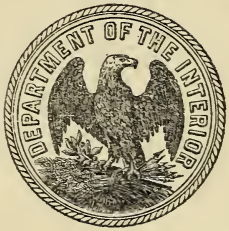
THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

BOLENIUS

FOURTH READER



THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

FOURTH READER

By

EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

With drawings by
MABEL BETSY HILL

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TO THE TEACHER

THIS series of Readers is prepared for the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, because these are now recognized as the crucial years in gaining technique in silent reading. The object in these Readers is to direct silent reading, to motivate oral reading, to develop the reading habit, and to broaden the child's outlook on life. In their preparation the editor has been guided by her study of the most authoritative and up-to-date reports, investigations, courses of study, and surveys. In the Teachers' Manual which accompanies the series, she has worked out a methodology for silent reading.

Special features of these Readers are:

1. The **careful organization of the contents** (see pages v-ix). This covers the range of the child's interests and presents biographical material in a new and vital way.

2. The **material arranged as a course to suit the school year,** is given on page ix. (This order is followed in the Manual.)

3. The **richness of authorship,** the **variety of appeal,** and the **freshness of material** are noteworthy. Many of the selections have never been used before in school readers.

4. The **full study equipment** aims to make children think, to lead them to read from their own initiative, and to create centers of interest. It includes introductions with thought-provoking questions that motivate the reading; also word lists; and questions and suggestions that correlate various activities with reading and are prepared with both city and rural communities in mind. Teachers can therefore select material to suit their needs.

5. The **Manual presents methods and devices in detail** so that inexperienced teachers can get results. It gives a practical pedagogy of the reading problem, and at the same time aims to give inspiration to the teacher.

6. The working out of **interesting projects,** the arranging of **programs,** and the **dramatization for entertainment purposes** furnish live motives for effort. The Manual gives full programs in which material previously read is brought together in a way that arouses the child's interest and leads to **motivated review.**

7. The **vocabulary work is made vital.** Helpful word lists, idioms, correlated language work, footnotes (placed so as not to distract), and charts for pronunciation and derivation (inside the back cover) are provided. The child is thus gradually inducted into intelligent use of the dictionary.

8. **Typographical aids** — such as throwing into relief sentence and clause thoughts or dialogue by increased spacing, keeping phrases intact as much as possible, and placing reference numbers at logical points — make reading easier for the child.

9. **Pictures** that sympathetically illustrate the text are introduced **for their teaching value** and appeal. Questions upon the illustrations are introduced to develop powers of observation.

10. **Speed and content tests for diagnostic purposes** are adapted to classroom use and made the basis for effective drill.

11. **Practical everyday reading of various kinds** is stressed. Rapid, reference, and sight reading are made a part of the training, as well as intensive and interpretative reading. A start is made towards proper reading of newspapers.

12. **How to study is given special attention,** for silent reading is now recognized as part of all textbook work. Supervised study has been developed in an entirely new way by means of italicized directions which guide the child in his thinking.

These Readers are designed for basal use. The study equipment and the Manual make the books valuable as a basal series for schools that require training in silent reading. The fresh and vital material make them equally desirable as a basal series for oral reading. This fullness of material and careful preparation of equipment enable the books to fill a distinct need in the schools, since they help to solve the present problem of silent reading.

Without Houghton Mifflin Company's wealth of copyrighted material it would have been impossible to construct this series. The editor feels deeply grateful not only to them but to other publishers for permission to use copyrighted material. She also wishes to thank most sincerely the many teachers who by their encouragement and helpful suggestions have aided in the preparation of these Readers.

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THE EAST

THE SOUTH

THE MIDDLE WEST

THE FAR WEST

SELECTIONS FOR DIFFERENT HOLIDAYS

(Full programs for the holidays are given in the Manual. Material previously read is brought together in a way that arouses interest and leads to motivated review.)

AUTUMN

WINTER

SPRING

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* The Confederate Memorial Day is celebrated in some States on April 26 and in others on May 10.

SELECTIONS ARRANGED TO SUIT THE YEAR

(This order is followed in the Manual, but teachers should feel free to rearrange selections whenever the needs of their classes suggest a different order.)

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

JANUARY

FEBRUARY

MARCH

APRIL

MAY

JUNE

To the Girls and Boys

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!"

THESE interesting things of which the poet Stevenson speaks begin right in your own home with your Mother and Father, and your brothers and sisters. They happen at school, on the street, on the playground. All about your city, or your home if you live in the country, lies the great out-of-doors with its beasts and birds, its meadows and flowers, its blue skies, mountains, brooks, and rivers — all the real country and wild places that boys and girls love. —— This book will tell you of this wonderful world about you.

Did you ever stop to think what happens from ocean to ocean, when the factory whistles blow at the end of a working day? — The roar of machinery dies down. Men and women by thousands file out with their empty dinner-pails. From business offices in the vast city buildings flock clerks and stenographers, side by side with the men of power. All this labor, industry, and business in their thousand different forms are helping to make our country prosperous and happy. — Here you will read about it.

American girls and boys are proud to know about Captain John Smith and the Indians. And all the boys and girls who have come to our country from other

lands want to know about George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, for if America is to be their country, these great heroes will be their heroes, too. — In this book you will find patriotic selections for all the great holidays.

And of course there are stories, many stories and fables. Besides the stories in our language, there are folk tales and fables from other lands. These selections will be like little journeys over to India, to Greece, to Norway, to Denmark, and to France.

Then, too, you will go on little journeys to different parts of our own country, — to New England, to the South land, to the Middle West, and to the West of the Rockies and the Coast. You will read about writers from each of these four parts of this big country. These stories will make you proud to belong, as little citizens, to the United States of America!

We almost forgot the most interesting thing of all! It is great fun to act out a play, so we have one here especially for the fourth grade. It is a fine story taken from "The Arabian Nights" and arranged so that any wide-awake class can present it before the school at the close of the year. What a splendid chance to show what your reading class can do!

This book is so full of a number of things,
Turn over the pages and see what it brings!

SOME FRIENDS AWAITING YOU
IN THIS BOOK

HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD

THE IRISH TWINS AT THE FAIR

LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Eileen (ā lēn′) and Larry lived with their father and mother in a tiny cottage in Ireland. Each was just as old as the other because they were twins. They liked to do the same things too, and could keep a secret better than boys and girls who were n't twins. When this story happened, Eileen and Larry never dreamed that soon they would come with their father and mother to find a new home in America.

Close your book and listen to the story. See if you can guess the secret:

I. GOING TO THE FAIR

[1] FOR many weeks Eileen and Larry kept the Secret. They told no one but Dennis and Grannie Malone, and they both promised they would never, never tell.

[2] Mr. McQueen worked hard — early and late — over his turnips and cabbages and potatoes, and Larry and Eileen helped by feeding the pig and chickens, and driving the cows along the roadsides, where they could get fresh sweet grass to eat.

[3] One evening Mr. McQueen said to his wife, "Rent-day comes soon, and next week will be the Fair."

[4] Larry and Eileen heard him say it. They looked at each other, and then Eileen went to her Father and said:

[5] "Dada, will you take Larry and me to the Fair with you? We want to sell our pig."

"*You* sell your pig!" cried Mr. McQueen. "You mean you want to sell it *yourselves?*"

"You can help us," Eileen answered, "but it's our pig and we want to sell it! Don't we, Larry?"

[6] Larry nodded his head up and down very hard with his mouth tight shut. He was so afraid the Secret would jump out of it!

[7] "Well, I never heard the likes of that!" said McQueen. He slapped his knee and laughed.

"We've got it all planned," said Eileen. She was almost ready to cry because her Father laughed at her. "We've fed the pig and fed her, until she's so fat she can hardly walk, and we are going to wash her clean, and I have a ribbon to tie on her ear. Diddy will look so fine and stylish, I'm sure some one will want to buy her!"

[8] Mrs. McQueen was just setting away a pan of milk. She stopped with the pan in her hand.

"Let them go," she said.

[9] Mr. McQueen smoked a while in silence. At last he said:

"It's your own pig, and I suppose you can go, but you'll have a long day of it."

"The longer the better!" said the Twins.

[10] All that week they carried acorns, and turnip-tops, and everything they could find that was good for pigs to eat, and fed them to Diddy, and she got fatter than ever.

[11] The day before the Fair, they took the scrubbing-pail and the broom, and some water, and scrubbed her until she was all pink and clean. Then they put her in a clean place for the night, and went to bed early so they would be ready to get up in the morning.

[12] When the first cock crowed, before daylight the next morning, Eileen's eyes popped wide open in the dark. The cock crowed again.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"Wake up, Larry darling," cried Eileen from her bed. "The morn is upon us, and we are not ready for the Fair."

[13] Larry bounded out of bed, and such a scurrying around as there was to get ready! Mrs. McQueen was already blowing the fire on the hearth in the kitchen into a blaze, and the kettle was on to boil. The Twins wet their hair and their Mother parted it and then they combed it down tight on the sides of their heads. But no matter how much they wet their hair, the wind always blew it about their ears again in a little while. They put on their best clothes, and then they were ready for breakfast.

[14] Mr. McQueen was up long before the Twins. He had harnessed Colleen and had loaded the pig into the cart somehow, and tied her fast. This must have been hard work, for Diddy had made up her mind she was n't going to the Fair.

[15] Mr. McQueen had found room, too, for some butter, and several dozen eggs carefully packed in straw.

[16] When breakfast was over, Mrs. McQueen brought a stick with notches cut in it and gave it to Mr. McQueen.

[17] She explained what each notch meant. "There's one notch, and a big one, for selling the pig," she said, "and mind you see that the Twins get a good price for the creature. And here's another for selling the butter and eggs. And this is a pound of tea for Grannie Malone. She's been out of tea this week past, and she with no one to send. And this notch is for Mrs. Maguire's side of bacon that you're to be after bringing her with her egg money, which is wrapped in a piece of paper in your inside pocket, and by the same token don't you be losing it.

[18] "And for myself, there're so many things I'm needing, that I've put all these small notches close together. There's yarn for stockings for the Twins, and some thread for myself, to make crochet, that might turn me a penny in my odd moments, and a bit of flour, and some yellow meal. Now remember that you forget nothing of it all!"

[19] Mr. McQueen shook his head sadly. "Faith, there's little pleasure in going to the Fair with so many things on my mind," he said.

[20] The sun was just peeping over the distant hills, when Colleen started up the road, pulling the cart with Diddy in it, squealing "like a dozen of herself" Mrs. McQueen said. Mr. McQueen led the donkey,

and Larry and Eileen followed on foot. They had on shoes and stockings, and Eileen had on a clean apron and a bright little shawl, so they looked quite gay.

[21] They walked miles and miles, beside bogs, and over hills, along country roads bordered by hedgerows or by stone walls. At last they saw the towers of the Castle which belonged to the Earl of Elsmore. It was on top of a high hill. The towers stood up strong and proud against the sky. Smoke was coming out of the chimneys.

[22] "Do you suppose the Earl himself is at home?" Eileen asked her Father.

"'T is not unlikely," Mr. McQueen answered. "He comes home sometimes with parties of gentlemen and ladies for a bit of shooting or fishing."

"Maybe he'll come to the Fair," Eileen said to Larry.

"Sure, he'd never miss anything so grand as the Fair and he being in this part of the world," said Larry.

[23] Some distance from the Castle they could see a church spire, and the roofs of the town, and nearer they saw a little village of stalls standing in the green field, like mushrooms that had sprung up overnight.

"The Fair! The Fair!" cried the Twins.

acorn [10] (ā′ kôrn), nut of the oak, much liked by pigs (draw)
bog [21] wet, spongy ground; marsh
crochet [18] (krō shā′), fancy work
earl [21] (ûrl), a nobleman
Eileen [1] (ā lēn′), Irish for Helen
hearth [13] (härth), fireplace floor
mushroom, [23] toadstool one can eat
notch [16] (nŏch), nick, a V-shaped cut (draw)
scurrying [13] (skŭr′ ĭ ĭng), hurrying
spire [23] (spīr), very pointed top of a church (draw)
stall [23] a shed where things are shown at a fair (draw)
suppose [22] (sŭ pōz′), think

by the same token,[17] also, furthermore | **in my odd moments,**[18] when not busy

so many things on my mind,[19] things to think of

1. How did the Twins get ready for the Fair? 2. Describe what each of the family did when the great morning arrived. 3. Tell about the "stick with notches."[17] 4. What did the party look like when they started to the Fair? 5. What things did they see on the way?

6. Practice reading aloud the dialogue in sections 3–9 (four pupils), 17–19 (two pupils), and 22 (three pupils). Omit all but what is said and see who can make this sound most like real conversation.

7. While the class listen with books closed, let three other pupils read aloud all of sections 3–9, 17–19, and 22, as printed. Let the class decide who brings out the talking the best.

8. How do you know that this family was generous, kind, and happy? 9. Will they make good Americans when they come to this country? Why?

II. HOW THEY SOLD THE PIG

[24] ALTHOUGH the Twins had come so far, they were among the earliest at the Fair. People were hurrying to and fro, carrying all sorts of goods and arranging them for sale on counters in little stalls, around an open square in the center of the grounds.

[25] Cattle were being driven to their pens, horses were being brushed and curried, sheep were bleating, cows were lowing, and even the hens and ducks added their noise to the concert. Diddy herself squealed with all her might.

[26] Larry and Eileen had never seen so many people together before in all their lives.

[27] They had to think very hard about the Secret in order not to forget everything but the beautiful things they saw in the different stalls.

[28] There were vegetables and meats, and butter and eggs. There were hats and caps. There were crochet-work, and bed-quilts, and shawls with bright borders, spread out for people to see.

[29] There were hawkers [+] going about with things to eat, pies and sweets, toffee,* and sugar-sticks. This made the Twins remember that they were very, very hungry after their long walk, but they did n't have anything to eat until quite a while after that, because they had so much else to do.

[30] They followed their Father to the corner where the pigs were. A man came to tell them where to put Diddy.

[31] "You can talk with these two farmers," said Mr. McQueen. He brought the Twins forward. "It's their pig."

[32] Then Larry and Eileen told the man about finding Diddy in the bog, and that their Father had said they could have her for their own, and so they had come to the Fair to sell her.

[33] "And whatever will you do with all the money?" asked the man.

[34] The Twins *almost* told! The Secret was right on the tip end of their tongues, but they clapped their hands over their mouths, quickly, so it did n't get out.

[35] The man laughed. "Anyway, it's a fine pig, and you've a right to get a good price for her," he said. And he gave them the very best pen of all for Diddy.

[+] **hawker** (hôk' er), peddler. * **toffee** (tŏf' ĭ), taffy.

[36] When she was safely in the pen, Eileen and Larry tied the red ribbon, which Eileen had brought in her pocket, to Diddy's ear, and another to her tail. Diddy looked very gay.

[37] When the Twins had had a bite to eat, they stood up before Diddy's pen, where the man told them to, and Diddy stood up on her hind legs with her front feet on the rail, and squealed. Larry and Eileen fed her with turnip-tops.

[38] There were a great many people in the Fairgrounds by that time. They were laughing and talking,

Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

and looking at the things in the different booths. Every single one of them stopped to look at Diddy and the Twins, because the Twins were the very youngest farmers in the whole Fair.

[39] Everybody was interested, but nobody offered to buy, and the Twins were getting discouraged when along came some farmers with ribbons in their hands. They were the Judges!

[40] The Twins almost held their breath while the Judges looked Diddy over. Then the head man said, "That's a very fine pig, and young. She is a thoroughbred. Wherever did you get her, Mr. McQueen?"

[41] Mr. McQueen just said, "Ask them!" pointing to the Twins.

[42] The Twins were very much scared to be talking to the Judges, but they told how they found Diddy in the bog. The Judges nodded their heads and looked very wise, and finally the chief one said, "Faith, there's not her equal in the whole Fair! She gets the blue ribbon, or I'm no Judge."

[43] All the other men said the same. Then they gave the blue ribbon to the Twins, and Eileen tied it on Diddy's other ear! Diddy did not seem to like being dressed up. She wriggled her ears and squealed.

[44] Just then there was heard the gay sound of a horn. *Tara, tara, tara!* it sang, and right into the middle of the Fairgrounds drove a great tally-ho coach, with pretty young ladies and fine young gentlemen riding on top of it.

[45] Everybody turned away from Diddy and the Twins to see this grand sight! The footman jumped down

and helped the ladies out of the coach, while the driver, in livery, stood beside the horses' heads with his hand on their bridles.

[46] Then all the young gentlemen and ladies went about the Fair to see the sights.

[47] "'T is a grand party from the Castle," said Mr. McQueen to the Twins. "And sure, that's the Earl's daughter, the Lady Kathleen[+] herself, with the pink roses on her hat! I have n't seen a sight of her since she was a slip of a girl, the size of yourselves."

[48] Lady Kathleen and her party came by just at that moment, and when she saw Diddy with her ribbons and the Twins beside her, the Lady Kathleen stopped.

[49] The Twins could hardly take their eyes off her sweet face and her pretty dress, and the flowered hat, but she asked them all sorts of questions, and finally they told her the story of how they found the pig.

[50] "And what is your pig's name?" said Lady Kathleen.

"Sure, ma'am, it's Deirdre,* but we call her Diddy for short," Eileen answered.

[51] All the young gentlemen and ladies laughed. The Twins did n't like to be laughed at — they were almost ready to cry.

[52] "And why did you call her Deirdre?" asked Lady Kathleen.

"It was because of finding her in the bog all alone with herself, the same as Deirdre when she was a baby and was found by the high King of Emain,"** Eileen explained.

[+] **Kathleen** [47] (Kăth lēn′). * **Deirdre** [50] (Dē ir drē′). ** **Emain** [52] (Ē main′).

[53] "A very good reason, and it's the finest story in Ireland," said Lady Kathleen. "I'm glad you know it so well, and she is such a fine pig that I'm going to buy her from you myself."

[54] All the young ladies seemed to think this very funny indeed. But Lady Kathleen did n't laugh. She called one of the footmen. He came running. "Do you see that this pig is sent to the Castle when the Fair is over," she said.

"I will, your Ladyship," said the footman with a bow.

[55] Then Lady Kathleen took out her purse. "What is the price of your pig?" she said to the Twins, who stood open-mouthed.

They did n't know what to say, but the Judge, who was standing near, said, "She is a high-bred pig, your Ladyship, and worth all of three pounds."

"Three pounds it is, then," said the Lady Kathleen. She opened her purse and took out three golden sovereigns.

[56] She gave them to the Twins and then almost before they found breath to say, "Thank you, ma'am," she and her gay company had gone on to another part of the Fair. The Judge made a mark on Diddy's back to show that she had been sold.

[57] The Twins gave the three golden sovereigns to their Father to carry for them, and he put them in the most inside pocket he had, for safe keeping! Then while he stayed to sell his butter and eggs, and to do his buying, the Twins started out to see the Fair by themselves.

bleating [25] (blēt′ ĭng), cry of a sheep
booth [32] (bo͞o͞th), a covered stall
concert [25] (kŏn′ sẽrt), a musical entertainment
curried [25] (kŭr′ ĭd), combed the coat of an animal
discouraged [39] (dĭs kŭr′ ā̆jd), feeling bad
footman, [45] a man-servant who attends the door, carriage, table, etc.
lowing [25] (lō′ ĭng), mooing of cattle
pound, [55] $5 in English money
sovereign [55] (sŏv′ ẽr ĭn), English gold coin; another name for pound
tally-ho coach, [44] a pleasure coach with four horses
thoroughbred [40] (thŭr′ ō brĕd′), carefully raised animal
wriggled [43] (rĭg′ ′ld), moved to and fro quickly
high-bred, [55] thoroughbred
in livery [45] (lĭv′ ẽr ĭ), in special dress
with all her might, [25] as hard as she could

10. What different things did the Twins see at the Fair? 11. Tell what their stall looked like. 12. What does "get the blue ribbon" [42] mean? Who got it? 13. To how many different people did the Twins tell the story of their pig? 14. How much money did they get for it? 15. What was the Secret?

16. Read aloud the parts that describe the Fair. 17. Read aloud what Mr. McQueen said about the Earl's party, as you think it should be said. 18. Read aloud the dialogue in sections 40–42 (four pupils, one making up the Twins' speech) and 50–56 (five pupils, one making up the speech to the footman). 19. While the class listen with books closed, let two other pupils read aloud sections 38–43 and 44–56 to see who can best bring out the conversation.

20. Draw a picture of Diddy at the Fair. 21. What names are given to the sounds made by horses, donkeys, cows, sheep, pigs, ducks, chickens, dogs, and cats? 22. Tell in four sentences about: The best thing you ever saw or did at a Fair; or What you could tell the Twins about raising pigs. 23. Get "The Irish Twins" from the library and read it to find out how the Twins found the pig.

BEES

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

BEES don't care about the snow;
I can tell you why that's so:
Once I caught a little bee
Who was much too warm for me!

THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON (lĭt′ŭn)

Here is a story about an English boy, a flower-pot, and the game that the boy loved best. That is a queer combination to make a story! Why would a boy like Abraham Lincoln like this English boy? What do you like best about him? What was the hardest thing he did?

Think of these things as you read silently:

[1]My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes, and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments flew up round my father's feet. But he continued to read — being much interested in his book.

[2]"Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work on the porch, "my poor flower-pot, that I prized so much! I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me on my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!"

[3]I came out of the house as bold as brass, and said rapidly:

"Yes, mother; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

[4]"Hush!" said the nurse, while gazing at my father, who had very slowly taken off his hat, and was looking on with serious, wide-awake eyes. "Hush!

And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident. He was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you? Speak!" Then in a whisper, "or father will be so very angry."

[5] "Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident. Take care in the future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss — don't fret!"

[6] "No, mother, you must not kiss me. I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

[7] "Ah! and why?" said my father, walking up.

