET KITTEN

4. How do animals show that they like kind treatment?

5. What wise thing have you watched some tame animal do?

SEAT WORK

Write five sentences telling things you know about some farm animal.

LITTLE LABORERS

8

A TALK ABOUT WORK

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” That is an old saying and a very true one; but it is just as true that **all play and no work makes Jack a lazy boy.**

1. What work do you do every day to keep from getting lazy?



FEEDING THE CHICKENS

2. What can little boys and girls do to help father and mother?

3. What are some little home duties that belong to boys and girls?

4. Which of the following things can you do? Tell how it is done:

Make butter.

Make a loaf of bread.

Make a cake, or a pie, or candy.

Can fruit.

Wash the dishes.

Set the table.

Care for chickens or a pet bird.

Tend to horses, cows, hogs, or sheep.

Run errands.

Care for baby.

5. Tell of other kinds of work you can do or have seen done.

6. Tell of some interesting thing that has happened when you were cooking, running errands, or doing chores.

7. You have taken care of baby sometimes. What can you tell of baby's cunning ways, and of baby mischief?

SEAT WORK

Copy the following, filling the blanks with the right words chosen from the list below:

- Every child should — to work,
Because it — him healthy;
It keeps him —, —, and good;
And it may make him —.

2. How can you help your mother best?

Train your toys to — away
 Every time you're done with —;
 Keep your — both neat and —,
 Fit at all times to be seen;
 — up things that — lie,
 Do not —, or pout, or —;
 But when mother — from play,
 Be a —, and —.

soldier	obey	play	happy	clothes
makes	tease	cry	wealthy	scattered
learn	calls	pick	strong	clean
march				



BABY MISCHIEF

AN OLD RHYME

The following poem is one your parents or other older friends may remember. Study it carefully, then read it to them to see what school-day memories it calls up:

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

Oh, where is my hat? It is taken away,
My shoestrings are all in a knot:
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil can nowhere be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are scattered around,
They hop about just like a flea.

Do, Lucy, just look for my atlas upstairs,
My reader is somewhere there too;
And, sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,
And, mother, please fasten my shoe.

And, sister, ask father to write an excuse.
But stop, he will only say "No!"
And go on with a smile, and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

* * * * *

The town clock will strike in a minute, I fear,
Then away to the foot I must sink;
There! look at my arithmetic tumbled down there,
And my geography covered with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine;
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks,
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late,
To-morrow I'll be up at six.

—*McGuffey's Third Reader, 1865.*

1. Some of the words in the poem sound a little old-fashioned. What do "slate" and "atlas" mean?
2. What is a "town clock"?
3. What is meant by "away to the foot I must sink"?
4. How can boys and girls best keep from being tardy at school?
5. Write a line of advice or a motto for the boy who is talking in the poem.
6. Read the poem aloud to your parents or others. Perhaps they will remember it from their old readers.

ORAL EXERCISE

SCHOOL WORK AND PLAY

1. What is the thing you like best to do in school?
2. What story that you have read in school do you like best?
3. What school fun do you like best in each season?
4. What fun do you remember best?
5. Tell of some trip you have taken with your teacher or schoolmates. What interesting things happened?

10

STICK TO YOUR BUSH

A certain rich man was once asked to tell how he became so wealthy.

"My father," he replied, "taught me a lesson early in life that I have never forgotten.

"A crowd of us boys and girls were going one day to the woods to gather berries. Father was ill that morning; but just before I left, he called me to his bedside.

"'My boy,' he said, 'when you get into the woods picking berries, *stick to your bush*. The other boys and girls will be running here and there to find better places; but stick to your bush till you have picked all its berries, then go to another and stick to that.'

"It happened just as father had said. The other children chased everywhere shouting, 'Oh, come, come! the berries are much thicker here!' But I did not heed them. I followed my father's advice. When the day was done, I had twice as many berries as any of my companions.

"Stick to your bush has been a golden rule for me, not only then but always."

EXERCISES

1. What bit of good advice has father or mother given you?
2. When boys or girls are set to work, what should they do?
3. When have you succeeded by sticking to some work you had to do?
4. Tell of something else you have learned about how to work.
5. What do you think of a boy or girl who gives up too easily?

11

HELPFUL STORIES TO TELL

Which of the following stories have you ever read or heard? Be ready to tell the one you remember best:

The Larks in the Wheat Field.

*The Stone in the Road.**

* See Bailey and Lewis's *For the Children's Hour*, Milton Bradley Company.



THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THE ASS

The Pot of Gold in the Corn Field.

The Miller, His Son, and the Ass.

*Apple Seed John.**

The Brownies.

Cinderella.

Peter, Paul, and Espen.

SEAT WORK

THE LARKS IN THE WHEAT FIELD

When you have read or heard the story of *The Larks in the Wheat Field*, write the story by making complete answers to the following questions. Use in your story the quotations given. Begin each answer with a capital and close it with a period. Be careful to spell the words correctly:

1. Where did the larks build their nest?
2. When the little ones were hatched, why did the old ones fly away each day?
3. One day while they were gone, who came to the field?
4. What did the farmer say he would have his men do?
5. When the old larks came home, what did the young larks tell them?
6. "Never fear," said the old larks; "the wheat will not be cut to-morrow."
7. What did the farmer find when he came to the field the next day?
8. Whom did he say he would next ask to cut the grain?
9. What happened when the old larks returned to their nest?
10. What did the old larks say to their young ones?

* See *For the Children's Hour*.

11. When the farmer came on the third day, what did he find?

12. "Well, well," said he, "I see that if I would have my grain cut, I must do it myself."

13. What were the old larks told when they came home that night?

14. "Now," said they, "we must move; for the wheat will be cut to-morrow."

12

A GAME FOR LITTLE WORKERS

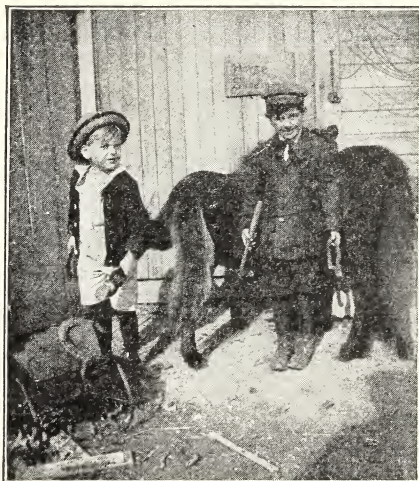
Think of some kind of work you have done or watched some one else do; as, churning, hoeing the garden, painting, shoeing a horse, branding cattle, or making a pie.

When ready, let one step before the class and say: "I am a merry worker."

Some one else, chosen as leader, may ask: "What can you do?"

The worker will then act out his work.

The other pupils, in turn, may ask questions; as, for example:



HORSESHOEING

"Are you mowing the lawn?"

"No, I am not mowing the lawn."

"Are you pushing the baby carriage?"

"No, I am not pushing the baby carriage."

"Are you running a carpet-sweeper over the floor?"

"Yes, I am running a carpet-sweeper over the floor."

The one guessing correctly may next act his part. If the questions are not complete and correct, the worker need not answer. The answers must also be complete and correct.

SEAT WORK

Draw several different pictures representing workers at their work; or,

Cut from colored paper figures of workers doing various things. Paste these on white paper.

Another interesting exercise is to clip from magazines pictures of workers at work and make a picture book.

13

WORDS FOR WORKERS

Write a number for each of the following blanks, then write after each number the word for which the blank stands. Find the words in the list that follows:

1. The farmer — his field, and when the grain is ripe, he — and — it.

2. The miller — the corn into —; and of the wheat he makes —.

3. Have you ever watched the blacksmith — iron, or — a horse?

4. The cowboy —— the calves, and —— them.

5. Carpenters —— and —— the boards and —— nails into them.

6. The seamstress —— the cloth and —— the pieces together to make dresses.

7. The cook —— and —— meat, and makes many things good to eat.

8. The plumber —— pipes together and —— leaks.

9. Printers —— type, and print our books and —— and ——.

10. Teamsters —— horses, and —— coal, sand, stone, and other things in their wagons.

cuts	grinds	sows	drive
magazines	plane	saw	meal
threshes	flour	weld	haul
lassos	sews	brands	reaps
set	papers	fries	shoe
roasts	plows	stops	fits



WORKING IN THE GARDEN

ORAL EXERCISE

WATCHING THE WORKMEN

1. What kind of work do you like best to watch?
2. Tell what you have seen some workman doing.
How did he do it?



KERMIT DAUGHERTY

AFTER THE CODLING MOTH

3. Can you tell how (a) a horse is shod; (b) butter is made; (c) a garden is planted; (d) grain is threshed;

(e) fruit is picked and packed; (f) shoes are mended; (g) lumber is made; or how any other interesting work is performed?

4. Of all the occupations you know, which would you rather follow? Why?

SEAT WORK

Write sentences telling of the different steps some worker takes in making a certain thing; as in

MAKING BUTTER

Mother skimmed the cream from the milk.

She put the cream into a jar to sour.

When it was ready, she churned the cream.

She took the butter from the churn with a ladle.

Then she put salt into the butter and molded it into a butter ball.

Be careful to begin and close each sentence properly and to spell the words correctly.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

GATHERING NUTS

AUTUMN DAYS

15

RHYMES FOR FALL TIME

Sing a song of autumn time!—
Pumpkins round and yellow,
To make a jack-o'-lantern
For every jolly fellow;
Apples hanging on the trees,
And pears and peaches too,
Juicy grapes in clusters,
And leaves of every hue;
Nuts to crack and corn to pop,
There's nothing half so fine;
So sing your gladdest, gayest songs
For jolly autumn time!

1. Learn this merry rhyme.

2. Which of these other autumn rhymes do you know: * Coolidge's *How the Leaves Came Down*; Helen Hunt Jackson's *Robin's Goodby*, *September*, and *October*; Emerson's *The Mountain and the Squirrel*; Cooper's *Autumn Leaves*; Bell's *The Squirrel's Arithmetic*; Stedman's *Autumn Song*.

3. Recite a stanza from any of these poems or from some other autumn poem.

SEAT WORK

Play that you are gathering in the harvest. Draw a storehouse, a barn, a bin, or cellar. Fill your house with things that autumn brings to us. You

* See Lovejoy's *Nature in Verse*, published by Silver, Burdett & Company, for most of these and other autumn poems.

may have all the things that you can spell correctly. See how large a harvest you can gather without help from others.

16

STORIES OF NUTTING TIME

Have you ever gone nutting?

What kind of nuts did you gather?

Here are the names of some of those best known to us:

Hazelnut, pecan, filbert, walnut, almond, chinquapin, cocoanut, hickory nut, pine nut, peanut, butternut, Brazil nut, chestnut.

Here is a story of one of these nuts:

THE PINE NUT

I am the smallest nut of all — not much larger than a pea. I grow out west on the pitch pine tree, with others, in a gummy pine cone. When fall comes, I am ready to eat, but you will have hard work to get me out of my sticky house. The frost might open it; but it may work too slowly for you.

The Indians have found a better way to get me quickly. They come in autumn time to the piny woods where I grow thickest, and gather the cones. Then they dig a hole and fill it with these cones. On top of them they build a fire. The wood and the gummy cones make a hot oven. When the fire dies down, the blackened cones are taken from the pit. The heat makes them burst open easily and out we pine nuts tumble, all roasted and ready for the papooses to eat. White papooses like us, too,

just as well as do their dusky little Indian friends. Have you ever eaten a pine nut?

Can you tell the story of any of the nuts you like to eat? Where did it come from? How was it gathered? What else was done to make it good to eat? Find out all you can about some nut and be ready to tell the story of it to your classmates.

17

NUTS TO CRACK

There are other ways of cracking nuts than the one you know best. Have you ever tried the game called "nuts to crack"? It is a guessing game. There are many ways to play guessing games. Try this one about harvest time:

Let one of the class describe something. For example:

"I am one of the gifts of harvest time. I am somewhat round, and usually light brown in color. People gather me and stow me away for winter use."

Let the others ask three complete questions; and be answered completely as follows:



CAMPBELL ART CO.

WHEN NUTS ARE RIPE

"Are you a hickory nut?"

"No, I am not a hickory nut."

"Are you a turnip?"

"No, I am not a turnip."

"Are you a potato?"

"Yes, I am a potato."

Describe other harvest gifts. Try to keep your classmates guessing. If they fail in three guesses, you may have another chance.

18

A GUESSING GAME

Find, in the word list that follows, the right words to fill the following blanks:

LITTLE NUT PEOPLE

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a ——
 —— and ——with the softest of fur,
 Jack Frost —— it wide with his —— silver knife,
 And —— her out at the —— of his life.

* * * * *

Little Miss Peanut from North Carolina,
 She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is ——;
 Sometimes she is —— and —— to a cinder,
 In Georgia they call her Miss Goober, or ——.

Little Miss Hazelnut, in her —— bonnet,
 Is —— enough to be put in a sonnet;
 And —— Mr. Filbert has —— from Kent
 To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

This is old Hickory; look at him well;
 A — was named for him, so I've heard tell,
 Take — how you — him; he sometimes hits back.
 This stolid old — is a — nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut just from Brazil
 Is — and — as the side of a hill;
 But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
 He covers a kernel deliciously —.

* * * * *

And now, my dear children, I'm sure I have told
 All the — rhymes that a nutshell can hold.

— *E. J. Nicholson, in "St. Nicholas."*

chap	nutshell	hard	young	tumbled
keen	rough	roasted	split	Pinder
best	general	lined	burnt	journeyed
risk	padded	lovely	hit	flavored
bur	finer	care	queer	rugged

19

POPCORN FUN

Find, in the list that follows, the words to complete this popcorn sketch:

"Pop! pop! —! pop! pop!" went the — corn in the popper.

"—! —!" cried little Jim, — his — hands. It was the first time he had ever seen corn popped.

Mary — the popper — over the — coals in the — fireplace. The children's faces — like the — as they — around her to watch the — flakes.

What a — time the kernels seemed to have! Faster and — they — and — as they grew — and —.

“It sounds like a — dance,” said Jennie.

