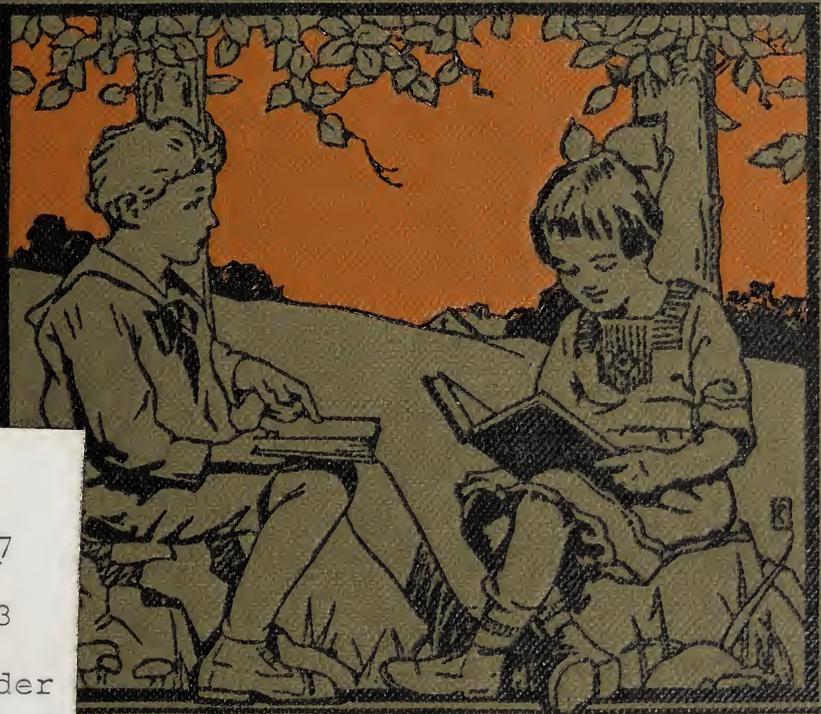


THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

BOLENIUS

FIRST READER



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Mr. Bear

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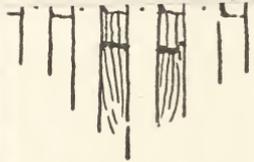
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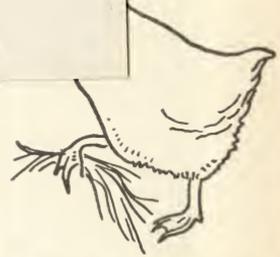
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The Bunny Rabbit



Jimmy Boy



Gray Goose



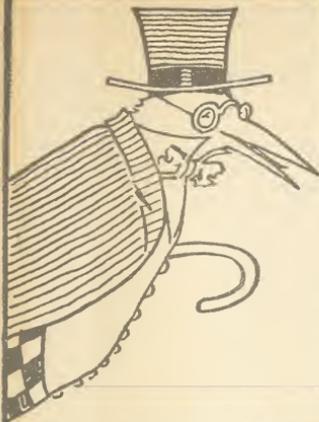
The Farmer



Pussy Cats



The Deer



Mr. Barnswallow



King Lion



The Postman



Puppy Dog



Little Girl Blue



Friend Fox



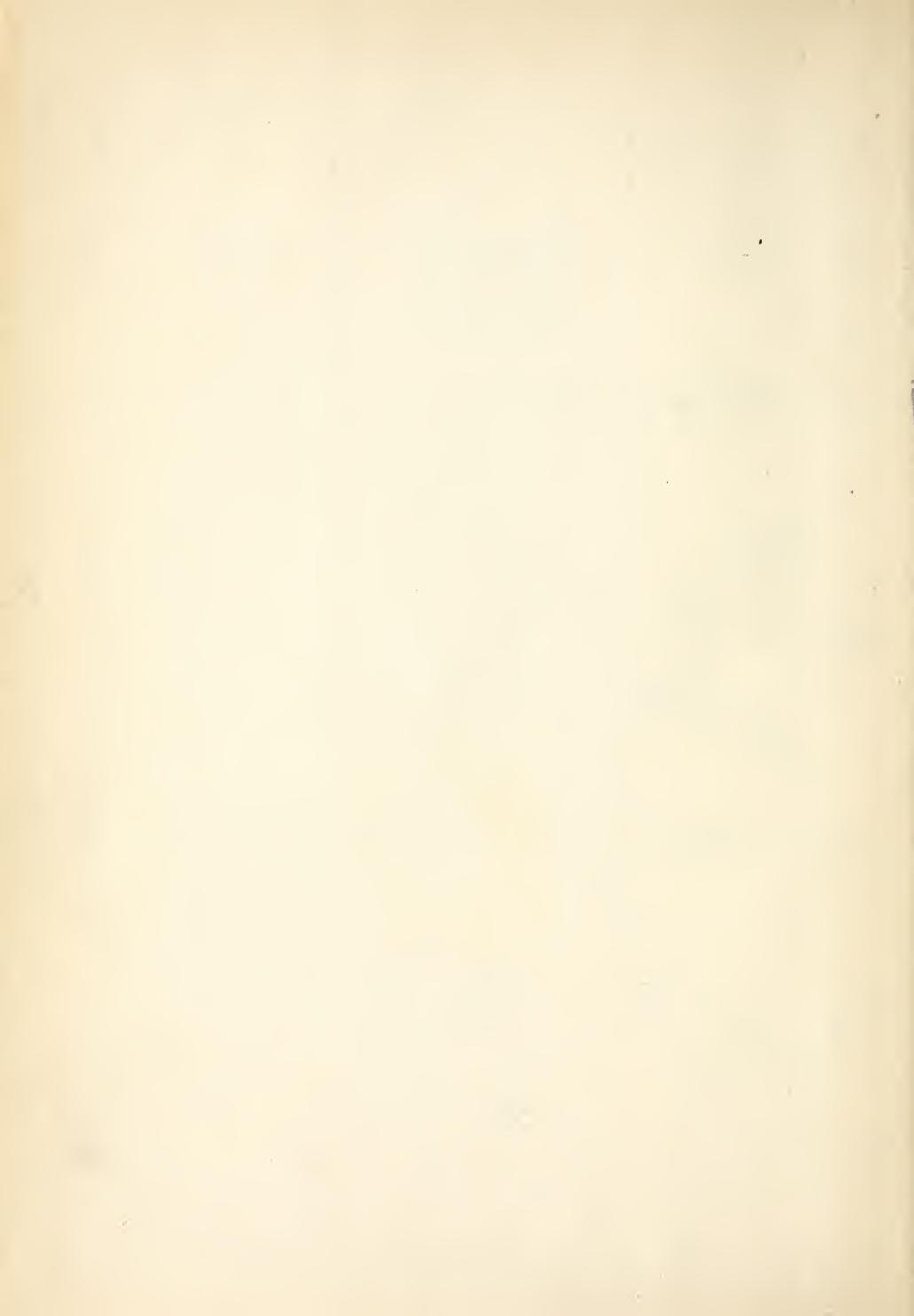
The Crow



The Elephant



Grandfather Pig

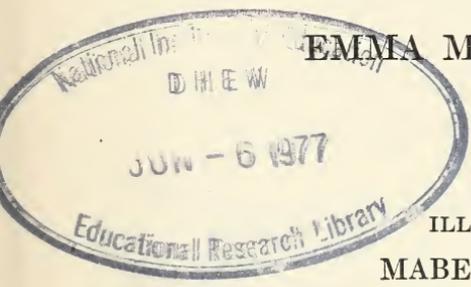


THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

FIRST READER

By

EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS



ILLUSTRATED BY

MABEL BETSY HILL



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

The Riverside Press Cambridge

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Grateful acknowledgment is made to Abbie Farwell Brown, Mary Carolyn Davies, Emma C. Dowd, Frances Gill, Eulalie Os-good Grover, Robert Livingston, and Nora Archibald Smith for use of their copyrighted poems; to Florence Holbrook for a copy-righted story; to Josephine Scribner Gates and Isa W. Wright for use of copyrighted stories adapted for this reader; to the Century Company for a Jataka Tale by Ellen C. Babbitt, also adapted; and to Charles Scribner's Sons for poems by Robert Louis Stevenson.

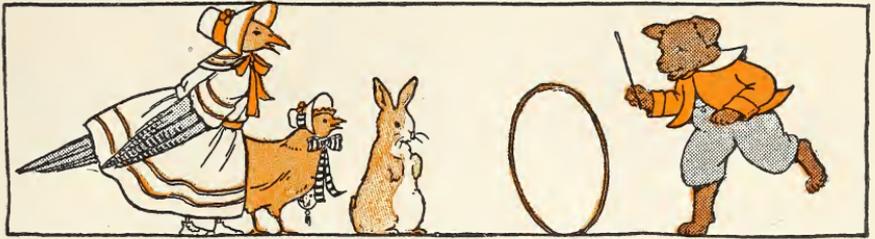
The author wishes especially to thank the many superintendents and teachers who gave largely of their time and effort in the making of this book. Their assistance in going over the manu-script and trying out material with pupils of various types of schools has been invaluable in adapting the work to actual schoolroom conditions and requirements.

The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

2233577



Look Who Have Come to See You

Here is old big Mr. Pig.

Here is pretty Mrs. Turkey.

Here is Little Boy's Dog.

Here is old Mrs. Pig.

Here is big brown Bear.

Here is pretty Bunny Rabbit.

Here is little Red Hen.

Here is big gray Elephant.





Look Who Have Come to See You

Here is big Mr. Lion.

Here is pretty Mr. Deer.

Here is little Gray Squirrel.

Here are seven little Kittens.

Here is red Mr. Fox.

Here is Mr. Barnswallow.

Here is little Gray Goose.

Here is Jimmy Boy.

Here is Little Girl Blue.





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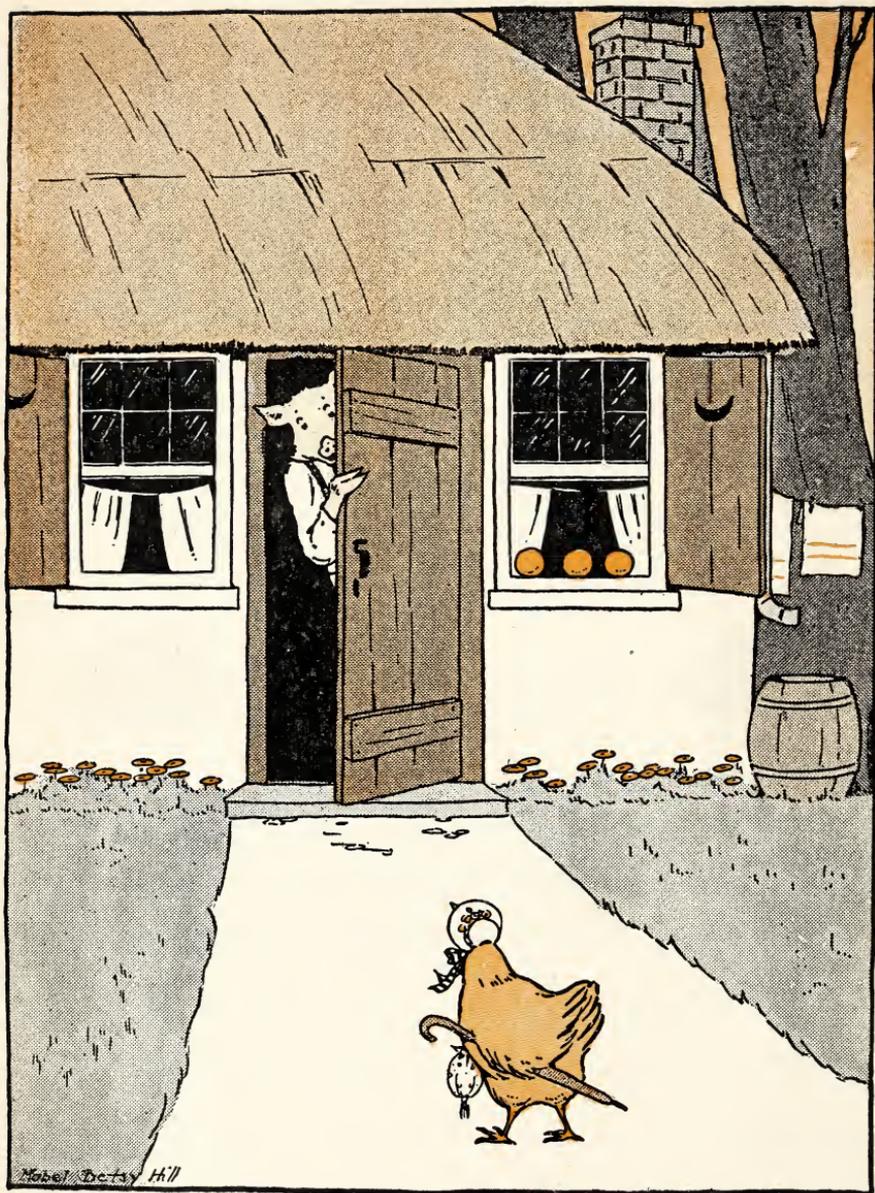
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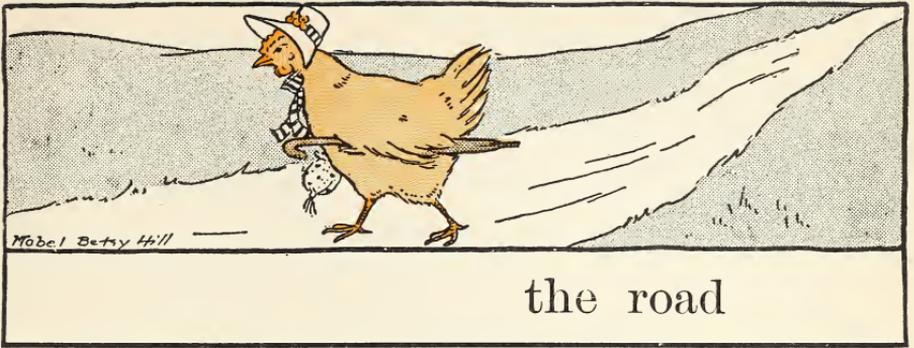
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Grandfather Pig



1. GRANDFATHER PIG

Little Red Hen

went patter, patter, down the road
with her little yellow feet.