[8] "For fun!" said I, hanging my head. "Just to see how you'd look, father, and that's the truth of it."

[9] My father dropped his book, stooped down, and caught me in his arms.

[10] "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong, but you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear."

[11] Not long after this event, Mr. Squills gave me a beautiful large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilded. This domino box was my delight. I was never tired of playing at dominoes + with the old nurse, Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

[12] "Ah!" said my father one day when he found me arranging the ivory pieces in the parlor, "do you like that better than all your playthings?"

+ **dominoes** [11] (dŏm′ ĭ nōz), a game played with 28 flat pieces, matching spots or blanks of an unmatched half of a domino already played.

[13] "Oh, yes, father!"

[14] "You would be very sorry if mother were to throw that box out of the window and break it, for fun."

I looked pleadingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he went on, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino box into a beautiful geranium in a lovely blue-and-white flower-pot. Then you could have the pleasure of putting it on mother's window-sill."

[15] "Indeed I would," said I, half crying.

[16] "My dear boy, I believe you, but good wishes don't mend bad actions. Good actions mend bad actions."

[17] So saying he shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant.

[18] "My boy," said he next day, "I am going to walk to town. Will you come? And, by the by, fetch your domino box. I should like to show it to a person there."

[19] "Father," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now. How then can my domino box be changed into a geranium in a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

[20] "My dear," said my father, putting his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him — one here," and he touched my forehead, "and one here," and he touched my heart.

[21] "I don't understand, father."

[22] "I can wait until you do, my son."

[23] My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium.

[24] "Ah, this is finer than that which your mother was so fond of. What is the price of this, sir?"

[25] "Only seven shillings[+] and six pence,[*]" said the gardener.

[26] My father closed his pocketbook. "I can't afford it to-day," said he gently, and we walked out.

[27] On entering the town we stopped again at a china warehouse.

[28] "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one, marked three shillings and six pence. Yes, that is the price. Well, when Mother's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, my boy. For truth that blooms all the year round is better than a poor geranium, and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of china."

[29] My head, which had been drooping before, rose again, but the rush of joy at my heart almost choked me.

[30] "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering a shop where all kinds of pretty toys and knick-knacks were sold. "And, by the way," he added, "my little boy can show you a beautiful domino box."

[+] **shilling** [25] (shĭl′ ĭng), an English coin like our quarter.

[*] **pence** [25] (pĕns), English pennies, each worth 2 cents of our money.

[31] I produced my treasure, and the shopman praised it highly.

[32] "It is always well, my boy," continued my father, "to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

[33] "Why, sir," said the shopman, "I think we could give eighteen shillings for it."

[34] "Eighteen shillings!" said my father. "You would give that? Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

[35] My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

[36] "Father, father!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium — we can buy the flower-pot!" And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

[37] "Did I not say right?" said my father. "You have found the two fairies!"

[38] Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

[39] "It is his doing and his money!" said my father. "Good actions have mended the bad."

accident [4] (ăk′ sĭ dĕnt), a mishap
fragment [1] (frăg′ mĕnt), a broken piece
gilded [11] (gĭl′ dĕd), covered with a golden color
grieve [5] (grēv), be sorry
ivory [11] (ī′ vō rĭ), the cream-white tusk of an elephant
knick-knack [30] (nĭk′ năk′), a toy, a trifle
nursery gardener [23] (nûr′ sẽr ĭ), one who raises trees and plants
treasure [31] (trĕzh′ ūr), a thing of great value
warehouse [27] (wâr′ hous′), a house to store goods in

1. What do the father, the mother, the nurse, and the boy each do when the accident happens? 2. Who tempts the boy to tell a lie? How? 3. What does the father say about good and bad actions? about fairies? 4. How does the boy make good the wrong he has done? Why is he able to do this? 5. How much money does he have left?

6. Let several pupils read aloud the dialogue in the three scenes. 7. Pick out three sentences that make good mottoes.

8. Tell the class how to play the game that you like best. 9. Print on the board with colored chalk one of the father's sayings as a motto.

FLYING KITE

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

I often sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,

And ride upon the breeze, and go
Whatever way it chanced to blow.

Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down,

And follow all the ships that sail
Like me before the merry gale,

Until at last like them I came
To some place with a foreign name.

foreign [5] (fŏr′ ĭn), strange; far-off | **gale** [4] (gāl), a strong wind

1. Pretend to be a kite and tell the class what you would see in your neighborhood. 2. Play a game: Follow a ship to "some place with a foreign name." Tell the class where you would go. The class will vote to see who has taken them on the most interesting voyage.

3. See who can memorize the poem most quickly. The first six may come to the front of the room and say it to the class.

Have you ever sat in front of an open fireplace and watched the flames shoot out of the logs or the sparks fly up the chimney? That is what this family loved to do after supper on a cool evening. One night they saw something happen that was just like a thrilling story acted out before their very eyes.

Read about it for yourself. How is it like a moving picture?

I. AROUND THE LOG FIRE

[1] It was not quite bedtime. They had tea early at the Island, so that after the fire was lighted in the big fireplace, the children might have an hour with the grown-ups for a game or a story, or for whatever pleasant thing might happen.

[2] Kenneth and Rose ran to get their fat cushions, and put them down in the two corners of the hearth. Kenneth's cushion was red, and he always sat on the right hand of the fireplace. Rose's cushion was blue, and she sat on the left.

[3] Papa began to poke the fire to make it burn more brightly, for it was not so big and bustling a blaze as usual.

[4] "Somebody forgot to fill the wood box," he said. "We need a nice crisp birch log to make the fire crackle. Who wants to run out to the woodpile and bring one in?"

"I do!" cried Kenneth, jumping up eagerly.

"Oh, I do!" cried Rose, jumping up too.

"Well, you may both go," said Papa. "And between you I think you can bring in a good big one. But mind not to trip over it."

[5] Out they ran to the woodpile, which was close behind the house on the edge of the forest, where Rose thought that the fairies lived, and where Kenneth was sure that there were Indians. But neither Kenneth nor Rose was afraid. They were very brave children, especially by daylight.

[6] "Here is a nice little log," said Rose.

"Oh, that is n't half big enough," cried Kenneth scornfully. "Let's carry this one, Rose. This is something like." And he seized one of the very largest logs in the woodpile.

"All right," said Rose, and she bravely stretched her little arms around the other end.

[7] They tugged and they tugged, and they grunted and they grunted, and they pulled and they pulled, and finally, after pushing and hauling and rolling and shoving it, they got the log up on to the piazza, where it fell with a *bang!* Out came their father and mother to see what all the noise meant.

[8] "Mercy!" cried their mother. "How could you two children bring in such an enormous log as that? Are n't your poor little backs broken?"

"I'm not so very small. I'm ten," said Kenneth, drawing himself up.

"And I am seven," said Rose proudly, making herself look as tall as she could.

[9] "Of course," said their father, "it is good exercise for them, Mama, and will make them big and strong. Don't you remember the story about the poor little girl who learned to carry a cow upstairs, and so the Prince married her?"

[10] "Oh, how did she learn?" cried Rose eagerly. "Could I do it?"

"Why, you see, she carried the little calf upstairs every day — every day of its life. Of course it was growing all the time, so that before she knew it, the calf had become a big cow, and the little girl was carrying the cow upstairs as easily as you please. Then the Prince came along and married her."

"That sounds like one of Aunt Clare's stories," said Rose.

[11] "What did he want to marry her for?" asked Kenneth. "Princes' wives don't need to carry cows, do they?"

"Well, I forget the rest of the story," said Papa. "But there was a reason, a very good reason indeed, if I could only remember it. There always is a reason for things in fairy stories, is n't there, Rosie?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Rose.

[12] Papa seized the big log in both arms as easily as the Princess did the cow. He carried it in and threw it on the fire, which spouted up with a burst of sparks, like a fiery fountain. The bark began to crackle deliciously. Rose and Kenneth cuddled down on their cushions, one on each side of the fire, and watched the little tongues of flame lick the old log greedily. They loved the fire. Usually it made somebody think of a story.

bustling [3] (bŭs′ lĭng), active
cuddle [12] (kŭd′ 'l), crouch
deliciously [12] (dē lĭsh′ ŭs lĭ), in a pleasing way
enormous [8] (ē nôr′ mŭs), very large, huge
especially [5] (ĕs pĕsh′ ăl lĭ), chiefly
hearth [2] (härth), floor of a fireplace or chimney place
piazza [7] (pĭ ăz′ ȧ), a porch.
scornfully [6] (skôrn′ fo͝ol lĭ), with scorn

1. Why would this be a nice family to visit? 2. Why did they want a birch log? How did they get it? 3. Tell the story of the Princess and the Cow. 4. What happened when the father put the log on the fire? 5. Tell about a fairy story that you like.
6. What are some of the things a family can do at a fireplace?

II. WHO DESERVED A MEDAL?

[13] Suddenly Rose cried out "Oh!" so loudly that even Kenneth jumped. Rose was pointing into the fire, and her forehead was puckered with distress.

[14] "Why, what is it, Rose?" asked her mother.

"Oh, oh!" cried Rose again. "Oh, the poor little ants! Do look!"

[15] Sure enough! the old log must have been an ants' house. The poor little things were creeping out of the holes in it and scurrying wildly about in every direction, seeking a way of escape from their dwelling, which was growing hotter and hotter every minute, as the flames shot up the chimney.

[16] The foremost of them tried to climb down the andirons. But these were too hot, and soon they went scurrying back again. They grew wilder and wilder, wandering about crazily as if they did not know what to do. Their home was surrounded by flame on every side. Some of them tried to jump down. But Rose shuddered to see the poor things fall into the fire or upon the hot hearth and shrivel up into sad little cinders. It was too dreadful!

17 "Oh, Mama and Papa, what shall we do?" she cried. "I cannot bear to see them. It is just like a house full of people being burned, with nobody to help. Kenneth, can't we do something?"

18 "Ding-dong! Call out the fire-engine!" roared Kenneth, jumping up and galloping to the kitchen for a pail of water. Kenneth was always ready for a new game.

19 "Water will do no good. You cannot put out the fire without drowning them," called Kenneth's father. "I am afraid the poor ants are doomed, Rosie. It is like a crowded tenement house, is n't it?" he said to Mama. "The poor little creatures crowd together like people in the upper-story windows, hoping for a ladder."

20 "That is what they need — a fire-escape," cried Rose. "Oh, I must make a fire-escape quickly!"

21 She ran to the wood-box and seized a long, flat piece of wood. This she took for her fire-escape, resting one end on the rug in front of the hearth, and the other on top of the log which had now caught fire and was blazing briskly.

22 It made a nice little bridge from the burning wood above the hot hearthstone. Almost immediately an ant spied the fire-escape and started across it eagerly. Another followed him, then another and another, — until a constant procession was filing down the bridge toward safety.

23 "Hurrah!" cried Rose, as the first ant reached the rug. But she stopped suddenly. "Look at him!" she cried. "He is going *back!*"

[24] Sure enough, back he was going, — back to the burning log. And all the other ants were doing the same thing. One after another they returned up the fire-escape, stopping to wave their feelers and make signs to all the ants whom they met coming down. They must have told these last something to make them change their minds, for every single one turned about as soon as he was told. Presently it was plain what they meant. The ants were coming out in crowds, and each was carrying something white in its mouth.

"The ant babies! They are trying to save the ant babies!" cried Rose.

[25] And that is exactly what they were doing. Eagerly the children watched the crowds running down the fire-escape with their precious burdens. Faster and faster they came, and the hearth-rug was black with them when Papa took it up gently and carried it out to shake it over the piazza railing. How glad the poor little ants must have been to feel the cool grass under their feet! They were all saved at last, and it was high time, for the log was now one mass of flame.

[26] "I think you should have a fireman's medal for life-saving, Rose," said her mother, when Rose and Kenneth returned from the piazza.

"Oh, *I* ought not to have a medal," said Rose modestly. "I only built the fire-escape. But every one of those brave ants who came back into the fire and saved the babies ought to have one."

"Yes, we should call them Heroes if they had been men," said Papa.

[27] "They would rather have something sweet than a medal," said Kenneth, who knew a great deal about sweet things.

"Sure enough!" cried Rose, clapping her hands. "Mama, may I scatter some sugar out there in the grass where Papa shook the ants?"

[28] Her mother said that she might. So I dare say the rescued ants had a jolly banquet that night to celebrate their wonderful escape. But I suppose that the ant babies were too little to share in it.

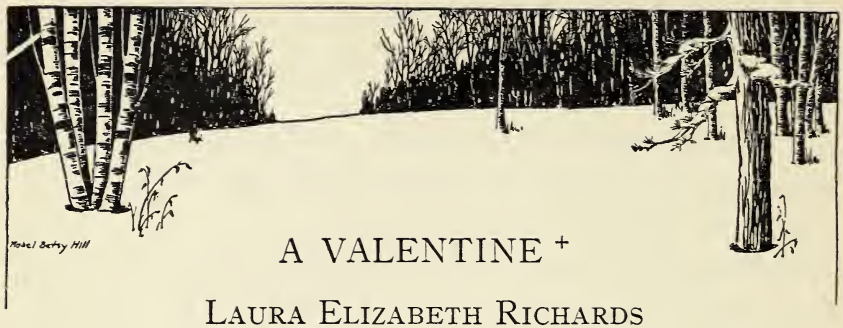
andiron [16] (ănd′ ī′ *ŭ*rn), an iron frame to hold the log, one on each side
banquet [23] (băŋ′ kwĕt), feast
briskly, [21] quickly
burdens, [25] things carried
celebrate [23] (sĕl′ ē brāt), show joy for
cinders, [16] partly burned stuff
distress [13] (dĭs trĕs′), suffering
doomed [19] (dōōmd), bound to die
feelers, [24] little things at the head with which insects feel
foremost [16] (fōr′ mōst), first
gallop [18] (găl′ *ŭ*p), run like a horse
immediately [22] (ĭ mē′ dĭ ăt lĭ), at once
modestly [26] (mŏd′ ĕst lĭ), not conceited
precious [25] (prĕsh′ *ŭ*s), dear
procession [22] (prō sĕsh′ *ŭ*n), moving in regular order
puckered [13] (pŭk′ ērd), wrinkled
scurrying [15] (skŭr′ ĭ ĭng), hurrying
shrivel [16] (shrĭv′ ′l), dry up
shuddered [16] (shŭd′ ērd), shook from horror
tenement house, [19] a house in which many poor families live

7. Describe what made Rose cry out. 8. How did the ants act? In what ways were they like people? 9. How did each one of the family try to help the ants? Who did the best thing? Why? 10. Why were these ants real heroes? 11. How were they rewarded?

12. Read aloud the sections that make the best pictures.

13. What things have you noticed about ants? 14. Write a list of all the insects that you know. Tell three things about one of them. 15. Read aloud "The Ant and the Cricket" (Riverside Reader IV).+

+ It is an excellent plan to keep these readers in a special place where pupils can easily find the additional reading matter for themselves.



A VALENTINE +

LAURA ELIZABETH RICHARDS

St. Valentine's Day comes in the winter when snow lies on the ground and there is nothing outdoors to send as a valentine to the one you love best. If it were summer what could you send?

Draw and color a little valentine that would suit this poem, and print the two stanzas on it very neatly. Then send it to your mother or to some one as dear.

1 O LITTLE loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day;
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine:
What shall I do for a valentine?

2 I've searched the gardens all through and through
For a bud to tell of my love so true;
But buds are asleep, and blossoms are dead,
And the snow beats down on my poor little head:
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine!

gloomy [1] (glo͞om′ ĭ), dark, cloudy | **blow** [1] (blō), open, bloom

+ From *In my Nursery*, copyrighted by Little, Brown & Company.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER +

A Story in Verse

Author unknown

Some of the finest stories in the world have been in verse. Here is a short poem that gives a moving picture of something that might happen at a street corner on any winter day.

Read the poem silently, and be ready to tell the class how you would arrange it as a moving picture.

1 THE woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

2 She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

3 Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

4 Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way;
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

+ From *Harper's Weekly*, copyright, 1878, by Harper and Brothers.

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

5 At last came one of the merry troop, —
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

6 Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

7 Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;

8 "And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

9 And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

aged [1] (ā′ jĕd), old
anxious [2] (ăŋk′ shŭs), worried
lest, [4] for fear that
meek [4] (mēk), humble, gentle
noble [9] (nō′ b'l), above doing any thing mean
recent [1] (rē′ sĕnt), new, fresh
throng [2] (thrŏng), crowd
timid [4] (tĭm′ ĭd), easily scared

1. Which stanzas bring out the different things that would be shown in a moving picture of this poem? Read these aloud to make the class see what was happening.

2. Which of these boys would make the best Boy Scout? Why? 3. Tell three different things that girls and boys can do to show their respect for old people. 4. How do *you* honor your mother?

5. Memorize the poem for a Mother's Day program. (Manual.) 6. Make up in class the story that this boy told his mother when he reached home, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best.

HELPFULNESS +

EMILY DICKINSON

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain:
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

1. Who can memorize this poem first?

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THE GREAT OUTDOORS

AUTUMN FASHIONS

EDITH M. THOMAS

Sometimes the poet likes to pretend that the trees, the flowers, the birds, or the little animals can talk like people and tell what they think. In this poem the trees are speaking about "autumn fashions" just as if they were real ladies talking about pretty dresses.

As your teacher reads the poem aloud, close your eyes and imagine what the trees looked like. Which tree should you like to be?

[1] THE Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green.
She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen!

[2] The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their shabbiness,
And all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

[3] "For fashion-plate we'll take the flowers," the rustling Maple said,
"And like the Tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red!"

[4] "The cheerful Sunflower suits me best," the lightsome Beech replied;
"The Marigold my choice shall be," — the Chestnut spoke with pride.

[5] The sturdy Oak took time to think — "I hate such glaring hues;
The Gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

[6] So every tree in all the grove, except the Hemlock sad,
According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.

[7] And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days;
They wished to look like flowers — indeed, they look like huge bouquets!

brilliant [6] (brĭl′yănt), bright, splendid
deplore [2] (dē plōr′), feel sorry for
gilly flower [5] (jĭl′ ĭ flou′ ēr)
glaring [5] (glâr′ ĭng), very bright
hue [5] (hū), color
lightsome [4] (līt′ sŭm), graceful
shabbiness [2] (shăb′ ĭ nĕs), being worn
ere long [6] (âr), before long

1. Who are deploring in this poem? What do they deplore? 2. Copy on the blackboard the words the poet uses to describe each tree and each flower. Read aloud the lines that give them.
3. Which flowers do the trees copy? Why?
4. Give two reasons why you like the fall of the year. 5. Which tree should you like to plant? Why?
6. Memorize the poem. 7. Make up speeches to show what the different flowers said in the first two stanzas. Copy the best ones on the board. 8. Make a little play of the poem and act it out for the Arbor Day program. (Manual.) 9. Draw and color leaves of each tree.

THE FAITHLESS FLOWERS

MARGARET WIDDEMER

Imagine yourself the person talking in the poem. Practice reading the stanzas aloud as if each were about something funny that you had just discovered. Where is the "great discovery" in each verse?

[1] I WENT this morning down to where the Johnny-Jump-Ups grow
Like naughty purple faces nodding in a row.
I stayed 'most all the morning there — I sat down on a stump
And watched and watched and watched them — and they never gave a jump!

[2] The Golden-Glow that stands up tall and yellow by the fence,
It does n't glow a single bit — it's only just pretence —
I ran down after tea last night to watch them in the dark —
I had to light a match to see; they did n't give a spark!

[3] And then the Bouncing Bets don't bounce — I tried them yesterday,
I picked a big pink bunch down in the meadow where they stay,
I took a piece of string I had and tied them in a ball,
And threw them down as hard as hard — they never bounced at all!

[4] And Tiger-Lilies may look fierce, to meet them all alone,
All tall and black and yellowy and nodding by a stone,
But they're no more like tigers than the Dogwood's like a dog,
Or Bulrushes are like a bull, or Toadwort like a frog!

[5] I like the flowers very much — they're pleasant as can be
For bunches on the table, and to pick, and wear, and see,
But still it does n't seem quite fair — it does seem very queer —
They don't do what they're named for — not at any time of year!

1. Memorize the poem and see who can bring out the pictures and the fun the best. 2. Let five pupils recite it in relay to another class or to the school.

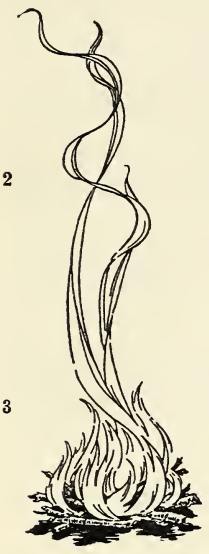
AUTUMN FIRES +

Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Scotland, but he lived for a while in this country and then spent many years in the island of Samoa, which you can find in your geography. He wrote a whole book of poems for boys and girls, which he called *A Child's Garden of Verses*. It is full of many things that you like, — swinging in the tree-tops, sailing boats, and doing other interesting things.

In this poem Stevenson describes the bonfires of dead leaves that folks make in the fall of the year to get ready for winter. He loved to watch the gray smoke rise from the burning leaves.

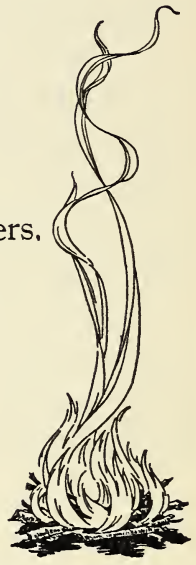
Shut your eyes, as your teacher reads the poem aloud, and see the pictures for yourself:



1 In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

2 Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

3 Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.



towers [2] (tou′ ẽrz), rises | **vale** [1] (vāl), poet's word for *valley*

1. Tell two things that are bright in each season. 2. What colors are mentioned in this poem? 3. Use "valley" instead of "vale" [1] and "autumn" instead of "fall" [3] in reading the poem and see if it sounds as well. Why not? 4. Find the words that sound alike at the ends of the lines. 5. Of what do *trail* [1] and *towers* [2] make you think?