Soon the — and the — ceased. Mary opened the lid of the popper and — the — flakes into a big pan. Then came the — fun of all. What do you think it was?

dancing	plump	shook	hot	faster
poppety	briskly	embers	old	snapped
jolly	bursting	battle	cosy	popped
happily	hotter	hurrah	oh	clapping
chubby	hopping	jumping	red	glowed
clustered	rapidly	poured	best	warmer
popping	snowflake	fairy	bright	merriest
snowy	emptied	glowing	merry	

20

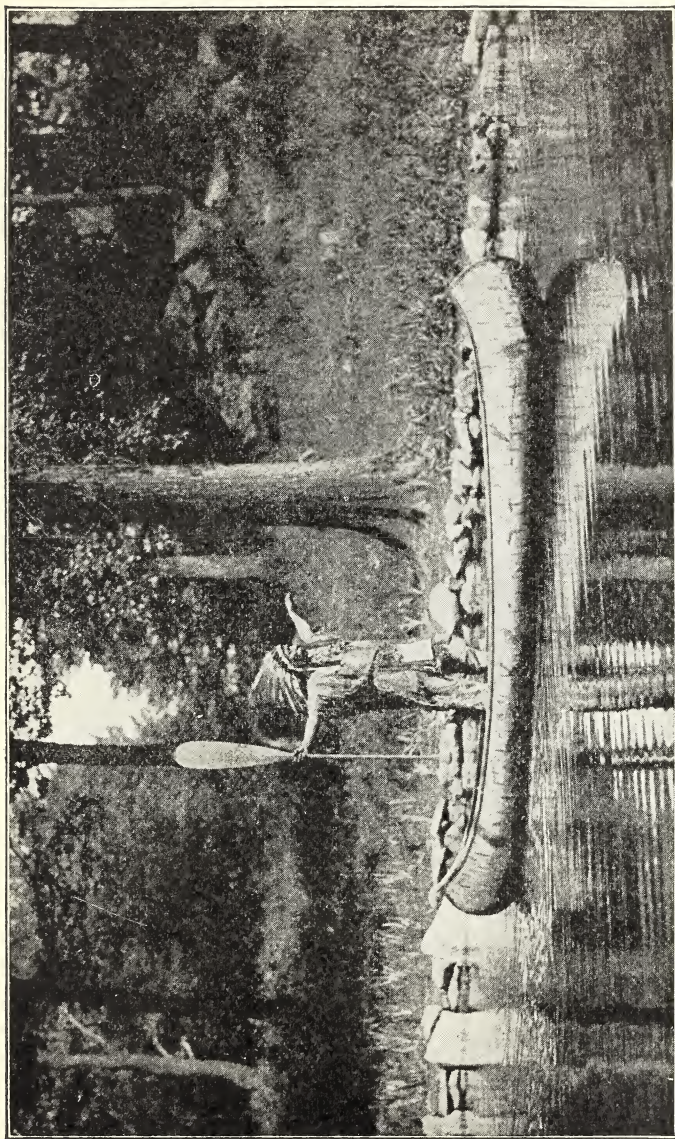
POPCORN STORIES

Play that you are popping corn around the old fireplace. Tell some interesting story that you have heard your grandmother or another person tell, or one that you have read.

STORIES FOR INDIAN SUMMER

Early autumn time is often called Indian summer. You may have noticed how some days in the fall are quiet and hazy and rather warm. The Indians said that the haze was the smoke from the pipe of Shawondasee, the south wind.*

* See Section 26.



HIAWATHA IN HIS CANOE

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AN INDIAN CORN STORY

Corn is often called Indian corn. It was first found by the white men here in America. The Indians raised it for food.

Perhaps you have heard how the Pilgrims came upon some corn that the Indians had stowed away for winter. The Pilgrims, being greatly in need of food, took the corn and ate it. But they afterwards paid the Indians for it. Then Squanto, the friendly Indian, taught the Pilgrims how to plant and raise corn.

The Indians thought of the corn as a gift from the Great Spirit. Among their tales is a beautiful story of how this good food first came to them. The story is called Mōnda'mīn.

MONDAMIN

Hiawatha was a good chief among the Indians. He worked to help them. When he came to be their leader, he found the Indians living on meats, with such berries and nuts as they could find. Hiawatha thought that they needed other food; so he fasted and prayed to the Great Spirit.

The Great Spirit heard his prayer and sent to Hiawatha a youth called Mondamin.

"Rise," said this youth to Hiawatha; "rise and wrestle with me."

Hiawatha was weak from want of food, but he rose and wrestled with Mondamin till the sunset. Neither one could overcome the other. Then Mondamin left, saying that he would come again on the next day.

He kept his promise, and again they wrestled; but neither overcame the other. At sunset, Mondamin told Hiawatha that he would come again on the morrow.

“And then,” said he, “you will overcome me, Hiawatha. When I fall, you must bury me in the earth. First strip my green garments from me. Make the soil light above me. Keep away the crows and ravens.

“Then will I spring once more into life.”

All came to pass that Mondamin had spoken. Hiawatha overcame his friend, and laid him tenderly in the earth. And lo! after a few days, the Indian corn, or maize, grew where the youth was buried.



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THE GIFT OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

“And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage.”

This interesting story is fanciful, of course; but it shows how much the Indians thought of the corn. They were very thankful for this good gift from the Great Spirit.

1. What were the garments of Mondamin?
2. Why was corn a good grain for the Indians?
3. How did they plant and care for the corn?

22

A TALK ABOUT CORN

1. What does corn give to us?
2. Name all the good foods you know that are made from corn.
3. Tell how johnny-cake is made; how hominy is prepared; how corn is canned.
4. What does corn give to animals?
5. What other useful things come from the corn crop?
6. How is corn planted?
7. How is it cultivated?
8. How is it harvested?
9. What do you know about "husking bees"? Ask your parents to tell you about them.

23

Fill out the following blanks with the right words, chosen from the list below. Make a list of numbers for the blanks as before:

HOW CORN IS RAISED

Corn is planted in the ——. The rain and the ——— summer sun make it grow rapidly. When it first ——— above the soil, it is a ——— blade of green. As it grows, it ——— long ——— leaves. After it has ——— several feet high,

it puts on a ——. This makes it more ——. Then the ears begin to form, and they — themselves with — silks.

From the tassel the — falls upon the silk, and the kernels begin to grow. As the corn —, the stalk and the leaves and the tassel begin to turn from green to brown. It is then that we hear

“The —, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin’ of their — leaves as golden as the morn.”

Then all is ready for the — and the —.

grown	husky	ripens	slender
spring time	tassel	harvest	deck
husking-bees	warm	grow	pollen
peeps	adds	stately	dainty
	drooping	tangled	



ELISABETH TUTTLE HOLSMAN

SHIUX INDIANS IN CAMP

A WIGWAM STORY HOUR

The Indians had many other tales to tell. They would sit around their fires and amuse themselves with stories about the coyote, the rabbit, the bear, the stars, the rainbow, the birds, the winds, and other things in nature. They would tell, too, of their hunting and other adventures. Perhaps you can get some of these wigwam tales and have a Wigwam Story Hour.

Find and prepare to tell one of the following, or some other Indian story:*

* The following books contain these and many other Indian stories:
Cooke's *Nature Myths*, A. Flanagan Company
Holbrook's *Nature Myths*, Houghton Mifflin Company.
Judd's *Wigwam Stories*, Ginn and Company.
Pratt *Legends of the Red Children*, American Book Company.
Zitkala-sa's *Old Indian Legends*, Ginn and Company.
Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Houghton Mifflin Company.



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THE PAPOOSE HOME

1. How the Coyote Got his Brown Sides.
2. The Story of the Rainbow Colors.
3. How the Robin Got his Red Breast.
4. The South Wind and the Dandelion.
5. The North Wind and the Duck.

Plan, if you wish, to play the story of Hiawatha's Childhood. Have old Nokomis, and Iagoo, the story-teller, and other Indians tell stories at Hiawatha's hunting feast. Choose short, interesting stories like those named.

25

THE PAPOOSE HOME

Fill these blanks with fitting words from the list that follows; number the blanks as suggested before, and place the right words by the numbers:

Have you ever seen a ——? It is one kind of Indian home. Sometimes it is called a —— or a —— . The wigwam in earlier days was covered with —— of animals, but the Indians now use —— .

This —— home is built in the shape of a —— . Its frame is made of small —— . These are —— together at



THE PAPOOSE IN ITS CRADLE

the top. Around them is —— the canvas. An —— is left at the top for the —— to escape.

There is only one —— in this strange home. It has no —— . All the —— live in this one room. They cook and eat and —— in it. The fire is —— in the —— on the ground.

earlier	cone	smoke	wickiup	skins
stretched	door	center	slender	opening
wigwam	window	family	tepee	fastened
poles	queer	sleep	canvas	made

1. Would you like to live in a papoose home?
2. What would you have to eat?
3. What did the papooses have to wear in earlier days?
4. What can you tell about the papoose cradle?
5. What did the papoose do for fun?

Denning's *Indian Child Life*, published by the F. A. Stokes Company, is a charming picture book to help out these lessons.

Uncle Nick among the Shoshones is full of true papoose stories.

26

THE FOUR WINDS

The Indians believed that the winds were spirits. For each wind they had a name, and they told stories of the winds. **The west wind**, Mūd̄jēkēē'wīs, was father of all the winds. He was a mighty hunter, who killed the great bear of the mountains.

The north wind was called Kābīb'ōnōk'kā. He was fierce and cruel. He drove the birds to the southland.

“He it was whose hand in autumn
 Painted all the trees with scarlet,
 Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
 He it was who sent the snowflakes,
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers.”

1. Ask your teacher to tell you the story of the north wind and the duck.

2. What other birds have learned to live in the northland in spite of Kabibonokka's cold breath?

3. What leaves does he stain most beautifully?

4. What cruel things does Kabibonokka do?

The south wind, Shāwōndä'sēē, was a fat and lazy old fellow. He lay about in the sunshine smoking and dreaming most of the time.

“From his pipe the smoke ascending
 Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
 Gave a twinkle to the water,
 Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
 Brought the tender Indian summer,
 To the melancholy northland,
 In the dreary moon of snowshoes.”

1. When is the Indian summer?

2. What happens then?

3. What is meant by “gave a twinkle to the water”? “touched the rugged hills with smoothness”? “moon of snowshoes”?

4. The Indians called the months “moons.” Do you know why?

The east wind was called Wabun.

“He it was who brought the morning,
 He it was whose silver arrows
 Chased the dark o'er hill and valley.

He it was whose cheeks were painted
 With the brightest streaks of crimson,
 And whose voice awoke the village,
 Called the deer and called the hunter."

1. What are Wabun's "silver arrows"?
2. What is meant by "cheeks were painted"?
3. What happens to the sky when the sun rises?
4. Do you know the story of Aurora and Apollo? Try to find it and tell it.
5. Memorize one of the stanzas about the wind you like.

SEAT WORK

1. Draw a picture of an Indian wigwam.
2. Write five sentences telling of things you know about Indians, their dress, their weapons, their food, their ways of life.

27

THE INDIANS AND THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

It happened in the long-ago time of the Pilgrims. Two little girls, named Prudence and Endurance, had been left alone at home while their parents had gone to the village some miles away.

"We will try to get back before night," said their father, as they left; "but if we do not, you must be brave girls, and take care of yourselves."

"Oh, we can do that," said the children cheerily; "and we will take care of the work too. There is the house to make tidy and the pumpkins to bring in from the field. That will keep us busy."

The father and mother rode away.

"I do hope," said the mother, "that no harm may befall them. It is rather dangerous to leave them alone, while the savages are yet around us."

"Have no fear," said her husband; "God is with them."

The little girls set to work happily. They were rather proud to be trusted with the care of the home. After the morning's work was done in the house, they went out to the pumpkin patch, and carried the yellow pumpkins one by one to the pit that their father had dug. When this work was done, they were ready for play.

"Let's make some jack-o'-lanterns," suggested Endurance.

"Yes, yes!" said her little sister. And they went at the fun in great glee. It was not long before they had finished their scary goblins. Into the house they ran with them and got some candles to make the pumpkin faces look more frightful. It was just beginning to grow dusk.

"I wonder when father and mother will get home," said Prudence.

"Not before morning, perhaps," returned Endurance; "they had much to do. But be of good cheer, little sister, we shall be safe."

She went to the door as she spoke, and looked out. What she saw there made her heart almost stop. Two Indians were stealing towards the house. Endurance flung the door shut and quickly bolted it.

"What is it?" cried Prudence wildly. "What is it?"

"Indians," whispered Endurance. "Be quiet, child, be quiet. God help us."

They crouched down in the corner to keep out of sight. The Indians peered in at the window. On the floor were the grinning lanterns, their big eyes blazing with the candle light.

"Ugh! ugh!" exclaimed the savages. Then with a terrified yell they turned and fled to the woods.



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MR. JACK O'LANTERN

The frightened little girls heard and understood. They clasped each other in their arms and sobbed a prayer to God to thank him for having saved them.

No more Indians ever came to that house. "Ugh! ugh!" they would mutter whenever they happened to pass by the place. "Fire-spirits! fire-spirits!"

1. What picture do you see most plainly as you read the story?
2. What do you think the father and mother said when they came home?
3. What sort of girls were Prudence and Endurance?
4. What work did pioneer boys and girls have to do?
5. What kinds of houses did they build?
6. What had they to eat?
7. How did they get their clothes?
8. What fun did they have?
9. What fun have you ever had with a jack-o'-lantern?
10. What other Pilgrim or pioneer stories of the red men have you heard? Ask your parents or grandparents about those early days.
11. Can you tell the story of *The Brass Kettles*?* the one about *The Christmas Candle*?† or the one about *The Boy Captives*?‡

*Found in Pratt-Chadwick's *Colonial Children*, Educational Publishing Company.

†*Colonial Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*, The Century Company.

‡Pumphrey's *Pilgrim Stories*, Rand-McNally and Company.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

THANKSGIVING TIME

28

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring:
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,—
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin piè!

— *Lydia Maria Child.*

1. Tell of some trip or visit you have made on Thanksgiving Day. Where did you go? How did you make the journey? What fun did you have?
2. What river have you crossed on any trip?
3. What woods have you been through? Tell what you saw in them.
4. What words in the poem tell how cold the wind was? What other words can you give to describe a cold day? Write two others that you can spell.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM

5. What is a hunting hound? What have you ever known a hunting hound to do for its master?

6. Why do "we seem to go extremely slow"?

7. Why do boys and girls usually like to go to see their grandfather and grandmother? What do you remember best about visiting your grandparents? What stories have they ever told you about their early life?

SEAT WORK

Write a little story of five or more sentences about your grandfather or grandmother or tell some short story they have told you of the days when they were young.

Here is a story my grandfather used to enjoy telling on himself:

29

PENNYROYAL PIE

One day when he was a boy, my grandfather went blackberrying with his brothers and sisters. Their mother had promised to make each of them a pie from the berries they gathered. But not even the thought of a big blackberry pie could keep little Shadrach, my grandfather, from playing. He chased the squirrels, climbed the trees, and did everything but pick berries. Just before time to go home, however, Shadrach's appetite reminded him of pie. He grabbed up his pail and set to work. It was too late to fill such a large pail. He knew his mother would scold him for not working; so he played a naughty trick. He filled the pail almost full of pennyroyal leaves. Pennyroyal is a sweet-smelling plant that grows in the woods. Then Shadrach worked briskly and covered the leaves with blackberries.

The other children could not understand how he had filled his pail so quickly. His mother praised him for

being such a good worker. And when she made the pies, as she had promised, Shadrach's pie was the biggest of all. He laughed to think how well his joke had turned out. But when he cut his pie, the laugh was turned on him. His mother had paid him for his smartness by pouring all the pennyroyal leaves with his berries into the pie.

1. What do you think of the pay that Shadrach got?
2. When have you ever gone berrying? Tell of some interesting thing that happened.
3. Tell of other things that you have gathered in the woods, in the canyons, in the fields, or elsewhere.

30

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving was first celebrated by the Pilgrims. These people came to our country long ago from England. They landed here in the cold month of December, without much food to eat, and with very little clothing. There were no houses for them. Many of the Pilgrims died from cold and hunger. By the time spring came, more than half of them had perished.

Those that were left, however, went to work bravely to plant their crops and to build better houses. They toiled all summer long. In the fall they were rewarded with a good harvest of corn, pumpkins, and other things to eat. It made the Pilgrims so happy to have enough to eat that they felt like thanking the Lord for his goodness.

A day was set apart for thanksgiving. On this day all the Pilgrims fasted and gathered at the meeting place. Here they offered their praise to God and thanked him for their blessings.