She saw Grandfather Pig's house.
She went right up to the door.

“Grandfather Pig!”
called Little Red Hen
“Are you at home?”

Grandfather Pig
opened the door a little.

Grandfather Pig said,

“I am at home, Little Red Hen.

But I can not go out.

I have lost my spectacles.”

“Lost your spectacles!”

cried Little Red Hen. “Where?”

“Somewhere in the world,”

said Grandfather Pig.

“I had them on

when I took my evening walk.

But when I came home

and pushed back my cap,

the better to see the keyhole,

they were gone.”

“Do not cry,” said Little Red Hen.

“Come out, Grandfather Pig,

and I will look for them.”

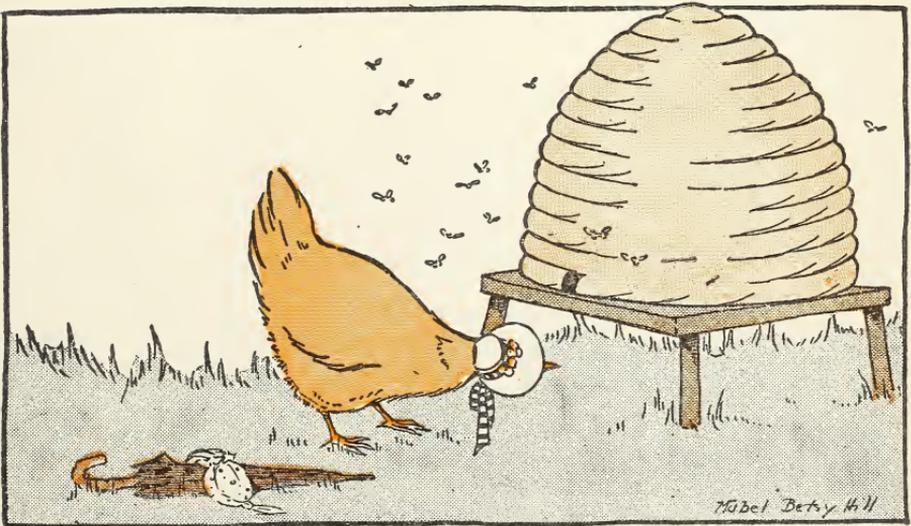
“Come out without my spectacles!”
cried Grandfather Pig.

“I can not go into the light again,
until I find them.”

“I will look for them,”
said Little Red Hen.

And patter, patter, patter,
went her little yellow feet,
here and there and everywhere.

But Little Red Hen could not find them.





2. THE THREE LITTLE PINK PIGGIES

“Boo, hoo!” cried Little Red Hen.

“Boo, hoo! I can not find
Grandfather Pig’s spectacles.”

“Do not cry,” said Grandfather Pig.
“Go down to Mrs. Pig’s house,
and tell the three Little Pink Piggies.”

So, patter, patter, patter,
went Little Red Hen’s yellow feet
to the house of fat Mrs. Pig.

“Poor old Grandfather Pig
has lost his spectacles,”
cried Little Red Hen.

“Lost his spectacles!”
said fat Mrs. Pig.
“Where has he lost them?”

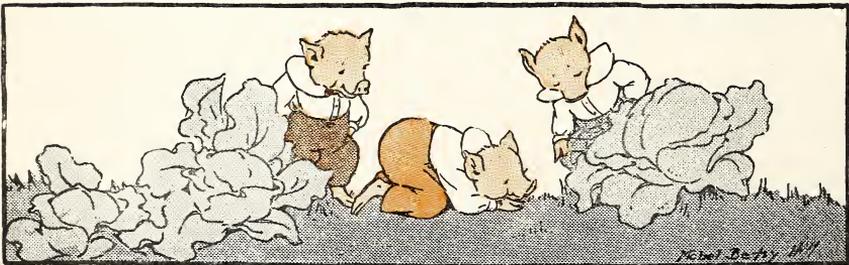


“Somewhere in the world,”
said Little Red Hen.

“He had them on
when he took his evening walk.
But when he came home,
and pushed back his cap
the better to see the keyhole,
they were gone.”

“We can find them,”
cried the three Little Pink Piggies.

So, trot, trot, trot,
went the Little Pink Piggies,
here and there and everywhere.





But the three Little Pink Piggies could not find the spectacles.

“Do not cry,” said fat Mrs. Pig.
“May be Mrs. Turkey can find them.”

So, patter, patter, patter,
trot, trot, trot,
went Little Red Hen and fat Mrs. Pig,
and the three Little Pink Piggies,
down the road to find Mrs. Turkey.

Poor old Grandfather Pig!
He can not see the light again!



Mr. Barnswallow

3. MRS. TURKEY AND MR. BARNSWALLOW

Little Red Hen and fat Mrs. Pig,
and the three Little Pink Piggies,
had looked and looked and looked.

They could not find
Grandfather Pig's spectacles.

Poor old Grandfather Pig!

“Do not cry,” said fat Mrs. Pig.
“May be Mrs. Turkey can find them.”

So they walked, and they walked,
until they came to Mrs. Turkey.

“Poor old Grandfather Pig
has lost his spectacles,”
cried the first Little Pink Piggy.

“Lost his spectacles!”
said Mrs. Turkey. “Where?”

“Somewhere in the world,”
said the first Little Pink Piggy.

“He had them on
when he took his evening walk.
But when he came home,
and pushed back his cap
the better to see the keyhole,
they were gone.”

“I think I can find them,”
cried pretty Mrs. Turkey.

So, step, step, step,
went the yellow feet of Mrs. Turkey,
here and there and everywhere.

But Mrs. Turkey could not find
Grandfather Pig's spectacles.



“There goes Mr. Barnswallow,”
said fat Mrs. Pig.

“May be he can find them.”

So, patter, patter, patter,
trot, trot, trot,
step, step, step,
went Little Red Hen and Mrs. Pig,
and the three Little Pink Piggies,
and pretty Mrs. Turkey,
until they came to Mr. Barnswallow.

“Oh, Mr. Barnswallow!”
called the second Little Pink Piggy.

“Poor old Grandfather Pig
has lost his spectacles.”

“Lost his spectacles!”
cried Mr. Barnswallow.

“Where has he lost them?”

“Somewhere in the world,”
cried the second Little Pink Piggy.

“He had them on
when he took his evening walk.
But when he came home,
and pushed back his cap
the better to see the keyhole,
they were gone.”

“I will find them,”
cried Mr. Barnswallow.

So, hop, hop, hop,
went Mr. Barnswallow’s little feet,
here and there and everywhere.

But Mr. Barnswallow could not find
Grandfather Pig’s spectacles.

Poor old Grandfather Pig!
He can not see the light again.



4. PUPPY DOG AND THE SPECTACLES

Mr. Barnswallow said,
“Poor old Grandfather Pig
has lost his spectacles.
He can not see the light again.”

Mr. Barnswallow called
fat Mrs. Pig and Little Red Hen,
and pretty Mrs. Turkey,
and the three Little Pink Piggies,
and off they went down the road.

Little Red Hen said,
“If any one can find them,
Little Boy’s Puppy Dog can.”

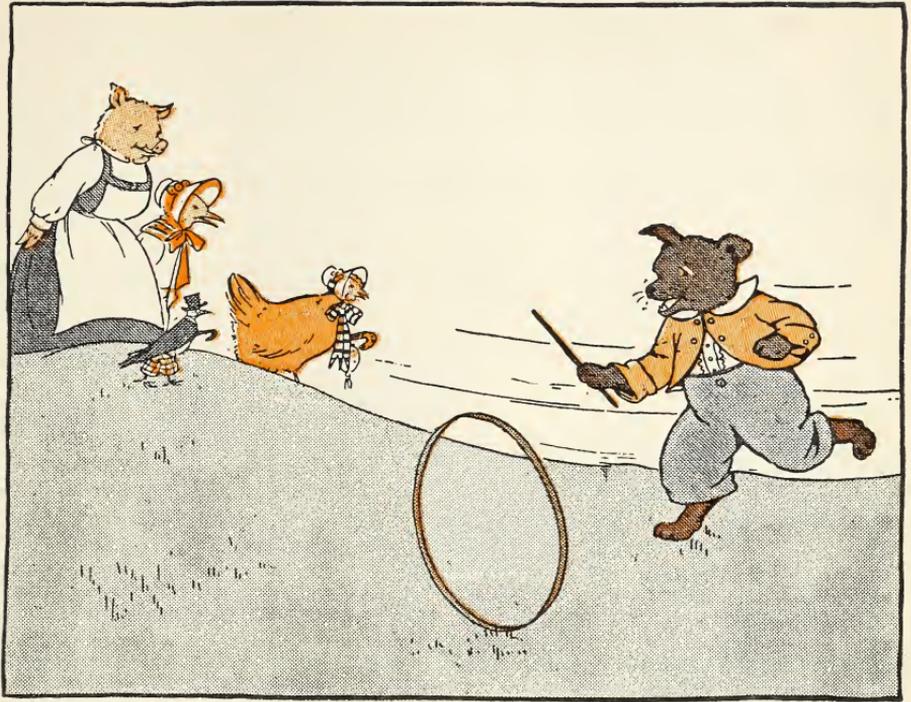
So, patter, patter, patter,
trot, trot, trot,
step, step, step,
hop, hop, hop,

went Little Red Hen and fat Mrs. Pig,
and the three Little Pink Piggies,
and Mrs. Turkey and Mr. Barnswallow,
until they came to Puppy Dog.

“Puppy Dog!” they all cried.
“Poor old Grandfather Pig
has lost his spectacles!”

“Poor old Grandfather Pig!”
said Puppy Dog.

“Where has he lost them?”



“Somewhere in the world,”
said the third Little Pink Piggy.
“He had them on
when he took his evening walk.
But when he came home,
and pushed back his cap
the better to see the keyhole,
they were gone!”

“I can find them,” said Puppy Dog.
“I think I know just where they are.
I played with spectacles in the yard.”

Little Puppy Dog went tumbling
down the road to get the spectacles.

“Puppy Dog can find them,”
cried Little Red Hen.
“Let us go and tell Grandfather Pig.”

So, patter, patter, patter,
trot, trot, trot,
step, step, step,
hop, hop, hop,
tumble, tumble, tumble,
went Little Red Hen and fat Mrs. Pig,
and Mrs. Turkey and Mr. Barnswallow,
and the three Little Pink Piggies,
to tell Grandfather Pig.



5. GRANDFATHER PIG'S SPECTACLES

“Grandfather Pig!” they all cried.
“Puppy Dog has found your spectacles.”

Grandfather Pig opened the door
just a little.

He looked at the spectacles.

“Dear me!” said Grandfather Pig.
“They are not mine at all!
Mine are brown spectacles!”

Just then up came Little Boy.

“Oh, Little Boy!” they all cried.
“Poor old Grandfather Pig
has lost his spectacles!”

“Where has he lost them?”
cried Little Boy.

The third Little Pink Piggy cried,
“Oh, somewhere in the world!
He had them on
when he took his evening walk.
But when he came home,
and pushed back his cap
the better to see the keyhole,
they were gone.”

Just then the wind blew.
It blew Grandfather Pig's door open.
Little Boy ran to shut it for him.
“Grandfather Pig!” he cried.
“Look! Your spectacles
are on top of your head!”



Grandfather Pig felt,
and there they were!

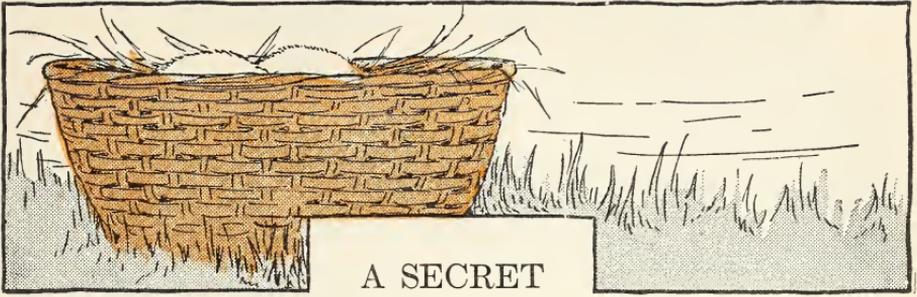
“Thank you, Little Boy!” he said.
“They must have slipped there,
when I pushed back my cap
the better to see the keyhole.”