6. If you were going to write a poem about autumn, what else could you praise? 7. When is fire good, and when is it bad? 8. What do you like best about a garden?

9. See which ten pupils can memorize the poem first. 10. Write a list of flowers found in the fall (*a*) in gardens, or (*b*) wild. Describe the one that you think the prettiest. 11. Draw or color a picture of an autumn bonfire, and print below it the stanza that you like best.

THE DANCERS

A Riddle in Verse

MICHAEL FIELD

This little poem is somewhat like a riddle. See if you can guess it. Who is the other *faun*, or dancer? When can you see him?

Shut your eyes and see the picture, as your teacher reads the poem aloud: —

1 I DANCE and dance! Another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels, his feet directly shift:
I can't out-dance him though I try;
He dances nimbler than I.

2 I toss my head, and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair;
Ivy he has, and finger there.
The spiteful thing, to mock me so!
I will out-dance him! Ho, ho, ho!

faun [1] (fôn), a god of the fields
directly [1] (dĭ rĕkt′ lĭ), at once
nimbler [1] (nĭm′ b'ler), faster
shift [1] (shĭft), change position

1. Why cannot the dancer out-dance "the black one" [1]? 2. Why does the other mock the dancer? 3. What is the other dancer? 4. What makes it?

5. See who can memorize the poem first. 6. Let the best reader in the class recite it to another class to see if they can guess the riddle. 7. In Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* there is a poem about this very thing — see if you can find it. (Manual.) 8. Read aloud Stevenson's "Escape at Bed-time" (Riverside Reader IV).

WE THANK THEE

Author unknown

At Thanksgiving time we should give thanks for the good things we have had during the entire year. In this poem the poet has described so beautifully the lovely things of spring and summer that we shall want to learn it by heart for a Thanksgiving program. Who can say it first?

1 For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see, —
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

2 For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees, —
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

3 For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance, lest we go astray,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

4 For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'rything His goodness sends,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

fragrant [2] (frā′ grănt), sweet-smelling | **lest,** [3] for fear that

1. Practice saying the stanzas so as to bring out these various things for which we are grateful.
2. Copy the stanza that you like best. 3. Memorize the poem for the Thanksgiving program. (Manual.)

THE STORY OF OLD SCOTCH

Enos A. Mills

This story is going to take you into a new world in which few of you have ever been — a world of ice and snow, far up in the mountains above the line where trees will grow. It is a story about a man and his dog. The man is Enos Mills, the nature-lover and writer. The dog is Old Scotch. Should *you* have done what this master did for his dog? Would *your* dog have proved his love, as Old Scotch was ready to do?

As you read, picture these snow scenes as if you were there yourself:

ONE cold winter day we were returning from a four days' trip on the Continental Divide, when, a little above timber-line, I stopped to take some photographs. To do this it was necessary for me to take off my sheepskin mittens, which I placed in my coat pocket, but not securely, as it proved. From time to time, as I climbed to the summit of the Divide, I stopped to take photographs, but on the summit the cold pierced my silk gloves and I felt for my mittens, to find that one of them was lost.

[2] I stooped, put an arm around Scotch, and told him that I had lost a mitten and that I wanted him to go down for it to save me the trouble. "It won't take you very long," I said, "but it will be a hard trip for me. Go and fetch it to me."

[3] Instead of starting off quickly and willingly as he had always done before in obedience to my commands, he stood still. His eager, alert ears drooped. He did not make a move. I repeated the command in my most kindly tones. At this, instead of starting down the mountain for the mitten, he slunk slowly away toward home. Apparently he did not want to climb down the steep, icy slope of a mile to timber-line, more than a thousand feet below. I thought he had misunderstood me, so I called him back, patted him, and then, pointing down the slope, said:

"Go for the mitten, Scotch! I will wait for you here."

[4] He started, but went unwillingly. He had always served me so cheerfully that I could not understand his behavior, and it was not until later that I realized how cruelly he had misunderstood.

[5] The summit of the Continental Divide where I stood when I sent Scotch back, was a very rough and lonely region. On every hand were broken, snowy peaks and rugged cañons. My cabin eighteen miles away was the nearest house, and the region was utterly wild.

[6] I waited a reasonable time for Scotch to return, but he did not come back. Thinking he might have gone by without my seeing him, I walked some distance along the summit, first in one direction and then in the other,

but, seeing neither him nor his tracks, I knew that he had not yet returned. As it was late in the afternoon and growing colder, I decided to go slowly on toward my cabin. I started along a route I felt sure he would follow and I reasoned that he would overtake me. Darkness came on and still no Scotch, but I kept on going forward. For the remainder of the way I told myself that he might have got by me in the darkness.

[7] When, at midnight, I arrived at the cabin, I expected to be greeted by him. He was not there. I felt that something was wrong and feared that he had met with an accident. I slept two hours and rose, but he was still missing. I decided to tie on my snowshoes and go to meet him. The thermometer showed fourteen degrees below zero.

[8] I started at three o'clock in the morning, feeling that I should meet him before going far. I kept on and on and when at noon I arrived at the place on the summit from which I had sent him back, Scotch was not there to cheer the wintry, silent scene.

[9] Slowly I made my way down the slope and at two in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after I had sent Scotch down the mountain, I paused on a crag and looked below. There, in a world of white, Scotch lay by the mitten in the snow. He had misunderstood me and had gone back to guard the mitten, instead of to get it.

[10] He could hardly contain himself for joy when we met. He leaped into the air, barked, rolled over, licked my hand, whined, seized the mitten in his mouth, raced round and round me, and did everything that an alert,

affectionate, faithful dog could to show that he appreciated my appreciation of his supremely faithful services.

[11] After waiting for him to eat a luncheon we started for home, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning. Had I not gone back for Scotch, I suppose he would have died beside the mitten. Without food or companionship, in a region cold, cheerless, and oppressive, he was watching the mitten because he had understood that I had told him to watch it. In the annals of the dog I do not know of any more touching instance of loyalty.

alert [3] (*ȧ* lûrt′), ready, listening
annals [11] (ăn′*ălz*), a record, history
apparently [3] (*ă* pâr′ *ĕnt* lĭ), clearly
appreciate [10] (*ă* prē′ shĭ āt), know the worth of
cañon [5] (kăn′ *yŭn*), deep valley with steep slopes
Continental Divide,[1] a divide, or mountain range, separating streams which flow to opposite sides of a continent
crag [9] (krăg), steep rock, cliff
loyalty [11] (loi′ *ăl* tĭ), devotion, love
oppressive [11] (*ŏ* prĕs′ ĭv), hard on one
route [6] (r$\overline{oo}$t), the way one goes, trail
securely [1] (sḙ kūr′ lĭ), safely
summit [1] (sŭm′ ĭt), top
supremely [10] (sū prēm′ lĭ), greatest possible
thermometer [7] (thĕr mŏm′ ḙ tĕr), a device to measure heat and cold
timber-line,[1] height on mountains where trees stop growing
utterly [5] (ŭt′ ĕr lĭ), to the fullest extent
zero [7] (zē′ rō), point from which people reckon hot or cold on a thermometer

1. Find in your geography mountains that form the Continental Divide. 2. Are there more dangers above the timber-line than below it? Name several. 3. Describe the kind of dog you think Old Scotch to be in looks and character. 4. How was he reasoning in section 3? 5. Which words did Scotch misunderstand? 6. How did the master show his love for his dog?

7. Why is a Scotch collie a good pet?

8. Tell a story about another dog's faithfulness. 9. Get "The Story of Old Scotch" at the library and read how Scotch saved his master in a forest fire. 10. How does Old Scotch remind you of Mrs. Hemans's poem, "Casabianca"?

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

William Howitt

What is the wind? Can you see it? Can you feel it? Can you taste it? Can you smell it? If you were the Wind, going off on a frolic for a day, where would you like to go and what are some of the things that you would like to do?

Listen while the poem is read aloud, and see which of the adventures of this Real Wind you had thought of doing.

[1] THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

[2] So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

[3] Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;

It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

4 So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;

5 'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak;
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without great ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

6 Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm: —
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

[7] But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

[8] Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On a sea-bird's rock in the gleaming West,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

blustering [3] (blŭs′ tẽr ĭng), blowing
commotion [1] (kŏ mō′ shŭn), excitement
frolic [1] (frŏl′ ĭk), fun, sport
gleaming [8] (glēm′ ĭng), faintly shining
lusty [2] (lŭs′ tĭ), strong
mute [3] (mūt), dumb, silent
salute [3] (sȧ lūt′), greeting
squall [2] (skwôl), short, quick storm
sulky [3] (sŭl′ kĭ), cross
terrified [6] (tĕr′ ĭ fīd), frightened
thatch [6] (thăch), roof covered with straw
trundled [2] (trŭn′ d'ld), rolled
urchin [2] (ûr′ chĭn), small boy
whisking [2] (hwĭsk′ ĭng), sweeping away quickly

1. Which words show that the Wind is in a teasing mood? 2. To what places does he go? 3. Which do you think is the funniest thing he does? the meanest? the most dangerous? 4. What other things have you seen the Wind do?

5. Read aloud the lines that make the picture you like best. 6. Let three pupils practice reading each stanza aloud, the class deciding who of the three brings out the picture the best. 7. Let the eight who have done the best work read the poem aloud in relay.

8. Can teasing be carried too far? Make up a story to show this. 9. Would you act as these boys at the gingerbread stall did? Why?

10. Memorize the stanzas that you like best. 11. Read Rossetti's "Who has seen the wind?" or Shakespeare's "Blow, blow, thou winter wind." 12. Find a prose selection in this book that describes the wind. 13. Tell about: A Narrow Escape from the Wind; or A Funny Thing the Wind Did One Day.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

EDITH M. THOMAS

When of all the year, should you say that the trees and the flowers were asleep? Some people might think that they were dead and pity them. They might look at the bare branches of an orchard tree and say:

"Poor thing! we shall have to cut you down! you will never bloom again!"

If you were that old apple tree, what answer should you give?

Close your book and listen while your teacher reads the poem aloud. As this is a poem that you can make into a May Day play, watch for the speakers.

1 "You think I am dead,"
The apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my feet."

2 "You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.

I'm all alive, and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here —
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

3 "You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!"

mosses [1] (mŏs′ ĕs), tiny green plants that grow on rocks or trees

wither [1] (wĭth′ ẽr), to fade, dry up

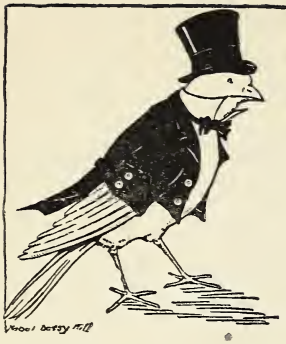
plumy [3] (plo͞om′ ĭ), feathery

1. To whom or to what does *you* in the first line of each stanza refer? 2. Read aloud each stanza to bring out (*a*) the reproach for misjudging by appearances in winter, (*b*) the joy in being alive, and (*c*) pity for something else. 3. Show that these speakers were misjudging as much as they were misjudged.

4. Describe different kinds of seeds you have seen. Tell how they were carried to the ground. 5. Which lines tell how the grass will be wakened? 6. Write on the board a list of flowers that "laugh at you"[3] in spring.

7. Memorize the poem. 8. Make a little play of five characters: Tree, Grass, Flower-Seed, Winter (to put them asleep), and Spring (to waken them). 9. Act out the play for the Arbor Day program. (Manual.)

10. Read aloud Martin's "Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?" Mary Howitt's "The Voice of the Grass," or "Waiting to Grow." 11. Draw or color pictures of an apple tree, the grass, and a dandelion gone to seed. 12. Tell or write in about five sentences the story of how a Seed found its way to the earth.



SIR ROBIN

LUCY LARCOM

Robins become as fond of their homes as people do, so year after year they return to the same place to build their nests and rear their baby robins. When Mr. Robin comes back we feel that spring is really here. Have you ever seen Mr. and Mrs. Robin do any of the things described in this poem?

Close your books, so that you can listen better.

1 ROLLICKING ROBIN is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Does n't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha, ha, ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
"That is n't the best of the story, by half!"

2 Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown.
Though his eye is so proud, and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm,
With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,

To his Robin-wife, in the peach-tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
Ha, ha, ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be, if we'd nothing to eat?"

[3] Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring, —
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By-and-By
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on, or eat on, as it pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Ay! Ha, ha, ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

chirp [2] (chûrp), make a short, sharp sound
knight [3] (nīt), a gentleman of olden times, always polite
morsel [3] (môr′ sĕl), a little bite
rollicking [1] (rŏl′ ĭk ĭng), gay, mirthful
strut [2] (strŭt), walk too proudly
tawny [2] (tô′ nĭ), yellowish-brown
vest [1] (vĕst), a covering for the chest
visions [3] (vĭzh′ ŭnz), things fancied

1. What has the poet noticed about (*a*) Robin's looks and (*b*) Robin's actions? Write these words on the board. 2. How many different things does the April rain do? 3. In which are people most interested? Why? In which is Sir Robin most interested? 4. What does Robin do to earn the morsels he eats?

5. Read aloud each stanza to see who can best bring out what Robin says. Make his speeches sound like bird calls.

6. Give two reasons why we should protect the birds. 7. What are some of the wonders of spring that follow the robin?

8. Memorize the poem for the Bird Day program. (Manual.) 9. Read aloud Allingham's "Robin Redbreast" (Riverside Reader IV). 10. Draw and color a picture of a robin, and print below it the stanza that you like best.

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Author unknown

The tree that you plant on Arbor Day is very little. Here the poet tells you what it will become after it has grown into a mighty tree with great over-spreading branches.

Which of these things is it less likely to be in the city? Why?

"DEAR little tree that we plant to-day,
What will you be, when we're old and gray?"

"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house;

The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust's and katydid's concert hall.

The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon;

And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

apartment house [2] (*ȧ* pärt′ mĕnt), a house in which several families live

katydid [3] (kā′ tĭ dĭd), a large, green insect whose shrill cry sounds like "Katy did!"

1. Tell the class how a tree can be *savings bank*,[2] *apartment house*,[2] *dressing-room*,[3] *concert hall*,[3] *ladder*,[4] and *tent*.[4] 2. Give an example of a shade tree, a forest tree, and a fruit tree, and tell why each should be planted.

3. Memorize the poem. 4. Make up a dialogue on the blackboard by dividing the tree's reply into separate speeches for seven different trees. 5. Act out the little play for the Arbor Day program. (Manual.)

THE FERN SONG +

JOHN BANNISTER TABB

Have you ever gone to the woods and brought back little ferns to plant in your garden? Here the poet, watching the leaves, or *fronds*, of a little fern, as the rain drops down upon it, imagines it to be a live little creature for whom the great Sun has spun a nice green dress, or *vesture*.

Close your eyes now and picture this as your teacher reads:

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little
Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the Sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas, in vain.
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the
Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

1. What are the "palms" of the Fern? Why are they "spread out"? 2. Why does the Fern dance? 3. Explain what the Fern says. 4. Who help to make the Fern grow? Show that the poet thinks of these as persons. 5. What are the Fern's palms called later?

6. Which lines rhyme, or sound alike at the end? 7. Practice reading the poem aloud to emphasize these rhymes. 8. Read the poem aloud as if talking to the Fern.

9. Memorize the poem for a May Day program. (Manual.)

THE WORKADAY WORLD

A SQUARE DEAL

Author unknown

It used to be true that the little business did not have much chance in competing with the big business firm, but the world is beginning to learn that the small dealer has rights of his own, which should be preserved. This is the day of the square deal, and by "square deal" we mean treating another with fairness, no matter how humble that person may be.

In reading this story, observe how the square deal was applied. Who applied it? How?

I. OLD AUNTY

[1] ALL the children knew "Old Aunty." Every day, in rain or shine, she sat there in the Park, with her little store of candies, and cakes, spread on a wood box. Her cheerful smile and hearty "God bless you!" were always ready for the children, whether they bought of her or not. If they stopped to purchase, she gave right generous measure, heaping the nuts till they rolled off the top of the pint measure, and often throwing in a cake or a stick of candy, so generous was her heart.

[2] Like all unselfish people, Aunty was happy as the days are long. Had you followed her home at night, you would have seen her travel down a poor old street,

narrow and musty, and climb the broken stairs of a poor old house that was full of other lodgers, some of them noisy, disorderly, and intemperate. When she opened the creaking door of her one small room, you would have seen the boards loose in the floor, and little furniture. It did not look like rest or comfort, — like *home* for a tired body that had toiled full seventy years, and had once known the pleasure of a cheerful fireside.

[3] But presently you would hear the patter of little feet, and the music of children's voices, and little hands at work with the rusty door-latch, till open it flew. You would hear two merry little creatures shouting, "Granny's come home! Dear Granny's come home!" You would see them dancing about her, clapping their hands, and saying, "O we're so glad, so glad you've come back!" These are the orphan grandchildren, to feed and clothe whom Old Aunty is willing to walk so far, and sit so long in the cold, and earn penny by penny, as the days go by.

[4] She kindles no fire, for it is not winter yet, and the poor can eat their supper cold; but the children's love and a well-spent day kindle a warmth and a light in the good dame's heart, such as seldom beams in some of those great stately houses in the Square.

[5] With such a home, it is not strange that Aunty liked to sit under the pleasant trees of the Parade Ground (for so the Park was called), breathe the fresh air, and watch the people going to and fro. Many stopped to exchange a word with her; even the police officers, in their uniforms, liked a chat with the sociable old lady; and the children, on their way to school, were

never too hurried for a "Good morning, Aunty!" that would leave a smile on her wrinkled face, long after they had bounded out of sight.

[6] It was nearly as good as if Aunty had a farm of her own; for it is always country up in the sky, you know, in the beautiful blue, among the soft clouds, and along the tops of the trees. Even in that dismal, musty street where she lived, she could see the sunshine, and the wonderful stars at evening. Then all about the Parade Ground stood the fine great houses of Washington Square; and leading from it, that Fifth Avenue, which is said to be the most splendid street in the world, — whole miles of palaces.

[7] "Don't I enjoy them all, without having the care of them?" Aunty used to say.

[8] When we asked if she did n't grow tired of sitting there all day, she would answer, "Sure, and who is n't tired sometimes, rich or poor?"

[9] "But is not the ground damp, Aunty?"

[10] "I suppose it is, especially after a rain; but what then? It only gives me the rheumatism; and that is *all* the trouble I have. God be praised!"

[11] "But it is so cold now, Aunty; so late in November. And you are so old; it is n't safe."

[12] "O, but it's safer than to have my children starve or turn beggars, I guess. I have my old umbrella when it rains or snows, and besides, the children in that house yonder often bring me out a hot cup of tea at luncheon-time, or cakes of good warm bread in the morning."

[13] But earthly happiness hangs on a slight thread. There came a change in the city government; Aunty's

good friends among the police were removed; the new officers proved their zeal by making every change they could think of. "New brooms sweep clean," and they swept off from the Parade Ground, poor Aunty, and all her stock in trade.

[14] But in one of the houses opposite Aunty's corner of the Park lived a family of children who took especial interest in her; Charlie, Willie, Vincent, and Joanna,[+] and I can't tell how many more. It was they who christened her "Aunty," till all the neighbors, old and young, took up the name; it was they who, on wintry days, had offered her the hot cup of tea, and the warm bread. They almost felt as if she were an own relative, or a grown-up child given them to protect and comfort.

[15] One morning Joanna looked up from the breakfast-table, and exclaimed, "There! Aunty is not in the Park; they have sent her away! I think that's a shame!"

[16] The children had feared this change. You may guess how eagerly they ran to the window, and with what mournful faces they exclaimed again and again, "It is too bad!" They would eat no more breakfast; they could think and talk of nothing but Aunty's wrongs.

[17] It was a bleak December day, and there the poor old woman sat outside the iron railing, no pleasant trees above her, but dust and dead leaves blowing wildly about. Charlie said, with tears in his eyes, "It's enough to blind poor Old Aunty."

[+] *Joanna* (jō ăn′ *à*).

[18] "It's enough to ruin her candy," said Joanna, who was a practical little body. She had a look in her eyes that was better than tears; a look that seemed to say, "Her candy shall *not* be ruined. Aunty shall go back to her rightful place."

[19] We did not know about Aunty's having any *right* to her old seat; but we all agreed that it was far better for her to sit near the path that ran slantwise through the Park, and was trodden by hundreds and thousands of feet every day; clerks going to Sixth Avenue, and merchants to Broadway; newsboys, porters, school-children, teachers, preachers, invalids. There was no end to the people. Many a cake or apple they had taken from Aunty's board, and in their haste, or kindness, never waited for change to the bit of silver they tossed her.

dame [4] (dām), a mother or grandmother
intemperate [2] (ĭn tĕm′ pĕr ât), drinking too much
invalid [19] (ĭn′ vȧ lĭd), a sick person
porter [19] (pōr′ tĕr), one who carries baggage
rheumatism [10] (rōō′ mȧ tĭz'm), a disease that stiffens the joints
stock in trade, [13] goods for sale

1. Describe the picture of Old Aunty in the Park. 2. Which children loved her? Why? 3. Tell about the different people who bought from her. 4. Why was she forced from the Park? Was it a square deal? Why?

5. Write six sentences about old Aunty, using the above words.

II. HOW THE CHILDREN HELPED

[20] In New York people are in such a hurry that unless you are almost under their feet they cannot see you. For this reason, on the day of Aunty's absence, she had the grief of watching many old friends and customers go past, give a surprised look at her old

seat, and hurry on, never observing her, though she sat so near.