After the thanksgiving services were over, the people had a feast. To this feast the Indians were invited. And

they came — ninety of them, led by their famous chief Măś'sasoit.* The good mothers had to work hard to make a feast for so many guests. But they did well. What do you think they had for that first Thanksgiving dinner?

They could not have half the dainties that even the poorest of us may have to-day; but they had some good things. Out of their corn they made hominy and samp and journey cakes. I suppose we should call them "johnny-cakes." And they made a goodly store of pumpkin pies. For fruits they had plenty of wild plums and grapes from the woods. But most of all they had fish and game.

The hunters came bringing wild ducks and wild turkeys enough to last for many days. The fishermen had caught an abundance of fish and clams and eels and lobsters. The Indians also brought with them five deer. Surely they had plenty to eat.

It must have been interesting to see the red men join with the whites in the celebration. The Indians seemed to enjoy it greatly. They dressed in their best costumes, gay with feathers and other ornaments, and danced and sang to please the Pilgrims. They played games and ran races and had shooting matches with the white men.

For three days the celebration was kept up, then the Indians returned to their homes in the forest. Thus ended the first Thanksgiving.

1. What things have we to be thankful for that the early settlers of our country did not have?

2. What food did they have to eat? What kind of clothing did they wear? What kind of houses did they live in? What pleasures did they have?

3. What stories of Indians, of hunting, of other adventures, have you heard the pioneers tell?

*Find a picture of the statue of this chief on page 23, Second Book.

SEAT WORK

Show that you know what these words mean by using them correctly in sentences; as, **celebrated**:
The Fourth of July is celebrated by Americans.
How should each sentence begin and close?

perished	services	hominy	lobsters
toiled	invited	samp	interesting
rewarded	guests	clams	ornaments
harvest	dainties	eels	shooting matches

31

A THANKSGIVING DINNER ALPHABET

Finish the following a-b-c rhyme by filling the blanks with fitting words from the list that follows:

Copy the whole alphabet neatly in your notebook:

- A* is for apple so — and so —;
It makes — pies and — for Ted.
- B* is for bread so — and brown;
When — with — butter it's the best food in —.
- C* is for cabbage, in the — it grows;
It has a — head as everyone —.
- D* is for duck; no more he'll go —;
For his silly old head went off with a —.
- E* is for eggs, fine — they make,
And good — too, and ice cream and —.
- F* is for —, all of them here;
To have a — time with — cheer.
- G* is for grains — corn, —, and wheat;
They help make the — and chicks good to —.
- H* is for hay, from the — so green;
The — cow turns it to richest of —.

I is for ill; take care how you —;

For the doctor comes after with rather dear bills.

K is for —, good sauce for slow boys;

It — their tongues, but it adds to their —.

L is for lettuce, — and fine;

It helps things look better at Thanksgiving —.

M is for mother, who gets the good —;

Of all the best cooks, she — is winner.

N is for nuts we all like to —;

Just watch the rich — go down with a —.

O is for —, from — south land,

It is — and sweet, just right for our band.

P is for pumpkin, a — old fellow;

Can you see his — grin and his bright eyes so —?

Q is for quail, the merry —,

Who — his name from morning till —.

R is for raisins, better than —

That — Jack Horner — out with his —.

S is for salad, a — dish;

But be careful you do not eat more than you —.

T is for —, as — as a king;

Does he dream, as he —, what Thanksgiving will —?

U is for urchins, who hardly can —;

To Thanksgiving dinner, they — come —.

V is for vinegar, to — up our taste;

It is used to keep — from going to —.

W for welcome to — the — right,

As needful is this as a good —.

X is for extras, be sure you have plenty,

For when you — ten you are — of —.

Y is for young —, so hard to keep —;

On Thanksgiving day they make a great —.

Z is the end of our gay —,

We must have an end or we — be there yet.

proud	bring	juicy	might
thumb	quack	smack	tingles
joys	cream	mooly	meadows
rich	tender	green	puddings
rosy	surely	barley	bobwhite
whet	red	dinner	wholesome
struts	cake	tasty	certain
town	gay	spread	dumplings
knows	eat	yellow	delectable
crack	broad	garden	custard
whack	little	turkeys	family
fill	time	ketchup	Thanksgiving
waste	wish	count	alphabet
jolly	start	pickles	riot
plums	late	orange	whistles
sunny	folk	turkey	quiet
never	wait	pulled	appetite
feast	night	kernels	twenty

When the alphabet has been completed, let each pupil draw a letter from a box and learn the rhyme that goes with it. Then have the alphabet recited.

32

THANKSGIVING GAMES

I

CATCHING THE TURKEY

In this game any or all of the following characters may take part. Write the names on slips of paper. Let each one in the class draw a slip and play the part named on it. If there are not enough to go round the class, the class may be divided and the game played twice:

Farmer, chore boy, milkmaid, farmer's wife, hired man, horse, sheep, cow, lamb, colt, calf, dog, pig, cat, turkey, duck, goose, hen, rooster, mule, donkey, rabbit, mouse.

When each has his part, the farmer's wife rises and says to the farmer:

"Come, John, we must go and catch the turkey for Thanksgiving dinner."

"Very well," says the farmer, "but we may need some help. Are you all ready?"

"Ready," say all but the turkey.

Then the turkey rises, gobbles, and says:

"Come on, Mr. Farmer, as fast as you can. You can't catch me with all your band."

"Ho, ho! Mr. Gobbler," says the farmer. "I'll see if I can."

The farmer then runs lightly for a little way after the turkey; he stops at his seat and says, "I ran through the barn; I ran through the lot; I ran around the haystack; but I couldn't catch him."

The turkey gobbles again and says,

"Come, Master Chore Boy, as fast as you can. You can't catch me with all your band."

"Ho, ho! Mr. Gobbler, I'll see if I can," says the chore boy. And he chases lightly a little way after the turkey. Then he returns and tells of two or three places he has run, using "I ran," and "I couldn't catch," as did the farmer.

The turkey may then challenge the others, using the same words as before, only changing the name each time.

As the dog is called he may say, "Bow-wow! Mr. Gobbler, I'll see if I can."

The sheep may bleat, the donkey bray, and the other animals give the sounds they make.

When each has tried and failed to catch the turkey, all may rise and surround him. This ends the game.

The game may be played without chasing, if desired; but if there is room, and it is not done roughly, chasing adds to the fun.

II

BRINGING THE HARVEST HOME

Let each pupil think of something that is produced on the farm or is gathered from the woods at harvest time. When all are ready, one may rise and say:

"I am ripe for the harvest. May I be taken in out of the cold?"

The others then ask three questions about color, size, and where the thing grows; for example, as follows:

"What is your color?"

"My color is usually very light brown."

"How large are you?"

"I am generally larger than an apple."

"Where did you grow?"

"I grew in the ground."

"Are you a potato?"

"Yes, I am a potato."

"You may come into the bin."

Another pupil may then rise and continue the game.

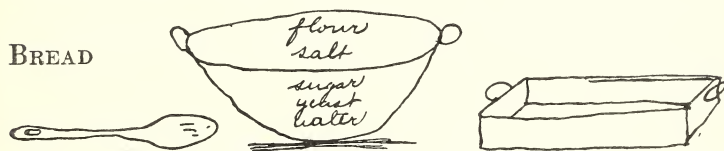
III

COOKING THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

Which of the following things do you know how to make?

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| 1. Biscuits. | 10. Cranberry sauce. |
| 2. Pumpkin pie. | 11. Apple dumplings. |
| 3. Custard pie. | 12. Meat pie. |
| 4. Apple pie. | 13. Cake. |
| 5. Ice cream. | 14. Roast beef. |
| 6. Plum pudding. | 15. Cottage pudding or
other pudding. |
| 7. Johnny-cake. | 16. Mashed potatoes. |
| 8. Dressed turkey. | 17. Salad. |
| 9. Jelly. | |

Draw the utensils used, and write in the picture the names of the different foodstuffs used to make the thing. For illustration:



Now show how to make two or three of the following foods. Play that the list of words that follow is the kitchen cupboard: get your foodstuffs from it; if you cannot find all that you need, send to the grocer's for other supplies:

THE KITCHEN CUPBOARD

flour	butter	potatoes	apples	turkey
soda	nutmeg	buttermilk	squash	corn meal

salt	lemons	milk	currants	ginger
pepper	baking	cream	raisins	lard
vanilla	powder	eggs	beef	corn starch
sugar	cottolene	sage	cranberries	

Make a little cook book of your drawings and words.

33

HOW FOODS ARE PRODUCED FOR US

Tell any of these stories or some other story* you know about things to eat:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. The bread story. | 7. The cheese story. |
| 2. The potato story. | 8. The corn meal story. |
| 3. The pumpkin pie story. | 9. The rice story. |
| 4. The apple pie story. | 10. The pepper story. |
| 5. The sugar story. | 11. The banana story. |
| 6. The turkey story. | 12. The orange story. |

*See *The Sandman: His Farm Story and More Farm Stories*, The Page Company.

SANTA CLAUS STORIES

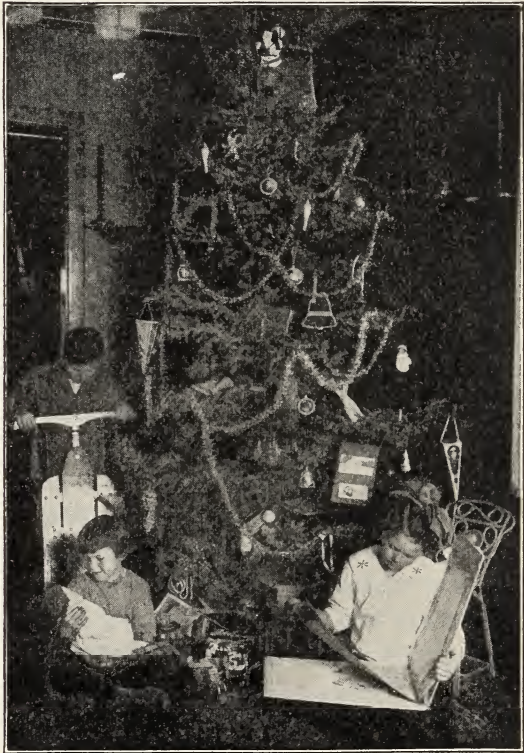
34

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the
house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before a wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas too.



CHRISTMAS MORNING

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
 His eyes, how they twinkled, his dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

* * * * *

He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 “*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*”

— *Clement Clarke Moore.*

1. What other names has St. Nicholas?
2. What pictures have you seen of him? How did he look? What kind of clothes did he wear?
3. Tell of some Christmas celebration in which some one played Santa Claus.
4. What is meant by these expressions: “visions of sugar plums danced in their heads”; “mamma in her kerchief”; “settled our brains”; “tore open the shutters”; “threw up the sash”; “gave a lustre of midday”; “wondering eyes”; “miniature sleigh”; “coursers”; “a wild hurricane”; “meet with an obstacle”; “cheeks were all tarnished”; “down of a thistle.”
5. If you were to make a picture book, using this poem, what

pictures would you draw to illustrate it? Tell of five different pictures you see clearly as you read the poem.*

6. Draw one of the pictures you see.
7. Read the poem to bring out clearly the meaning.

35

Which of the following poems and songs and stories have you heard or read? Tell something about the one you know best; or, if you can, recite part or all of one of the poems:

CHRISTMAS POEMS AND SONGS

Hang Up the Baby's Stocking, in the *Macmillan Christmas Book*.

Crowded Out, in the *Macmillan Christmas Book*.

F. D. Sherman's *A Real Santa Claus*, in *Little Folk Lyrics*.

Eugene Field's *A Christmas Wish*.

Eugene Field's *The Duel*.

James Whitcomb Riley's *Little Mandy's Christmas Tree*.

Emilie Poulsson's *Santa and the Mouse*, in *In a Child's World*.

Celia Thaxter's *Piccola*.

Martin Luther's *The Cradle Hymn* in *The Posy Ring*.

Von Weber's *Silent Night, Holy Night*.

Two Little Stockings in the *Child's Calendar Beautiful*.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

Hans Christian Andersen's *The Discontented Fir Tree*.

Sara Cone Bryant's *The Golden Cobwebs*, in *How to Tell Stories*.

*See Denslow's illustrated *'Twas the Night before Christmas*.

A MOTHER GOOSE CHRISTMAS PARTY 65

Bailey and Lewis's *Mother Santa Claus*, in *For the Children's Hour*.

Victor Hugo's *Cosette's Christmas*, in *Les Miserables*.

Barouska in the *Macmillan Christmas Book*.

Why the Chimes Rang.

Henry Van Dyke's *The Very Best Kind of Christmas Tree* in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, December, 1907.

You may know other good Christmas poems, songs, and stories. Plan to give a program, or recital, of the best ones you can get, some time before the Christmas vacation.

36

A MOTHER GOOSE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Do you know all the boys and girls that live in Mother Goose Village?* Mother Goose has more children even than the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe. But Mother Goose knows just what to do with her children to make them happy. Shall I tell you what she did one Christmas? She gave them a party. And they all came.

Here are their names. How many of them do you know?

Bo Peep	Daffy Down Dilly	Jack Dandy
Boy Blue	Jack Goose	Willy Boy
Jack Horner	Peter White	Jack Nory
Miss Muffet	Tommy Snooks	Jack and Jill
Polly Flinders	Bessie Brooks	Tom Tucker
Tom Piper	Mary Contrary	Rock-a-by Baby
Tommy Green	Humpty Dumpty	Bobby Shaftoe

*For some good stories of these folk, read Madge Bigham's *Mother Goose Village*. Rand-McNally and Company.

John Stout	Lucy Locket	Betty Pringle
Simple Simon	Kitty Fisher	Baby Bunting
Nancy Etticoat	Tom Tinker	Ten O'clock Scholar
Margery Daw	Curly Locks	

Besides these boys and girls there were many of the grown folk too. Old Mother Hubbard and the Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe both came to



PLAYING MOTHER GOOSE

help out. Goodness knows Mother Goose needed them. And Old King Cole and his fiddlers three were there, of course, to make fun and music for the crowd. Doctor Foster was there also, for Mother Goose was not sure she could keep Jack Horner and the other Jacks and Tommies from eating too much Christmas pie. She was afraid, too, that Humpty Dumpty might take another tumble and need the doctor's help.

A MOTHER GOOSE CHRISTMAS PARTY 67

But no such mishaps happened to spoil the fun. They sang songs, and danced and played games and told stories and gave riddles and conundrums till rather late. But they did manage to get "all snug in their beds" and fast asleep in time for Santa to come slipping in and fill their stockings.

Plan to play the Mother Goose Party by following these directions:

I

INTRODUCING THE CHILDREN*

Write on slips of paper the names of enough Mother Goose boys and girls to go round the class. Let each pupil draw a name. The teacher may play the part of Mother Goose and receive the little guests one by one. Each one must give a rhyme to tell who he is, or else he may not come to the party. Not all the rhyme need be given but enough to make sense.

For example, Mother Goose may say:

"I am old Mother Goose,
When I wish to wander,
I ride through the air
On a very fine gander."

What should Boy Blue say when he greets Mother Goose? What should Bo Peep say? Jack Horner? Little Miss Muffet? and the others?

*A choice selection of Mother Goose rhymes may be found in Charles Welsh's *Nursery Rhymes*, D. C. Heath and Company; also in Lansing's *Rhymes and Stories*, Ginn and Company.