Then they all laughed and laughed.

And patter, patter, patter,
trot, trot, trot,
step, step, step,
hop, hop, hop,
tumble, tumble, tumble,
off they went down the road.

By ISA W. WRIGHT





¹What do you think
is in our back yard?
Perhaps you can guess,
if you try real hard.

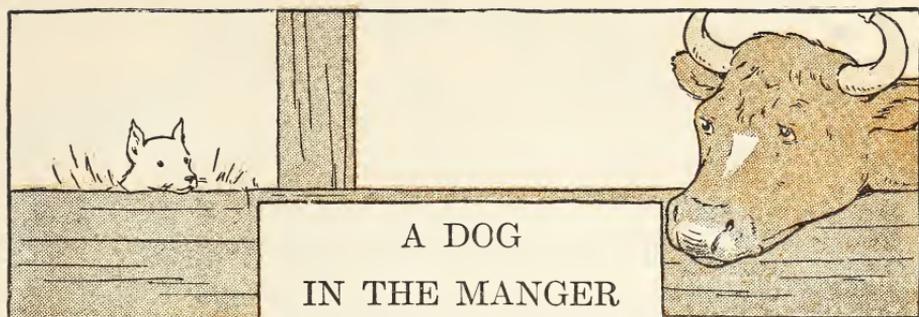
²It 's not a puppy
or little white mice.
But it 's something
every bit as nice!

³Oh, no, it 's not chickens
or kittens at all!
Can't you think what is soft,
and round, and small?

⁴It's two little somethings
as white as snow!
Two dear baby rabbits! —
There, now you know!

By EMMA C. DOWD





A DOG
IN THE MANGER

In the barn there was a manger.
It was where the ox ate his hay.
One day a dog came into the barn.
He lay down in the manger,
and went to sleep.

When the ox came home to the barn,
he wanted to eat his hay.
But the dog lay in the manger,
right on top of his hay.
The dog would not get out
of the manger.

So the poor ox could not eat any hay.
The dog could not eat any hay, either.

THE DOG

¹*Says.* Bow, wow! Here is a manger.
The hay is soft and warm.
I will go to sleep here.

²*Does.* He jumps into the manger.
He lies down, and goes to sleep.

THE OX

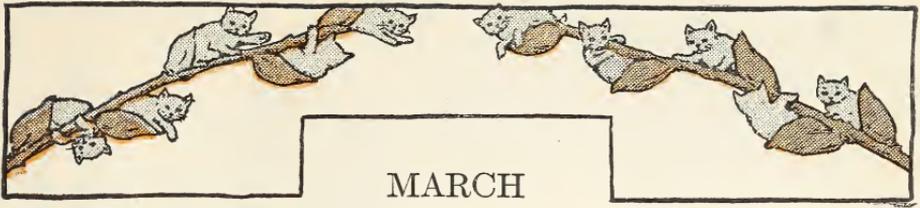
³*Says.* Moo! Who is in my manger?
Wake up, Mr. Dog! Wake up!
I want to eat my hay.
You can not eat hay.

⁴*Does.* The ox pushes the dog to wake him.

THE DOG

⁵*Says.* No! I will not get out.
The manger is soft and warm.
I do not want your old hay.

⁶*Does.* The dog turns round in the soft hay.
He goes to sleep again in the manger.



¹Pussy with the silver fur,
 Willow, pussy willow!
 Dolly wants to hear you purr,
 Willow, pussy willow!

²Kites are sailing in the sky,
 Willow, pussy willow!
 Wind is tossing branches high,
 Willow, pussy willow!

³March has come, it's time to blow,
 Willow, pussy willow!
 All your glossy kits to show,
 Willow, pussy willow!

By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH



Here is a good game to play.

The teacher will say a number.

Then I will look at once

to see what I am to do.

I will read to myself

what the book says after the number.

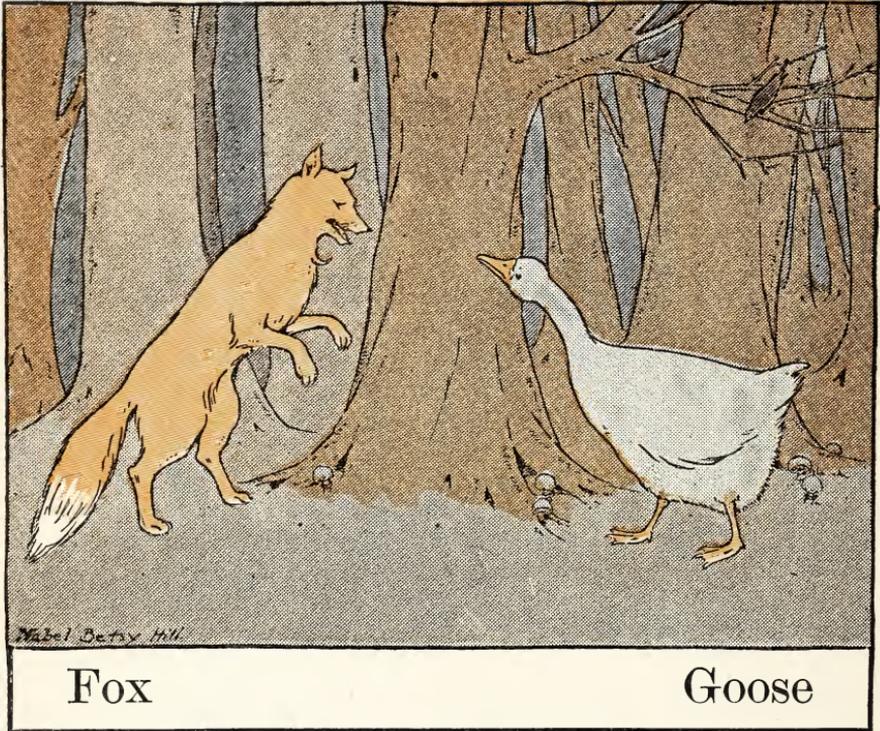
1. Hold up your right hand.
2. Tell what day this is.
3. Take three steps to the door.
4. Hop to the black board.

5. Shake hands with some one.
6. Turn your back to the door.
7. Count from one to ten.
8. Hold up both of your hands.

9. Put your right hand to your ear.
10. Walk to the door and back.
11. Shut your two eyes.
12. Hold up both of your hands.

13. Play that you wave a flag.
14. Play that you open a bag.
15. Play that you toss a ball.
16. Play that you catch a fish.

17. Play that you find a quarter.
18. Play that you eat an apple.
19. Play that you drive a horse.
20. Play that you hit a nail.



1. FRIEND FOX AND GRAY GOOSE

Once upon a time

Gray Goose met Friend Fox.

Gray Goose said,

“Friend Fox, I have some land.

If you will help me, we will farm it.

We will raise some wheat.”

Friend Fox answered,

“I will help you, Gray Goose.”

Gray Goose said,

“We will do all the work together.”

“We will that!” said Friend Fox,
and he ran down the lane.

Soon Gray Goose met Friend Fox.

“Friend Fox,” said Gray Goose,
“it is time to plow the land.”

“Yes, I think it is,”
answered Friend Fox.

“But that is not my work.

You will have to plow the land.”

So Gray Goose plowed the land.



plowed the land

Again Gray Goose met Friend Fox.

She said,

“Friend Fox, it is time
to sow the wheat.”

“Yes, I think it is,”
answered Friend Fox.

“But that is not my work at all.
You must sow the wheat yourself.”

So Gray Goose sowed the wheat.



sowed the wheat

One fine evening
Gray Goose met Mr. Fox in the lane.

“Friend Fox,” she said,
“the weeds are growing too fast.
We must pull out the weeds.”

Friend Fox answered,
“But that is not my work.
You must pull out the weeds yourself.”

So Gray Goose pulled out the weeds.



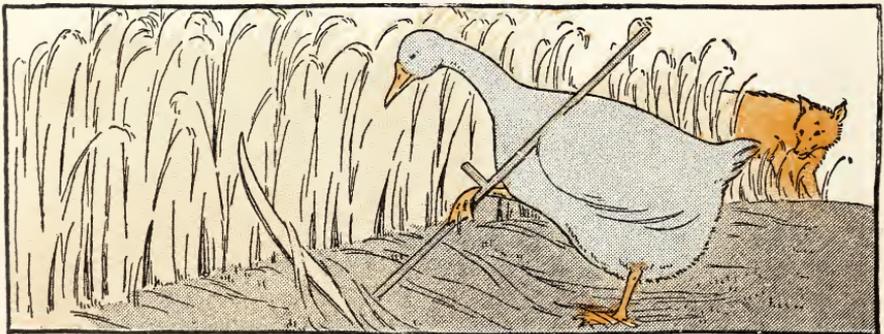
pulled out the weeds

By and by the wheat was ripe.
Gray Goose went to Friend Fox.
She said,

“It is time to cut our wheat.
Our wheat is ripe.”

Friend Fox answered,
“Yes, I think it is.
But that is not my work.
You must cut the wheat yourself.”

So Gray Goose cut the wheat.
She cut it all by herself.



cut the wheat

Again Gray Goose met Friend Fox.

“It is time to put our wheat into the barn,” said Gray Goose.

“It is time to thresh our wheat.”

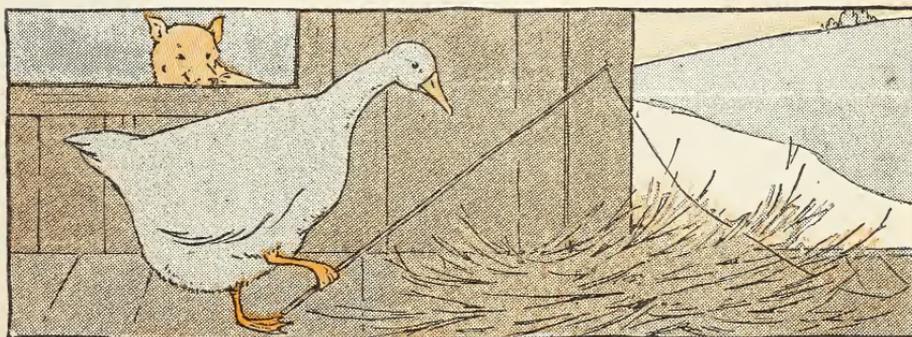
“Yes, I think it is,” answered Friend Fox.

“But that is not my work.

You will have to thresh it yourself.

Then I will come and see our wheat.”

So Gray Goose threshed the wheat. She threshed it all by herself.



threshed the wheat

“Dear me!” said Gray Goose.

“I have plowed the land.

I have sowed the wheat.

I have pulled out the weeds.

I have cut the wheat,
when it was ripe.

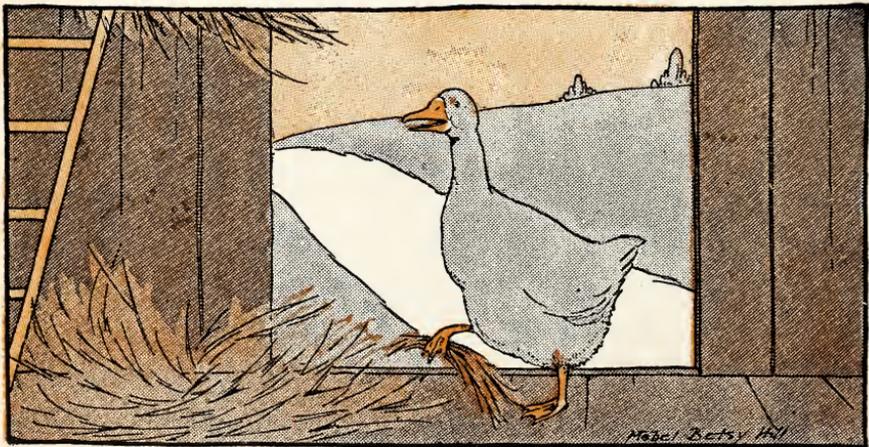
I have put the wheat into the barn.

I have threshed the wheat.

“This is not our wheat,

This is my wheat.

I did the work all by myself.”



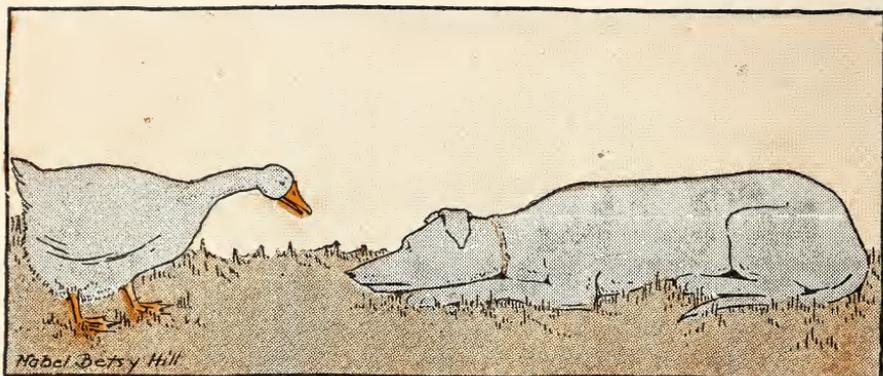


One day Gray Goose met a bear.
She told him all about Friend Fox.