[21] A few, who espied Aunty, stopped in their haste to hear her story and condole with her. The children found her out, you may be sure, and gathered about her, telling her how much too bad it was; and how they should like to set the policemen, Mayor, and all, out there on a bench in the dust, for one half-hour; but what could children do? So they passed on. Some of the fashionable ladies in the Square stopped to tell Aunty how they pitied her, begged her not to feel unhappy, and passed on. Only Trouble stood still and frowned at her; all the rest passed on.

[22] No, not all; not our little Joanna. She came home with a thoughtful face, and asked, very energetically, "What do you mean to do about Aunty? It is a shame that all these rich, strong people on the Square, cannot stand up for the rights of one poor old woman."

[23] We told her the city was richer than the richest, and stronger than the strongest.

[24] "O," persisted Joanna, "if we, or any of them, wanted a new lamp-post, or a hydrant mended, we should get up strength fast enough! And now, what's to become of Aunty and her poor children? That is all I ask."

[25] We smiled at Joey's enthusiasm, and thought it would soon pass away. When she came home from school that afternoon, with a whole troop of little girls, we thought it had already passed away. As they ran down the area steps, we wondered what amusement they were planning now. Presently, Joanna came

upstairs, her eyes looking very bright, and said, "Please give me the inkstand."

[26] We asked, "What now, child?"

[27] "O, do just give me the inkstand!" said she, impatiently. "We are not in any mischief; we are attending to *business*"; and off she ran.

[28] Before very long she appeared again with a paper, her black eyes burning like stars. "There, Mother, — and all of you, — you must sign this letter, as quick as ever you can. I have made a statement of Aunty's case; all the children have signed their names; and now we are going to every house in the Square, till we have a good long list."

[29] "And what then?"

[30] "I shall ask father to take it to the Mayor. He won't refuse us; no one could."

[31] Joanna had written out Aunty's story, in her own simple, direct way. She told how this nice, neat, pleasant old person had been turned out of the Park; how the children all had liked her, and found it convenient to buy at her table; and how she never scolded if they dropped papers and nutshells about, but took her own little pan and brush and swept them away; she was so orderly. She ended her letter with a petition that the Mayor would be so good to the children, and this old grandmother, as to let her go back to her old seat.

[32] If the Mayor could refuse, we could not; so our names went down on the paper; and before the ink was dry, off ran Joanna. The hall-door slammed, and we saw her with all her friends run up the steps of the neighboring houses, full of excitement and hope.

[33] Nearly all the families that lived in the great houses of Washington Square were rich; and some of them proud and selfish, perhaps; for money sometimes does sad mischief to the hearts of people. We asked ourselves, "What will they care for Old Aunty?"

[34] Whatever their tempers might be, however, when the lady or gentleman came and saw the bright, eager faces, and the young eyes glistening with sympathy, and the little hands pointing out there at the aged woman on the sidewalk, — while they were in their gilded and cushioned houses, — they could not refuse to help, and the list swelled fast.

[35] So large was the Square, so many houses to visit, that the ladies' help was very welcome. They could state Aunty's case with propriety; and with their words and the children's eloquent faces, all went well.

[36] So the paper was filled with names, and Joanna's father took it to the Mayor. He smiled, and signed his name, in big letters, to an order that Aunty should return at once to her old seat, and have all the privileges she had ever enjoyed in the Park; and the next morning there she was, in her own old corner!

[37] As soon as she came, the children ran out to welcome her. As she shook hands with them, and looked up in their pleased faces, we saw her again and again wipe the tears from her old eyes.

[38] Everybody that spoke to Aunty that day congratulated her; and when the schools in the neighborhood were dismissed, the scholars and teachers went together, in procession, and bought everything Aunty had to sell.

area steps [25] (ā′ rē *à*), steps down to the basement
condole [21] (kŏn dōl′), be sorry for
eloquent [35] (ĕl′ ō kwĕnt), having power in speaking
enthusiasm [25] (ĕn thū′ zĭ ăz′m), eagerness
espied [21] (ĕs pīd′), saw
petition [31] (pē tĭsh′ *ŭn*), any formal asking
privilege [36] (prĭv′ ĭ lĕj), permission
procession [38] (prō sĕsh′ *ŭn*), people moving in order
propriety [35] (prō prī′ ē tĭ), the right thing to do
sympathy [34] (sĭm′ pȧ thĭ), feeling.

6. Describe Old Aunty in her new place. 7. What was Joanna's plan? How did it work out? 8. What things could everybody enjoy in the Park?

9. How did Old Aunty serve the community in more ways than one? 10. Who else serve the community in this same humble manner? Tell what they do.

11. Compare the two little pictures on page 50. Find the part of the story that each illustrates.

TO A CHILD: WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

William Wordsworth

Service is service, whether it is a big task or a little task. The thing that counts is doing the work well. Friends are friends, too, whether they be very important friends or a boy or a girl from a humble home. The poorest person in the world may make a good friend. The daisy is scorned by the farmer as a weed, but how grateful is the little dew-drop that it protects from the sun's hot rays!

See who can memorize this little poem first:

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

HOW TO MAKE A HOME GARDEN

MYRTA MARGARET HIGGINS

There is work to be done in a garden all through the year, but most of it comes in the spring, when the birds return and the trees and the plants send forth their leaves. The girls and boys of America have tried to show their love of country by making the land beautiful, for they know that with care a little plot of earth can be made to supply food for the family and flowers to please the eye. How many of you have your own gardens? What do you like best about making a garden?

As you read quietly, see how many things you could tell about gardens that this writer does not mention.

I. SPRING WORK IN THE GARDEN

[1] WHEN the birds come in numbers and begin to sing their songs we are sure that spring has come. Wake up your brown bulbs now. Uncover them a little each day. The winds of March sweep the earth, and April's showers wash it, but still a rake with a boy behind it can reach the corners and crevices, and make the place look cleaner. Fallen leaves are excellent for mixing with the soil after they have decayed, but they should be gathered together for this purpose. Leaves lying about on the ground harbor the nests of insects. Take the leaves to the compost heap!

[2] What is the compost heap? It is what will make your garden grow, — decaying leaves and sods, bones, any greasy substances from the cooking kettles, manure, if you have it, lime, all mixed together and allowed to decay until the day your garden needs an extra dose.

[3] Another good recipe for weak plants is liquid manure. Get a tub or barrel. Put manure in the bottom. Fill with water. Drain or dip off the water, and pour it about the roots of your plants. Be careful not to put it on the tops as it might burn them. Why is this any better than manure put into the ground? The rootlets suck in the food through tiny hair-like tubes, and therefore their food must be taken in a liquid form. You see now why this liquid manure can be taken in more quickly.

[4] When the ground is warm and dry spade your garden again as in the fall. You do not gain anything by spading and planting while the ground is wet and cold. It does not break up nicely, but lies in lumps, and it is wise to wait for the right conditions. Again rake your garden thoroughly. Use stake and line to make the edges neat and even.

[5] In planting seed remember two rules: First, for depth of planting, about three times the size of the seed; second, for distance of planting, according to the future growth of the plant.

[6] Some seeds are scattered, some sown in hills, and some in drills. Poppy-seed is often scattered on the bed and raked in. Grass-seed is scattered, then raked and pressed into the ground. Sweet corn is planted in

hills. This does not mean that the ground is heaped up at the beginning of the season, though it may be in the fall by reason of the hoeing. It means that small circular beds are planted at equal distances, and the corn instead of standing in drills is in groups of four or five stalks each. Parsnip, carrot, and many other seeds are planted in drills, which are like tiny furrows.

[7] In drills there may be more than one line of seed. It is a good plan to sow them alternately in two lines. When you have had more experience you can scatter them along the drill, but not too thickly. That is the danger with young gardeners, — sowing seed too thickly. Because the seed is small do not forget the size of the plant. Even if you intend to "thin out" your plants, they will be injured if sown too thickly. All seeds should have the ground pressed firmly about them. The soil holds the food, moisture, and warmth for the little plant, and we are helping it to come close to its needs when we press the ground around it. Seeds must have the right amount of heat, moisture, and air in order to sprout.

[8] When the plant begins to grow, it must have light and food besides. The plant just beginning to grow has within the seed-case a small amount of food to give it a start. Cut open a bean that is partly sprouted. Find the tiny plant and the starchy food about it for it to feed upon. After this store is used up, the plant must obtain food from the soil in which you have placed it.

[9] In order to sprout, seeds must have the right amount of heat and moisture. If too wet, they may decay. If

allowed to become dry, the little sprout may die. If the spring should prove to be a very rainy one you cannot help conditions, but if dry and hot you can water your seedlings twice a day and protect them from a hot midday sun with newspapers for a few days. If you use fertilizer, be careful not to let it come in contact with the seed, but mix it thoroughly with the soil.

[10] It is almost safe to plant seed when the leaves have started out on the trees. Peas, both for flowers and for vegetables, may be planted earlier. In fact, they are about the first seeds to be planted in the spring. The peas should be sown in rather deep drills, but covered only the ordinary depth. As they grow, the earth can be gradually put about them to help support their weak vines and to give the roots a greater covering and a stronger foothold.

[11] Young plants must be watched and cared for, or they will grow too thickly or be killed by weeds and insects. In thinning out plants it is best to choose a time when the ground is wet, so that the roots of all the plants will not be disturbed as they will be if you do it when the soil is dry. In order to save your plants from disturbance place your left hand nearly flat upon the ground, letting the stem of the plant you wish to save come between your index and middle fingers, but not grasping the stem, while you pull out the other plant with your right hand.

[12] If your extra plants are weak and worthless, throw them away; but if they are good strong plants, and the roots are not broken, either set them in another place or give them away.

[13] This brings us to the question of transplanting, — which is a very important one. In the first place, do not keep plants out of the ground any longer than you can help. Have a place all ready for them if possible. If they cannot be set immediately, place damp soil over their roots and protect them from the sunshine.

[14] A cloudy day, when the ground is wet, is best for transplanting. Decide upon the arrangement for your plants, then make all the holes, and make them large enough to place in the roots without cramping. Fill the holes with water, unless the ground is very wet, and let it settle. Set each plant carefully, and support it with the left hand while you pack the earth about it with the right. Press the earth firmly at the last, and see that the plant is erect. Protect it from a hot sun for a week or more with strawberry-boxes or newspaper tents, give it water twice a day unless it rains, and uncover it to the dew at night.

[15] The ground should not be disturbed where young seedlings are just coming up; but if they are in definite lines you can safely pull everything between and even risk a few seedlings, rather than let the weeds get a start.

[16] One word about veranda and window boxes. They are splendid if well cared for. The box should be about ten inches deep and one foot wide. It should be filled with good garden soil. Plants raised in a box need more water than in a garden, because the soil dries more quickly. Geraniums, fuchsias, petunias, and money-wort are perhaps the flowers most easily grown in a window or veranda box.

alternately [7] (ăl tẽr′ nāt lĭ), in turn
bulb [1] (bŭlb), a short thick stem with roots growing from it, which is planted in earth (or water) to produce plants
compost [1] (kŏm′ pōst), a mixture for making land rich
cramping [14] (krămp′ ĭng), crowding
crevice [1] (krĕv′ ĭs), a narrow opening
definite [15] (dĕf′ ĭ nĭt), clear, exact
disturbance [11] (dĭs tûr′ băns), unsettling
drill [6] (drĭl), a light furrow or channel in which seed is sown
fertilizer [9] (fûr′ tĭ līz′ ẽr), something that makes land rich
fuchsia [16] (fū′ shĭ *ȧ*), a flower
furrow [6] (fŭr′ ō), a trench in the earth made by a plow
geranium [16] (jẽ rā′ nĭ *ŭm*), a flower
gradually [10] (grăd′ ū *ăl* lĭ), a little at a time
harbor [1] (här′ bẽr), shelter
immediately [13] (ĭ mē′ dĭ ăt lĭ), at once
moneywort [16] (mŭn′ ĭ wûrt′), a flower
petunia [16] (pẽ tū′ nĭ *ȧ*), a flower
sprout [9] (sprout), to push out the first leaf
substance [2] (sŭb′ stăns), material
transplanting [13] (trăns plănt′ ĭng), removing to another place
veranda [16] (vẽ răn′ d*ȧ*), porch,
come in contact with, [9] come in touch with
index finger, [11] the finger next to the thumb

1. Write down a good question to ask for each paragraph and talk them over in class. After all the questions on a paragraph have been asked, let a pupil read the paragraph aloud to see if any good ones have been overlooked. If you disagree in your answers, open your books and read the paragraph silently to see who is right.

2. Which of these things have you been doing in your garden?

3. Plant several beans and watch them sprout.

II. GARDEN HELPS AND HINDRANCES

[17] PETS and babies, — babies of all kinds, — hens and chickens, cats and kittens, dogs and puppies, rabbits and all the rest, threaten the doom of our garden. In fact, it seems as if all the lovable creatures of the animal world were our enemies in the garden, because their wide-awake time is spent mostly in eating and playing. What is the remedy?

[18] Nothing but the fence for most of them. Fence them in or fence them out, and give them plenty of food and play elsewhere. If you protect your garden, when it is first coming up, by spreading brush over it, it may

be able to stand by itself later on, but a fence or a hedge is a great protection.

[19] What of the little brothers and sisters who like to play at gardening and in the garden, and with or without mischievous intent make trouble for us? We cannot so easily fence them about! Then teach them to make play gardens of their own, — with sand and stones, sticks and weeds, show them how to make a little play garden.

[20] There are tiny creatures that we cannot fence out, for they fly over the fence or crawl under through subways of their own making. Lady Butterfly, Madame Dragon-fly, and all the winged creatures, Mr. Caterpillar, Master Cutworm, and all their crawling neighbors come to visit us. Some of these are our friends, and we would not fence them out if we could.

[21] In time we shall find out our friends from our foes. The butterflies and bees are friendly, though some butterflies and moths lay eggs from which come dangerous enemies. The cutworm is an enemy, and his mother is a night-flying moth. If we put paper collars about our larger plants we may sometimes save them from being destroyed. Tobacco dust, chalk lines, or ashes will sometimes prevent an enemy from reaching the plant.

[22] If you see a plant lying on the ground with its stalk cut, you should dig in carefully near the surface of the ground for the cutworm, who is usually greenish brown in color. He must be taken out and killed. A wilting aster is often found to be troubled at the roots by ants or grubs.

[23] The insects that trouble the gardener are treated according to the ways in which they eat. Some chew the plant; others suck the juices from it. The former can be killed by poisons on the plant which they will eat; the latter must be killed by contact poisons, or those that, touching their bodies, will suffocate them. There are many insect poisons on the market, and any seedsman can tell you which are needed for the kind of insect that troubles you, but most of them are dangerous to man, and it is often best to use simpler remedies. Sometimes a heavy spray of clear water will wash off the insects. Sometimes they can be knocked off in a can of kerosene. Ivory soapsuds cooled and weakened is often effective; kerosene may be added to it.

[24] Then there are the birds, most of them our friends, — yes, all of them if we are not stingy with them. Even the crow eats grubs as well as corn, and the rose-breasted grosbeak takes the potato-beetles, though he does steal a few peas. The birds are of such great assistance in ridding us of insect pests, that we should protect them as much as possible.

[25] In every garden should be a bird-tray, erected some distance above the ground. In the tray and about the support plant vines, — morning-glory for the support and moneywort for the box. Petunias may also flourish in the box. Food may be scattered about, or tied to the tree or post. A dish in the centre of the tray should be kept clean and filled with water. Sometimes a flower-pot saucer, or shallow dish, filled with water, and partly hidden among the flowers, is used as a bath-tub by the birds. Twine, feathers, moss, and other

material used in the making of nests may be placed near the tray for the use of the birds. Bird-houses should also be erected. The making of bird-houses and bird-trays is not very difficult.

[26] Last of all, let us talk of him who reigns King of the Garden. He with the bright eye, the quick tongue, — if he could talk, I'm sure he would be witty! He of the brown coat and pale yellow waistcoat, sturdy and harmless, helpful and true! May we never harm him! And if perchance we happen to turn him suddenly from his resting-place in the ground, let us not frighten him, but gently move away and give him time to see what has happened.

[27] Ah, Mr. Toad, you are my friend indeed! Only the other day an aster in my garden was dying. A large white grub was found at the root. I was about to move him out to the hard ground to kill him, when from somewhere among the leaves came Mr. Toad with a hoppity hop! Mr. Grub began to put his head to the ground and burrow again to hide himself. Mr. Toad saw the necessity for haste, and hoppity hop, gulp, gulp, gulp! Oh, what a swallow! Well, my trouble was over, the aster plant rescued, Mr. Toad my protector. And he is forever catching flies and other insects. He likes a cool shelter from the hot midday sun; an overturned box or a flower-pot with a slight excavation near one side will make it possible for him to stay in your garden.

[28] An aquarium or basin of water is a fine thing to have in your garden, but it is difficult to keep it clean. However, the toad will assist you in this matter if you

will put in the basin some stones just reaching the surface of the water so that he may hop on them. A dish of water may be used and cleaned often, but a permanent aquarium should be made of cement.

[29] With whatever kind of life we may be dealing let us remember this, never fear, nor make afraid. Fear never did any good in the world. It makes a coward of you to be afraid. It hurts you to make another life have fear. You may think it does not hurt you to tease and frighten creatures, but it does n't harm the creature half so much as it harms you. It hurts the little boy or girl inside, and when you are grown up you may find it out some day. So kill mercifully when you must kill, and try to find some good use for all life. If an insect must be killed, put it on a hard place and kill it quickly.

aquarium [28] (*a* kwā′ rĭ *ŭm*), a globe or tank of water to hold fish
burrow [27] (bŭr′ ō), dig a hole
cement [28] (sĕ mĕnt′), a made stone
dangerous [21] (dān′ jĕr *ŭs*), harmful
effective [23] (ĕ fĕk′ tĭv), bringing results
erected [25] (ē rĕkt′ ĕd), built
excavation [27] (ĕks′ k*a* vā′ sh*ŭn*), a hole
grosbeak [24] (grōs′ bēk), a bird, one of the finches, with a strong bill
grub [22] (grŭb), a soft worm-like animal living in the ground
hedge [18] (hĕj), a shrubbery fence
kerosene [23] (kĕr′ ō sēn′), coal oil
mercifully [29] (mûr′ sĭ fo͝ol lĭ), kindly
mischievous [19] (mĭs′ chĭ v*ŭs*), causing harm
perchance [26] (pēr chȧns′), perhaps
permanent [23] (pûr′ m*a* nĕnt), lasting
remedy [17] (rĕm′ ē dĭ), cure
subway [20] (sŭb′ wā′), a way underground
suffocate [23] (sŭf′ ō kāt), smother, choke
threaten [17] (thrĕt′ 'n), give signs of
waistcoat [26] (wāst′ kōt), a vest

4. Read aloud the paragraphs that give definite information. 5. What other helps or hindrances can you mention? 6. Which paragraphs make good pictures? Read them aloud. 7. Pick out two paragraphs that make a good reading for a Garden program.

8. Choose five words that you would like to add to your vocabulary. Make up sentences with these words.

9. Memorize paragraphs 26 and 27 as a declamation on "Mr. Toad — King of the Garden." 10. Make a bird house and bring it to school to show the class. 11. Draw a picture of a bird bath that you would like to have at home. 12. Tell the class about the prettiest flower garden you ever saw, so that they can see it. The class will vote to decide who made the best picture.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS[+]

JOHN VANCE CHENEY (chē′ nĭ)

THE flowers are loved, the weeds are spurned,
But for them both the suns are burned;
And when, at last, they fail the day,
The long night folds them all away.

THE LITTLE FRICTION MATCH

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Two of the most valuable things in the world are Time and Hand Labor. Whenever an article can be made by machinery instead of by hand it becomes cheaper, because a machine can make hundreds of articles in the time that it takes a pair of human hands to make one article. Machinery thus saves both Time and Human Labor. And it makes things cheap!

In olden times it was the custom to roll lamplighters out of paper, for matches were very, very high-priced. To-day the match has been made so cheaply that we light several a day without thinking anything about it. You are now going to read how matches are made by machinery. Watch for the different things that are done to the little piece of wood to make it a match.

Read silently:

[+] Used by permission of The Atlantic Monthly Company.

[1] I REMEMBER being once upon a time ten miles from a store and one mile from a neighbor. The fire had gone out in the night, and the last match failed to blaze. We had no flint and steel. We were neither Indians nor Boy Scouts, and we did not know how to make a fire by twirling a stick. There was nothing to do but to trudge off through the snow to the neighbor a mile away and beg some matches. Then was the time when we appreciated the little match and thought with deep respect of the men who invented and perfected it.

[2] It is a long way from the safe and reliable match of to-day back to the splinters that were soaked in chemicals and sold together with little bottles of sulphuric acid. The splinter was expected to blaze when dipped into the acid. Sometimes it did blaze, and sometimes it did not. But it was reasonably certain how the acid would behave, for it would always sputter and do its best to spoil some one's clothes. Even such matches as these were regarded as a wonderful convenience, and were sold at five dollars a hundred.

[3] With the next kind of match that appeared, a piece of folded sand-paper was sold, and the buyer was told to pinch it hard and draw the match through the fold. These matches were amazingly cheap — eighty-four of them for only twenty-five cents!

[4] There have been all sorts of odd matches. One kind actually had a tiny glass ball at the end full of sulphuric acid. To light this, you had to pinch the ball and the acid that was thus let out acted upon the other chemicals on the match and kindled it — or was expected to kindle it.

[5] Making matches is a big business, even if one hundred of them are sold for one cent. It is estimated that each person uses about seven matches every day. To provide so many there would be needed some seven hundred million matches a day in this country alone. It seems like a very simple matter to cut a splinter of wood, dip it into some chemicals, and pack it into a box for sale. It would be simple, too, if it were all done by hand, but the matches would also be irregular and very expensive. The way to make anything cheap and uniform is to manufacture it by machinery.