II

SEATING THE GUESTS

After each pupil has introduced himself with his little rhyme, Mother Goose may say, "Will you please find the seat you enjoy most?" Then she may continue:

"I sat in the armchair; where did Boy Blue sit?"

Boy Blue may reply by saying:

"I sat on the sofa; where did Jack Horner sit?"

Jack Horner must now reply and pass the question on to Bo Peep or some one else. Let the questions continue till they have gone round the class.

III

AT THE DINNER

Mother Goose may then say: "Now, children, let us play we have had our dinner. There were so many good things on the table that we could not eat them all, of course; so each took what he liked best.

"I ate apple pie; what did Miss Muffet eat?"

Miss Muffet replies by saying:

"I ate curds and whey; what did Simple Simon eat?"

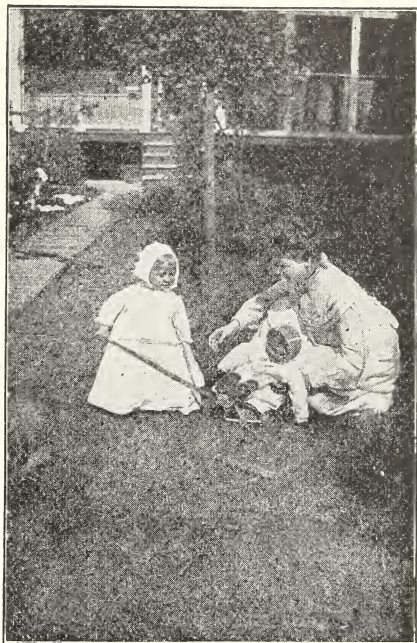
Simple Simon must tell what he ate and pass the question on to some one else. Continue the questions till all have had a chance to answer.

IV
TOY TIME

Mother Goose begins this part of the game by saying, "Play it is now Christmas morning. Find your stockings and see what Santa has brought you; then let us have a toy guessing game.

"Santa brought me something that I needed very much. It is made of cloth; it is round and it has a red ribbon in it."

The children may then begin to guess the gift, one at a time, in complete sentences, as follows:



BABY'S CHRISTMAS DOLL

He gave you a hand bag.

No, it is not a hand bag.

He gave you a muff.

No, it is not a muff.

He gave you a nightcap.

Yes, it is a nightcap.

Whoever guesses correctly may next describe his gift.

If the one guessing does not make a complete and correct sentence, he must not be answered.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

“Now,” said Mother Goose, after all had shown their gifts, “the proper thing to do is to send a letter to good old Santa, thanking him for your present. I’ll show you how to do it.”

She sat down and all the children watched her as she wrote this letter:

Mother Goose Village, Dec. 25, 1912.

Dear Santa Claus:

You gave us all a happy surprise this morning. Thank you very much for the gifts you left for us. You seem to know just what everyone wants. And you are so generous. I think you must have emptied your whole pack at my home. I hope you had enough left, so that no poor little boy or girl was forgotten. If you did not, please let us know, and all the boys and girls in Mother Goose Village will share with them.

Sincerely yours,

Mother Goose.

P. S. My nightcap is very dainty. I am so happy to have it.

M. G.

SEAT WORK

1. Write a letter to Santa telling what you wish he would do for Christmas.

2. Write a letter of your own to Santa Claus thanking him for your present.

A MOTHER GOOSE PLAY

“Highty-tighty, hiddledy-ho!
Let’s get up a jolly show!”

Boy Blue came dancing up to a crowd of Mother Goose boys and girls singing this nonsense rhyme.

“Good, good!” exclaimed Bo Peep, clapping her hands; “I like playing show better than any other fun in the world.”

“Except hunting sheep,” said Little Jack Horner.

“You mean tease!” returned Bo Peep, pouting.

“Stop your fussing,” said Big John Stout, the peacemaker. “Let’s have some fun. What kind of show do you want, Boy Blue?”

“Oh, a circus, or a theater, or anything else that’s jolly.”

“A circus! a circus!” shouted Humpty Dumpty; “I’ll be the acrobat.”

“Ho! ho!” laughed Jack Nimble; “you’d get your crown cracked for good, if you tried that.”

“Oh, let’s play theater,” said Mary Contrary.

“Very well,” said John Stout; “what theater shall it be?”

“I’ll tell you,” said Miss Muffet, “we can play *The Bremen Musician*.”

“No, no,” objected Mary Contrary; “that’s too old. Why can’t we get up something original?”

“Well, what do you say, Miss Contrary?” said Miss Muffet rather tartly.

"We might make up a play about ourselves," suggested Mary.

"Yes, yes," said Bo Peep; "I'll tell you; let's play *The Troubles of the Shoe Family*."

"Good! good!" shouted the others; and they set to work planning the play.



"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY,
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?"

Here is the way it worked out. Read it carefully, and if you wish, play it. Or get up one of your own from the suggestions that follow.

THE TROUBLES OF THE SHOE FAMILY

Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe is discovered on stage, bustling about making the house tidy. Polly Flinders is helping her.

Old Woman. Dearie me! dearie me! whatever shall I do? Here's the house to sweep, the bread to bake, the

washing to do, the beds to make, and a hundred other things all waiting for my wrinkled old hands. It's enough to make a body give up in despair, it is. Come, Polly, make haste with cleaning up those cinders. Where's the rest of the boys and girls? I wonder if they're doing their chores as I told them.

Polly. I fear they're playing, mother.

Old Woman. Yes, it's just like them. [*A crash is heard.*] There! some one's hurt! Run, Polly! [*Polly runs out.*] More trouble! More trouble! I just expected it.

Polly [*calls from outside*]. Oh, mother, come quickly; it's Humpty!

Old Woman [*hobbling to door*]. Yes, he's killed, I'll warrant. I just expected it.

[*Enter Old Woman and Polly carrying Humpty Dumpty in a much disordered state.*]

Old Woman. Dearie me! dearie me! What shall I do? Run, Polly, for Doctor Foster. [*Polly starts.*] Tell him to bring plenty of sticking plaster—and, Polly, Polly, send Old Mother Twitchett here. Be quick!

Polly [*outside*]. All right, mother.

Old Woman. My boy, my boy, how ever did it happen?

Humpty. Boo-hoo—I—boo-hoo—was just sitting on the wall—boo-hoo—and I—boo—took a tumble.

Old Woman. I just expected it. Will you ever learn that fat boys mustn't climb? [*Enter Mother Twitchett.*]

Mother Twitchett. Land sakes, what's happened? Oh! I'm all out o' breath.

Old Woman. Happened! Look here! Do you suppose that "all the king's horses and all the king's men" can ever put this luckless boy together again?

Mother Twitchett. No, but Doctor Foster and I can do it. Here he comes now. [*Enter Doctor Foster with Polly.*]

Doctor Foster. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! This is a pretty mixup. [*Takes a pinch of snuff.*] Let me see, now, what does this case require? Yes, yes, egg-colored sticking plaster. Polly, my girl, bring me a pair of scissors. [*Polly gets the scissors. The Doctor unrolls his sticking plaster and begins to wind it about Humpty.*] Now, Mother Twitchett, set your needle going, and I think we shall have the job done in a twinkling. [*Mother Twitchett begins to stitch. "Ouch! ouch!" cries Humpty, as the work goes on.*]

Doctor Foster. There now, my roly-poly lad, you are about as good as new, but you must not take any more tumbles for a few days.

Humpty [*beginning to caper about*]. Why, you and Mother Twitchett are better than all the king's horses and all the king's men.

Doctor [*proudly*]. It comes from practice, my boy, practice.

[*Another tumble and crying heard. In rushes Polly.*]

Polly. Oh, mother! come quickly!

Old Woman. Yes, more trouble. I just expected it. [*Hobbles out.*]

Mother Twitchett. I declare it does seem that the old woman has so much trouble she doesn't know what to do.

Doctor Foster. To be sure she does. It is no wonder, no wonder at all, with all those queer children to manage. She needs help, she needs help. I must see about it.

Mother Twitchett. Why couldn't the people of Mother Goose Town give her a Christmas Party?

Doctor Foster. Good idea! I'll speak to Mother Goose right away.

[*Enter Old Woman with Jack and Polly Flinders with Jill.*]

Old Woman. Dearie me! dearie me! What shall I do? What shall I do?

Doctor Foster. What's the trouble now, good woman?

Old Woman. Trouble enough! This boy has tumbled down the hill and broken his head, and this girl has torn her frock beyond all mending, I fear.

Mother Twitchett. Not a bit of it. Come here, lassie. My nimble needle can soon right things for you.

Doctor Foster [*who has been feeling of Jack's head*]. Bad bump, my boy, bad bump! but I can soon mend your crown. Bring me my brown paper and a bit of vinegar, Polly. [*Pastes paper over Jack's head.*] There! you're as good as new, boy. But be careful now and take no more tumbles. You will worry your mother into her grave. I must be off now. Good day!

Mother Twitchett. There, Jill, you're patched up! Now give your mother a lift, she needs you. Good day!

Old Woman. Oh, thank you, thank you both. [*To children*]. Will you boys and girls ever learn to take care of yourselves?

Jill. Well, it was Jack's fault, mother; he tripped me.

Jack. I didn't. You stumbled over a rock.

Old Woman. Stop your quarreling this minute, and run call the rest of the children to supper. [*More crying heard.*] There! I just expected it. More trouble.

Bo Peep [*runs in crying*]. Oh, mother dear, I've lost my sheep and I can't tell where to find them.

Old Woman. Yes, I just expected it: you've been off plucking flowers or chasing butterflies. Now make haste

and hunt your flock. It will be sundown soon, and then you may never set eyes on them again. Here, Jack, be nimble, help this careless lass to find her sheep.

Jack. All right, mother; come, lassie, dry your tears. I'll have your lambkins in a jiffy. [*Jack and Bo Peep run out. In comes Curly Locks, crying and wringing her hands.*]

Old Woman. My child, my child, what is the matter now?

Curly Locks. She's drowned, she's drowned!

Old Woman. Mercy me! whose drowned?

Curly Locks. Rosabel, my Rosabel. Tommy Green threw her down the well.

Old Woman. Oh, dearie me! what shall I do?

[*Enter John Stout with a dripping kitten.*]

John. Here, little one; here's your kitten.

Curly Locks [*grabbing the kitten and loving it*]. Oh, my Rosabel, my poor Rosabel! [*To John*]. Oh, thank you, kind sir; you are a gallant knight.

John. Well, I got pretty wet getting it; but I guess Tommy won't play any more such tricks. Can you hear him howling? [*Crying outside. Curly Locks and John go out.*]

Old Woman. Mercy me! What trouble will come next, I wonder? Something dreadful, I know. [*Looks out of the window.*] There! I just expected it. Company a-comin'. What shall I do? There isn't any room in this old shoe for any more. And such a pack of them, too! What shall I do? What shall I do?

[*Enter Mother Goose with Doctor Foster, Mother Hubbard, and a number of other Mother Goose Folk, all carrying packages, pails, baskets, etc. As they enter they shout, "Surprise! surprise!"*]

Old Woman. Surprise to be sure! Mercy on us! What ever has happened? More trouble! I just expected it.

Mother Goose. No, not more trouble, Dame Shoe; you've had too much trouble already. We have come to help you out. [*To company.*] Here, place your gifts on this table. [*All do as Mother Goose bids.*]

Old Woman. Oh, my good neighbors, this is too much! What shall I do to thank you? But it's just like you to help out a poor body like me. I just expected it. How ever can I pay you?

Doctor Foster. Tut, tut, my good woman, pay enough, pay enough. You ought to be paid for taking care of this pack of troublesome youngsters.

[*In run Polly, Humpty, Jack and Jill, Bo Peep, Jack be Nimble, Curly Locks, Tommy Green, John Stout, and others, talking, laughing, and teasing one another.*]

Polly [*seeing the company*]. Goodness me! what's the matter now? [*Children stop their noise.*]

Old Woman. Oh, my dear children! just look here what Mother Goose and her family have brought to us.

Children [*in chorus*]. Oh! oh! oh!

Mother Goose. Now, boys and girls, I have one bit of advice to give you. Will you take it?

Humpty. Is it as nasty as Doctor Foster's medicine?

Mother Goose [*laughing*]. No, my lad, it isn't quite so bitter as that; but you must take it and remember it, or else the next time we come, we shall bring a bundle of switches to give to your poor old mother to use on you every day.

Children. We'll take it; we'll take it!

Mother Goose. Then here it is:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
And a good old woman was she,
But she had more work than she ever could do,
And her children were bad as could be.
They tumbled down hill, and off the wall;
They let sheep and cows go astray,
They took fright at spiders and set up a bawl,
And spilt all their curds and whey;
They threw little kittens down into the well,
And then had to fish them out;
They cried and teased and fretted all day
And went to bed with a pout.
Their mother grew worried and wrinkled and gray,
With thinking what she might do
To quiet their noise and train girls and boys
To be thoughtful and helpful and true.
Then along came a fairy from fairyland,
And a wise little fairy was she,
She gave this advice to the troublesome band,
To make them as good as could be:
"You have only one mother, my girls and boys;
Would you keep her with you long,
You must treat her kindly and make less noise,
And fill her sad heart with song;
Now, if you forget, I shall surely come
And take her to fairy land,
Where tired mothers may find sweet rest
For their wearied hearts and hands.
So promise me quickly that you'll obey,
And she shall linger near,
To love and protect and fill your lives
With happiness and cheer."

Doctor Foster. Now boys, now girls, what have you to say? What have you to say?

Boys and Girls [in chorus]. We promise to be good!

Doctor Foster. Be good; be good! That means nothing.

Why don't you promise to *do* good?

Boys and Girls. All right; *we promise to do good!*

Mother Goose. Well said. Now see that you *do* it.

Old King Cole. Good enough. Now let's have some fun. Tune up your fiddles, my merry men, and all chime in.

A MOTHER GOOSE MEDLEY

Sing a song o' sixpence,
 Hey diddle diddle,
 Rock-a-bye baby,
 Little Jack Horner, etc.

OTHER PLAYS

Dramatize some story from Madge Bigham's *Mother Goose Village*, Rand-McNally and Company.

SEAT WORK

Write a little story about some Mother Goose boy or girl. Tell of troubles of Bo Peep in finding her sheep, of other things that happened to Miss Muffet, or of something that happened to one of the other little people in the Mother Goose rhymes.

SNOWFLAKE FUN

40

THE SNOW MAN

One day we built a snow man;
We made him out of snow.
You should have seen how fine he was —
All white from top to toe!



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OUR SNOW MAN

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We poured some water on him,
 And froze him, legs and ears;
 And when we went indoors to bed
I said he'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind
 Of wind began to blow,
 And winter cried and ran away,
 And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went
 To bid our friend good day,
 There wasn't any snow man there —
 Everything had run away!

— *W. W. Ellsworth.*

Have you ever made a snow man?

Tell how you made his body, his head, his arms, his eyes, his nose,
 his mouth.

What else did you do to make him look like a man?

What fun did you have with him after he was made?

Tell of other things you have made of snow; as, snow houses,
 snow forts, snow animals.

What other kinds of fun does snow bring?

What sport have you had coasting, sliding, snowballing?