“Friend Bear,” said Gray Goose,
“Friend Fox does not keep his word.
I asked him if he would like
to help me raise some wheat.
He answered that he would.

“But what do you think?
He would not help to plow the land.
He would not help to sow the wheat.
He would not help to pull the weeds.
He would not help to thresh.
I did the work all by myself!”

Friend Bear said,
“You did it all by yourself!”



2. FRIEND FOX AND GRAY HOUND

Gray Goose went to see Gray Hound about Friend Fox and the wheat.

Gray Hound was a wise old dog. He thought Friend Fox played a trick.

Gray Goose said,

“Friend Fox said he would help me raise some wheat on my little farm.

But he would not help me.

Now he says the wheat is *our* wheat.

He is coming to see it.

He wants it for himself.”

Then Gray Hound answered,
“Friend Fox has played a trick.
He did not plow or sow.
He did not pull out the weeds.
He did not cut the wheat or thresh it.
He is not a friend at all.”

“Oh, dear me!” cried Gray Goose.
“What shall I do?”

Then Gray Hound said,
“This is what you must do.
Take me to the barn.
Hide me under the shining straw.
Let only one of my eyes show.
Then bring Friend Fox to the barn
to see the wheat.”

So Gray Goose asked Friend Fox
to come to the barn.

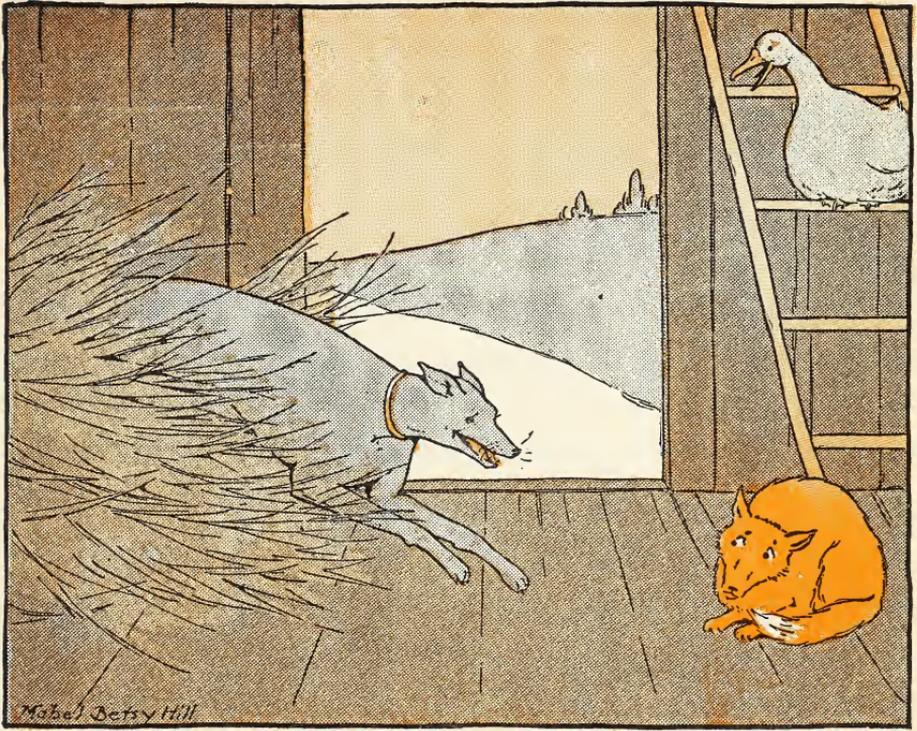
Friend Fox went to the barn
with little Gray Goose.

He saw all the yellow shining wheat.
He saw all the yellow shining straw.

Then he began to jump and sing,
“Hurrah, hurrah!

Both straw and wheat are mine!”





Just then Friend Fox
saw the shining eye of Gray Hound.

“There is a grape!” he cried.

But it was not a grape,
for out jumped Gray Hound,
and ate up Friend Fox.

So Gray Goose had all the fine wheat
and all the fine straw, after all.



GRAY HOUND'S STORY



“White Chicken,” said Gray Hound, “one morning Gray Goose came to me. She thought I was a wise old dog. Friend Fox had said he would help her to plow, sow, weed, cut, and thresh. But he did not help at all.

“I told her to hide me in the straw. I told her to let only one eye show. I told her to bring Friend Fox.

“Friend Fox sang ‘Hurrah!’ when he saw the wheat and straw. Then he thought he saw a grape. He jumped to eat it.”

“And what did *you* do?” asked White Chicken.

“I ate him all up!” said Gray Hound.

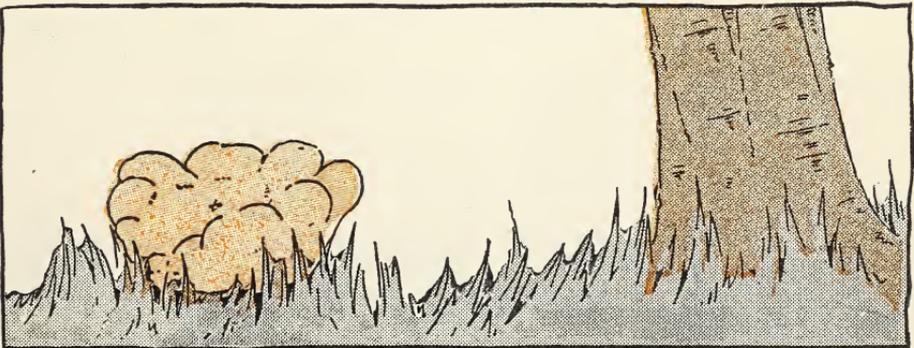


THE PEACH

There once was a peach on a tree,
The fairest you ever did see.

But it ripened too fast,
Till it fell down at last,
And turned to a squash! O dear me!

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN





THE FARMER

¹The farmer rises with the sun,
And eats a hasty meal.
He milks the cow, and feeds the horse,
And hears the piggies squeal.

²He mows the grass and makes it hay,
Then loads it on his cart.

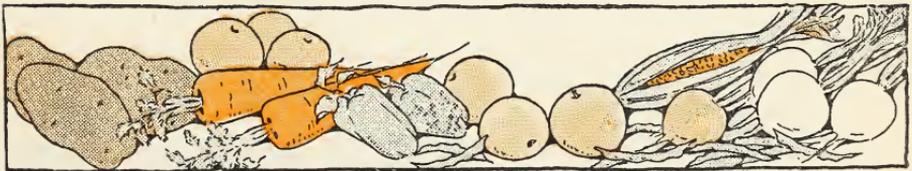
When he has stored it in his barn,
He makes another start.

³He plows the ground
to plant the corn,
Potatoes, peas, and beets.

He grows for us so many things,
That everybody eats.

⁴And when at night the sun goes down
With hens and chickens fed,
He eats his supper, reads the news,
And early goes to bed.

By ROBERT LIVINGSTON





THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

One day a fox was very hungry.
 He saw some grapes high up on a vine.
 He tried to reach them,
 but they were too high.

He said to himself,
 “Oh, I do not want them, after all!
 I know they must be sour grapes.”

¹*Say.* My, but I am hungry!
 I have had nothing to eat all day.
 I have had no fat hen.
 I have had no fat rooster.
 I have had no fat duck.
 I wish I could find some grapes.

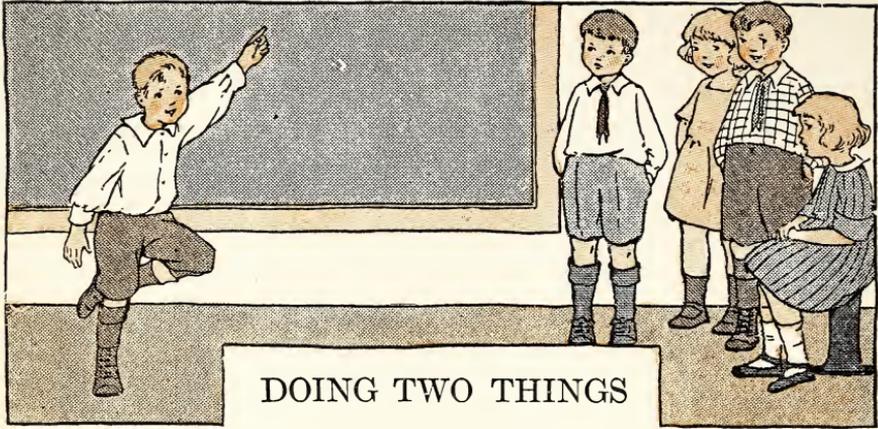
²*Do.* The Fox walks around.
He looks here and there.
At last he sees some grapes.
They are on a wall.
He runs up to the vine.

³*Say.* What pretty grapes!
I want those pretty grapes.
They will be good to eat.

⁴*Do.* The Fox jumps up for the grapes.
He reaches out for the grapes.
He jumps again.
He reaches out for the grapes.
Then he sits down.

⁵*Say.* I do not want those grapes.
I do not think they are ripe.
I am sure they are sour.
Sour grapes!

⁶*Do.* He walks away.



DOING TWO THINGS

Play a Reading Game.

Look on page 26

to see how to play it.

In this game you are to do two things.

1. Walk up to the teacher.

Shake hands with the teacher.

2. Ask your teacher for a book.

Say "Thank you" for it.

3. Stand on your right foot.

Hold up your left hand.

4. Stand on your left foot.

Hold up your right hand.

5. Hop to the door.

Open it with your left hand.

6. Hold up both of your hands.

Shake your head up and down.

7. Run to the door.

Open it with your right hand.

8. Play that you toss a ball.

Play that you catch a ball.

9. Play that you drink some water.

Play that you nail a board.

10 Play that you weed the garden.

Play that you read a book.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

One day a fox fell into a well.

There was some water in the well.

First he had a good drink of water.

Then he thought

that he would get out of the well,

but he could not get out.

He found that the wall of the well

was too high.

He jumped and jumped and jumped,

but he could not reach the top.

Then he sat down in the water,

and opened his mouth to cry for help.

Just then a big white goat

came up and looked into the well.

He saw the fox sitting in the water.

He thought that the fox had gone

down there to get a good drink.

The goat asked if the water was good.

The fox said that it was
the best water in the world.

He told the goat to try it for himself.

The goat did not stop to think.
Right down into the well he jumped.
The fox jumped on to the goat's back
and from there stepped to the ground.

The goat took a real good drink.
Then he called to the fox
to come and help him out.

But the fox would not.
He wanted to teach the goat,
that you must look before you leap.

So the fox ran away,
and the poor goat had to get out
the best way he could.



BUILDING A HOUSE

Once upon a time
there was a little boy
who did not like to get up.
His name was Jimmy Boy.

His mother would come
to his teeny tiny bed and say,
in her soft voice,

“Jimmy Boy, Jimmy Boy,
Time to get up!
Time to get up
in the morning!”

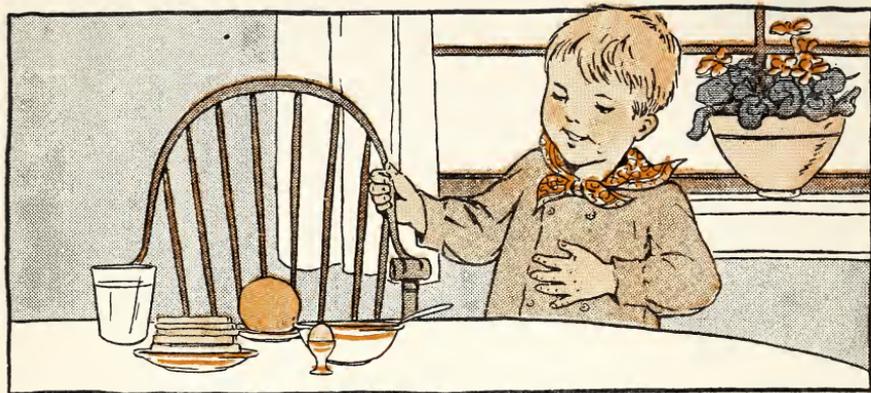
Then Jimmy Boy
would open his eyes
a teeny tiny bit.

This time he said to his mother,
“But the sun is not up yet!”

“He is to-day,” said his mother.
“Mr. Sun has been up and shining
for a long, long time.
He is building a house now,
down in the yard.”

“Building a house!” cried Jimmy.
“How can he do that?
I want to build a house, too!”

So Jimmy Boy hopped out of bed.
He pulled on his little cowboy suit.
He ran down lickety clip
to have his breakfast.



It was a good breakfast.

There was a big glass of milk.

There was a big round orange.

There was a big bowl of oatmeal.

There was a big yellow egg.

There was some good hot toast.

“Um!” said Jimmy Boy.

When he was through breakfast,
he jumped down from his chair.

“How does the sun make a house?”
he asked.

“Come and see,” said his mother.

Jimmy Boy and his mother
went out into the garden.
They wanted to find the house
that the sun was making.