[6] The first step in making matches is to select some white-pine plank of good quality and cut it into blocks of the proper size. These are fed into a machine which sends sharp knives through them and thus cuts the match splinters. Over the splinter-cutter is a carrier chain, which is moving all the time, and into holes in this chain the ends of the match splints are forced at the rate of ten or twelve thousand a minute.

[7] The splinters, or splints, remain in the chain for about an hour, and during this hour all sorts of things happen to them. First, they are dipped into hot paraffin wax, because this will light even more easily than wood. As soon as the wax is dry, the busy chain carries them over a dipping-roll covered with a layer of glue and rosin. Currents of air now play upon the splints, and in about ten minutes the glue and rosin on one end of it have hardened into a ball. It is not a match yet, by any means, for scratching it would not make it light. The phosphorus which is to make it into a match is on another dipping-roll.

[8] This is a special kind of phosphorus. The common yellow phosphorus is poisonous, and workmen in match factories where it was used were in danger of suffering from a terrible disease of the jaw bone. At length it was found out that this special form of phosphorus would make just as good matches and was harmless. Our largest match company held the patent giving them the exclusive right to certain processes by which this special phosphorus was made; and this patent they generously gave up to the people of the United States.

[9] After the splints have been dipped into the preparation of phosphorus, they are carried about on the chain vertically, horizontally, on the outsides of some wheels and the insides of others, and through currents of air. Then they are turned over to a chain divided into sections which carry them to a packing-machine. This machine packs them into boxes, a certain number in each box, and they are slid down to girls who make the boxes into packages. These are put into wooden containers and are ready for sale.

[10] As in most manufactures, these processes must be carried on with great care and exactness. The wood must be carefully selected, the different dipping-rolls must be kept covered with a fresh supply of glue and rosin or phosphorus, always uniform in depth. Even the currents of air in which the splints are dried must be just warm enough to dry them and just moist enough not to dry them too rapidly.

[11] The old sulphur matches made in "card and block" can no longer be bought in this country. The safety

match has taken their place. One kind of safety match has the phosphorus on the box and the other igniting substances on the match, so that the match will not light unless it is scratched on the box; but this kind has never been a favorite in the United States. The second kind, the one generally used, may be struck anywhere.

[12] A match is a little thing, but nothing else can do its work.

amazingly [3] (*a* māz′ ĭng lĭ), surprisingly
appreciated [1] (*ă* prē′ shĭ āt′ ĕd), rightly valued
chemical [2] (kĕm′ ĭ kăl), substance
container,[9] a box
disease [8] (dĭ zēz′), illness
estimated [5] (ĕs′ tĭ māt′ ĕd), judged
flint,[1] a stone which strikes fire
kindled [4] (kĭn′ d'ld), set on fire
paraffin [7] (păr′ *ă* fĭn), used for making matches and preserving food
patent [8] (păt′ ĕnt), a right from the Government
phosphorus [7] (fŏs′ fŏr *ŭs*), a substance that glows in moist air
process [8] (prŏs′ ĕs), way of making something
provide [5] (prō vīd′), supply, furnish
reliable [2] (rē lī′ *a* b'l), does what you expect
rosin [7] (rŏz′ ĭn), a substance
sulphur [11] (sŭl′ f*ŭr*), a substance
trudge [1] (trŭj), walk on foot
twirling [1] (twûrl′ ĭng), moving rapidly
uniform [5] (ū′ nĭ fôrm), the same shape
exclusive right, [8] the only right
igniting substance,[11] substance for lighting
sulphuric acid,[2] a dangerous liquid

1. Look up in the dictionary the meaning of *friction* and tell why the match is called "a friction match." 2. About how many matches are used in a year in your town? In the whole United States? 3. Which different kinds of matches are described?

4. What materials are used in making matches? What is the use of each? 5. What machinery is used? 6. Write on the board briefly the different things that are done to the piece of wood to make it a match. 7. Read aloud the sections that describe what is done, to see whether you have given everything.

8. What faults are found sometimes with matches? 9. Conversation and discussion: (*a*) Different ways of making fire; (*b*) Warnings in the use of matches; (*c*) Other things that have been made cheaper by machinery. (Manual.) 10. Show how a lamplighter was made.

THE THREE GIANTS

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Herbert C. Hoover will always be remembered by the Allies as the man whose good management made it possible for America to feed the hungry countries of Europe during the Great War and in the days of peace that followed.

But Mr. Hoover could not have managed this if the railroads had not been ready to help him, — not the fine passenger trains, but the ugly freight trains carrying their precious treasure from the wheat fields of the West. And the freight trains would not have been able to carry the wheat, if a giant, the son of a giant, had not helped them.

Are there giants to-day? — Before you read this story write on a piece of paper "yes" or "no" as your answer. Talk the question over in class. It will be fun, then, to read the story to see who have come nearest to the truth.

I. GIANT WHIRLIGIG

[1] IT was a dreary day, nothing but rain, rain, rain. The old rooster walked slowly about, looking very forlorn with drooping tail and feathers all dripping. He made one faint attempt to crow.

[2] The boys laughed to hear him and Frank tried to draw his picture, but he soon got tired of that, and tried

to draw the cat, asleep in the armchair. That pleased him no better. The fact was, Frank wanted to be out of doors.

[3] "I wish there were some giants nowadays," he grumbled. "I should like one to carry this house off on his shoulders and set it down where the sun shines!"

[4] "What makes you talk so?" said Harry. "You know very well there never was such a thing as a real giant. All such stories are made up. For my part, I like to read about *real* things."

[5] "I said I wished there were real giants," replied Frank, "and I do wish it. I saw a man once that they called a giant, but he was only a tall fellow with big bones. He could n't do anything but stand up and be looked at. I should like one of those old-fashioned giants that could do such wonderful things —"

[6] "But I tell you they never *could* do such wonderful things!" interrupted Harry.

[7] Their mother who was working near by heard the boys talking, and said: "What if I should tell you that there *are* real giants now, who do quite as wonderful things as you ever read of?"

[8] "I should like to see some of their doings," said Harry, "but I think Mother means some kind of riddle."

[9] His mother smiled and said: "I will tell you about three giants as old as the hills and very strong.

[10] "The first one is very willful. If people want him to do anything, sometimes he will, and sometimes he won't. Sometimes when he is not wanted at all he does a great deal of mischief. He snaps off trees or pulls

them up by the roots. He piles snow into great hills in everybody's way and often buries buildings under cartloads of sand. Sometimes he runs over the sea in a hurry and piles the waves into huge heaps like mountains. He has large, invisible wings which he folds up on his shoulders when he chooses to go about quietly. Sometimes he stretches these out with a loud noise and rises high above the earth, driving the clouds before him. When he is angry he upsets boats full of men in his fury and dashes great ships to pieces against the rocks, but when he likes to be quiet he plays with the flowers and makes them dance for joy.

[11] "This strong giant is sometimes so obliging that he makes large, beautiful soap-bubbles and blows them about to amuse little children. If you want him to do anything useful, however, he is seldom ready. At times he will remain drowsy for several days and refuse to do anything at all. Then, perhaps, he will begin in a great hurry to do the work you want. In a few minutes he will grind piles of corn to powder, and do dozens of things of which I have not time to tell you now."

[12] "What does the giant look like?" inquired Frank eagerly.

[13] "It is very hard to say what he is like. I often hear him singing and whistling, and sometimes in the garden he snatches the bonnet from my head and is off before I can catch a glimpse of him."

[14] "Has he a name, Mother?" asked Harry.

[15] "I don't know what he calls himself," replied his mother, "but on account of his wild ways I call him Giant Whirligig."

drowsy [11] (drou′ zĭ), sleepy
forlorn [1] (fŏr lôrn′), miserable
fury [10] (fū′ rĭ), anger, rage
glimpse [13] (glĭmps), sight
inquired [12] (ĭn kwīrd′), asked
invisible [10] (ĭn vĭz′ ĭ b'l), unseen
obliging [11] (ō blīj′ ĭng), kind
wilful [10] (wĭl′ fo͝ol), stubborn

1. What started these boys talking about giants? 2. What do they think about them? 3. Read aloud the description of Whirligig and explain what it means. 4. What are the good and bad things that this giant does? 5. How do you know when he is around? 6. Tell three different ways in which he serves people.

II. GIANT SILVERLINE

[16] "WHAT is the second giant like, Mother?" asked Harry eagerly.

[17] "Giant Whirligig has a brother," said their mother, "more quiet than himself but just as powerful. He can carry enormous weights without minding them any more than you would a feather. He carries tons of corn and potatoes, and iron and coal, thousands of miles, yet they never make the slightest scar on his back.

[18] "The second giant is very graceful and has a great love for beauty. He generally wears a long flowing robe of sky-blue or steel-color, or green, and it is often embroidered with leaves and flowers. He loves jewels too, and wears fringes of pearls and glittering diamonds. This giant is very good and is constantly giving food and drink to men and animals. He is generous, too, for I have seen handfuls of his diamonds thrown on cobwebs on the grass. Though he is fond of jewels, he is not lazy like his brother Whirligig. He saws boards and grinds corn, week after week, and never runs away and leaves a job undone, as Whirligig does.

[19] "When he is by himself he is well behaved, but when he and Whirligig get together they make a good

deal of trouble. If they are in sport, they act like wild creatures; but if they fight, then indeed it becomes truly awful. They snap the strongest oak timbers as if they were pipe-stems and catch up huge masses of iron and smash it against the rocks. If this second giant is left alone, however, he is kind and helpful. Children can learn to manage him, and he will let them get on his back for a ride, as much as they please. But they ought to be very sure that they know how to ride him before they trust him very much, for he is a hungry giant and has eaten up many boys and girls, and men and animals."

[20] "What is the name of *this* giant?" inquired Frank.

[21] His mother replied: "On account of his taste for fine clothes, I will call him Giant Silverline.

[22] "He took it into his head to marry a sharp-tempered fairy, with whom he was usually fighting. She was always put out if he touched her, and if she came near him, he began to swell with rage and to spit at her as a cat does when she sees a dog. She is a very hungry fairy, but if her appetite is properly fed, she is one of the most useful and friendly fairies that ever existed. But when she gets angry she is more terrible than any giant. Sometimes when she is in a rage, Giant Whirligig joins her, and then nothing in the whole world can resist them. Giant Silverline is the only one who can calm her when she is angry, and sometimes it takes him a long time to do this. He throws his long arms about and strikes her in every direction."

[23] "What does she look like?" asked Harry.

[24] "She is the most beautiful fairy in the world, graceful as air. She wears brilliant robes and a crown of gold. Her name is Fairy Flamingo."

enormous [17] (ē nôr′ mŭs), very large
flamingo [24] (flȧ mĭn′ gō), a flame-colored bird
glittering [18] (glĭt′ ēr ĭng), sparkling
powerful [17] (pou′ ēr fo͝ol), mighty
timber [19] (tĭm′ bēr), planks of wood
ton [17] (tŭn), 2000 pounds

7. Compare this giant with Giant Whirligig. 8. Why has he no "scar on his back" [17]? 9. How would he "eat up" [19] boys and girls?

10. What is the "sharp-tempered fairy" [22]? Explain section 22.

11. Which would you rather meet in a rage, Fairy Flamingo or Giant Silverline? Give an instance. 12. How does Giant Silverline serve people? 13. What does the Fairy Flamingo do in your home?

III. GIANT FIZZAWAY

[25] "GIANT SILVERLINE and his wife, the Fairy Flamingo, had one son," continued their mother, "but he proved to be a more powerful giant than his father. When he was a boy he never told anybody how strong he was because he did n't choose to be set to work. So he strolled around the world, for hundreds of years, amusing himself.

[26] "One day, a gentleman, who saw him lift the cover from a kettle with his little finger, said to himself, 'It is a shame for that strong fellow to go idling about as he does. If he can lift so much with one of his little fingers, he could do more heavy work than ten yoke of oxen, if I could only get him into a harness.'

[27] "So this man set about trying to do it. The giant did not like to be shut up, however, and would get into a violent rage and burst open the strongest door that

they could make. Finding it so dangerous to imprison him, they made a window on hinges which he could open whenever he chose. He would thrust his long neck out then, take a look at the country, and roar so loud that he could be heard far and near. This quieted him, so that he stopped bursting open the door. By feeding his mother and calling in his father for aid, they persuaded this young giant to work in good earnest.

[28] "It is marvelous what labors he performs. He pulls huge ships through the sea, and drags after him on land loads of iron and coal half a mile long. He carries thousands of people at once, hundreds of miles, in a few hours. But he never lets dogs and boys and birds get on his back, as would Giant Silverline, nor does he make the flowers dance to his whistling. All creatures scamper out of his way when they hear him coming, and it is very dangerous for children to go near him, for if they come in his way, he knocks them down.

[29] "And yet, would you believe it? — This great giant will never stir a single step unless his father and mother are near him. When men want his services they have to take the father and mother along, too. Fairy Flamingo eats so much that it would prove too costly, if it were not for the fact that her son can do an immense amount of work in a very short time. On account of his flurry and bluster, I call him Giant Fizzaway."

[30] "I know him! I know him!" exclaimed both boys.

[31] "If you know him," said their mother, "tell me whether he is not a real giant."

[32] " They *are* real giants," acknowledged Harry.

[33] "I *know* what they are!" said Frank eagerly. "And they are a thousand times stronger than the giant that Jack climbed the beanstalk to kill!"

acknowledged [32] (ăk nŏl′ ĭjd), gave in
bluster [29] (blŭs′ tẽr), noise
dangerous [28] (dān′ jẽr *ŭs*), harmful
flurry [29] (flŭr′ ĭ), sudden commotion
violent [27] (vī′ ō lĕnt), fierce
yoke [26] (yōk), two oxen hitched together

14. Read aloud the description of Giant Silverline's son and explain what it means. 15. Who set the son to work? How?

16. How does he work for men? What are some of the things that they could not do without him? 17. Explain why he always needs his father and mother?

18. Why is each giant so named? Tell what each is. 19. What advice would you give a little brother or sister about each giant? 20. What fourth giant can you group with these? What wonders does he do?

21. Cut from newspapers or magazines pictures of things that these giants might make work. Tell how. 22. Pick out each giant in the picture on page 74, and tell how he works. 23. Read aloud Longfellow's "Windmill," "Lighthouse," "Wreck of the Hesperus," Rand's "Little Ships," or Dewey's "Sailor's Star" (Riverside Reader IV), and tell why they suit this selection. 24. Write or tell four things that one of these giants did (*a*) to help men or (*b*) to harm men. 25. Make a whirligig of paper. (Manual.) Which giant turns it?

JERRY THE MILLER

John G. Saxe

Suppose the baker, the butcher, the ice-man, and the milkman suddenly stopped working. How quickly we should wake up to the fact that these are very important, though humble, workers in the community, for they help to keep us alive! In village life the mill is a busy center. Corn, wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, — all these grains the farmers take from their fields to the mill, where they are ground into meal for the people to use. Day in and day out Mill and Miller serve the community.

Here is a picture of old Jerry, the faithful miller of olden times. The poet has a twinkle in his eye when he tells you about him, but in his heart he respects "Little Jerry" because he does his work faithfully, and never overcharges (takes "over-toll" [12]) for grinding his neighbors' corn.

1 BENEATH the hill you may see the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

2 Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

3 "Little Jerry!" — 't was all the same —
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name
Nobody ever seemed to know.

4 'T was "Little Jerry, come grind my rye";
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat";
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

5 'T was "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

6 But what in size he chanced to lack
That Jerry made up in being strong:
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

7 Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest —

8 "When will you grind my corn, I say?"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you need n't scold;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be tolled."

9 How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the sad news came,
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

10 And then it was whispered mournfully
The doctor had come, and Jerry was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see:
"Poor little Jerry!" was all they said.

11 They laid him in his earthly bed —
His miller's coat his only shroud —
"Dust to dust" the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

12 For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

13 Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

bin,[12] a box to hold something
calked [2] (kôkt), put something in seams between planks to prevent leaking
chanced [6] (chănst), happened
clattering [1] (klăt′ ẽr ĭng), rattling
crumbling [1] (krŭm′ blĭng), breaking up slowly
grist [8] (grĭst), grain to be ground
lack [6] (lăk), not to have
notable [7] (nō′ tȧ b'l), noted
pecked [2] (pĕkt), picked, kept free from matter
quoth [8] (kwōth), said
shroud [11] (shroud), a dress for the dead
tolled [8] (tōld), have toll taken or a charge made
wag,[7] joker
standing jest,[7] an old joke

1. Read the lines that describe Jerry. 2. Read the lines that describe the mill. 3. What did people say to the miller? 4. What did they say behind his back? 5. What did Jerry say to them?

6. Did the people miss him after he died? Why? 7. What joke did he always make? What did he mean by "you'll be tolled"[8]? 8. Which giant runs Jerry's mill?

9. Read aloud Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Windmill" (Riverside Reader IV). 10. Make cut-outs of the mill. 11. Tell about another worker in your neighborhood who serves.

PERSEVERANCE WINS

Author unknown

It is not what a boy wears on his back that makes a man of him, but what he has inside his heart and head. As you read this story compare this boy's "outside" with the precious things he had within himself.

What do you like most about him?

[1] About thirty years ago, I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a ragged little boy, not over twelve years of age, came in to ask whether they had "geographies" to sell.

[2] "Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know that they were so dear."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have only sixty-two cents," said he, "will you let me have the book, and wait awhile for the rest of the money?"

[3] How eagerly the lad looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man refused his request! The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

[4] "And what now?" I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

[5] Four different stores I entered with him, and four times I saw the boy's face cloud at a harsh refusal.

[6] "Shall you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

[7] We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

[8] "Do you want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so much?"

"To study, sir. I cannot go to school, but when I have time I study at home. All the boys have geographies, and they will be ahead of me if I do not get one. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to know about the places that he used to go to."

[9] "Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," replied the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

[10] "Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do. I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can; or, I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and is it just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, it is as good as the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have twelve cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

[11] The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and, when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

[12] "A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Hartley, sir."

[13] "Do you want any more books?" I now asked, earnestly regarding the boy's serious face.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the volumes that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank-note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"May I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad; whatever you want."

"Then I will buy a book for Mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you."

[14] He asked my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him. Many years passed before I saw him again.

[15] Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage, but toward the end there came a terrible storm, and the ship would have sunk, with all on board, had it not been for the captain.

[16] Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the vessel with water. The crew were strong and willing men, and the mates

were practical seamen of the first class. But, after pumping for one whole night, with the water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could live in such a wind and sea.

[17] The captain, who had been below examining his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

[18] It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to look for the leak. As he passed me I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel.

[19] He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, and said: "Yes, sir. So long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Everything shall be done to save the ship, and, if we fail, it will not be our fault. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

[20] Thrice during the day did we despair. But the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

[21] And he did land us safe, but the vessel sank soon after she was moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship receiving the thanks of the passengers as they hurried down the gangplank.

[22] As I passed, he grasped my hand and said: "Judge Preston, do you not recognize me?"

I told him that I did not. I was not aware that I had ever seen him before I stepped on board his ship.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati? He owes a debt of gratitude for your encouragement and kindness to him."

"I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And may God bless you, too, Captain Hartley," I said. "The perseverance that thirty years ago secured you that geography, has to-day saved our lives."

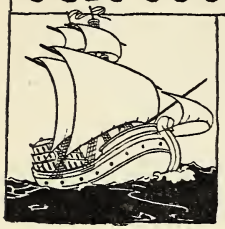
abandon [19] (*ȧ* băn′ dŭn), give up
chart [17] (chärt), map
dauntless [20] (dänt′ lĕs), fearless
despair [16] (dē spâr′), loss of hope
dock [21] (dŏk), place for vessels
gangplank, [21] a narrow platform put from the wharf to the ship
inquiringly [11] (ĭn kwīr′ ĭng lĭ), as if asking a question
mast [16] (mȧst), a long pole on the ship to hold the sails
mate [16] (māt), an officer on the ship
moored [21] (mo͝ord), fastened
proprietor [8] (prō prī′ ē tēr), owner
recognize [22] (rĕk′ ŏg nīz), know
rudder [16] (rŭd′ ēr), the thing that steers a boat
thrice [20] (thrīs), three times

1. In what ways would a geography be of use to a boy who wanted to be a sailor? 2. Would William Hartley neglect his mother? How do you know? 3. Do you think that he paid Judge Preston back? Give a reason for your belief. 4. What is meant by "ploughed the waters"[15] and "owe a debt of gratitude"[22]?

5. Prove that Captain Hartley knew his business well. Was his decision wise? 6. Practice reading aloud the conversation, making up speeches where they are not given.

7. If a boy is forced to go to work, how can he still keep up his education? 8. What are different ways to earn money for books? 9. What things would William Hartley *not* do in the schoolroom and on the playground? 10. Tell the class which of your school books you like best. Why?

OUR COUNTRY-PAST AND PRESENT



FINDING AMERICA

A Story of Columbus

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The most wonderful event that ever happened is the discovery of America. The story is especially thrilling because Columbus had to fight his way through many hardships before he could find any one to help him. It was a learned man and a woman who in the end had faith enough in his ideas to encourage him.

As you read this for yourself, notice who these persons are:

I. COLUMBUS CROSSES THE UNKNOWN SEA

[1] A LITTLE boy once lived in Genoa, Italy, whose earliest memory was the "Boom, boom!" of his father's shuttle. The father was a wool comber and weaver, and all the near neighbors were weavers. When the boy went to school he studied and played with the children of weavers, and when he went to church he knelt before an altar that belonged specially to the weavers.

[2] He would probably have become a weaver himself if Genoa had not been a seashore town. The wharves were not far from his home, and when he went to walk on the hills back of the city he could see the white-sailed ships coming and going. When he was

fourteen he sailed away on one of them, and for fourteen years he went on one voyage after another. Between the voyages he helped his father comb wool and weave.