41

WINTER WORDS

Find in the list that follows three words that might be used for each of the following blanks. Write a number for each blank and place by it the right words:

1. The snow flakes — down out of the — sky.
2. They covered the — ground with a — blanket.

3. When the sun shone, it made the snow — like diamonds.

4. The — air made the children's fingers —.

5. But they wouldn't let Jack Frost — their — play.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

SNOW FUN

6. They — snowballs at one another.

7. They — down the — hills with their sleds.

8. They made a — old snow man.

9. Then they — home and warmed themselves by the — fire.

10. As they sat there they ate — apples, — nuts, and listened to grandma tell — stories.

cloudy	flung	delicious	skipped	happy
sifted	coasted	sparkle	cherry	tossed
cold	fat	icy	drifted	dashed
white	ran	ache	murky	warm
glitter	roaring	check	frozen	roly-poly
frosty	icy	jolly	soft	rode
charming	floated	threw	flash	cracked
tingle	gray	interesting	biting	rosy-
stop	dark	slid	numb	cheeked
merry	fluffy	plump	end	

42

A SNOWBALL GAME

Choose up sides for this snowball battle. Give each soldier a letter of the alphabet for his name. Let Captain A name his soldiers B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M. Let Captain Z name his soldiers Y, X, W, V, U, T, S, R, Q, P, O, N.

If any other names are needed, use numbers: 1, 2, etc. Let the soldiers line up as in a spelling match.

Captain A may begin by saying quickly, for example:

“I threw a snowball at R.”

R must answer quickly by saying:

“I threw one at J.”

J must fling one in the same way at the other side, and thus the merry battle may go on.

If any player fails to reply when his name is given, or if he answers out of turn, or if he throws a snowball at one on his own side or if he makes an incorrect or incomplete sentence, he is counted out and must

take his seat. The side having the most players standing when the battle is ended, wins.

43

SNOW STORIES

Write a story of five or more sentences telling of some snow fun you have had; as, making a snow man; building an Eskimo house; a snowball fight, a sled tumble. See that your sentences begin and end properly, as in this little story:

PLAYING ESKIMOS

One day we built a snow house. We made it in the back yard. It was round like an Eskimo house. It had a door big enough for us to crawl through. We played that we were Eskimos. Our snow house



BUILDING AN ESKIMO HOUSE

stood for several days, but one day the warm sun melted it.

Draw a picture to illustrate your snow story.

LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW

1. What have you read or heard about the Eskimos?
2. How do they make their houses?
3. What do they use for food?
4. How do they dress?
5. How do they travel about?
6. What do they use for heat and light?
7. Tell of any other interesting thing you know of these strange people.

SEAT WORK

Draw a picture of an igloo, or Eskimo house.

Write complete answers to the questions just

given. How should these answers begin and close?



PHOTOGRAPH BY EASTMAN KODAK CO.

AN ESKIMO AND HER DOG

MOTHER HUBBARD'S GEESE

Write on slips of paper the following names:

Mother Hubbard, fox, lion, tiger, leopard, cat, dog, hyena, otter, wolf, bear, lynx, bobcat, porcupine, mink, muskrat, panther, coyote, badger. Use enough slips to go round the class.

Let the children draw from the names given, making sure that Mother Hubbard, the fox, and the dog are chosen. Those drawing blanks may be Mother Hubbard's geese.

Begin by singing the first stanza of this snowflake song:

Old Mother Hubbard's a-picking her geese,
Picking her geese, picking her geese;
Old Mother Hubbard's a-picking her geese
And she's throwing the feathers away.

Snowflakes are falling so silently down,
Silently down, silently down;
Snowflakes are falling so silently down
And they're forming a mantle of white.

While the first stanza is being sung, the fox slyly slips round and touches one of the geese; the one touched leaves the seat, or circle, and follows the fox.

Then Mother Hubbard says:

"Somebody **has stolen** my big, fat goose. Bear, **have** you **stolen** it?"

"Not I," the bear replies; "the lion **has stolen** it."

“Not I,” the lion answers; and he names another animal as having stolen it. The third animal named accuses the fox.

“Fox, **have** you **stolen** my goose?” asks Mother Hubbard.

“Yes, I have,” replies the fox; “**get** it if you **can**.”

“Dog,” says Mother Hubbard; “**catch** that fox.”

The dog runs lightly after the fox and brings back him and the goose.

The fox now becomes a goose, the dog plays the part of the fox, and the goose becomes the dog; then the game goes on as before.

45

WINTER NIGHT

Blow, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There's a bedroom in a tree,
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cosy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break of day!
In a snow-cave warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.



CAMPBELL ART CO.

WINTER

Call, wind, call!
 In entry and in hall,
 Straight from off the mountain white and wild!
 Soft purrs the pussy cat,
 On her little fluffy mat,
 And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold!
 So bitter and so bold!
 Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
 With half-shut, dreamy eyes,
 The drowsy baby lies
 Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

— *Mary F. Butts.*

1. What pictures come to you as you read the poem?
2. Copy from the poem ten words that make you think of the wind.
3. Copy three words that make you think of the cold.
4. Copy ten words that suggest warmth and comfort to you.
5. Where do you like best to be on wintry nights?
6. Memorize the stanza you like best.
7. Where have you known birds or wild animals to make a snug winter bed?
8. What do you do to make your pets cosy on cold nights?
9. What birds brave the cold by living in snowy countries during the winter?
10. How can you help keep such birds from suffering?

SEAT WORK

Write a little story telling about some animal or bird you have watched during the cold weather. Tell where you saw it, what it was doing, how it got its food, where it slept, or anything else you can about it.

Be careful to begin and to close your sentences correctly.

ORAL EXERCISE

HOW PEOPLE KEEP WARM

1. What is the most interesting kind of house you have seen or read about?
2. How do the Eskimos, the Laplanders, and other people in snowy countries shelter themselves?
3. What kinds of winter clothing do the people of snowy countries use?
4. Tell any one of these stories:
 - (a) The Tale of a Fur Coat.
 - (b) The Story of a Wool Sweater.
 - (c) What the Overshoes Told.
 - (d) The Tale of the Mittens.
 - (e) The Story of the Big Boots.
 - (f) The Story of the Hat.
 - (g) The Story of the Cotton Dress.

THE FIRESIDE STORY HOUR

47

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

Nothing is pleasanter on a winter evening than to sit about the fire listening to some good storyteller, or taking a trip through the land of story-books. Everyone enjoys this pleasant pastime.

What is your favorite story? Be ready to tell some good short one to your classmates.

Which of these stories do you know well? Think about them and be ready to take your part in telling



THE STORY HOUR

them. The teacher may begin a story and call on pupils who know it to continue the story till it is finished:

Cinderella	The Bremen Musician
Tom Thumb	The Three Wishes
Jack and the Beanstalk	The Bell of Atri
Sleeping Beauty	Androcles and the Lion
Aladdin and his Lamp	William Tell and his Son
Hans in Luck	Damocles and the Sword
The Ugly Duckling	Washington and his
The Tar Baby	Hatchet

48

TELLING AND WRITING FABLES*

Which of these fables do you know? Be ready to tell one of these or another fable to your class-mates:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. The Sun and the Wind. | 6. The Fox and the Grapes. |
| 2. The Lion and the Mouse. | 7. The Town Mouse and |
| 3. The Boy and the Wolf. | the Country Mouse. |
| 4. The Hare and the Tortoise. | 8. The Fox who Lost his |
| | Tail. |
| 5. The Dog and his Shadow. | 9. The Fox and the Crow. |

SEAT WORK

I

Fill out the following outlines of these two old fables, with words chosen from the list that follows, or with other words of your own choosing.

*Scudder's *Fables and Folk Stories*, Houghton Mifflin Company; *Classic Fables*, Charles E. Merrill Company; Baldwin's *Fairy Stories and Fables*, American Book Company.

Be careful to copy the marks properly in your stories:

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

One day a shepherd boy thought he would play a good joke on some men in the field; so he —, “—! —!”

The men — their tools and — to him. The boy — them.

The next day he — again, “—! —!”

Again the men — to — him; and again the boy — them.

On the third day the wolf really — —.

The boy —, “—! —!” with all his —.

But the men, thinking that he was — them again, — no —, and the wolf — several of the —.

dropped	hastened	slew	laughed at
sheep	threw down	strength	hurried
shouted	destroyed	held	yelled
ran	did come	gave	fooling
screamed	cried	might	killed
tricking	laid down	called	flock
paid	wolf	did appear	bawled
attention	made fun	help	

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A lion once lay — in his —. A mouse ran — his nose. The lion awoke, — out his paw, and — the mouse.

“Oh, —, Mr. Lion, — me —?” — the mouse. “It may be I can — you some day.”

“Ho! ho!” — the —; “how can such a — creature as you be of any — to me?”

He — his paw and let the — mouse —.

Some days afterwards the lion was — in a —.

He — and —; but he could not — the cords that — him.

The — mouse, hearing him, ran and — the — and set his friend free.

sleeping	pleaded	little	lair	reached
stretched	good	use	set	seized
caught	small	dozing	dew	free
cave	across	trembling	over	please
begged	laughed	trap	go	let
assist	tiny	lifted	help	coaxed
raised	bound	struggled	tied	frightened
raged	gnawed	net	ropes	roared
break	unhappy	held	fastened	get free from

II

Write a fable of your own.

49

FAIRY TALES TO READ AND PLAY

THE TWELVE MONTHS

There were once two sisters, Katrenka and Dabrunka.

Katrenka was a helpful little girl, always ready to work and do things for other people, but Dabrunka was cross and lazy. She imposed on her good-natured sister very much. One winter day Dabrunka said:

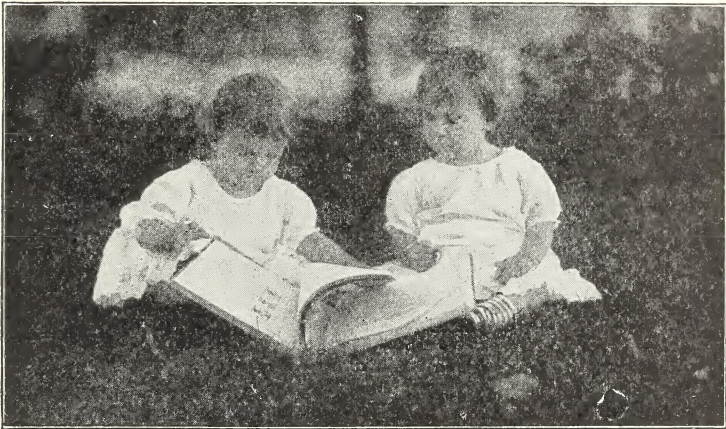
“Katrenka, go get me some violets.”

“Violets, sister?” replied Katrenka. “Why, there are no violets now; it is January.”

“Do not talk back to me!” snapped Dabrunka. “Go and get the violets.”

Little Katrenka said no more, but quietly put on her cloak and set out for the woods. After walking a long way, she saw a strange sight. Around a blazing fire in the forest sat twelve men.

They were dressed in strange costumes. Three of them wore green robes; three wore yellow; three wore brown; three wore white. They were the twelve months.



FAIRY TALES

January held a staff in his hand, for he was now the ruler of the months.

Katrenka was frightened, but after a while she grew brave enough to ask, "May I warm myself by your fire?"

"Yes, indeed," said January kindly; "what brings you here in this cold time, my child?"

"I came to find violets for my sister," said Katrenka.

"Violets are not in bloom now," said January, "but March can help you."

Then January gave his staff to March. March waved

the staff over the fire. The air grew warmer; the snow melted; the birds began to sing. The perfume of violets came. Katrenka saw them blossoming all about her. She gathered all she wished. Then she thanked the good months and ran home very happy.

Dabrunka was glad to get the beautiful flowers, but she forgot to thank her sister.

A few days later Dabrunka called Katrenka and said, "I want some strawberries. Go and get some for me."

"Strawberries do not ripen in January, sister," said Katrenka.

"Do not talk back to me," said Dabrunka crossly; "go and get the berries."

Little Katrenka again put on her cloak and wandered away into the woods as before. After a weary walk, she came upon the twelve months, still sitting about their fire.

"Come, child, and warm yourself," said kind January; "what brings you here again?"

"I come now to find strawberries," said Katrenka.

"Strawberries do not grow under the snow," replied January; "but perhaps June can help you." He passed his staff to June as he spoke. June waved it over the fire.

Again the air grew warm. The smell of clover and the hum of bees came. And around her the red strawberries began to appear. Katrenka gathered her pail full of the fruit. Then she thanked her kind friends and returned to her home very happy.

Selfish Dabrunka took the berries without a word of thanks and ate every one of them.

Some days later Dabrunka called her patient little sister once more and said, "I want some apples."

Katrenka did not object, but went quietly out into the cold woods to do as her ungrateful sister bid.

Again good January gave her welcome, and asked what she wished.

When she told her errand, January passed the staff to brown-robed September, who waved it over the fire. The fire blazed, the snow melted, the bare trees were soon covered with leaves of brown and gold. And among the leaves the red apples grew.

"You may pick two," said September.

Katrenka did as she was bid. Then she thanked kind September and the other months, and returned to her home.

Dabrunka took the apples and ate them greedily.

"Why did you not fill your basket?" she asked crossly.

"I could not," said Katrenka.

"You were too lazy," said Dabrunka; "I will go myself and get all I want."

As she said this, Dabrunka put on her warm cloak and left the house. She walked and walked until she, too, found the twelve strange men around their fire.

"What brings you here, child?" asked January kindly.

"None of your business," said Dabrunka.

January frowned and waved his staff over the fire. The flames went out. The air became colder. Snow began to fall. The north wind wailed through the trees.

Little Katrenka watched and waited long for her sister. The supper grew cold. The darkness deepened. But Dabrunka did not appear. Spring came, and summer, and autumn, but Dabrunka never returned. What happened to her?

Only the twelve months can ever tell.

— *A Star Tale*—*Adapted.*

1. After reading the story carefully, play it.
2. How many characters are in the play?
3. What is the first scene? the second? the third? the fourth?

FOR SEAT WORK

Write a sentence about each of the months, telling of something that the month brings to us; as,
January brings the ice and snow.



A TOTE TEAM

50

THE FAIRY WAND*

ACT I

A group of fairies is dancing in the field. One little fairy drops her wand. Fairies chase about picking flowers; fairy who has dropped wand runs after a butterfly off the stage.

Queen of Fairies. Come, come, the sun is almost up. We must hie away home.

*Adapted from Spalding and Bryce's *The Fairy Wand*, Aldine Third Reader.

[Fairies wave their wands and say in chorus, "We wish to go to fairyland." Fairies disappear. Enter little girl with basket on arm. She sees the fairy wand and picks it up.]

Little Girl. Oh, how beautiful! I wonder what it is. I'll run home and show it to mother. [Starts back.] No, I must haste to market with these eggs. I wish I were there now. [Little girl dashes out of room. Re-enter little fairy.]

Little Fairy. I just couldn't catch that butterfly; he flew faster than fairies. Oh, my sisters have all gone home. I wish I were there too. [Closes her eyes and raises her arms as if to fly. Opens her eyes and finds herself still in the meadow.]

Little Fairy. My wand! my wand! I have lost my wand. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what ever can I do. No wish I make can be granted until I find my golden wand. [Runs about trying to find it. Leaves the stage crying. Re-enter little girl with wand.]

Little Girl. Oh, I did have a swift trip to market. It seemed as if I were whisked away by magic.

[Enter an old man. He hobbles feebly across the stage.]

Little Girl. What is the matter? Are you ill? Can I help you?