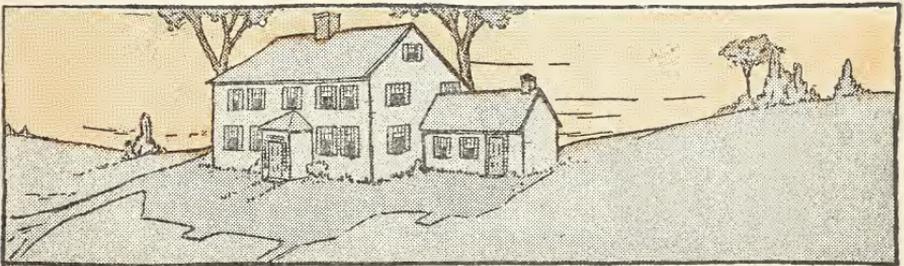
“I can see it,” said his mother.

Jimmy Boy looked here,
and he looked there.

But he could see no house
that the sun had made.

So his mother pointed out to him
the shadow of the big house.
The sun made it on the ground.

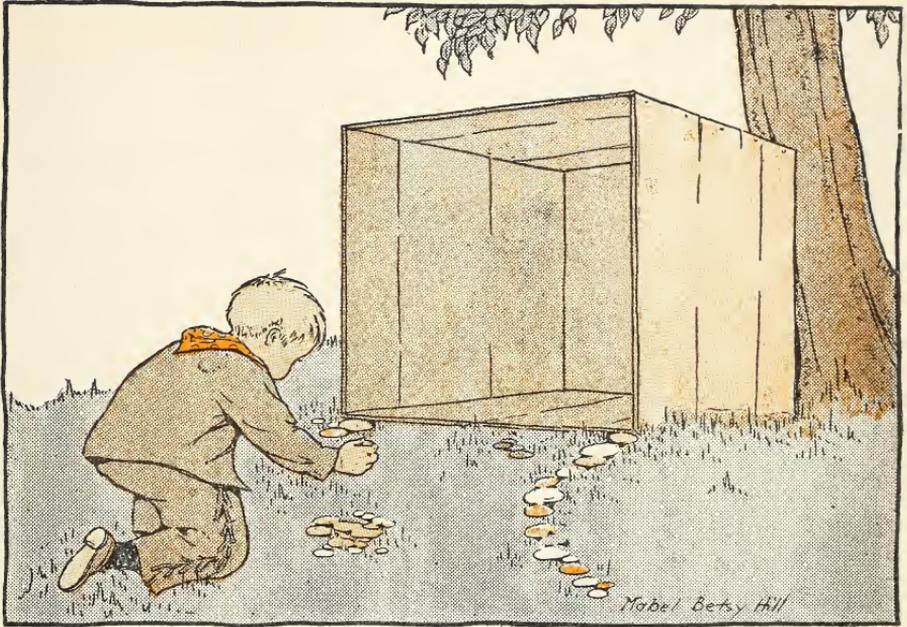
Can you tell how the sun
could make a shadow house?



Mother gave Jimmy a big box.
She said that he could play
it was a teeny tiny house.

So Jimmy Boy and his mother
put the big box on his cart.
They pulled it to the peach tree.
They put it down under the tree.





Jimmy got a rake and a hoe.
He made a teeny tiny garden
by the side of the house.

He went into the next yard,
and got some teeny tiny stones.
With them he made a little walk
up to the house.
After that he got some little branches,
and planted them in his garden.



“See my plants,” he called
to his mother.

“I have beets.

I have peas.

I have carrots.

I have cabbages.”

Then Jimmy Boy invited
the little girl who lived next door
to come and play with him.

She brought her doll with her.

She brought her table and bed.

She brought dishes for the table.

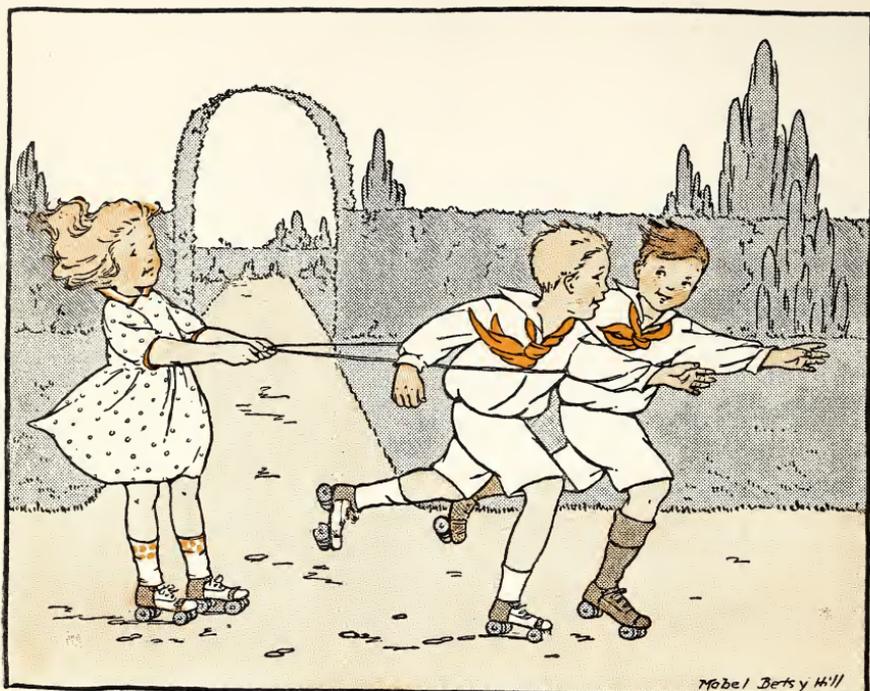
So they played all day long.

When the sun was going down,
Mother came out to see
the teeny tiny house.

“Where is the sun’s house?”
she asked.

Jimmy Boy looked,
and the little girl next door looked,
but the sun’s house was not there.

Where do you think they found it?
It had gone all the way
around to the other side of the house.
Why did it go to the other side?
Can you tell?



THE SUN'S TRAVELS

The sun is not a-bed, when I
 At night upon my pillow lie.
 Still, round the earth, his way he takes,
 And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
 We, round the sunny garden, play,

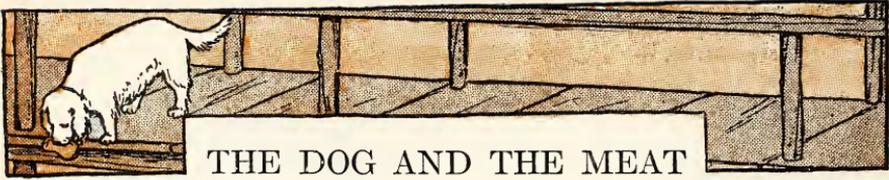


Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea.
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





THE DOG AND THE MEAT

A dog found a piece of meat.
 He wanted to run home with it.
 On the way he came to a brook.
 He looked down into the water.
 There he saw another dog with meat.
 He wanted his meat, too.
 He barked, "Give me your meat."
 Then he lost his own meat. Why?

¹*Say.* Bow, wow! Here is some meat.

²*Do.* He takes the meat in his mouth.

³*Say.* Bow, wow! I will go home.
 I will eat this meat.

⁴*Do.* He runs towards home.
 He comes to a brook.

⁵*Say.* Dear me! Here is a brook.
I must cross the brook.

⁶*Do.* He starts to cross the brook.
He looks down into the water.

⁷*Say.* Dear me! There is another dog.
He has a piece of meat, too.
It looks bigger than my piece.
I want that meat.
Bow, wow, wow!

⁸*Do.* His meat drops into the water.

⁹*Say.* Bow, wow, wow!
I have lost my meat.
I was too greedy.
Next time I will eat my own.
I will not want the other dog's.
Bow, wow, wow!

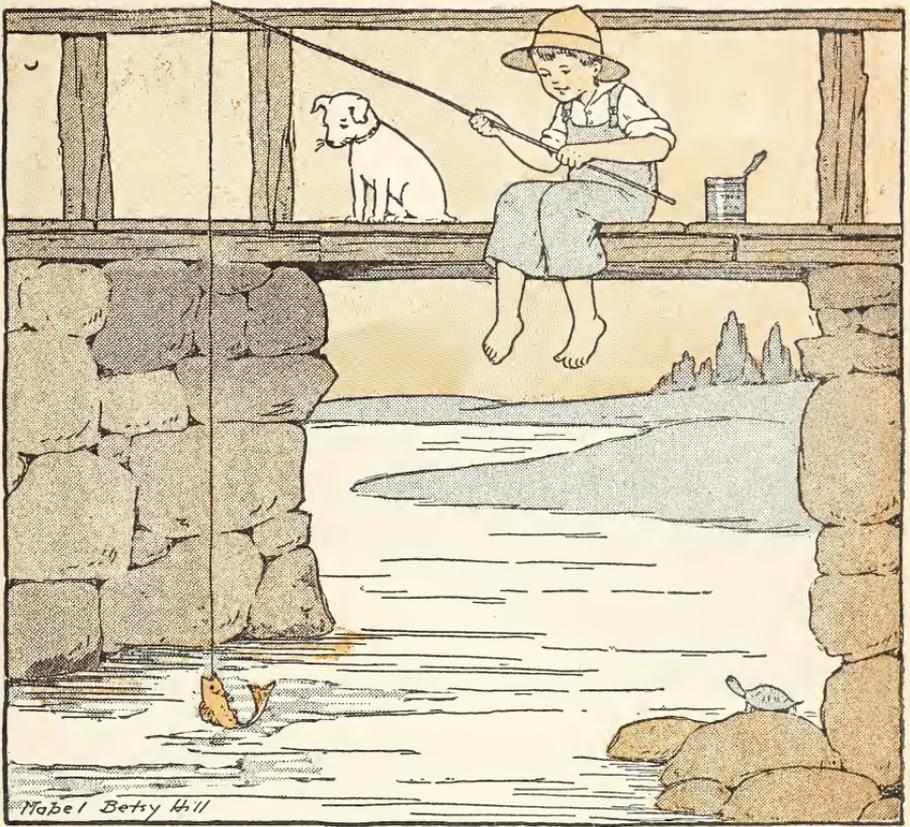
¹⁰*Do.* He runs home.



SPINNING TOP

When I spin round without a stop,
And keep my balance like the top,
I find that soon the floor will swim
Before my eyes, and then, like him,
I lie all dizzy on the floor,
Until I feel like spinning more.

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN



THE FISHING POLE

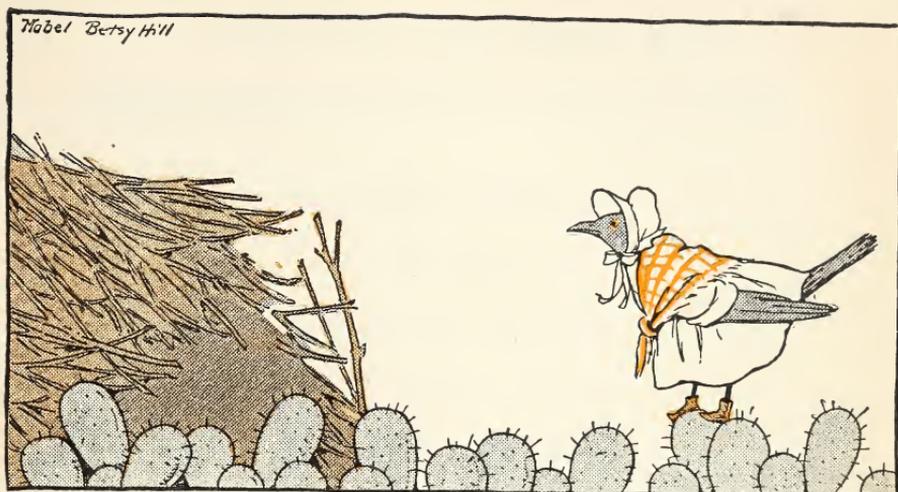
A fishing pole is a curious thing.
It's made of just a stick and string.
A boy at one end and a wish,
And on the other end a fish.

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES



THE SPARROW AND THE CROWS

A sparrow once built
a nice little house in a tree.
She lined it well with wool.
She made it strong with sticks.
It was a pleasant house in summer.
It kept out the rain and snow,
when winter came.



A crow who lived near by
had built a house, too.
It was not so good a house.
It was made of only a few sticks,
put one above another.

It was on the top
of a prickly pear hedge.

One day, when it rained hard,
the crow's house was washed away.
But the sparrow's house
was not washed away at all.

The crow and his wife
went to the sparrow, and said,

“Sparrow, Sparrow,
have pity on us,
and give us shelter,
for the wind blows,
and the rain beats,
and the prickly pear thorns
stick into our eyes.”

But the sparrow answered,
“I am cooking the dinner.
I can not let you in now.
Come at another time.”



In a little while
the crows came back and said,

“Sparrow, Sparrow,
have pity on us,
and give us shelter,
for the wind blows,
and the rain beats,
and the prickly pear thorns
stick into our eyes.”

The sparrow answered,
“I am eating my dinner.
I can not let you in now.
Come at another time.”



The crows flew away,
but in a little while came back.

They cried once again,

“Sparrow, Sparrow,
have pity on us,
and give us shelter,
for the wind blows,
and the rain beats,
and the prickly pear thorns
stick into our eyes.”

The sparrow answered,
“I am washing the dishes.
I can not let you in now.
Come at another time.”



The crows waited a while,
and then called out,

“Sparrow, Sparrow,
have pity on us,
and give us shelter,
for the wind blows,
and the rain beats,
and the prickly pear thorns
stick into our eyes.”