[3] Genoa was full of sailor boys. No one knew that this boy would become a famous man, and so no one wrote any account of his boyhood. Almost the only thing we know about his early years is that he managed somehow to learn a great many things. He learned how to sail a ship by watching the moon and stars and by using the instruments that sailors then had. He learned all that was known about geography. He learned to draw beautiful maps and sea-charts. Some of these maps were different from those of to-day. When he drew a map of Europe, for instance, he put the Atlantic Ocean west of the Continent, and Asia west of the Atlantic.

[4] Europe in those days was buying spices, silks, and many other things from China and eastern Asia. But bringing them overland by caravans was very expensive, so Columbus said to himself: —

[5] "Why cannot we cross the Atlantic, and so go directly to China?"

[6] There were several reasons why people thought this could not be done. A few believed that the earth was a sphere and could be sailed around. But some said the Atlantic was full of monsters and demons, and others thought that the water at the equator was boiling hot. Columbus was not troubled by any of these fears, but he had no money to provide ships and men for such a voyage.

[7] In those days Portugal was a great sea power, so he appealed to the Portuguese king. "If you will give me ships and men," he said, "I will cross the Atlantic. Then you can trade directly with the great cities of China and Japan, and Portugal will become the richest country in Europe." He gave all his reasons for believing that this could be done, and King John agreed to lay the matter before four learned men.

[8] These men replied, "It is a wild and foolish scheme." But one of them added, "If there is any truth in it, why should we let this foreigner have all the glory? Let us keep him waiting awhile and send out one of our own sailors."

[9] So a ship was sent out secretly. But a storm arose, and in a few days it came back. "No one can ever cross the Atlantic," declared the captain.

[10] Columbus heard of the trick and was indignant. "I will go to the sovereigns of Spain," he said to himself, and he set off on foot to cross the mountains. Some time before this he had married, and his wife had died, leaving him a little boy, Diego,[+] who was now about six years old. Diego walked until he was tired, then his father carried him, and so they journeyed into Spain. Diego was left with his aunt, and Columbus made an appeal to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

[11] The queen liked Columbus and was interested in his plans. But when she asked the opinion of her learned councilors, they said, as the council in Portugal had said, "It is a wild and foolish scheme."

[+] **Diego** [10] (dē ā′ gō).

[12] The queen was not convinced, but the kingdom was at war and there was little money to spare. So, after seven years of waiting, Columbus took Diego and set off for France.

[13] Before they had walked far, the boy was hungry, and so his father rang the bell of the convent of La Rábida.[+] "Will you give me some bread for my son?" he asked.

[14] "Yes, surely," replied the monks. "Bring the boy in and let him rest."

[15] One of these monks, called Brother Antonio, noticed that Columbus was no common beggar, and they had a long talk together. Brother Antonio was almost as much interested in geography and astronomy as Columbus himself, and soon Columbus had told him of his plans for crossing the ocean and of all his disappointments. The prior of the convent also became interested.

[16] "Do not go to France yet," he said. "Before I came here, I was confessor to the queen. I will write to her, and perhaps she will listen to me."

[17] She did listen; and before many days had passed, the little seaport town of Palos* was in a fever of excitement, for three ships were to sail from there to cross the Atlantic, the "Sea of Darkness," as it was called.

[18] One bright morning in August, 1492, the ships sailed.

[19] "They will never come back again," said the wise people on the shore.

[+] **La Rábida** [13] (lä rä′ bē dä).

* **Palos** [17] (pä′ lōs).

astronomy [15] (ăs trŏn′ ō mĭ), study of the stars, moon, etc.
caravan [4] (kăr′ *a* văn), a company of merchants traveling together
confessor [16] (kŏn fĕs′ ẽr), a priest who hears confession
convent [13] (kŏn′ vĕnt), a religious house where monks live
councilor [11] (koun′ sĭ lẽr), adviser
demon [6] (dē′ mŏn), evil spirit, devil
foreigner [8] (fŏr′ ĭn ẽr), a person from another country
indignant [10] (ĭn dĭg′ nănt), rightly angry
instrument [3] (ĭn′ stro͞o mĕnt), tool, implement
Portuguese [7] (pōr′ tu̯ gēz), of Portugal
prior [15] (prī′ ẽr), chief of a convent
scheme [8] (skēm), plan, project
sovereign [10] (sŏv′ ẽr ĭn), a ruler
sphere [6] (sfēr), a round body

1. How was Columbus's boyhood different from yours? 2. Why did he want to cross the Atlantic? 3. What things were said against such an attempt? 4. Tell of the different times Columbus tried to get help. What did he need? 5. Pretend to be Diego and tell of his wanderings with his father. 6. What did the writer really mean by *wise people?* [19]

7. Act out the scene at the convent. 8. Make up in class the letter that the Prior wrote to Queen Isabella, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best. Write Queen Isabella's reply to the Prior. (Manual.)

II. THE RETURN

[20] More than two months later, the bells of Palos rang merrily, the shops and schools were closed, and the whole town flocked to the wharves, for Columbus was coming up the river. As soon as he had landed, a procession was formed, and he went to the church to thank God for bringing him safely home. It is easy to guess where he went next, for Columbus never forgot those who had been kind to him. He went straight to his old friends, the monks of La Rábida. From there he sent a letter to the sovereigns.

[21] Then there was great excitement at the Spanish court. The sovereigns wrote Columbus a letter, which bade him come to court at once. It was addressed:

"Don[+] Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indies."

Columbus obeyed.

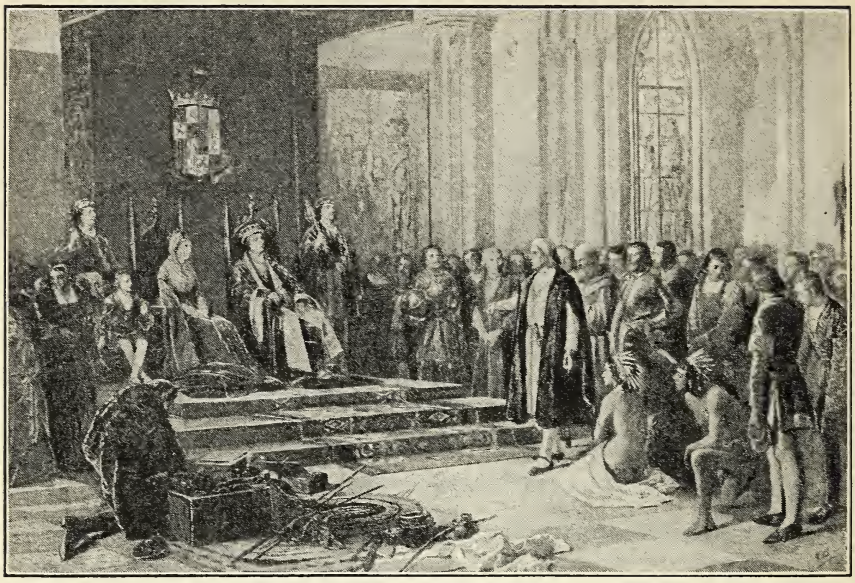
[22] All the way people lined the roads and stood at the doors and windows, gazing at the great man and cheering as he went by. When he reached Barcelona* a procession was formed. First came six Indians whom Columbus had brought with him. They were followed by the sailors carrying parrots, stuffed birds, the skins of strange beasts, plants, berries, and ornaments of gold that had come from the other side of the Atlantic. Then came the admiral on horseback in a handsome uniform, and after him a brilliant company of young nobles flashing with jewels.

[23] When they reached the royal audience room, there sat the king and queen on their throne with a glittering canopy of cloth of gold over their heads. Around them stood the courtiers and the proudest nobles of Spain, all watching to catch the first glimpse of the man who had sailed the unknown seas. Among them must have been the boy Diego, for the queen had made him a page to her son.

[24] Columbus walked slowly up the room, gray-haired, dignified, and as stately as any of the lordly Spaniards. He knelt before the throne to kiss the hands of the sovereigns, but they rose as they would have risen to greet any mighty king and bade him be seated. Then he told them about the voyage, the new lands, and the strange people whom he had seen.

[+] **Don** [21] (dŏn), a title in Spain.

* **Barcelona** [22] (bär′ sĕ lō nȧ).



COLUMBUS TELLING HIS ADVENTURES AT COURT

[25] "There are even greater discoveries before us," he said, as he finished his wonderful story. "The wealth of many kingdoms will come to Spain."

audience room [23] (ô′ dĭ ĕns), room in which a ruler interviews people
canopy [23] (kăn′ ō pĭ), a covering
courtier [23] (kōrt′ yĕr), one who attends at court
glimpse [23] (glĭmps), glance, view
glittering [23] (glĭt′ ēr ĭng), shining
page [23] (pāj), a boy who attends a noble at court
procession [20] (prō sĕsh′ ŭn), a number of persons advancing in order
viceroy [21] (vīs′ roi), one who rules for a king

9. How did Columbus's actions on his return show the kind of man he was? 10. Make up in class the letter to him. 11. Describe the procession and the scene with the rulers of Spain.

12. Make up in class Columbus's speech, the teacher writing on the board the sentences that are selected as best. 13. Act out the scene at court for the Columbus Day program. (Manual.)

14. Find the principal characters of this story in the picture on this page.

A LETTER FROM THE JAMESTOWN COLONY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

For one hundred years after Columbus discovered America people of the Old World were busy sending out ships to explore the new lands. About the time that Queen Elizabeth died some Englishmen began planning to make settlements in the new country. In December, 1606, three little ships set sail from England. They had on board thirty-nine sailors and one hundred and five passengers. Fifty of the passengers were what they called "gentlemen" in those days. That is, they were men who never did any work. The rest were mechanics and other persons used to hard labor.

On May 3, 1607, after an ocean voyage of five months, these settlers landed at a river, which they named in honor of James I, the new king of England. Here, in low marshy ground they made the first American settlement and called it Jamestown.

As you read silently, see which of these men was of most use in meeting the dangers of a strange land:

I. EARLY DAYS IN THE VIRGINIA COLONY

Jamestown in Virginia,
August 26, 1608.

DEAR RICHARD:

[1] Captain Newport had not been gone a week before I would have given my pint of moldy wheat and barley to be on the ocean with him in a ship headed for England. You need not laugh, Dick, for that is what each one of us had for his daily rations. The grain had lain in the ship so long that it was moldy and full of weevils. Every morning we put the daily allowance of us all

into a great kettle and boiled it. Then it was given out, weevils and all; and we were so nearly starved that the only thing we complained of was that there was so little of it. You see, when the ship was here, we could always get good food of the sailors, for most of us had a little money, and those who had none could swap sassafras or furs; so we got on finely.

[2] The Indians promised to be friendly, and Captain Newport left us a quantity of the things they like best, — beads, looking-glasses, hatchets, copper kettles, toys, and red cloth, so we could trade with them. After the vessel sailed, however, they were not so ready to trade, and we found that some of them had planned to starve us out. We did not dare to venture far away to hunt for game. We caught crabs and a sturgeon now and then, and that, together with the weevily corn, was all we had to eat. There were not tents enough to hold us all, and some slept in the trees. It grew frightfully hot. You have n't the least idea how hot America can be when it tries. We worked terribly hard, building the palisades and trying to put up some little huts for ourselves, and hoeing the corn. Oh, that corn! We wanted it to grow so much that we almost stood over it and pulled to see if we could not help it along.

[3] There was nothing to drink but river water. When the tide was high that was salt, and when it was low it was nothing but slime. We had to drink one or the other or die of thirst. It is no wonder that almost every one was sick, and before autumn fifty of our men had died. Captain Gosnold is dead, and for a long while Captain Smith was so sick that we were afraid he would

not get well either. President Wingfield had charge of the provisions, and you may be sure *he* did not suffer. Then, too, the first thing we knew, he had it all nicely arranged for himself and a few of his friends to escape in the pinnace and leave us to starve or not, as we could. He ought to have been hanged, but he was only put out of the Council.

[4] It grew worse and worse. I tell you, Dick, it is not comfortable to be hungry. I can remember crying for more Christmas pudding in England, and I can remember saying that I was almost starved when dinner was late, but that was not being hungry. If you are really hungry, you can't look at a river without thinking of fried fish, and you can't look at a tree without thinking of squirrel soup. You see a field mouse, and you wish you were not any bigger than he, so a dozen grains of corn would give you a full meal. Your head feels queer and your feet kind of wobble. Your clothes are so big you are sure they must belong to some one else. You can't find any crabs. The sturgeon won't be caught. One minute you are ready to swallow a pine tree, and the next it makes you sick to think of tasting anything. That's the way it felt to be hungry, Dick! And all this time the sun was growing hotter and the people were groaning and crying out and dying with the sickness. Once there were not more than five who could have fired a musket if the Indians had attacked us.

[5] If it had not been for Captain Smith, this letter would never have been written, that's sure. I'll tell you what he did. Our corn had been planted too late to come to anything, but the Indians had plenty, so

just as soon as he could stand, he started out in the boat to get them to sell us some. He knows almost everything, but he can't talk Indian, and he had to do it all by signs. He pointed to his mouth as if he were eating and held out his beads and needles and hatchets. Those red men knew that if they did not give us any food we should starve, and they would get the hatchets and things anyway. So they just grinned at him or held out a little handful of corn and pointed to a sword or a musket. Of course he would not give them arms to kill us with, but he did give them powder; for he and his men fired their muskets and sprang ashore.

[6] The Indians ran for their lives, but it was not long before they came back with a great company of their friends. Of course I was not there, but the men told me all about it, and they said it was a sight. They heard the howling that the Indians seem to think is singing, and then they saw the queerest monster that any one ever dreamed of. It was really a great rag baby made of skins and stuffed with moss. The Indians had painted it so it looked almost as bad as themselves, and they had hung copper chains over it. It seemed to be a sort of idol, and they were not the least bit afraid now it was with them.

[7] They fired at our men, and our men fired at them and the monster, and took the monster prisoner. Then it was the Indians' turn to beg. They had lost their *Okee*, as they called it, and they were ready to do anything to get it back. Captain Smith pointed to their heaps of corn, then to his boat, and then to the hatchets and beads and things. Then he looked pleasant and

held out his hand to them. They understood, and in no time at all they filled his boat with corn, and piled venison and turkeys on top of it. Captain Smith gave them copper and knives and beads and hatchets. The red men and the white men smiled at each other, and the red men danced for the white men to show them what good friends they were.

[8] Then the Indians took their *Okee* and went off singing, while Captain Smith came back with the corn. And you'd better believe he had a welcome! We had enough to eat for a good while after that, for the Indians brought corn and beans and pumpkins, and as it grew colder the wild geese and the ducks came back in great flocks.

complained [1] (kŏm plānd′), found fault with
moldy [1] (mōl′ dĭ), covered with mold
musket [4] (mŭs′ kĕt), gun
Okee [7] (ō′ kē), an idol
palisade [2] (păl′ ĭ sād′), a high fence for defense
pinnace [3] (pĭn′ ȧs), a small ship
provision [3] (prō vĭzh′ ŭn), food
ration [1] (rā′ shŭn), a portion of food for one person
sassafras [1] (săs′ ȧ frăs), a tree, valuable for bark and oil
slime [3] (slīm), sticky mud
sturgeon [2] (stûr′ jŭn), a large fish
venison [7] (vĕn′ ĭ z'n), deer meat
venture [2] (vĕn′ tu̇r), take the chances
weevil [1] (wē′ v'l), a little bug

1. How long had Will Newton been in Virginia when he wrote this letter? 2. What difficulties did the colonists have? Why? 3. Find different things to show that Captain John Smith was brave, quick-witted, and practical.

4. Describe the scene with the *Okee*. 5. What trick did Captain Smith play on the Indians?

II. CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S ESCAPE

[9] I SUPPOSE you think my letter is all about the Captain, but as I have said before, if it had not been for him there would not have been any letter. He was getting

in food for the winter when the Council began to grumble that he ought to be exploring the Chickahominy[+] River. "We are not going to stay here forever," they said. "We want to make our fortunes and go home. The Chickahominy comes from the northwest. Of course it rises in high land, and there is no reason why there should not be a river flowing down the other side into the South Sea."

[10] Captain Smith did not really believe this, but he chose nine men to go with him and set out. He went in the barge as far as he could, then he paddled on in a canoe, and then he and an Indian guide went still farther on foot. A large party of Indians came down upon him and took him prisoner. Now you won't think I've said too much about him when I tell you what a clever thing he did. He had learned a few Indian words by this time, but he did not begin to beg for his life, — he knew Indians too well for that. I can fancy just how he looked — as if he did not care an oyster shell for any of them — and how he waved his hand as if he were sweeping them into the quagmire, and said, "Werowance!"* That means chief, and so they took him to their chief, Opechancanough.**

[11] Captain Smith says that the Indians think whatever they do not understand is a god, so he pulled his compass out of his pocket and showed it to them. He told them as well as he could how he found his way through the woods by it, and they were as pleased as babies with sugarplums. It is not very easy to get

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[+] **Chickahominy** [9] (chĭk′ *ā* hŏm′ ĭ nĭ). * **Werowance** [10] (wĕr′ ō wăns).
** **Opechancanough** [10] (ō pĕch *ăn* kä′nō).

Captain Smith to tell of his adventures, as I wrote in my other letter; but we found out that the Indians wanted to kill him, and the chief would not let them, for he had a plan worth two of theirs. He gave the Captain no end of good things to eat and set a guard of forty men over him.

[12] After a while the chief contrived to say that he wanted to get rid of those people at Jamestown. "If you will help me," he said as well as he could by signs and words that the Captain knew, "you shall be a big warrior among us. You shall live with us and have some land and some wives." "But those people are very strong," the Captain said. "They can do wonderful things, and there is no way that you can take them." The chief looked so angry that the Captain almost expected to be killed on the instant, but one of the Indians had a new idea. In the fight the Captain had wounded a brave, as they call their fighters. "Come and make him well," they said.

[13] When the Captain looked at him, he saw that the man was not badly hurt, and he had an idea too, an idea that was worth a dozen of theirs. "I have some medicine at Jamestown that will cure him," he said. "Let some of your braves carry to the white men this bit of paper from my notebook, and then go at sunset to the big rock that overhangs the river above the settlement, and they will find the medicine." You'd better believe he wrote more than one thing on that bit of paper. He told us to put the medicine beside the rock and to treat the messengers well and give them presents to bring back, but to be sure to scare

them half out of their wits. Did n't we, though! We fired muskets and pistols and demi-culverins.[+] You ought to have seen those Indians run! They carried back the medicine, however, and the brave got well.

[14] Still those red men could n't make up their minds what to do with the Captain. They were afraid to let him live and they did not really dare to kill him. At last they decided to carry him to Powhatan,* who is a bigger chief than Opechancanough. That must have been a sight. You see, the Captain was a prisoner, but he was a great man just the same, and Powhatan wanted to make it clear that *he* was a great man, too.

[15] Fancy a long, narrow hut made of branches of trees woven together and covered with bark. Inside the hut were two rows of women sitting next the wall. Their heads and shoulders were daubed with red paint, and pieces of white down were fastened in their hair. Chains of white beads were around their red necks and fell over their red shoulders. In front of the women were two rows of men, all in full dress, — that is, with beads and feathers and birds' claws and such things. At the end of the room was a sort of platform covered with cushions. It looked as much like a bedstead as anything, the Captain said, but it was a throne. On it was Powhatan, all splendid in feathers and beads and raccoon skins. Two of his favorite daughters were with him, one on each side.

[16] When the Captain was brought in, all those people gave a yell. They brought him water to wash his hands

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[+] **demi-culverin** [13] (dĕm′ ĭ kŭl′ vẽr ĭn), cannon.

* **Powhatan** [14] (pou′ hȧ tăn′).

and a great bunch of feathers to dry them on. They gave him the best food they had. Then they had a long talk together. He did not know what all this meant; but when the talk stopped and two big stones were brought in and set down before Powhatan, and two of the strongest braves took their places beside them with clubs, then it did not need a conjurer to tell what was coming. Even Captain Smith could not think of anything to do, — and when he could not, you may be sure that no one else could.

[17] They laid him down with his head on the stones, and the men with the clubs were all ready to strike when something happened. He had noticed that when they were talking, the youngest daughter seemed to be begging her father to do something, but that he shook his head. This little girl had no idea of giving up her own way, in spite of Powhatan and all his braves, and suddenly she jumped down from the bedstead and threw her arms about the Captain's neck. The old chief was not one bit afraid of his braves, but he could not make up his mind to cross his pet daughter. He gave a sort of growl, then he half smiled. At last he said, "Let her have him if she wants him. He can make bells and beads for her and hatchets for me."

[18] Two days later he said to the Captain, "I shall call you my son now. We are friends, and you are free to return to the white men. You may have land too. Give me two of those big guns and a grind-stone, and you may have the whole Capahowsie[+] country."

[+] **Capahowsie** [18] (kăp′ *ȧ* hou′ sĭ).

[19] Good-by, Dick. Maybe you won't hear from me again. If a ship does not come from England with provisions, we shall have a hard time to get through the winter and spring till the corn is ripe. The Indians are not so much afraid of us as they were. Captain Newport gave Powhatan ever so many swords, and now they know that they can fight as well as we, except for our guns. Would you rather starve or be killed by an Indian, Dick?

Your old friend,
WILL NEWTON

barge [10] (bärj), a flat-bottomed boat
compass [11] (kŭm′ pȧs), an instrument that tells direction
conjurer [16] (kŭn′ jēr ēr), one who does things by magic
contrived [12] (kŏn trīvd′), managed
daubed [15] (dôbd), smeared
down [15] (doun), soft fluffy feathers
exploring [9] (ĕks plōr′ ĭng), finding out about
quagmire [10] (kwăg′ mīr′), soft, wet land
raccoon [15] (ră kōōn′), a small animal
sugarplum [11] (sho͝og′ ēr plŭm′), candy

6. Find the Chickahominy River in your geography. Why did the Council want the Captain to explore this river? 7. How did Captain Smith show his courage, when captured? 8. Prove that he understood Indians. 9. How would a compass be of help to him?