Old Man. Yes, I am ill and tired and weak from want of food. I have tried to get work, but they tell me I am too old. I fear that my poor old wife and I will starve.

Little Girl. Oh, I wish I had a purse that would never be without money in it. [Purse is thrown upon stage.]

Little Girl. Why, what is this? A real purse full of money. Here, my poor man. My wish has been granted. Take this.

Old Man. Not all of it, my kind girl. You must share with me. [Divides the money with little girl.]

Little Girl. Then you must have this. It will help you better than your old stick. [*Gives old man the fairy wand.*]

Old Man. Thank you, thank you. I wish that you may ever be beautiful and happy and that you may never want for God's good gifts. [*Little girl trips away happily.*]

Old Man. Oh, how beautiful it is to have youth and health. I wish I were young and strong again. [*As he speaks he straightens up and begins to walk briskly.*] Why, what has happened? I feel like a boy again. [*Whistles merrily.*] I wish I were home to tell my wife of our good fortune. [*Dashes off stage.*]

Finish the play, by using the suggestions that follow. You may add other things, if you wish, but do not make it too long.

Work out the rest of the play orally by following the outline; when you have it ready, play the story for some other grade, or your parents.

ACT II

Scene in old man's house. His wife is working, but rather feebly. Have her say something about her health. Husband enters. What does he say? How does his wife reply? He lays fairy wand on table. Wife picks it up and wishes she were strong and young like him. They become wealthy.

At night robbers come. They gather up the silver. They find wand. Have them talk while at their stealing. They leave house and get lost in the woods. Have them quarrel, blaming each other. Have one wish something about the other. Have the other wish that policemen would capture his pal. Let the

wish come true. What would the policemen do and say?

ACT III

SCENE I. THE JAIL

Policemen bring robbers to jail. Their money and other things are turned over to jailer. Fairy wand is left lying on the table. A man held at the jail because he cannot pay his rent, is dusting the room. He finds wand, thinks of his little lame boy at home, and wishes he were there. Dashes out of room.

SCENE II. THE HOME

Little lame boy and mother longing to have father home. What do they say? Father suddenly appears. What does each one say and do? Father, with wand in hand, wishes he had money to pay the rent. Purse is thrown into room. Policeman comes to get father. Rent is paid. Little lame boy is given wand.

SCENE III. THE MEADOW

Little boy goes out of room to play in the meadow. Have him talk. He falls asleep. Fairy who has lost wand appears and sees wand. What does she ask of the little boy? Boy gives her the wand. Fairy tells him to wish for whatever he wants. What does he wish for? Fairy grants him his wish and more. Fairy wishes herself in fairyland. Little boy skips away toward home.

A FAIRY PROGRAM

Plan a Fairy Program, using *The Twelve Months* and *The Fairy Wand*, and, if you wish, adding also fairy stories and fairy songs.*

Memorize the following rhyme. If possible, find some tune to which you can sing the words of the song:

A FAIRY SONG

We fill the gay blossoms
 With honey so sweet;
 We give the round peaches
 Their soft, pinky cheeks;
 We tint the red apples,
 The chestnuts we crack;
 We spread the snow blanket
 To make a sled track.
 Smiles and laughter we scatter
 Wherever we go.
 There's no band so merry,
 Heigh ho, hilly ho!
 There's no band so merry,
 Heigh, ho!

*A very pleasing little operetta to help out in such a program is Laura U. Chase and W. A. Lafferty's *The Fairy Crowning*, John Church Company, Chicago.

52

FAIRY WAND GAMES

I

FINDING THE FAIRY WAND

One pupil is chosen as the fairy; another as the elf. All pupils close their eyes, bowing their heads on their desks. The elf leaves his place and takes the wand from the fairy. He skips about the room, and lays the wand in the lap of some pupil. When ready, the elf claps his hands as a signal. The fairy wakes and says:

“Oh, some one has **taken** my wand. Mary, have you **seen** it?”

Mary replies by saying, “Yes, I **saw** it **lying** in Jane’s lap.”

The fairy then asks, “Jane, **have** you my wand?”

If Mary has guessed rightly, Jane replies, “Yes, I **have** it.” And Mary takes the part of the fairy.

If Jane has not the wand, she says, “No, I haven’t it, but I **saw** it **lying** in John’s lap.”

So the game goes on. Be careful to use correctly **have seen**, **saw**, **lying**, and **have**.

II

A WISHING GAME

Let each pupil draw a number. The fairy wand is given first to pupil number 1, who holds it up and makes a wish; as,

“I wish I **were** a brownie.”

Pupil number 2 then asks, "If you were a brownie, what would you do?"

Pupil 1 must then reply by telling of something he would do; as,

"If I were a brownie, I'd slip into Santa's sleigh on Christmas eve and fill the stockings of every poor little boy and girl I know."

He then passes the wand on to pupil number 2, who makes a wish as before. Pupil 3 asks the question of pupil 2. Thus the game goes round the class.

Think of interesting things you might wish to be; as, fairies, elves, sunbeams, raindrops, snowflakes, Jack Frost, or birds.

SEAT WORK

Write a story of your own about a brownie, an elf, a fairy, or some other such being. Tell of some kind act that was done by these beings, or tell a bit of mischief that a brownie or an elf did. Make the story about ten sentences long. Begin and close your sentences correctly.

VALENTINE FUN

Do you know how Saint Valentine's Day came to be?

Saint Valentine was a good man who lived many, many years ago. He was kind to everybody. He was always doing things to make people happy.

He loved even the animals and the birds and tried to make them happy.

When Saint Valentine died, the people thought of him so kindly that they called him a saint, and named a day for him.

Saint Valentine's Day means friendship and love. It is thought by some people that the birds come together on this day to choose their mates. We remember the day rightly when we send loving messages and tokens of friendship to our dear ones. Some people have misused the holiday by sending ugly thoughts to those they do not like. How do you think Saint Valentine would feel to have his holiday remembered in such a way? What is the best way to celebrate Saint Valentine's Day?

What have you ever done on St. Valentine's Day?

What thing has made you happiest on that day?

What have you done to make others happy?

What is the most interesting valentine you have known to be sent?

Have you read the story of *Little Miss Muffet's Valentine*? It is found in *Mother Goose Village*, by Madge Bigham. Boy Blue was anxious to remember his little friend, Miss Muffet, so he saved all his pennies for several weeks. Then he went to buy a beautiful valentine; but on his way to the store, he met a boy with a kitten; and what do you think the boy was going to do with that kitten? Something dreadful. Boy Blue couldn't stand the thought of it, so he gave all his pennies to the boy for the kitten to save its life. Then he couldn't

get any valentine. He was very sad, but very happy, too. Then a bright idea came into his head. He sent something to Miss Muffet with a blue ribbon tied round its neck. What do you suppose it was? How do you think she liked her valentine?

1. Read all this interesting story.
2. Be ready to tell any other good valentine story you have read or heard.

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MAKING VALENTINES

Find all the words you can that rhyme with the words in heavy type, and use the most fitting ones you find to finish these rhymes:

1. This happy day I think of **you**;
May our friendship be forever —.
2. You are my dearest **valentine**,
Loving and true, sweet mother of —.
3. May your heart be light and **gay**,
On this happy friendship —.

Find all the words you can that rhyme with **token, friend, love, gift, merry, jolly**.

Try to make a valentine rhyme of your own.

When you have your rhymes ready, you may make valentines and illustrate them.

PLAYING POSTMAN

Let one of the pupils be chosen to play the part of postman. Each of the other pupils may make a play valentine by writing on a piece of paper the name of another pupil, and signing his own name. The postman may then gather the valentines in a bag of some kind. When ready he may draw out a letter and say, for example:

"Mary, I have a valentine for you. Guess who sent it, and you may have it."

Mary asks, "Is it from a boy or a girl?"

The right answer is given; then Mary may ask three more questions; as,

"Has she dark hair?"

"Yes, she has dark hair."

"Has she a blue dress on?"

"Yes, she has a blue dress on."

"Is her name Ruth?"

"Yes, her name is Ruth."

If Mary guesses rightly, she may become postman, and the game go on as before.

VALENTINE LETTERS

Write a letter to your mother, grandmother, or some one else whom you would like to remember on St. Valentine's Day. Write it as neatly as you can. Be careful to put in the right marks and spell your words correctly. Follow the form of this letter:

Hawthorne School, Omaha, Nebr.,
Feb. 14, 1919.

Dear Grandma,

This is to send you my love on St. Valentine's Day. I hope you are well and happy.

Lovingly yours,
Jennie.

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STORIES FOR LITTLE AMERICANS

What stories of our country have you heard? There are many tales of American heroes and heroines that interest little Americans. Read this one:

HETTY MARVIN

Hetty Marvin was a little girl. She lived in Connecticut during the time the Americans were fighting for freedom from England. Her cousin was then the governor of that colony. When the English soldiers came to conquer Connecticut, he was forced to flee. He hid in the home where Hetty lived.

One day Hetty was sent to the meadow by her mother to turn the newly woven linen that it might bleach in the sun. She sat there doing her work happily, when suddenly her cousin came running across the meadow.

"What is the matter, cousin?" asked Hetty as he dashed up to her.

"My enemies are coming," he answered; "I am running to the river where my men are waiting to row me across. Tell my pursuers that I ran down the road, Hetty."

"Why, that would be a lie," said the child; "I cannot tell a lie."

"But they will kill me. Won't you please tell them that to save my life?"

The hoofbeats of horses could now be heard.

"Quick child, promise me," said the frightened man.

"I cannot tell a lie," said Hetty. Then a new thought came to her. "Hide under my cloth, cousin; I won't tell where you are — not even if they kill me."

"It's my only chance — I'll get down as you say," said the governor, as he quickly crawled under the folds of the linen. Hetty covered him completely. Then she went on tremblingly at her work.

A moment or so later several horsemen dashed up and stopped by the girl.

"Did you see a man running by here?" asked the leader.

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must tell," said the leader, angrily.

"I promised not to tell, sir," said Hetty firmly.

"Child, do you know we can kill you for refusing to tell?" said the leader.

"Let me try her," said another of the men.

"Hetty, you know me, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

It was one of her neighbors who had joined the English.

"Well, we are friends of your cousin, and we might help him if we could find where he went. Won't you tell me where he went?"

The lie did not deceive the child.

"I promised not to tell, sir," said Hetty.

"Well, tell me what he said when he left you, and we will let you alone."

The little girl thought a moment, then she said, "His

last words were, 'It's my only chance — I'll get down as you say.' ”

Thinking that this meant that he had gone down to the river, the soldiers galloped off that way. The two men who were there waiting to take the governor across saw them coming and rowed for the other shore as fast as they could.

When the soldiers reached the bank, they saw the men in the boat and fired at them, but their shots missed. Then they turned and rode away.

The governor lay under the linen till night came, then he slipped down to the river and called back his men, who took him to a place of safety.

1. What is meant by “governor,” “colony,” “conquer”?
2. About how long ago was our war for freedom?
3. What is meant by bleaching linen?
4. How did Hetty show that she was a brave girl?
5. What other thing did she show?
6. Play the story.

Which of the following stories do you know? Be ready to tell one of these, or some other, about one of our great Americans:*

Washington and his Hatchet.

Washington and the Colt.

Benjamin Franklin the “Water-American.”

Benjamin Franklin and his Kite.

Daniel Webster and the Woodchuck.

Abraham Lincoln and the Borrowed Book.

*See Baldwin's *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, American Book Company.

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL

Complete the following story by choosing the right words from the list that follows, and be ready to read your story:

During the Revolutionary —, some soldiers were — a fort. A number of them, under — of a corporal, were — a heavy log to the top of the —. The corporal did not offer to —, but stood by giving his orders. "All ready! — away!" he would shout. The men tried — but could not — the log. "— again!" — the —.

"Why do you not — them?" asked a man who was passing.

"I am their —," replied the corporal —.

"Oh, you are, are you?" — the man. "I beg your —, Mr. Corporal." Then, — off his coat, he got under the — with the men and they — the log into —.

This done, the man — and said:

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another — like this, and not men —, send for your general. I shall be glad to come."

The corporal stared and turned red with —. It was General Washington.

haughtily	hard	building	said
corporal	war	commanded	lifting
command	try	wall	heave
pardon	help	commander	raise
place	log	lifted	taking
enough	job	shame	turned

SPRINGTIME STORIES

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PERSEPHONE

Mother Ceres, so people of long ago believed, was a goddess who had care of all the plants on earth. She made the fruits and grains and flowers grow. She also taught people how to plant their seeds and gather in the harvest. Everybody loved Mother Ceres.

Ceres had one daughter, Persephone, the beautiful goddess of the springtime. Persephone was as much loved as her good mother. Wherever she went she carried cheer and sunshine. Her rippling laugh was echoed by the birds and the brooks. Her smile was reflected in the bright blossoms that she scattered everywhere.

One day Persephone ran out to play in the meadow.

"Do not stray too far," said her mother, as the happy child kissed her and tripped away.

"Never fear, mother dear," Persephone called back. "I'll be home long before Apollo leaves the sky."

And away she went chasing the bees and butterflies about the flowery green. After a while she began to gather the blossoms to weave into garlands. She soon had her apron full and was just going to sit down when she spied a most beautiful cluster of white flowers called narcissus.

"Oh! I must have those," she said to herself.

She ran to pluck the narcissus but she could not break the stem. Dropping her other flowers, she tried to pull up the plant. It held fast; but Persephone tugged away till it finally began to come.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

SPRINGTIME

Then the strangest of things happened. The earth opened where the roots had been. A rumbling noise like thunder was heard. The opening grew larger, and out of it sprang four coal-black steeds, drawing a wonderful chariot. It was made of gold, and set with glittering gems.

A stern, dark-faced man stood in the chariot. He looked like a king, with his sparkling crown, and his rich robe, spangled with precious stones. It was King Pluto, the god of the underworld.

Persephone trembled with fright. She turned to flee; but before she could get away, Pluto had seized her and lifted her into his chariot. He spoke to his prancing steeds and they were off like the wind.

“Ceres! Mother Ceres!” screamed Persephone, as they flashed away towards Pluto’s dark home.

Mother Ceres, at her work in the fields, heard the terrified cry of her child. She sped home. Persephone was not there. She hurried into the meadow. Her daughter was not to be found. She inquired of everyone she met, but no one had seen the girl. Night came. Persephone did not return.

The poor mother was wild with grief. She refused to eat or sleep. She lighted her torch and wandered out in the darkness searching and calling, calling for her lost child.

Days came and went. The earth would not yield anything, now that Ceres had ceased her work. The flowers drooped and died; the leaves fell; even the birds flew away; the ground grew cold and barren, while Ceres wandered on and on in her fruitless search.

When Ceres found no one on earth who could tell where Persephone had gone, she sought help of the gods. Surely

Apollo, the sun god, must know what had become of the child. And Apollo did know, for when Persephone was stolen, she cried out to kind Apollo to save her. Since she had gone, Apollo was also sad. He hid himself in clouds and drove his chariot low in the sky.

Ceres went to him and asked, "Where is Persephone?"

Apollo told the sad mother that Persephone was with Pluto in the underworld. He had seen the dark king bear the girl away.

Mother Ceres hastened to Jupiter, the great All-Father, and told him what had happened. Jupiter called his messenger Mercury, and bade him speed to Pluto with the command that he give up the stolen child. Mercury flew on his winged shoes, swift as the wind. He whispered to the flowers of his errand. The birds heard also what he said. Their hearts leaped with gladness to think that Persephone might return.