But the sparrow
would not let them in.
She only answered,
“I am sweeping the floor.
I can not let you in now.
Come at another time.”

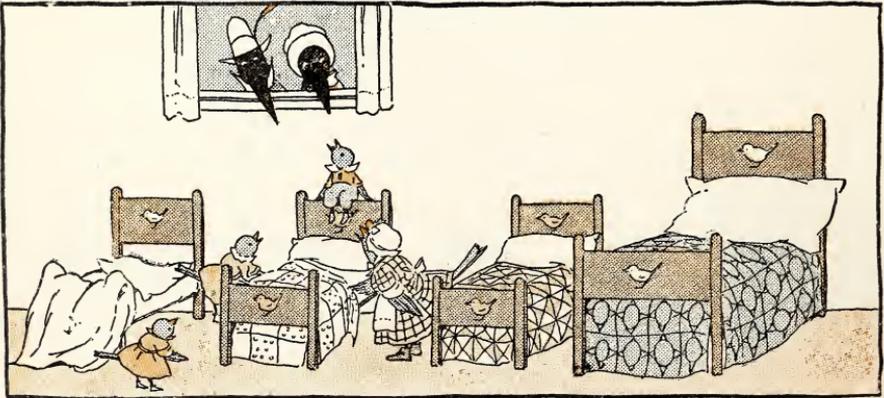


Next time the crows came and cried,

“Sparrow, Sparrow,
have pity on us,
and give us shelter,
for the wind blows,
and the rain beats,
and the prickly pear thorns
stick into our eyes.”

She answered,

“I am making the beds.
I can not let you in now.
Come at another time.”

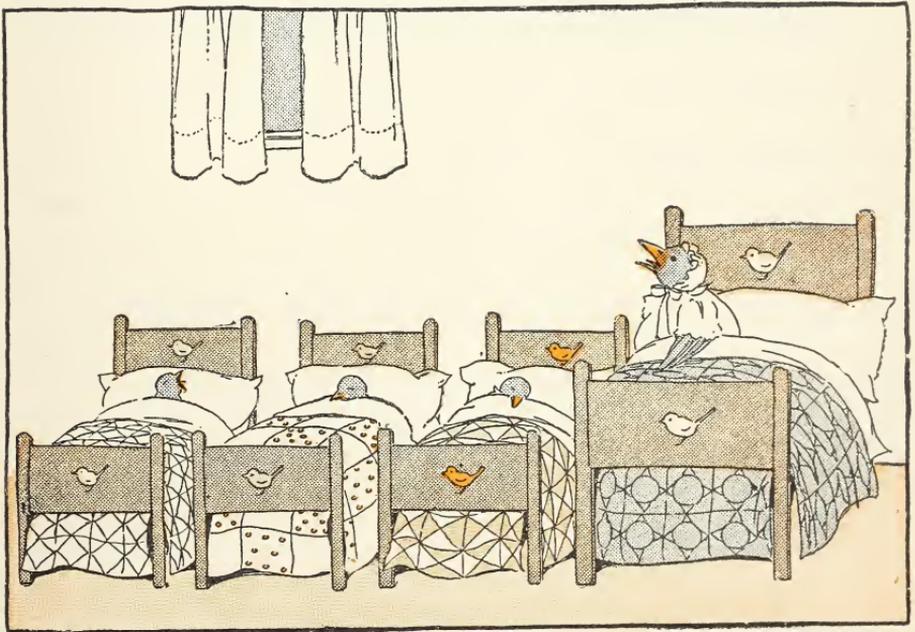


At last, she and her children had had their dinner.

At last, she had put away the dinner for the next day.

At last, she had put all the children to bed, and gone to bed herself.

Then she cried to the crows, "You may come in now, and take shelter for the night."



The crows came in.

They were cross at having been kept so long in the wind and the rain.

When the sparrow and her children were asleep in bed, the crow said to his wife,

“This selfish sparrow had no pity on us.

She gave us no dinner.

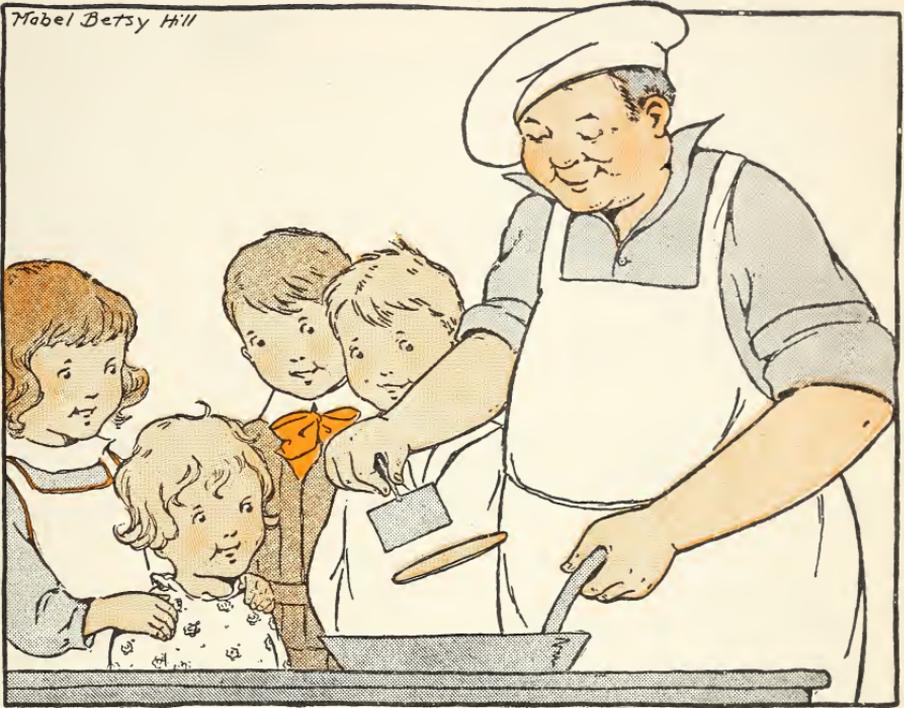
She would not let us in,

until she and all her children had gone to bed.

Let us punish her.”

So the crows took all the dinner, the sparrow had made for herself and her children, to eat next day, and flew away with it.

Mabel Betsy Hill



MIX A PANCAKE

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan.
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,
Catch it if you can.

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

¹When I was sick and lay a-bed,
 I had two pillows at my head,
 And all my toys beside me lay,
 To keep me happy all the day.

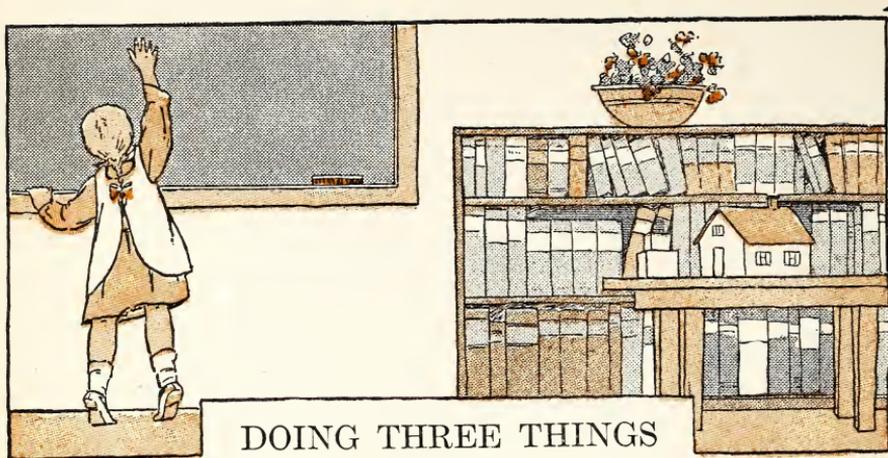
²And sometimes for an hour or so
 I watched my leaden soldiers go,
 With different uniforms and drills,
 Among the bedclothes,
 through the hills.

³And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets,
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

⁴I was the giant great and still,
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





DOING THREE THINGS

Do three things, one after the other.

1. Stand up on your left foot.

Clap your hands twice.

Take your seat again.

2. Walk up to the blackboard.

Reach as high as you can on it.

Hop back to your seat.

3. Hop up to the blackboard.

Count from one to nine.

Run back to your seat.

4. Stand up at your seat.

Turn your head to the left.

Then take your seat again.

5. Take ten steps towards the board.

Clap your hands three times.

Run to your seat.

6. Say, "If you please."

Say, "Yes, sir."

Say, "Thank you."

7. Run up to where your teacher is.

Stand on your left foot.

Hold up both of your hands.

8. Raise your right hand high.

Shake it above your head.

Then put it down again.



1. LITTLE GIRL BLUE AND THE BIRDS

Once upon a time
there was a little girl
who would not say Please.
She was called Little Girl Blue.

Her mother said,

“I am sorry, dear,

but you will have to go to the woods.

You will have to stay in the woods,
until you learn to say Please.

“When you learn to say Please,
you may come back.”

Little Girl Blue went to the woods.
She sat down on a big log.

She talked to herself like this.

“I am not going to say Please.
I do not think the animals say it.
I do not know why I must say it.
Nobody says it but just people.

“I will stay in the woods forever.
I will eat nuts and berries.
I will not say Please to them,
either.”

Little Girl Blue piled up leaves
to make a bed in the woods.
Then she lay down in the leaves.
The bed was good and warm and soft.
She thought that she would stay.

All at once Little Girl Blue
saw a bird's nest in a big tree.
In the nest were little baby birds.

By and by came
the father bird and the mother bird.
They were bringing worms
in their bills.
They flew to the tree
near to the nest,
and what do you think?

The little baby birds in the nest
began to sing this song.

“Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very little keys.
And don't forget that two of these
Are ‘I thank you’ and ‘If you please.’”

Then each little baby bird cried,
“Please, may I have a worm?”

Little Girl Blue jumped up.
She ran away as fast as she could.

“Oh!” she cried.

“Birds say Please!

I will not stay where birds are!

I don't want to hear them say it!”



2. LITTLE GIRL BLUE AND THE BUNNIES

Little Girl Blue ran and ran.

She ran away off into the woods.

After a while she saw something white.

It jumped from behind a big tree.

She peeped behind the big tree,

and what do you think she saw?

She saw a family of bunny rabbits,
having a tea-party.

The bunny rabbits were sitting
around a pile of lettuce leaves.

The baby bunnies could hardly wait
to begin to eat.

Little Girl Blue watched
to see them eat the lettuce.

But they did not eat it.



Each baby bunny sat still.

Then Little Girl Blue
heard the bunny rabbits sing
the same little song again.

“Hearts, like doors, open with ease,
To very, very little keys.
And don't forget that two of these
Are ‘I thank you’ and ‘If you please.’”

“Please may we have some lettuce?”
cried the bunny rabbits.

“Oh, oh!” she cried.
“The bunny rabbits say Please.
I must get away from them
just as fast as I can.”

So Little Girl Blue ran on,
and ran on, and ran on.
She ran away from the bunny rabbits
that said Please.

3. LITTLE GIRL BLUE AND THE SQUIRRELS

Little Girl Blue ran on, and on,
through the woods.

Soon she saw some gray squirrels
looking for nuts.



Little Girl Blue

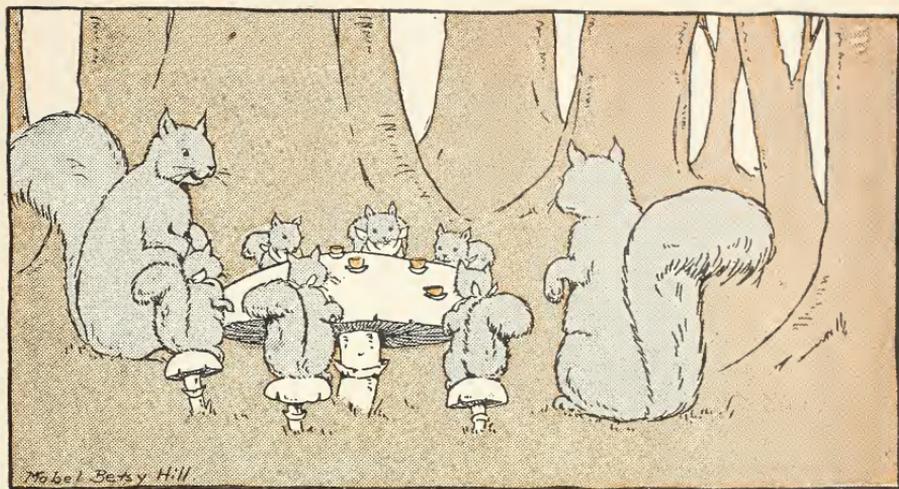
watched the gray squirrels
from behind a big tree.

“Oh, oh!” she cried.

“Now they are going to have dinner.
I do hope they don’t know
that Please Song.”

The father squirrel sat at one end.
The mother squirrel sat at the other.
Three little squirrels sat on one side.
Three little squirrels sat on the other.
They were all very, very still.
Then they began to sing
the words of the Please Song.

“Hearts, like doors, open with ease,
To very, very little keys.
And don’t forget that two of these
Are ‘I thank you’ and ‘If you please.’”



“Please, may we have some nuts?”
said the little gray squirrels.