10. Describe the scene in the hut. Read aloud the paragraph to see who has made the clearest picture. 11. What took place in the hut? How could it be acted out? 12. Read aloud the 12th and 13th paragraphs and give the conversations as you think they should be given.

13. Which different customs of the Indians are talked about? 14. What are some hard things that settlers meet in an unknown land? 15. Write on the board a list of words that apply to Indians.

16. Let each pupil practice reading a different paragraph aloud, to give the letter in relay to another class. (Manual.)

17. Tell what Captain John Smith might have written to a friend in England about Powhatan, Pocahontas, or Captain Newport. 18. Write a letter to Will Newton, and tell him about an adventure of yours. Would you rather meet an Indian or a wild beast?

YOUNG GEORGE AND THE COLT

A Story of Washington

HORACE E. SCUDDER

The boy who is not afraid to tell the truth when he has done wrong wins the respect of his schoolmates and the trust of grown-up people. As you read the following story about George Washington as a boy, look for the several ways in which he showed that he was a boy who would "make good":

1 WHEN George Washington was a boy his father had taken a great deal of pride in his blooded horses, and his mother afterward took pains to keep the stock pure. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was very wild. No one had been able to do anything with

it, and it was called thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to speak of horses which they have not learned to master.

[2] George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that if they would help him to catch it, he would ride and tame it.

[3] Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel, and then to put a bit into its mouth. Washington sprang upon its back, the boys dropped the bridle, and away flew the angry animal.

[4] Its rider at once began to command. The horse resisted, backing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Washington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery of the colt.

[5] The struggle was a sharp one; when suddenly, as if determined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last. The violence burst a blood-vessel, and the noble horse fell dead.

[6] Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they should extricate themselves from the scrape, they were called to breakfast. The mistress of the house, knowing that they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock, for she was very proud of them.

[7] "Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

[8] The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course the mother repeated her question.

[9] "The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son. "I killed him."

[10] And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son often used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently said, quietly:

[11] "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

blooded [1] (blŭd′ ĕd), of pure blood, well-raised
extricate [6] (ĕks′ trĭ kāt), get out of
rearing [4] (rēr′ ĭng), rising upright
resisted [4] (rē zĭst′ ĕd), struggled against
sire [7] (sīr), father of a horse
sufficiently [6] (sŭ fĭsh′ ĕnt lĭ), enough
sorrel [1] (sŏr′ ĕl), a yellowish-red horse
tremendous [5] (trē mĕn′ dŭs), great
vicious [1] (vĭsh′ ŭs), untamed, wicked
was determined [2] (dē tûr′ mĭnd), had made up his mind

1. What do we mean by "breaking a horse"? 2. Why did George like this colt? 3. Tell what happened in the pasture. What required quick thinking? What took the most courage? 4. How did the boys feel about the accident? How did George feel? 5. What might the boys suggest doing or saying? How would a boy like George take such suggestions?

6. In what was George wrong? 7. Point out qualities that helped to make him a great man. 8. How did Mrs. Washington treat him? 9. In what ways was he like his mother? 10. Why is the word *extricate*[6] well used?

11. Let different pupils practice reading aloud sections 1–2, 3–5, 6–9, and 10–11. The four who read the best may read in relay to another class or to the school.

12. Compose in class George's speech to his mother, the teacher writing on the board the sentences chosen as the best. 13. Make up a little play for the last scene, using the conversation as given and supplying George's speech. (Manual.) 14. Act out the play for the Washington's Birthday program. (Manual.)

INDEPENDENCE BELL

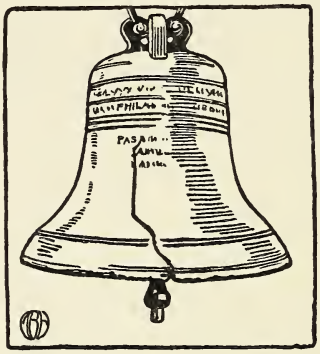
A Story of 1776

Author unknown

The most famous bell in America is guarded in Independence Hall, the "old State House" on Chestnut Street of Philadelphia. In its last journey over the country several years ago it was greeted lovingly by the school children of the land, who will always treasure in memory the fact that they saw with their own eyes the Liberty Bell.

In this poem you are going back to a certain day in 1776 and join the crowds before the quaint old building in Philadelphia where Congress at that time was meeting. Which would be the most thrilling moment?

Listen as your teacher reads aloud:



1 THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down —
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered, each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

2 As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

3 "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh! God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life 's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

4 So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

5 See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!

With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

6 Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "ring! grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

7 How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

8 That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living — ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,

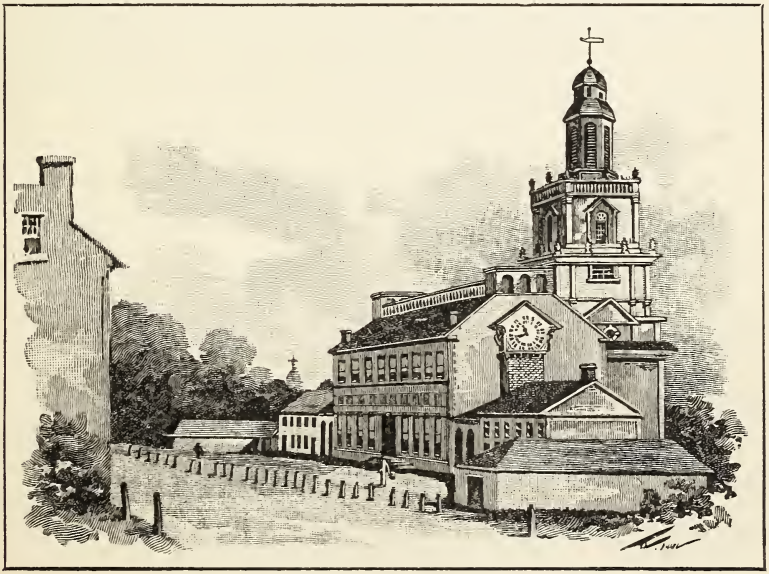
Rang out loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

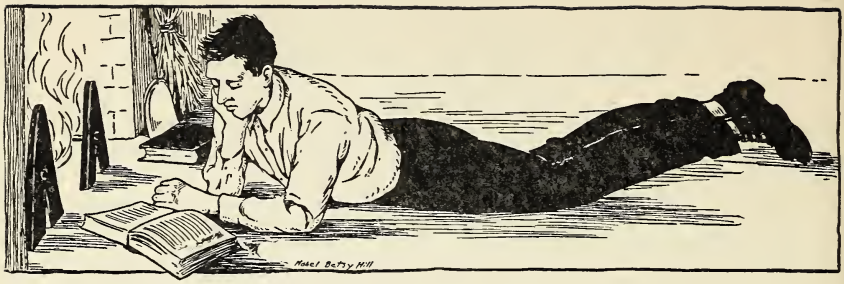
clamorous [8] (klăm′ ẽr *ŭs*), loud
dallying [5] (dăl′ ĭ ĭng), playing
exultant [6] (ĕg zŭl′ *tănt*), rejoicing
fabled Phœnix [7] (fē′ nĭks), something that rises from its own flames
intonation [5] (ĭn′ tō nā′ *shŭn*), tones
portal [4] (pōr′ *tăl*), door
profound [2] (prō found′), deep
quaint [1] (kwānt), old-fashioned
rife [1] (rīf), full of
Spartan [4] (spär′ *tăn*), a citizen of Sparta in Greece, noted for patriotism
stifling [3] (stī′ flĭng), choking for want of breath
surge [2] (sûrj), come up in waves
tumult [1] (tū′ mŭlt), excitement
turbulent [2] (tûr′ bû lĕnt), very noisy
at hazard, [3] in great danger

1. Which stanza tells you what is being done inside the building? Read it aloud as you think those people actually said it. 2. Find the lines that tell about liberty down through the ages. 3. How would this crowd in 1776 differ in looks from a crowd of to-day?

4. Find out who wrote the Declaration of Independence and who was the first man to sign it? 5. Did any one sign it from your state? Who? If not, why not? 6. Have three pupils act as a committee with the teacher to select the best sentence from the Declaration of Independence and write it on the board. (Manual.)

7. Draw on the board a large picture of the Liberty Bell. 8. Which eight pupils can memorize the poem first to recite it in relay. (Manual.)





TRAINING FOR THE PRESIDENCY[+]

A Story of Lincoln

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Boys and girls are known by the "crowd" they go with. "Birds of a feather," says the proverb, "flock together!" Did you ever think how true it is that your favorite books also show other people what you are like?

Lincoln knew that good books were his best friends, and he always was glad to get such books for his own. Much as he cared for books, however, he cared more for something else. See if you can tell what this was, when you read the following selection.

Read carefully for yourself:

[1] "I MEANT to take good care of your book, Mr. Crawford," said the boy, "but I've damaged it a good deal without intending to, and now I want to make it right with you. What shall I do to make it good?"

[2] "Why, what happened to it, Abe?" asked the rich farmer, as he took the copy of Weems's "Life of

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[+] From *Winning Out*, by Orison Swett Marden. Copyright, 1900, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Washington" which he had lent young Lincoln, and looked at the stained leaves and warped binding. "It looks as if it had been through all last night's storm. How came you to forget, and leave it out to soak?"

[3] "It was this way, Mr. Crawford," replied Abe. "I sat up late to read it, and when I went to bed, I put it away carefully in my bookcase, as I call it, a little opening between two logs in the wall of our cabin. I dreamed about George Washington all night. When I woke up I took it out to read a page or two before I did the chores, and you can't imagine how I felt when I found it in this shape. It seems that the mud-daubing had got out of the weather side of that crack, and the rain must have dripped on it three or four hours before I took it out. I'm sorry, Mr. Crawford, and want to fix it up with you, if you can tell me how, for I have no money to pay for it."

[4] "Well," said Mr. Crawford, "come and shuck corn three days, and the book's yours."

[5] Had Mr. Crawford told young Abraham Lincoln that he had fallen heir to a fortune the boy could hardly have felt more happy. Shuck corn only three days and earn the book that told all about his greatest hero!

[6] "I don't intend to shuck corn, split rails, and the like always," he told Mrs. Crawford, after he had read the volume. "I'm going to fit myself for a profession."

[7] "Why, what do you want to be, now?" asked Mrs. Crawford in surprise.

[8] "Oh, I'll be President!" said Abe with a smile.

[9] "You'd make a pretty President with all your tricks and jokes, now, would n't you?" said the farmer's wife.

[10] "Oh, I'll study and get ready," replied the boy, "and then maybe the chance will come."

[11] Abraham Lincoln's school-days, all told, did not amount to one year. He was never in a college or an academy as a student, and never inside of a college or an academy building until after he had become a practicing lawyer, in his twenty-eighth year.

He was born in a condition of great poverty, in a new country where the population was small, and there were few opportunities for education.

[12] "With the help of my teachers," he said, "and the encouragement of my step-mother, I learned to read. I did not have many books, but they were good ones, and I read them over and over again. I had the Bible, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Æsop's Fables,' Weems's 'Life of Washington,' a 'History of the United States,' and the 'Statutes of Indiana.' Besides these, I borrowed and read through every book I ever heard of in that country for a distance of fifty miles. I almost learned them by heart."

[13] An arithmetic he borrowed and copied. Paper was scarce, so he used the wooden fire-shovel for a slate, ciphering on its back with a charred stick, and shaving it off when covered.

From everything he read he made long extracts, using a turkey quill pen and ink made from brier-root. Often when he was ploughing he would draw from his

pocket a piece of smoothly planed wood, and write or cipher upon it with a clay pencil.

[14] When he studied grammar, he had to walk twelve miles to borrow a book. Then for a week he gave every moment of leisure to learning it. As the village cooper allowed him to go into his shop, and keep up a fire of shavings sufficiently bright to read by at night, it was not long before the grammar was mastered. He sometimes made an evening light for study by burning spicewood bushes packed on a log.

[15] When he was eighteen years old, he was a ferryman for a short time, and he read every evening till midnight, so as to get through with all the books he found at his boarding-house. And when he was cultivating the rough fields in Spencer County, he kept a book on a stump for frequent use.

[16] For practice in public speaking, he walked seven or eight miles to a debating club. He learned from some one he met about Henry Clay and his early discouragements and lack of opportunity, and he himself determined to study law, and to enter upon a public career. He walked forty-four miles from his home to procure a law book, and he studied law under the shade trees when resting his farm team, or during spare hours when working as a surveyor.

[17] Perched upon a woodpile with a book in his hand, he was seen by a neighbor.

"What under the sun you doin' up there, Abe?" the farmer asked.

"Reading law," was Lincoln's reply.

[18] He spent an entire winter studying geometry at home without a teacher in order that he might reason more closely, putting one thing into relation with another to prove his point.

[19] After many years of public service in his profession, he became very widely known as an honest, straightforward, and able lawyer. When he was fifty years old he was made President of the United States at a great crisis in our history, and became one of the most influential and useful men that ever lived in America.

chore [3] (chōr), task, work
cooper [14] (kōōp′ ẽr), a barrel maker
crisis [19] (krī′ sĭs), time of great danger
cultivating [15] (kŭl′ tĭ vāt′ ĭng), breaking up the soil
damaged [1] (dăm′ ăjd), spoiled
determined [16] (dẽ tûr′ mĭnd), made up his mind
encouragement [12] (ĕn kŭr′ ăj mĕnt), help
extract [13] (ĕks′ trăkt), quotation
ferryman [15] (fĕr′ ĭ măn), one who takes persons across a river
geometry [18] (jẽ ŏm′ ẽ trĭ), a study in mathematics
mud-daubing [3] (dôb′ ĭng), mud used as plaster
opportunity [11] (ŏp′ ŏr tūn′ nĭ tĭ), chance
population [11] (pŏp′ ŭ lā′ shŭn), number of people
procure [16] (prō kūr′), get
shuck [4] (shŭk), take off the husks
statute [12] (stăt′ ût), law
surveyor [16] (sŭr vā′ ẽr), one who measures land
warped [2] (wôrpt), bent out of shape

1. How was Lincoln's explanation received by the farmer? Why? 2. Give two reasons why Abe liked Mr. Crawford's offer. 3. Show that he was truthful in little as well as in big things.

4. How did Lincoln fit himself for a profession? Which profession? Why that one? 5. When did he serve as president? 6. Which qualities of his boyhood helped him to "make good"?

7. How many books do you own? 8. Where can you get books to read? 9. Compare your way of reading a book with Lincoln's. 10. Recommend to Lincoln a book that you have enjoyed. Give reasons why you think he would like it.

11. Arrange sections 1–10 as a dramatic dialogue in two scenes. (Manual.) 12. Read aloud the selection — a different pupil for each section — and select the best readers for the dialogue. 13. Act it out for a Lincoln's Birthday program. (Manual.) 14. Practice reading sections 11–19 aloud as a part of the program.

WHAT THE FLAG STANDS FOR

Democracy Day, April 6, 1917

HENRY CABOT LODGE

What does the flag stand for? In some countries it stands for the king. When nations are at war it stands for the country to which it belongs.

Read what a great American statesman, Senator Lodge, says our flag stands for, and you will see why the Stars and Stripes, so greatly loved by every loyal American, entered the Great War on the side of the Allies.

[1] THE flag stands for all that we hold dear — freedom, democracy, government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

[2] THESE are the great principles for which the flag stands, and when that democracy and that freedom and that government of the people are in danger, then it is our duty to defend the flag and keep it soaring as it soars here to-day, undimmed, unsullied, victorious over the years.

[3] WE must be ready to defend it, and like the men of '76 and '61, pledge to it our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

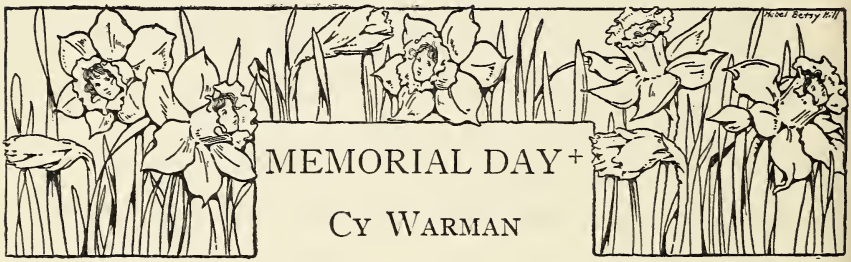
democracy [1] (dē mŏk′ rȧ sĭ), government by the people
honor [3] (ŏn′ ẽr), good name
pledge [3] (plĕj), promise
principle [2] (prĭn′ sĭ p'l), rule of conduct; belief; big idea.
undimmed, [2] not darkened
unsullied [2] (ŭn sŭl′ ĭd), not stained

1. For what three things does Senator Lodge say our flag stands? Write them on the board briefly. 2. What three things does he say about government? Explain each. 3. Think of different ways in

which the flag may be in danger? What must we do at such times? 4. For whose freedom did the men of '76 and '61 fight? 5. Can a flag be *sullied* in other ways than by falling into the dirt? How?

6. Read aloud the lines that give the reason why we entered the Great War. 7. Whose freedom had been interfered with? 8. How can we be democratic on the playground? 9. Why is September 14 called "Star Spangled Banner Day"?

10. Memorize the pledge. 11. Let two pupils and the class give it as a Class Pledge on Democracy Day. (Manual.)



MEMORIAL DAY[+]

CY WARMAN

The poet likes to think that on Memorial Day the soldier dead look down from heaven on the crowds of school children carrying flowers to the cemeteries. He thinks that, on this one day of all the year, the dead heroes are glad to turn from the sweet flowers of heaven — the asphodels — to the "fairest flowers of May" that you place on their graves. They see that you love your country, too, and that makes them happy.

Close your eyes and listen while your teacher reads

1 GATHER the garlands rare to-day,
Snow-white roses and roses red;
Gather the fairest flowers of May,
Heap them up on the graves of clay,
Gladden the graves of the noble dead.

[+] From "Memorial Day," published by Rand Avery Supply Co. Used by permission.

2 Pile them high, as the soldiers were
Piled on the field where they fought and fell;
They will rejoice in their new place there
To-day, as they walk where the fragrant air
Is sweet with the scent of asphodel.

3 Many a time, I've heard it said,
They fell so thick where the battles were,
Their hot blood rippled, and, running red,
Ran out like a rill from the drifted dead
Staining the heath and the daisies there.

4 This day the friends of the soldiers keep,
And they will keep it through all the years,
To the silent city, where soldiers sleep,
Will come with flowers, to watch and weep
And water the garlands with their tears.

asphodel [2] (ăs′ fō dĕl), a poet's name for daffodil, often spoken of as blooming in heaven
fragrant [2] (frā′ grănt), sweet-smelling
garland [1] (gär′ land), wreath
heath [3] (hēth), field
rare [1] (râr), not so many; therefore worth much
rill, [3] a small stream

1. Why do we love the flowers of May so much? Which come in time for Memorial Day? 2. What must we do to make the graves look "glad" [1]? 3. What is called the "silent city" [4]? Why?

4. Practice reading aloud the four stanzas, and select the two girls and the two boys who bring out the meaning the best.

5. Find out at home the name of a battle in the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and the Great War. 6. Which stanzas make pictures of battle-fields? 7. Who else are brave on battle-fields besides the soldiers? How? 8. Tell different ways in which boys and girls can show respect to a war veteran.

9. Memorize the poem. 10. Make a little play of it and act it out for Memorial Day. (Manual.) 11. Write an invitation to one of your parents to be present at the entertainment.

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

A Poem for Flag Day

FRANK L. STANTON

Our hearts beat with pride when the Red, White, and Blue streams out in the breeze, for the flag of a country belongs to every man, woman, and child in that country. It stands for the protection given by Government. There is, therefore, a dignity attached to every American flag, no matter how tiny it may be.

But think what the flag means to the soldier and the sailor who are ready to lay down their lives that you may have this protection. How will the man in service feel towards the American flag?

Think about this while your teacher reads the poem aloud for you:

[1] SHE'S up there — Old Glory — where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead —
The flag of our country forever!

[2] She's up there — Old Glory — how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

[3] She's up there — Old Glory — no tyrant-dealt scars
Nor blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars —
She's the flag of our country forever!

dazzle [1] (dăz″l), surprise with brightness | **gleam** [2] (glēm), shine

1. What different names have been given to our flag? Why is this one good? 2. Write three questions about the stripes and the stars. 3. Explain the words that describe them. 4. Which lines have the greatest meaning for the soldier or the sailor? Why?

5. How can you show respect for your flag at school, on the street, or at home? 6. What do the flags of other nations look like? Describe one. (See the unabridged dictionary, *flag*.)

7. Let three different pupils read each stanza aloud while the rest listen. The class will tell who best brings out the meaning. The best readers in each set of three may then read the poem aloud in relay. After practice, the three best may be chosen to give the poem for the Flag Day program. (Manual.)

8. Draw and color the flag, and print underneath your favorite stanza from this poem. 9. Memorize the poem. 10. Read aloud Bennett's "The Flag Goes By" (Riverside Reader V) or Macy's "The Flag."

A CIVIC CREED FOR EVERY DAY

MARY MCDOWELL

Boys and girls are young citizens of this Republic. They should have a motto that they can keep ever in mind, something that will make them feel every day what a good country they have.

Here is a motto that sums up what we can do for our country. It applies to the boys and girls who were born here as well as to the girls and boys who have come to our shores from across the seas.

Talk about this selection in class, sentence by sentence, until you are sure that you understand all the thoughts:

[1] GOD hath made of one blood all nations and men, and we are His children, — brothers and sisters all.

[2] WE are citizens of these United States, and we believe that our Flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people.

[3] WE want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works.