But what of Persephone? What had happened to her during all these dreary days in the dark underworld?

Pluto did not harm her. He tried in every way to make her happy. He showed her all his riches — his caves full of diamonds, his gold and other precious things. But Persephone did not care for these riches. She longed for the flowers and the sunshine and her mother's love.

She would not eat anything, though Pluto set before her every kind of dainty food that he could bring. She told him she would rather have a taste of her mother's juicy fruits than all the delicacies of his realm. Then Pluto sent his messengers for fruits. They brought him some pomegranates and set them before Persephone. She could not touch them at first, but finally, when no one saw her, she did eat six of the seeds.

Then Mercury came and gave Jupiter's command. Pluto had to obey, but he did so very unwillingly. Persephone was glad to go, but she was sad, too, when she thought of leaving Pluto in his loneliness. She rose with Mercury into the bright sunshine.

The birds saw her coming and began their glad songs. The flowers leaped into life and smiled. The grasses came, the leaves began to deck the trees, the brooks laughed and sparkled down the hillside.

Mother Ceres saw the earth awakening from its sad sleep. Her face brightened; her heart leaped for joy, and soon her long-lost child was in her arms.

After their first greeting, Ceres asked, "Did you eat anything, my daughter, while you were in the underworld?"

"Only six pomegranate seeds," replied Persephone.

Mother Ceres grew sad again. She knew that the will of Jupiter could not be broken. Then she said:

"For this you must return to Pluto again; but he can claim you for only six months of the year. The rest of the time you may live with your mother to help her gladden the hearts of men."

Pēr sēph'ō nē
Çē'rēs
Plū'tō

Jū'pī tēr
Nār çīs'sūs
Á pōl'lō

Mēr' cū rỹ
chār'ı̇ öt
pomegranate
(pöm'grăn ât)

1. At what time of the year does Persephone go to Pluto?
2. What happens to the world then?
3. When does Persephone return?
4. What things tell us that she is on the way?
5. What birds come first? Tell of birds you have seen this spring. Where were they? What were they doing?

6. What flowers are the first to greet Persephone? Where have you found them blossoming?
7. Tell of any other signs of spring you have noticed.

SEAT WORK

1. Write the names of all the spring flowers you know. You may have only those whose names you can spell correctly. See how large a bouquet you can gather.
2. Write the names of all the birds you know that greet Persephone when she returns. You may have only those whose names you can spell correctly. See how large a bird chorus you can get.
3. Write the names of the animals that come to welcome Persephone. See how many such names you can spell correctly.

60

A SPRINGTIME PLAY

By following these suggestions, plan to dramatize the story of Persephone, and play it for some other class or your parents.

Let the first scene show Persephone and Mother Ceres at the door of their cottage. What would Persephone ask of her mother? How would the mother reply? Have Persephone trip away over the fields gathering the flowers. What might she say as she plucked them? If you wish, you may have her play with the nymphs or fairies for a little while. Have them talk and sing. Then have Persephone leave them to return home. Let her find the beauti-

ful narcissus and try to pluck it. How could Pluto and his chariot be represented? Some of the boys would like to play the prancing horses. What would Pluto say and do? What would Persephone do?

Let the second scene represent Mother Ceres in her search for Persephone. To whom would she



MAY DAY

go? What would she say? Have the people talk about the cold and the lack of food. What might they say? Have Mother Ceres go to Apollo. How might he be represented with his chariot? What would Ceres and Apollo say to each other? To whom would Mother Ceres finally go? What might Jupiter say and do for her?

Let the third scene represent Pluto's home. Persephone is very unhappy. What might she say? Have the servants bring her food. What would Persephone say? Let the pomegranates be set before her. What would she do? Have Pluto come and talk to her. What might he say? How would she reply? Have Mercury come with Jupiter's command. What would Persephone say? What would Pluto say?

The fourth scene would represent Persephone's return. Have Mother Ceres wandering about near the cottage sorrowing for Persephone. What might she say?

Let some pupils representing the birds begin to sing. What would Mother Ceres say? Other birds may appear and sing.

Children representing flower fairies might also appear. Which ones would come first? Jack Frost might come and try to freeze them. The south wind could drive him away. What would Mother Ceres say? How would the children act as they saw these signs of spring? Let Persephone come with Mercury. Have the winds and birds and flowers and insects and animals all sing with joy when she appears. What would Mother Ceres and Persephone say to each other?

Have the play close with a merry springtime song.

STORIES OF PLANTS

Write the story of some fruit or vegetable or grain you have seen raised; as, peas, beans, pumpkins, lettuce, wheat, corn, celery, cabbage, radishes, strawberries, dewberries. Or let the plant tell its



THE FIRST STRAWBERRY

own story. The following will suggest how this may be done:

HOW I GREW

I was first hidden in a seed. One day a gardener took me with others of my family, and planted us in the ground. He covered us with rich soil about three inches deep. The ground was damp and cold at first, but the sun warmed us. I soon began to grow. The seed burst open and I pushed out. A few days more and I came above the soil. I

looked like two leaves. Part of the seed was clinging to these leaves when I came out into the sunlight. Soon I put on real leaves. Then blossoms began to grow. I thought them very pretty. After a day or two the blossoms began to change to pods. These pods were green at first, but as they grew they became yellow. When they were ripe, they were filled with black seeds, the same kind that the gardener had planted. Can you guess my name? Yes, I am a wax bean.

Be careful to begin each sentence that tells something, with a capital and close it with a period. If the sentence asks a question, what should close it? How many sentences are in the story just given? How is the word "I" written?

When your story is ready, you may read it to your classmates and let them guess what plant you are telling about. Follow this plan in guessing:

Are you a strawberry?

No, I am not a strawberry —

and so on till the plant is guessed.

62

A SPRINGTIME PARTY

A flock of birds had gathered in the woods. Bluebirds, robins, blackbirds, jays, crows, sparrows, and a host of others were there. What a rollicking chatter they did make!—for all the world like a picnic party.

They were telling one another of their adventures during the winter. Every one had some interesting tale to tell.

Said Robin Redbreast:

“It was a hard winter for me. I was late in starting. The north wind did blow and we had so much snow that I thought I should freeze. I hid in the barn to keep myself warm, but a mean old cat found me and tried to catch me for her breakfast. I just barely escaped her wicked claws. It gave me such a fright, I thought I had better not risk staying here, so I flew away off — off to the sunny southland.

“The first night of the journey I tucked myself away among the leaves that had blown into a hollow tree. It was safe and warm, but a lonely nest. The next morning I had a breakfast of seeds, and then I set off again. That night I hid away among the low branches of a pine tree. An old fox came by and scented me, I suppose; for he tried to get to where I was, but the stout limbs held him back. I was so thankful to get away from there I did not stop to hunt any breakfast. But oh! I was hungry and tired that third night when at last I flew into a warm sunny valley. I went to sleep in a clump of green bushes near a clear stream. The next morning I was awakened by the chirping of some other robins. They had made this valley their winter home, and I decided to stay there with them.”

63

TALES OF OTHER BIRDS

I

Let the names of various birds you all know be written on slips of paper, and let each pupil draw a name. Tell the story of the bird whose name you draw.

Think of the sparrow; how does he manage during the winter? Tell of the brave little chickadee in his battle with the snow. Where does he sleep? What does he eat? What enemies disturb him? Or tell of the adventures of the duck with dogs and hunters.

What adventures have the bluebird, the meadowlark, the bobolink, and other birds during their travels? Tell some story of the crow, the jay, the magpie, or the quail.

II

For variety, have some one begin the story and pass it on to another pupil, who adds a little, and passes it on to some one else.

Complete this beginning:



PHOTO BY EASTMAN KODAK CO.

STOPPING TO REST

SPARROW TROUBLES

I don't like boys. They are the plague of my life. The other day I flew out on the street to pick up my breakfast, when whizz!— a stone went within an inch of my head. Up into the tree I flew, and I sat there trembling till the boy who had thrown the stone was out of sight; then I ——

(Tell of other things that happened to the sparrow.)

Or take *Maggie Mishaps*, *Duck Difficulties*, *The Quail's Story*, *Robin's Rambles*. Make a growing story about one of these, or about the adventures of another bird you know well.

64

THE COMING OF SPRING

Find, in the list that follows, fitting words for the following blanks:

— spring had come. The earth was — with blossoms. Everything had — from its winter's —. The air was — but the sky was clear. All living things were — and happy. The birds especially seemed —. They — through the trees. They — on the blossoming sprays. They — high in the heavens, singing their — songs.

“Cheer up! cheer up!” — the robin.

“Springtime, — spring is here!” — the meadow lark.

“Caw! caw! caw!” — the jolly old crow.

From high above came the — trumpet notes of the — geese as they — their way slowly towards the north.

happy	winged	wild	laughed
jolly	clear	whistled	merry
liveliest	cool	bright	sailed
gay	flitted	crisp	called
sleep	soared	busy	sweetest
awakened	rest	balanced	teetered

Read the following springtime poem with happy spirit:

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song the bluebird is singing
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out of his throat.
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils, daffodils (say, do you hear?)
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

— *Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.*

1. Which is the first bud to appear in spring?
2. What flower first peeps out after the snow?
3. Of the spring flowers, which do you like best? Why?
4. What kind of flower is the snowdrop? the crocus? the violet? the daffodil?
5. Describe some other springtime flower you know.
6. Memorize the poem just given.

MY FAVORITE BIRD

Of all the birds that bring the spring, which is most interesting to you? Tell some things you know about the bird by writing complete answers to the following questions:

1. What is the name of the bird?
2. Where does it live in summer? in winter?
3. About how large is it? What kind of legs and beak has it?
4. What is the color of its dress?
5. What food does it eat?
6. Tell of its song or call.
7. Describe its nest and its eggs.
8. What interesting thing have you ever watched the bird do?

Be careful to begin your answers with capital letters, and close them with periods.

What kind of mark is used after questions? How are the questions begun?

ORAL EXERCISE

1. Tell of some interesting thing you have watched chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, or other barnyard birds doing.
2. Where do they build their nests? Of what materials?
3. Tell something else of their ways and of their wisdom.

4. How should the barnyard birds be cared for to keep them well and happy?

5. What enemies do these birds have? What troubles have you known them to have?

SEAT WORK

Copy the following rhymes, filling the blanks with **was** or **were**; then read the rhymes. Remember that **was** is used when only one thing is spoken of; **were** is used when more than one is meant; as,

1. There **was** a sparrow in our barn this morning.
2. There **were** three sparrows in our barn this morning.

68

TEN LITTLE BLACKBIRDS

Ten little blackbirds sitting on a line,
One flew away and then there — nine.

Nine little blackbirds perched on a gate
One tumbled off and then there — eight.

Eight little blackbirds flying through the heaven,
A hawk caught one and then there — seven.

Seven little blackbirds picking up sticks,
One hopped away and then there — six.

Six little blackbirds playing round a hive,
One was stung and then there — five.

Five little blackbirds hopping on the floor,
Pussy caught one and then there — four.

Four little blackbirds roosting in a tree,
One fell down and then there — three.

Three little blackbirds hiding in a shoe,
A boy found one and then there — two.

Two little blackbirds hunting for fun,
One lost his way and then there — one.

Write three more sentences about birds beginning them with the words **There were**.

Be ready to read your sentences.

PLAYS AND PLAYMATES

69

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

1. What fun have you ever had swinging?
2. What mishaps have ever happened when you were at this fun?
3. What other outdoor fun do you enjoy?
4. What games do you like best?
5. Tell of some merry spring sport you have had.
6. How do you play "pomp," hop-scotch, or some other spring game?
7. Read the poem. See how the poet has made the lines suggest the swinging. Think of swinging while you read it.



UP IN A SWING

70

A GAME OF "POMP"

Did you ever play pom-pom-pull-away? Of course you have. Every boy and girl surely knows that old game. How is it played?

"Pomp" used to be one of the favorite games when I was a boy. What fun we did have chasing one another across the green! I often think that we were the noisiest, merriest boys and girls that ever lived. But perhaps we were not. Boys and girls of to-day seem just about as noisy and full of frolic as we were. And they play quite as roughly. Sometimes they play too roughly, I fear. I am sure that we did once.

We were having a game of "pomp." All but Jack had been caught. He was a strong boy, and he could outrun all the rest of us easily. Twice he had made the goal by dodging and circling round the end of the line. A third



PLAYMATES

time he broke through with such a rush that Tommy Davis, who tried to stop him, was sent spinning and fell with a hard bump. Tommy didn't mind his upset. It dazed him a little, but made him more determined than ever to catch Jack. Back we went to the goal and laid our plan to stop the rough racer.

"Pomp!" shouted our leader, and we all charged towards Jack. He tried to dodge, but we headed him back every time. Gradually we closed in around him. He tried to break through our line again, but could not. Then he came at us, head down, to duck under and escape; but as he did so, we threw ourselves on him, and down he went, pinned to the ground beneath a crowd of scrambling, shouting boys.

After a few minutes of this wild play, we got up—all but Jack. He lay on the ground still and pale.

"Boys, we've hurt him!" called Tom excitedly. "Jack! Jack!"

But Jack did not answer.

"Fetch some water, quick!" shouted Tom, as he raised Jack's head.

Two of the boys dashed to the creek, got their hats full of water, and splashed it over Jack's face.

"Blub—blub—" sputtered Jack, opening his eyes. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, I hope," said Tom anxiously. "Are you hurt?"

"No," returned Jack, "I'm just knocked a little dizzy. What are you ducking me for?"

We all laughed. Jack staggered to his feet and said, "Well, it took you all to down me. Come on, I'll try you again."

But we had played enough "pomp" for that day, so we tried something else.

1. Read the story.
2. Find and copy from it in a list all the words that suggest the action of the boys; as, **caught**, **outrun**, **dodging**.
3. Tell how you play your favorite game?

SEAT WORK

Write as many words as you can that suggest the action of boys and girls at play; as, **run**, **skip**. Try to get twenty such words.

71

AN OLD, OLD GAME

“Bushel of wheat, bushel of rye,
Who isn’t ready, halloo I.”

Most boys and girls do not say this old hide-and-go-seek rhyme correctly. See if you can say it rapidly without making a mistake. Be careful how you say **halloo**.

Why not play a game of hide-and-go-seek now?

How can one play it in school? you ask. Oh, there are many ways to play that old game. Read this poem to see how a little boy played it with his grandma. Then after you have talked about the story, I’ll tell you another way to play hide-and-go-seek:



COWBOY CAPTURING AN INDIAN

ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are in Papa's big bedroom
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said, "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

“It can’t be the little cupboard
 Where Mama’s things used to be,
 So it must be the clothes-press, Grandma!”
 And he found it with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers
 That were wrinkled and white and wee,
 And she guessed where the boy was hiding
 With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never stirred from their places,
 Right under the maple-tree —
 This old, old, old, old lady,
 And the boy with the lame little knee,
 This dear, dear, dear old lady
 And the boy who was half-past three.

— *Henry Cuyler Bunner.*

1. What little lame boys do you know? What can they do for fun? What have you done to help make them happy?
2. Explain “china closet,” “clothes-press.”
3. What kind of grandma had this little boy?