Poor Little Girl Blue!

She was sorry to leave the nut party,
but on, and on she ran.

Everywhere she went,
she heard the Please Song.

The bees sang it.

The bugs sang it.

The caterpillars sang it.

All the animals sang it.



All at once Little Girl Blue cried,
“Why, I am the only one
who does not say Please!”

She sat up all at once,
and what do you think?

She had gone to sleep on the leaves!

Little Girl Blue jumped up
from her bed of leaves.

She ran home as fast as she could.

“Mother! Mother!” she cried,
when she got home.

“Please may I have some supper?
The birds say *Please*.
The rabbits say *Please*.
The squirrels say *Please*.
I will always say *Please*, too.”

By JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES





Little Girl Blue always thought
that only people said "Please."
So her Mother told her
to go to the woods
until she learned to say "Please."

In the woods
she lay down on some leaves.

Then what do you think?

She heard little birds in the nest
say "Please" for worms.

She saw bunnies eating lettuce,
and heard them say "Please."

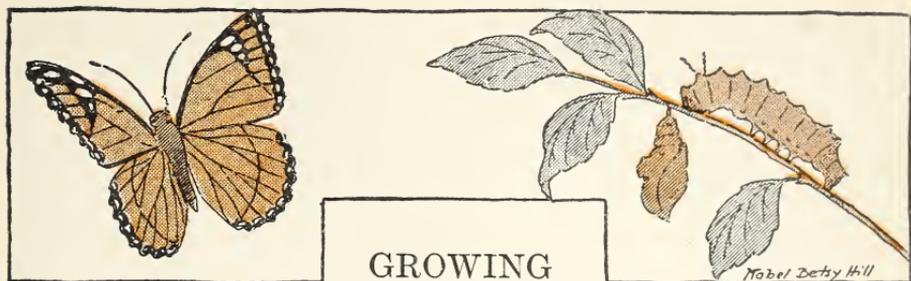
She heard squirrels say "Please."

She heard bees say "Please."

She heard bugs say "Please."

She heard caterpillars say "Please."

All the animals said "Please."



¹Of all the ways that things may grow,
 And change, from day to day,
 I think the caterpillar grows
 In much the funniest way.
 Why! first he's just a crawly bug,
 With coat all smooth and brown.

²But he creeps into a little house
 Of furry, soft, white down,
 And when he comes to light again,
 He's wonderful to see!
 He's changed into a butterfly!
 It's very strange, to me.

By FRANCES GILL

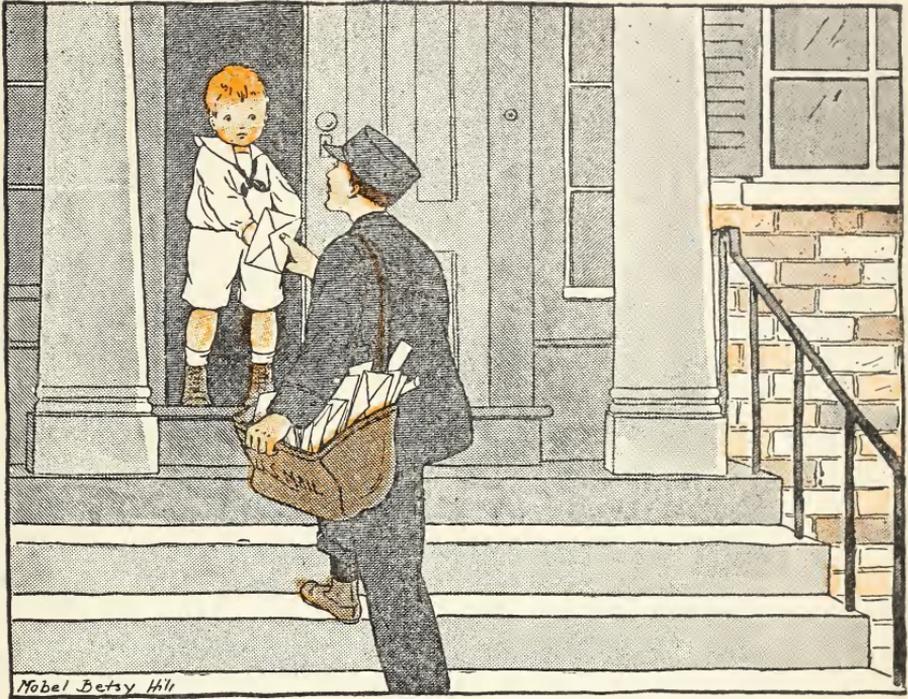


A DEWDROP

¹Little drop of dew,
Like a gem you are.
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

²When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie.
Tell me, then, at night
Are you in the sky?

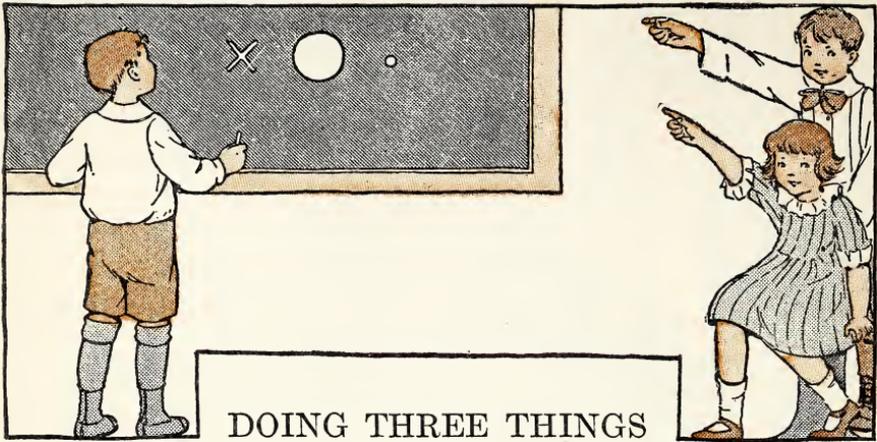
By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN



THE POSTMAN

Every morning just at eight,
Never early, never late,
Comes the Postman, rings the bell.
Rings it twice so you can tell.
How I wish he would leave a note
Answering the one I wrote.

By ROBERT LIVINGSTON



Do three things, one after the other.

1. Draw a fish on the board.

Draw a ball at the right of it.

Draw a top at the left of it.

2. Draw a ball on the board.

Put a dot at the right of it.

Put X at the left of it.

3. Draw a tree on the board.

Put O at the left of it.

Put X at the right of it.

4. Open your reader to page 14.
Find the first line on the page.
Tell the first word in that line.
5. Open your reader to page 38.
Find the second line on the page.
Tell what the third word is.
6. Open your reader to page 71.
Find which line is very long.
Read it to your teacher.
7. Open your reader to page 17.
Find which is a very short line.
Read it to your teacher.
8. Open your reader to page 16.
Read the last line to yourself.
Tell which word is second.
9. Open your reader to page 35.
Read the second to last line.
Tell what the second word is.



WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

One cold morning
the fox was coming up the road
with some fish.

He met the bear.

“Good morning,” said the bear.

“Good morning,” said the fox.

“Those are very good fish, Mr. Fox,”
said the bear.

“Where did you find them?”

“I have been fishing, Mr. Bear,”
answered the fox.

“If I could catch fish like those,”
said the bear,

“I should like to go fishing.”

“It would be easy for you, Mr. Bear,”
said the fox.

“You are so big and strong.”

“Will you show me, Mr. Fox?”
asked the bear.

“I will show you,” said the fox.
“Come with me to the pond.
There I will show you
how to fish through the ice.”



The fox and the bear
went to the frozen pond.

The fox showed the bear
how to make a hole in the ice.

“That is easy for you,” said the fox.
“But many an animal
could not have made that hole.
Now comes the secret.

“You must put your tail down
into the water and keep it there.
That is not easy.
Not every animal could do it,
for the water is very cold.

“But you are a wise animal, Mr. Bear.
You know the secret of catching fish
is to keep your tail in the water
for a long time.
Then when you pull it up,
you will pull with it as many fish
as I do.”

The bear put his tail into the water.
The fox went away.

The sun rose high in the sky.
Still the bear sat with his tail
through the hole in the ice.

Sunset came.

Still the bear sat
with his tail
through the hole in the ice.

He thought,

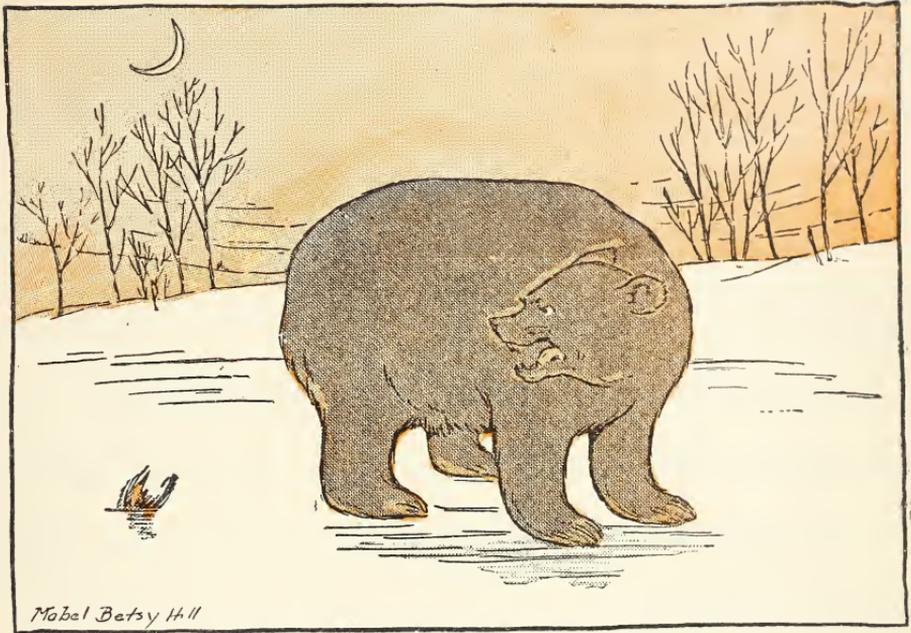
“When an animal is wise,
he will not be afraid of the cold.”

It began to grow dark.

The bear said,

“Now I will pull the fish
out of the water.
How good they will be!”

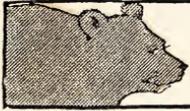
He pulled and he pulled,
but not a fish came out!



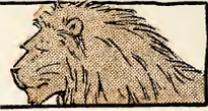
Worse than that,
not all of his tail came out.
The end of it was frozen fast
in the ice.

He went slowly down the road.
He growled to himself.
When the fox thought of the bear,
he laughed and laughed.

An Indian tale by FLORENCE HOLBROOK



THE BEAR'S STORY



One day the bear met the lion.

“Good day, Brown Bear,”
said King Lion.
“You don’t look a bit like yourself.
What is the matter?”

Brown Bear growled,
“I have lost my tail.
The fox told me
that I could catch some fish,
if I sat with my tail in the ice.”

“And did you?” asked King Lion.
Brown Bear growled, “No!
My tail was frozen fast in the ice.”

“What does it matter?”
said King Lion.
“You are just as big as ever!”



THE FOX AND THE LION

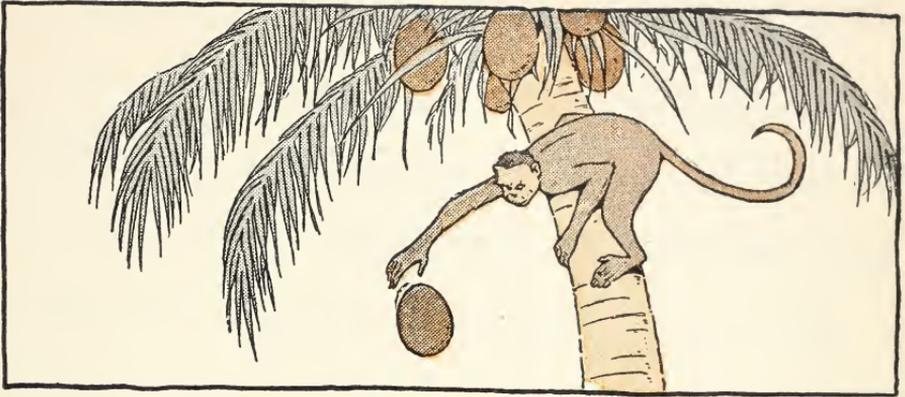
A fox had never met King Lion. One day he heard King Lion roar. He was very much afraid of him.

The first time he went by King Lion, he was so afraid of the lion, that he ran by without stopping.

A second time he went by. He was not so much afraid this time. He looked at the lion this time.

A third time he went by the lion. This time he was not afraid at all. He went up to King Lion and talked.

- ¹*Say.* Dear me! Dear me! Dear me!
What made that roar?
I am very much afraid.
I will run right by.
I will not even look.
- ²*Do.* The fox hears the roar and stops.
Then he runs off, looking afraid.
- ³*Say.* Dear me! Dear me!
There is that roar again.
I will just look for a moment.
- ⁴*Do.* The fox walks up nearer to the lion.
He looks at the lion and runs off.
- ⁵*Say.* Dear me!
I must go by that roar again.
- ⁶*Do.* The fox walks still nearer to the lion.
He stops right before him.
- ⁷*Say.* How do you do, King Lion?

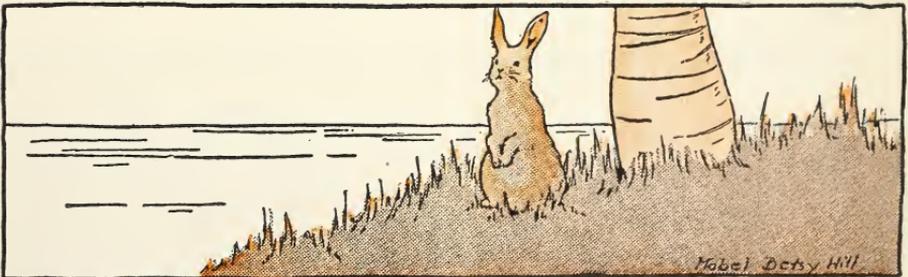


THE RABBIT WHO WAS AFRAID

1. THE GREAT NOISE

Once upon a time
a rabbit went to sleep under a tree.
All at once he woke up.

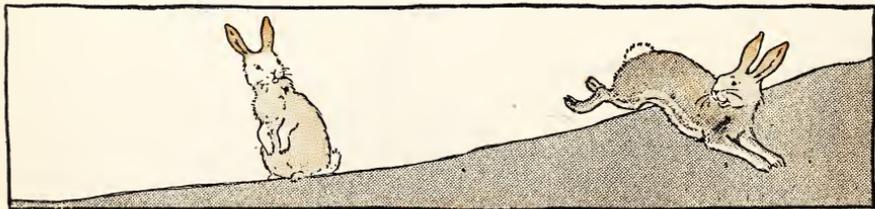
He thought,
“My, what could I do,
if the earth should be breaking up!”



Just then
a monkey let a coconut drop.
It fell down on the ground
just back of the rabbit.

The rabbit heard the noise.
He said to himself,
“The earth is all breaking up!”
He jumped up, and he ran and he ran,
just as fast as he could.
He did not even look back
to see what had made the noise.

Another rabbit saw him running.
He called after him,
“Why are you running so fast?”



“Do not ask me!” cried the rabbit.

But the other rabbit still ran along.

“What is the matter?” he cried.

Then the first rabbit answered,

“Do you not know?”

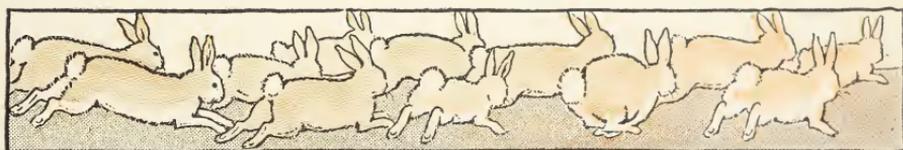
The earth is all breaking up!”

“Dear me!” cried the second rabbit.

“So the earth is all breaking up!”

Then the second rabbit ran along,
just as fast as he could go,
after the first rabbit.

The next rabbit they met ran along.
And so did all the others.
Soon there were hundreds of rabbits,
running just as fast as they could.



They met a deer.

They called out to the deer,

“The earth is all breaking up.”

“Dear me!” cried the deer.

“So the earth is all breaking up!”

Then the deer ran along with them.

They met a fox.

The deer called to the fox,

“Come along, come along!

The earth is all breaking up!”

“Dear me!” cried the fox.

“So the earth is all breaking up!”

And the fox ran right along
after the rabbits and the deer.

Soon they met an elephant.

“Come along!” cried the fox.

“Don’t you know

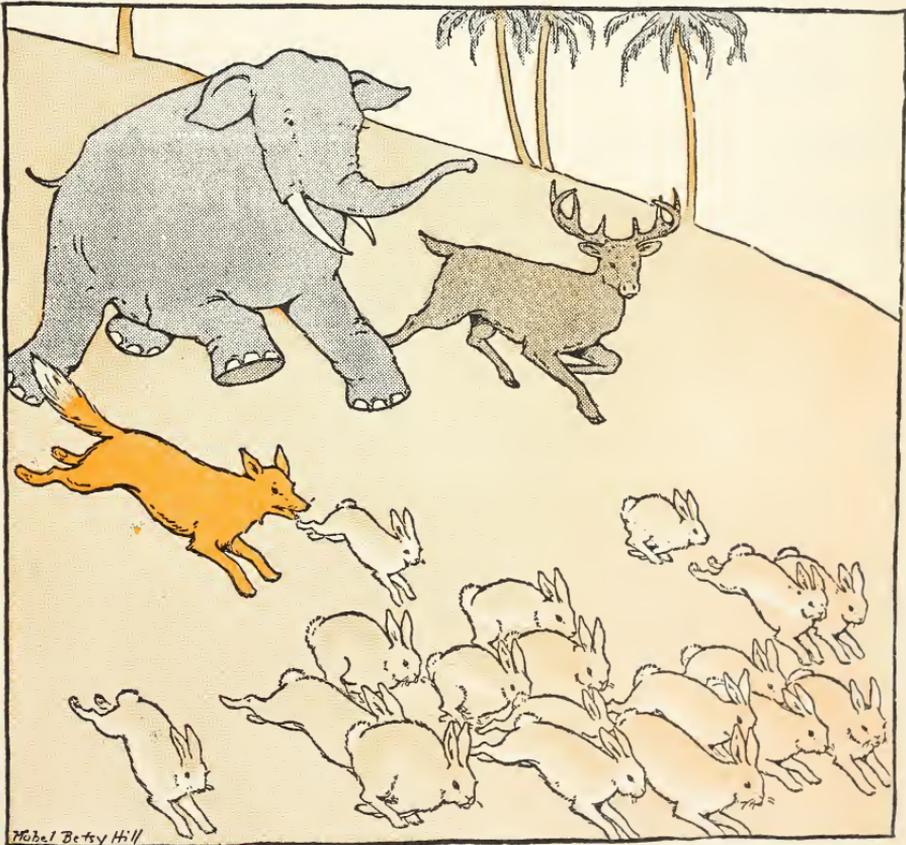
the earth is all breaking up?”

“Dear me! Dear me!”

cried the elephant.

“So the earth is all breaking up!”

Then the elephant ran along
with the rabbits and the deer
and the fox.



2. KING LION

The lion saw the animals running.
He heard them cry,

“The earth is all breaking up!”

He thought that could not be so.

He ran up before the animals,
and roared three times.

This stopped them at once.

When they heard King Lion roar,
they were afraid.

“Why are you running so fast?”
asked the lion.



“Oh, King Lion,” they answered,
“the earth is all breaking up!”

“Who saw it breaking up?”
he asked.

“I did not,” said the elephant.
“Ask the fox. He told me about it.”

“I did not,” said the fox.
“Ask the deer. He told me about it.”

“I did not,” said the deer.
“Ask the rabbits. They told me.”

One after another the rabbits said,
“I did not see it,
but another rabbit told me about it.”

At last the lion came to the rabbit
who had first said
the earth was all breaking up.

He asked, “Is it so
that the earth is all breaking up?”

“Yes, it is,” said the rabbit.

“I went to sleep under a tree.

Then I woke up and thought,

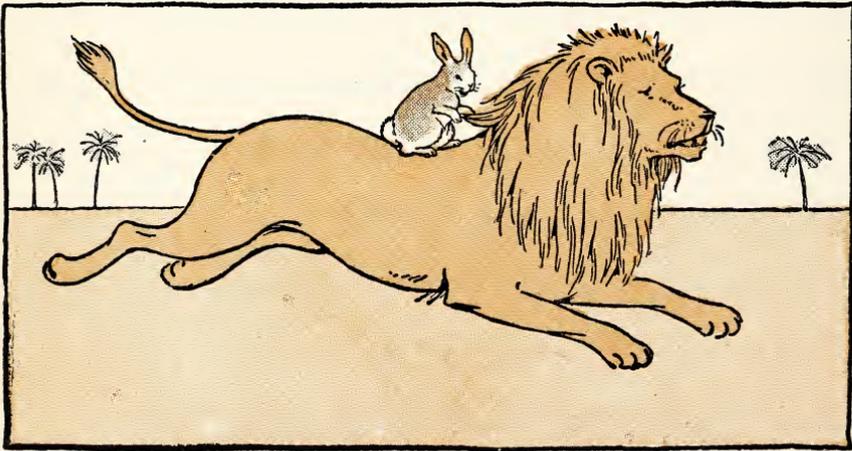
‘What will become of me,

if the earth should break up?’

“At that moment I heard
the noise of the earth breaking up,
and I ran away.”

The lion said,

“Then we will go back to that tree
and see what is the matter.”



The lion put the rabbit on his back,
and away they went like the wind.
The other animals waited for them.

The rabbit told the lion
when they were near the tree.
The lion saw the place,
where the rabbit had been asleep.
He saw, too, the coconut
that the monkey had dropped near by.

Then the lion said to the rabbit,
“It must have been the noise
of the coconut dropping to the ground.
You foolish rabbit!”

Then the lion ran back,
and told the other animals all about it.

If it had not been for wise King Lion
they might be running still.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Once upon a time a little mouse ran across the head of a lion, asleep in the woods.

The lion caught the little mouse and was going to kill her.

The little gray mouse begged the lion not to kill her, and said, that she would help him some day, if he would let her go.

The lion roared a great laugh, for he thought that a little mouse could never be of real help to the king of animals.

But the lion let the little mouse go.

It was not long before the king of animals was caught in a net made by men.

He roared for the other lions
to come and help him out of the net.
But the other lions did not come.

The little gray mouse heard
the roars of King Lion.
She ran from her little nest,
and soon was biting at the net.
She bit and she bit and she bit.

It was not long
before the little gray mouse
had set the great lion free.

The little gray mouse told the lion
that he had laughed at her once.
But now he could see for himself
that even a little animal
could do a good turn.
She said that every friend helps,
no matter how small.



SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY CATS

Seven little pussy cats,
 invited out to tea,
 Cried, "Mother, let us go. Oh, do!
 for good we 'll surely be.
 We 'll wear our bibs,
 and hold our things,
 as you have shown us how —
 Spoons in right paws, cups in left —
 and make a pretty bow.
 We 'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,'
 and 'Only half of that.'"
 "Then go, my darling children,"
 said the happy Mother Cat.

The seven little pussy cats
went out that night to tea.
Their heads were smooth and glossy.
Their tails were swinging free.
They held their things
as they had learned,
and tried to be polite.
With snowy bibs beneath their chins,
they were a pretty sight.



But, alas, for manners beautiful,
and coats as soft as silk!

The moment that the little kits
were asked to take some milk,

They dropped their spoons,
forgot to bow,
and — oh, what do you think?

They put their noses in the cups,
and all began to drink!

Yes, every naughty little kit
set up a *Me-ow* for more,

Then knocked the tea-cup over,
and scampered through the door.

By EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER





Railway game

A black word is a big place.

The other words are little places.

First call all the big places.

Then call all the little places

from one big place to another.

1	guess	raise	hasty
Grandfather	real	answered	start
world	as	work	ground
pushed	small	together	many
key	manger	plow	everybody
gone	either	yourself	news
everywhere	does	growing	early
barnswallow	warm	pull	hungry
second	March	our	tried
third	tossing	story	nothing
know	high	about	those
yard	blow	only	sure
tumble	teacher	hurrah	stand
blew	myself	ever	foot
secret	2	ripened	left
perhaps	friend	rises	garden

3
building
 tiny
 voice
 breakfast
 invited
 cabbages
brought
 travels
 earth
 Indian
 beyond
children
 piece
 give
 towards
 balance
floor
 curious
 sparrow
 pleasant
above

pear
 hedge
 washed
 hour
 watched
 beside
soldiers
 uniforms
 clothes
 cities
giant
4
sorry
 woods
 learn
 talked
animals
 people
 berries
 worms
 their
hearts

don't
 these
 behind
 family
 lettuce
begin
 hardly
 heard
 always
change
 funniest
 smooth
 wonderful
 strange
gem
 believe
 star
 postman
 never
 early
 wrote
which

5
should
 afraid
 dark
 worse
 lion
 moment
noise
 breaking
 monkey
 hundreds
 spoons
 surely
 We'll
half
 snow
 beneath
 manners
 beautiful
 silk
 naughty
over

A LADDER GAME

Call a number,

and find the word.

Then read words, up and down.

1. just

2. nice

3. high

4. ripe

5. hasty

6. sour

7. sure

8. tiny

9. next

10. cross

11. glossy

12. hungry

13. fairest

14. dizzy

15. greedy

16. happy

17. crawly

18. frozen

19. afraid

20. polite

21. curious

22. pleasant

23. selfish

24. different

25. funniest

26. smooth

27. strange

28. wonderful

29. beautiful

30. naughty

NUMBER AND WORD GAME

When a number is called,
find the word for it.

Then find the word that means
the other thing; as, *hot, cold.*

1 hot	2 long	3 easy	4 small	5 short
6 big	7 sick	8 near	9 many	10 right
11 left	12 late	13 cold	14 light	15 foolish
16 far	17 hard	18 fast	19 early	20 sorry
21 fat	22 soft	23 wise	24 slow	25 glad
26 few	27 dark	28 warm	29 thin	30 well