NEW GAMES OF HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK

72

I

FIND OUR HIDING PLACE

Read these directions carefully, then play this game:

First choose two captains and let them choose sides. Each captain numbers the players on his side, one, two, three, and so on. Draw lots to see

which side may go out first. Let those on the lucky side pass quietly into the hall and quickly choose a hiding place, then return and remain standing till the other side finds where the hiding place is.

Let the captain announce:

“We are hidden somewhere in the room.”

The players on the other side, beginning with the captain, may ask in turn some question; as,

“Are you behind the map?”

“Are you in the teacher’s desk?”

“Are you behind the blackboard?”

“Are you in the wastebasket?”

“Are you in the keyhole?”

The question must be complete and correct or it need not be answered. The answer must also be complete and correct; as,

“No, we are not in the teacher’s desk.”

“No, we are not behind the blackboard.”

Let number 1 of one side be answered by number 1 of the other side; number 2 by number 2, and so on.

If the hiding place is not found when all have had a chance, the side may tell its hiding place and go out again.

The hiding places may be chosen in the building, or on the playground, or in the home, or perhaps in the barnyard.

II

WHERE AM I HIDDEN?

Let each pupil think of a hiding place within the room, or on the playground, or in some other place

which everyone knows well; as, the kitchen, the barnyard. When you are hidden, raise your hand. The teacher will name a pupil, who will rise and say:

“My hiding place is in our room. Where am I hidden?”

The other pupils may then guess as follows:

“You are hidden in the clock.”

“You are hidden in the stove, or radiator.”

“You are hidden behind the picture.”

“You are hidden in John’s hat.”

If the sentences are not complete and correct, no answer need be given.

The answer also must be complete and correct or the same player may ask another question.

“No, I am not hidden in the clock.”

“No, I am not hidden in the stove.”

“No, I am not hidden behind the desk.”

“No, I am not hidden in John’s hat.”

When the hiding place is found, the one guessing it may tell his hiding place.

73

FINDING WORDS

Here is a game of hide-and-go-seek with words. Find, in the list that follows, the right words for every blank. Copy the story carefully, filling in with words you think proper:

WHERE JACK HID

A ——— crowd of boys and girls was playing hide-and-go-seek.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

A PLAYFUL COMPANION

“One, two, three, four, five,” — the one who was blinding.

All of them — away. How they did — to find a — place! Tom — under a tub; Harry — into the coal hole; Mary — herself under some sacks; Will — the tree; Ned — himself between the fence and the rain barrel and the house. Where do you — little Jack hid? I think you never could —, so I'll tell you. He — into the bin that was half full of bran and shorts. He pushed his bare legs into the feed and there he sat — while they — and — for him. At last they gave up and — that he might come in free. And out he — as — as a miller.

tucked	good	safe	dusty
counted	scurried	hurry	shouted
merry	jolly	think	searched
crept	crawled	stole	counted
happy	called	chubby	search
slipped	suppose	hunted	good
white	work	rollicking	guess
hopped			

ANIMAL PLAYMATES

74

ANIMALS AT PLAY

Have you ever watched animals at play?

I remember once seeing four or five hundred lambs at a game of “pomp,” or something like it. They were up in the mountains.

During the heat of the day the lambs had taken a nap in the shade of the trees. Just before sundown they jumped up, one after another. Then the frolic began. How they did skip about!

Suddenly several of the lambs raced up the ravine as hard as they could run. They whirled, and down they came again. Then the whole flock joined in the merry fun. Up they would go, then they would turn and dash back as wildly as if the coyotes were after them.

I cannot tell how many times they made their merry chase. It seemed to be the jolliest fun in the world for them. But they were ready to quit and run for supper, when their mothers came down the hillsides bleating for them.

1. What have you ever seen any animal do for fun?
2. Tell of the frolics of the cat, the dog, or any other tame animal you have watched.
3. What have you seen any wild animal, as the squirrel, the rabbit, the chipmunk, do in play?
4. Tell of some cunning trick you have seen animals do in the park or the circus.



A FRIEND AND HELPER

ANIMAL ACTIONS

SEAT WORK

1. Copy correctly all the words in the story just given that show how the lambs acted; as, **jumped**, **skip**, **raced**.

2. Choose, from the list that follows, all the words that rightly tell the different things that the animals named do. If you can think of like words, you may use them also:

Dogs _____, _____, _____, _____.

Cats _____, _____, _____, _____.

Lambs _____, _____, _____, _____.

Squirrels _____, _____, _____, _____.

Horses _____, _____, _____, _____.

Rabbits _____, _____, _____, _____.

Cows _____, _____, _____, _____.

Donkeys _____, _____, _____, _____.

mew
bite
growl

gallop
play
scratch

bray
give milk
purr

bark
howl
chatter



IN THE PASTURE

creep	climb	prance	fight.
frolic	bleat	neigh	moo
spring	kick	leap	whinny
trot	run	canter	hop
gather nuts	eat grass	catch mice	hide

76

ANIMAL GAMES

I

CATCHING THE RABBIT

Let one of the pupils play the part of the rabbit. The others may be boys, or dogs, or cats, or colts.

The rabbit may run about the room and touch one of the other pupils, saying as he does so,

“Cătch me if you căn.”

The other pupil chases the rabbit till he is caught, then, in turn, touches another pupil, saying like-wise:

“Cătch me if you căn.”

II

WHO HAS TAKEN THE FARMER'S HAY?

Let the names **farmer 1, farmer 2, farmer 3, farmer 4,** and the names of different animals, as **cat, dog, rat, mouse, cow, horse,** and others, be written on slips of paper; each pupil may draw a name.

This done, the one who draws the part of farmer 1 may say, “Some one has **taken** my hay; Mouse, did you take it?”

The mouse will answer, “No, it was not I. Hay is not my food. I eat bread and cheese. The cat did it.”

“Cat,” says the farmer, “have you taken my hay?”

“No, it was not I,” replies the cat. “I eat mice and milk. The cow did it.”

“Cow,” says the farmer, “have you taken my hay?”

“Yes,” answers the cow, “I did it.”



THE LAST LOAD

“Then you must pay for it,” says the farmer. “What will you give me?”

“I will give you milk and cream and butter and cheese,” says the cow.

Farmer 2 may next rise, and ask some other animal the question. The animal may answer as before till some animal that eats hay is named and this animal must tell what it will give the farmer. Then farmer 3 may lead the game, and so on.

SEAT WORK

1. Write ten sentences, each telling about the use of some animal to man; as,

The sheep gives us wool and mutton.

2. Tell also what the animals do for us: the horse, the cow, the rabbit, the donkey, the dog, the cat, the mule, the goat, the ox, the pig. If you desire you may tell also of wild animals.

3. Write a little story about some pet of yours. How does it play? Tell of something else you have watched it do. If you have no pet, tell of some other animal you have observed.

77

ANIMAL STORIES

I

Prepare to tell one of the following or some other animal fable* you may know:

The Fox and the Crow; The Lion and the Mouse; The Dog in the Manger; The Man, his Son, and the Donkey; The Hare and the Tortoise; The Dog and his Shadow; The Boy and the Wolf.

II

Try to get and read any of the following animal tales; perhaps your teacher can find and tell or read them to you:

Seton's *Johnny Bear*, in *Lives of the Hunted*.

Seton's *Raggylug*, in *Wild Animals I have Known*.

* See Scudder's *Fables and Folk Stories*, Houghton Mifflin Company; *Classic Fables*, Charles E. Merrill Company; Baldwin's *Fables and Fairy Stories*, American Book Company.

Baldwin's *Androcles and the Lion*, in *Fifty Famous Stories*.

Baldwin's *The Bell of Atri*, in *Fifty Famous Stories*.

Vawter's *The Rabbit's Ransom*, Bobbs Merrill Company.

The following books will also give you many good animal tales: *Heroes and Brave Hearts*, D. C. Heath & Company; *Stories of Brave Dogs*, The Century Company; *Cat Stories*, The Century Company.



PLAYING ON THE BEACH

78

WATER SPORTS

1. Summer time brings water fun. What kind do you like the best—swimming, boating, wading, fishing?
2. Be ready to tell of some water sport you have had.
3. Did you ever play “water fight”? Tell of it.

4. What swimming excitement have you enjoyed?
5. What fun have you had, at the seashore or at the lakeside?
6. Were you ever boating? Tell of your experiences.
7. What is your best fish story? Tell of catching your first fish.
8. If you have never had such experiences, give those you have read or heard about.

79

A TRUE FISH STORY

Here is a true story of how one little boy, whom we shall call Fred, caught his first fish. You may help tell it by finding the right words to fill the blanks. When your story is complete, you may help the class read it. Do not copy the story, nor write words in the blanks. Make a list of numbers on a slip of paper, one for each blank. Write the proper word after each number:

HIS FIRST FISH

Fred was —— with his father in the mountains. It was the boy's first —— of that kind. His father —— him how to —— a gun and how to —— it carefully. One day he said:

“Let's go fishing, lad.”

You may be sure that Fred was ——.

“—— I take my target ——?” he asked.

“To shoot the fish?” replied his father ——.

"No, no," answered Fred; "but we — see something to shoot."

"A bear, I —," the father went on —; "yes, take it, if you like."

They were soon — their way across the sage-brush flat towards the —.

"Oh, look, papa!" cried Fred excitedly.

His father — short. There on the trail was a snake, coiled and ready to —.

Fred was ready to — back, but his father — him.

"There's something to shoot," he said quietly; "— your gun, and try it."

The boy obeyed.

"Now, take good aim," cautioned the father.

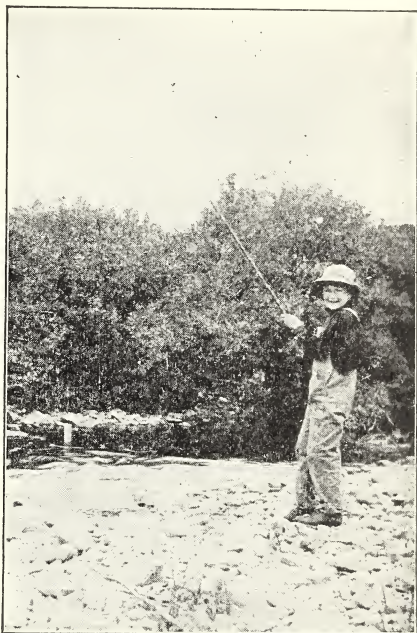
"Ping!" went the little —. The bullet

— the — head squarely, and the snake — were ended.

They soon — the creek.

"Jump upon my shoulders," said the father, "and I'll carry you over to that gravelly —. It looks like a — trout hole there."

When the bank was reached, they got their — and lines ready.



HIS FIRST FISH

"Now — your hook on to that riffle and let it — down to the quieter —," the father directed him.

Fred tried to do as he was told, but at the first — his hook was tangled in the willows back of him.

"Oh, pshaw!" he cried, as he gave it a — to loosen it.

"Careful now," said his father as he freed the hook; "that's only fisherman's —."

The boy cast again with better —. Down the — waters the baited hook went. It had hardly reached the calmer part of the stream when something — it. Fred felt a tug at the rod.

"What is it?" he cried.

"A fish—land it!" exclaimed the father.

And out it came—a — mountain trout about ten inches long.

The boy could hardly — his eyes. He — a moment; then he dropped his pole, — his hands, and danced about it in high —.

It happened that the father had a kodak with him and he took a — of the happy lad with his first fish.

laughingly	willing	calmed	may
dancing	taught	handle	shoot
believe	might	making	creek
camping	run	suppose	rifle
reached	load	fling	bank
jokingly	struck	stared	strike
experience	cast	troubles	stopped
grabbed	glee	waters	rods
lively	jerk	clapped	luck
success	float	snapshot	good

80

A FISHING GAME

I

To play the fishing game you will need a fishing rod of some sort and a line. One pupil is blindfolded and handed the

rod. Another jerks at the line gently, and the fisherman asks:

“Who is nibbling at my bait?”

Some other pupil than the one who nibbled replies. “A boy with brown hair,” he may say.

“Has he black eyes?” the fisherman may ask.

“No, he hasn’t black eyes.”

“Has he a red tie?”

“Yes, he has a red tie.”

“Is his name Tom?” “Yes, his name is Tom.”



PHOTOGRAPH BY EASTMAN KODAK CO.

WHO NIBBLED AT HIS BAIT?

The fisherman may ask all the questions he desires, but he may have only one guess as to the name. If he guesses wrongly, another may nibble at the bait. Following the exercise given, make the questions and answers complete.

II

ANOTHER WAY TO PLAY THE GAME

Study these directions carefully:

In this game the fisherman need not be blindfolded.

Each pupil thinks of some rather well-known fish in stream or lake or ocean. When a pupil is ready, he jerks gently at the line.

"Who is nibbling at my bait?" asks the fisherman.

"A fish that lives in some rivers," the one who nibbled may reply.

"Tell me more about yourself," requests the fisherman.

The pupil who nibbled then tells several things about the fish he has in mind. For example, he may say:

"I am named after an animal. I am good to eat. I have something sharp at the end of my nose."

The fisherman may then have three guesses; as,

"Are you a bass?"

"No, I am not a bass."

"Are you a carp?"

"No, I am not a carp."

"Are you a catfish?"

"Yes, I am a catfish."

III

SEAT WORK

PREPARING FOR THE GAME

1. Write the names of ten fish that you know. Make sure that you spell the names correctly.

2. Write some interesting thing about each of five of the fish you name; as,

Mountain trout live in icy streams.

VACATION FUN

81

ORAL EXERCISE

Now for vacation time! May you have a merry one. All outdoors invites you to enjoyment.

1. Where do you think you will spend your summer?

2. What do you enjoy most in summer?

3. Talk of your rambles in the woods, your walks in the parks or along the brooks, your rambles in the canyons or over the hills, your rides through



READY TO DIVE



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

WHEN THE WORK IS DONE

the country, your visits to the lakes or the seashore.

4. Tell of your playmates, and how you and they have fun.

5. What animals, birds, and insects do you see in summer?

6. What fruits and flowers do you enjoy? Tell of your fun gathering them.

SEAT WORK

Read these topics and then write a lively little story about something that one of them calls to your mind.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Catching a Squirrel. | 9. Camping Out. |
| 2. A Picnic Mishap. | 10. Bee Stings. |
| 3. A Tree Tumble. | 11. Mud Pies. |
| 4. A Cow Chase. | 12. A Runaway Boy. |
| 5. Lost in the Woods. | 13. Farm Fun. |
| 6. Fun in the Park. | 14. Barnyard Troubles. |
| 7. Turtle Troubles. | 15. Mischief Makers. |
| 8. A Ducking. | |

82

THE MUSIC OF NATURE

Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are leaning
O'er the way?

Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
 Little one;
 Where the rosy day is breaking —
 When 'tis done?
 Have you heard the wooing breeze
 In the blossomed orchard trees,
 And the drowsy hum of bees
 In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
 Little May;
 Bird and bee and water singing
 On their way.
 Let their silver voices fall
 On thy heart with happy call,
 "Praise the Lord who loveth all
 Night and day." — *Anonymous.*

1. What do the singing waters seem to say to you?
2. What words sound like the water? Give five.
3. What have you done with the willows that grow by the stream?
4. When have you heard the robins sing? What does their song sound like?
5. What fun do you have among the blossoming trees? Which blossoms please you best?
6. Where have you heard the drowsy hum of bees? What can you tell about the bees?
7. What nature music is most beautiful to you?
8. Memorize the poem just given.

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