[4] OUR country does not ask us to die for her welfare. She asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.

civic (sĭv′ ĭk), belonging to a citizen
creed (krēd), what one believes
self-sacrifice [2] (săk′ rĭ fīz), doing for others
territory [4] (tĕr′ ĭ tō rĭ), land
welfare [4] (wĕl′ fâr′), good

1. Does this creed apply to times of war or times of peace? How do you know? 2. Find the sentence that condemns "corrupt politics," "bribery," and "graft." Talk over with your teacher what these words mean. 3. Why should we not allow fire-trap buildings to stand or tenements to be overcrowded? 4. Which part of the creed approves a clean-up week everywhere?

5. In what different ways can you help to make your neighborhood a good place in which to live?

6. Memorize the creed and practice saying it together as a class. Pronounce each word distinctly.

STORIES AND FOLK TALES

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE

GEORGE WEBB DASENT (dā′sĕnt)

Fathers and mothers both help to make the home, but they do it in different ways. Father earns the money to support the family and pay rent or taxes, while Mother, as home-maker or housekeeper, sees that this money is wisely spent for food and clothes. Father's work is outside the home; Mother's work, in the home. Sometimes people think that the other person's work is easier than theirs because it is done so quietly and smoothly, but let them try to do it themselves and see what happens.

This story is a folk tale, that is, a story that has been told again and again by the common people, the plain folks of a country. As you read it silently, decide which thing is the funniest.

[1] ONCE on a time there was a man so surly and cross he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening, in haymaking time, he came home, scolding and tearing, and showing his teeth and making a dust.

[2] "Dear husband, don't be so angry," said his good wife. "To-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

[3] The husband thought that would do very well. Yes, he was quite willing, he said.

[4] So, early next morning his good wife took a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hayfield with the mowers and began to mow, but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

[5] First of all he wanted to churn the butter. But when he had churned a while he got thirsty and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. Just when he had knocked in the bung and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn. But when he got up, he saw that the pig had already knocked the churn over, and was standing there rooting and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor.

[6] The husband got so angry that he quite forgot the ale-barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered that he had the tap in his hand. Off he ran to the cellar, but when he got down there, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

[7] Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again. So he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the barn, and had n't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the

sun was high. Then all at once he thought it was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the housetop — for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Their house lay close up against a steep hill, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

[8] But still he could n't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling on the floor.

"If I leave it," he thought, "the child is sure to upset it."

So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it. Then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch, so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well. But as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

[9] Now it was near dinner-time and he had n't even got the butter yet, so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and he filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck, so he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh. He had to make haste, for the water had begun to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

[10] So he began to grind away. But while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the housetop after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the

rope. There he stuck fast. As for the cow, she hung halfway down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

[11] And now the good wife had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner, but never a call they had. At last she had waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney.

[12] So when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot.

bung [5] (bŭng), stopper of a barrel
churn [5] (chûrn), a vessel in which cream is beaten into butter
dairy [7] (dā′ rĭ), place where milk is kept and made into butter, cheese, etc.
lest [5] (lĕst), for fear that
mower [2] (mō′ ēr), one who cuts grass
rooting [5] (rōōt′ ĭng), pushing with the snout
scythe [4] (sīth), a tool to cut grain
surly [1] (sûr′ lĭ), rude
tap [5] (tăp), to let flow by drawing out the plug
tap [5] (tăp), a plug to stop a hole in a barrel
thatched [7] (thăcht), covered with a roof of grass, straw, etc.
thigh [9] (thī), upper part of leg

1. Write on the blackboard all the words that describe the husband. Why was he so angry? 2. What agreement did he make? Why was he "quite willing" [3] to make this? 3. What four household duties did he try to do? 4. What happened to each? 5. Why was he such a failure as a housekeeper?

6. Read aloud the paragraph that you think the funniest. Make the class see the fun.

7. Make a list of duties that a mother does in keeping the house. 8. How do you help at home?

9. Draw a picture of something funny in the story. 10. Make up what the husband told the wife after she got him out of the porridge pot. 11. Let the three pupils who read the story best tell it in relay to another class or to the school.

THE SCRATCHING ON THE DOOR +

E. W. Frentz

Have you ever tasted maple sugar? It is made from maple syrup, and maple syrup is made by boiling down the sap, or juice, of the sugar maple tree. In our Northern States boys and girls like to go to the woods in March when the men draw the sap from the trees, for there are many things to see and to do, besides eating maple sugar. Then, too, queer things may happen!

But read this story for yourself:

[1] All winter Bobby had been counting the days until spring, for his father had promised him that this year he should go with his big brothers to the sugar camp back in the hills and help to make the family supply of maple syrup and sugar. And now the time had come, and Bobby was really there in the camp, a snug cabin nestling in a big stretch of woods, with a clear spring and a lively little brook near by.

[2] It seemed too good to believe! For three days now he had been there, without going home at all. Some one went out to the farmhouse every day and brought in a great basket of good things to eat, and at night Bobby slept in a little bunk in the corner, on a bed of sweet-smelling balsam boughs.

[3] To people who are not used to the northern hills in March it would not have seemed like spring, for the snow still lay thick in the woods, showing as plainly as the page of a book how and where the rabbits and the partridges got their dinner, and how the foxes

followed the little wood mice along their zigzag pathways, and at last pounced upon them and gobbled them up.

[4] In the morning and the evening it was still very cold. Ice formed thick in the spring hole, and the snow went *crunch*, *crunch*, when any one walked on it; but in the middle of the day the sun shone warm, the crows flew back and forth, calling loudly to one another, and all about, when it was still, you could hear the drip of the sap as it fell into the buckets.

[5] Bobby had been busy every minute. Sometimes he helped to empty the buckets, sometimes he dipped the scum from the boiling sap in the great evaporating pan, sometimes he drove old Buck, harnessed to the big sled that drew the sap to camp. All of it was such fun as he had never known before.

[6] But now, on the evening of the third day, he did not feel quite so happy, for he was to be all alone until nearly morning. That afternoon his father had slipped on an ice-covered root and sprained his ankle, and the two older boys, Bobby's brothers, had had to put him on the sled and carry him home. They had told Bobby what to do: that he must not go to sleep, but must sit up to skim the sap and keep the fire going; and they had left a pile of sticks small enough for him to lift.

[7] "Now," said Edgar, "don't be afraid. There is nothing that will hurt you, and we shall come back as soon as we can."

[8] So Bobby was left all alone in the great woods, miles from any other house. It was very still. Once a big owl somewhere off in the night called, "Whoo! Whoo!

Whoo-whoo, whoo!" But Bobby knew who *he* was, and so was not afraid. And then he heard a fox bark snappishly, as if scolding; but a fox could not hurt, and so that did not frighten him, either.

[9] Then, as he sat there all alone, he thought he should like to make some maple "wax," by cooling thick syrup until it was tough and "chewy." So he hunted about the cabin until he found an empty can that had held baked beans. He washed it out carefully, poured the hot syrup into it and, opening the door, set the can deep in the snow, and went in again to tend the fire.

[10] When he had filled the great brick fire-box he sat down to rest a bit. He cannot tell how long he sat there, for he thinks he must have fallen asleep for a minute or two, in spite of what his brother Edgar had said. The first thing he knew there was a slight sound of crunching on the snow outside, as if some one were scuffing his feet a little. Then came a gentle *foof! foof!* as if something were snuffing at the crack of the door.

[11] Bobby held his breath, but his heart beat so fast that it seemed that he could hardly breathe. In a little while he heard more crunching and scuffing, and then a noise as if some animal were eating — a kind of *chup! chup!* such as a pig makes when the skimmed milk tastes better than usual.

[12] Bobby was now really scared. What if it were a bear or a bobcat, and should try to get in! He looked round the cabin to see what he could use to fight with. There was the axe, of course, but it was too heavy for him. No, that would not do. Then he saw the long-handled dipper. That might do! He could fill it with

boiling sap and throw it into the face of anything that should try to get in.

[13] And then his heart almost stopped beating altogether, for a terrible racket began just outside the door. There were whines and cries as of some animal in pain, and the scratching of claws on the door, and at last two or three thumps against the side of the cabin. Bobby reached for the dipper and filled it from the part of the pan where the sap was boiling most furiously. But just as he lifted it, and stood there, waiting, his ear caught another sound — the sweetest he had ever heard.

[14] "Get on there, Buck! Come back into the road! What ails you, anyway?"

[15] It was Edgar calling to the horse. The boys were coming!

[16] Bobby threw the door open just as the sled drew up before the cabin. As the boys jumped off and Bobby rushed out, they saw something rolling about in the snow and whining and clawing the air. In the clear moonlight they caught a glimpse of something bright and shiny. There, almost at their feet, was the smallest cub bear that Bobby had ever seen. Its head, clear back to its neck, was thrust deep into Bobby's can of maple "wax," and wedged there.

[17] It was plain that the baby bear had smelled the syrup and, being as fond of sweets as Bobby himself was, had thrust his head into the can and been caught by the jagged edges of tin round the top. It was not until nearly a week afterwards that they heard how the old she-bear, coaxed from her winter's den for the first time by the warm sun of the day before, had been shot by a

woodchopper. When she did not come back, her hungry baby had started out to look for a breakfast.

[18] Of course Bobby was allowed to keep the cub, and great times the two of them had, playing together, until the bear got so big that it was not regarded as safe to keep him any longer. Then Bobby gave him to the "zoo" in a city not far from his home, and there he is yet, a full-grown bear now, and not at all careful about the way he dresses; for the last time Bobby saw him the seat of his trousers was all worn bare and rusty-looking. But, as Bobby says, what could you expect? That is the only pair of trousers he ever had.

balsam [2] (bôl′ săm), tree
bobcat,[12] wild cat, or lynx (lĭnks)
bunk,[2] a bed built against the wall
cabin [1] (kăb′ ĭn), a rough house
crunching,[10] grinding
evaporate [5] (ē văp′ ō rāt), boil down
furiously,[13] wildly, fiercely
glimpse,[16] a short view, sight
jagged,[17] with rough edges
partridge [3] (pär′ trĭj), a game bird
scuffing,[10] walking without lifting the feet
scum,[5] froth, foam
skim,[6] take off the top
snappishly,[8] crossly
snug [1] (snŭg), tidy, home-like
snuffing,[10] sniffing, smelling
sprain [6] (sprān), twist or hurt
rusty,[18] looking like rust, brownish-red
thumps,[13] blows, knocks
wedge,[16] to push in like a wedge
whine [13] (hwīn), cry of distress
zigzag,[3] with a short, sharp turn

1. What were the signs of winter? of spring? 2. How were maple syrup and maple sugar made? How did Bobby help? 3. Why was he left alone? 4. What was he told to do?

5. How is "maple wax" [9] made? What happened because he tried to make it? 6. What ailed the horse? 7. Did Bobby do the best thing to protect himself? Why? 8. Did he deserve a scolding? Why?

9. Which animals have you seen at the Zoo? 10. How can wild animals be caught alive? 11. What can bears be trained to do? 12. What animal do you think makes the best pet? Why?

13. Read about the sugar camp in Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy" (Riverside Reader V). 14. Make cut-outs of Bobby and his Bear. 15. Tell in four sentences what you think Bobby will remember longest from this trip to the woods.

KING BELL

Frank Dempster Sherman

King Bell rules over all the daily events of our lives! He rings us back to school from recess. He calls us to church on Sundays. He peals out the joyous news that Christmas is here! Close your books and listen: —

1 Long years ago there lived a king,
A mighty man and bold,
Who had two sons, named Dong and Ding,
Of whom this tale is told.

2 Prince Ding was clear of voice, and tall,
A prince in every line;
Prince Dong, his voice was very small,
And he but four feet nine.

3 Now both these sons were very dear
To Bell, the mighty king.
They always hastened to appear
When he for them would ring.

4 Ding never failed the first to be,
But Dong he followed well,
And at the second summons he
Responded to King Bell.

5 The promptness of each royal prince
Is all of them we know,
Except that all their kindred since
Have done exactly so.

6 And if you chance to know a king
Like this one of the song,
Just listen once — and there is Ding;
Again — and there is Dong.

kindred [5] (kĭn′ drĕd), relatives
respond [4] (rē spŏnd′), reply
summons [4] (sŭm′ ŭnz), call to appear

1. Read aloud the stanzas that describe Prince Ding and Prince Dong. How are they alike? How different? 2. If these princes were looking for a job, which one should you recommend? Why? 3. Write on the board the names of the different bells you have ever heard or seen. 4. Tell about their uses. 5. Which are of most value to a city? Why? 6. Where is your biggest King Bell? 7. What is the most famous bell in our country? Where is it? 8. Memorize the poem for the Christmas program. (Manual.) 9. Make up a story about how a bell saved some one's life.

LITTLE GUSTAVA

Celia Thaxter

Here is a poem that you will want to learn by heart for it is like a little moving picture on a front porch in early spring. As the poem is read aloud, try to see the pictures:

1 Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

2 She wears a quaint little scarlet cap.
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
"Ha, Ha!" laughs little Gustava.

3 Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews,
"What 's that?"
Gustava feeds her, — she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door;
"Good-day!" cries little Gustava.

4 She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
There comes a rush, and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

5 So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs;
But who is this through the door-way comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

6 "You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk:
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

7 Waiting without stood sparrow and crow
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

8 So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

9 Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves,
And shy, kind creatures 't is joy to feed,
And oh, her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

bashful 7 (băsh′ fo͝ol), shy, afraid
biddy 8 (bĭd′ ĭ), a hen
dove 4 (dŭv), a pigeon
eaves 1 (ēvz), edge of the roof
icicle 1 (ī′ sĭ k'l), ice formed from the roof like long fingers
merry 8 (mĕr′ ĭ), laughing, happy
quaint 2 (kwānt), old-fashioned
shaggy 6 (shăg′ ĭ), thick and rough
terrier 5 (tĕr′ ĭ ēr), a small dog

1. Write on the board the different things you see in the poem. 2. What does each look like? 3. What does Gustava do for each pet?

4. What does she say to each? Practice saying these. 5. Practice reading the poem aloud to make each stanza more exciting.

6. Let nine pupils practice reading aloud the different stanzas and nine others act out the stanzas as they are read. See who can put most life into the reading and the acting. 7. Memorize the poem. 8. Let nine pupils recite it in relay to another class.

9. Act out the poem as a little play, one pupil reciting the poem and nine other pupils acting it out. (Manual.) 10. Draw a picture for the stanza that you like best.

ADRIFT ON AN ICE RAFT

LUCY FITCH PERKINS

An Eskimo home is one place that you will probably never see except in books. This interesting story is about an Eskimo family — Kesshoo and Koolee, the father and the mother, and the twins Menie and Monnie. Menie was a boy, and Monnie a girl. Menie's very best friend, next to Monnie, was Koko, whose home was the next hut. The Twins and Koko lived in a land of ice and snow, and strange things could happen to them.

How should you like to float out to sea on a big cake of ice? — But let's read the story for ourselves:

I. MENIE AND KOKO GO HUNTING

[1] IT was very lucky for the Twins that their father was such a brave and skillful kayak[+] man. You will see the reason why, when I tell you the story of the day Menie and Koko went hunting on the ice.

[2] One April morning Kesshoo was working on his kayak to make sure that it was in order for the spring walrus-hunting. Koko and Menie watched him for a long time. Monnie was with Koolee in the hut.

[3] By and by Koko said to Menie, "Let's go out on the ice and hunt for seal-holes."

"All right," said Menie. "You take your bow and arrows and I'll take my spear. Maybe we shall see some little auks."

[4] Koko had a little bow made of deer's-horns, and some bone arrows, and Menie had a small spear.

[+] **kayak** (kī′ ăk), an Eskimo canoe, usually of seal skin, about 16 feet long, with a covered top in which is a hole in which the canoer sits.

[5] "I'll tell you!" said Menie. "Let's go hunting just the way father does! You do the shooting and I'll do the spearing!"

"I'll hunt birds and seal-holes too," Koko answered.

[6] Kesshoo was very busy fixing the fastening of his harpoon, and he did not hear what they said.

[7] The two boys went to their homes for their weapons, and then ran out on the ice. Nobody knew where they were. Of course, Nip and Tup went along. All the way over the ice they looked for seal-holes. It takes sharp eyes to find them.

[8] The mother seals try to find the safest place they can to hide their babies, and this is the way they do it: —

[9] As soon as the ice begins to freeze in the autumn, the seals gnaw holes in it to reach the air, and they keep these holes open all winter. It freezes so fast in that cold country that they have to be busy almost every minute all through the winter breaking away the ice there. They get their sleep in snatches of a minute or so at a time, and between their naps they clear the ice from their breathing-holes.

[10] There is usually a deep layer of snow over the ice. Each mother seal hollows out a little igloo [+] under the snow, around her breathing-hole, and leaves a tiny hole in the top of it, so her baby can have plenty of fresh air and be hidden from sight at the same time.

[11] The mother seal leaves the baby in the snow house, and she herself dives through the hole and swims away. Every few minutes she comes back to breathe, and to see that her baby is safe.

[+] **igloo** [10] (ĭg′ lo͞o), an Eskimo house or hut.

[12] It was the tiny hole in the top of the seal's snow house that Menie and Koko hoped to find.

[13] The days had grown quite long by this time and there was fog in the air. Once in a while there would be a loud crackling noise.

"The ice is beginning to break," Koko said. "Don't you hear it pop?"

[14] They had gone some distance out on the ice, when suddenly Menie said, "Look! Look there!" He pointed toward the north. There not far from shore was a flock of sea birds, resting on the ice.

"Just let me get a shot at them!" cried Koko. "You stay here and hold on to the dogs! Nip and Tup have n't any sense at all about game! They 'll only scare them."

[15] Koko ran swiftly and quietly towards the birds. Menie sat on the ice and watched him and held Nip and Tup, one under each arm. When Koko got quite near the birds, he took careful aim and let fly an arrow at them. It did n't hit any of the birds, but it frightened them. They flew farther on.

[16] Koko followed them.

[17] All at once Menie heard a queer little sound. It went "Plop-plop-plop!" and it sounded very near. Nip and Tup sniffed, and began to growl and nose around on the ice.

[18] Menie knew what the queer noise meant, for his father had told him all about seal-hunting. It meant that a seal-hole was near, and that a seal had come up to breathe. It was the seal that made the "plopping" noise.

[19] Menie tried to keep the dogs still, but they would n't be kept still. They ran round with their noses on the snow, giving little whines, and short, sharp barks.

[20] The "plop-plop" stopped. The seal had gone down under the ice, but Menie meant to find the hole. He went out quite near the open water in his search. At last, just beyond a hummock [+] of ice, he saw it! He crept carefully up to it. He lay down on his stomach and peeped into the hole to see what it was like. He could not see a thing!

[21] Then he stuck his lance down and it touched something soft that wriggled! Menie stood up. He was so excited that he trembled. He knew he had found a seal-hole with a live seal in the snow house!

[22] With all his strength he struck his lance down through the snow. The snow house fell in and Menie fell with it, but he kept hold of his lance. The end of the lance was buried in the snow, but it was moving. Menie knew by this that he had stuck it into the seal! He lay still and kept fast hold of his lance, and pressed down on it with all his might.

[23] Nip and Tup were crazy with excitement. They jumped round and barked and tried to dig a hole in the snow with their fore feet.

[24] At last the spear stopped wriggling. Then Menie carefully dug the snow away. There lay a little white seal! It was too young to swim away with its mother.

[25] He dragged it out on the ice. He was so excited and so busy he did not notice how near he was to the open water.

[+] **hummock** [20] (hŭm′ *ŭk*), a pile, or little hill.

auk [3] (ôk), a big sea bird
excitement [23] (ĕk sīt′ mĕnt), something unusual happening
fog [13] (fŏg), air full of dampness, like a cloud
gnaw [9] (nô), bite little by little
harpoon [6] (här pōōn′), a very large spear used to kill whales, etc.
lance [22] (lȧns), long spear
trembled [21] (trĕm′ b'ld), shook
walrus [2] (wôl′ rŭs), a large animal of the Arctic Zone
weapon [7] (wĕp′ ŭn), something to fight with
wriggled [21] (rĭg′ 'ld), moved to and fro, squirmed
with all his might, [22] as hard as he could

1. How did this Eskimo "April morning" [2] differ from ours? 2. Tell how Koko and Menie went hunting. 3. How did the mother seal care for the baby seal? 4. What did "plop-plop" [17] mean? 5. What did Menie do to catch the baby seal?

6. Read aloud the paragraphs that tell the most interesting things about life in cold lands. Let the class listen with books closed. See who can re-tell the paragraphs the best. Come to the front of the room and face the class.

II. ADRIFT ON AN ICE-FLOE

[26] All of a sudden there was a loud cracking noise, and Menie felt the ice moving under him! He looked back. There was a tiny strip of blue water between him and the shore!

[27] The strip grew wider while he looked at it! Menie knew that he was adrift on an ice raft, and he was very much frightened. Nip and Tup cuddled close to him and whined with fear. Menie understood perfectly well that he might be carried far out to sea and never come back any more. He put his hands to his mouth and yelled with all his might!

[28] Koko was still following the birds, and did not hear Menie's cries. Menie could see him running up the beach after the birds, and he could see his father working over his kayak near his home. He even saw Monnie come out of the tunnel and go to watch her father at his work. They seemed very far away.

Drawing by Lucy Fitch Perkins

[29] Menie screamed again and again. At the third scream he saw his father straighten up, shade his eyes with his hand, and look out to sea.

"Oh," Menie thought. "What if he should n't see me!" He shouted louder than ever! He waved his arms! He even pinched the tails of Nip and Tup and made them bark. Then he saw his father wave his hand and dive into the tunnel.

[30] In another instant he was out again and pulling on his skin coat. Then he took the kayak on his shoulders and ran with it to the beach.

[31] Monnie and Koolee came running after him. They were doing the screaming now! Every one in the village heard the screams and came running down to the beach, too.

[32] When Menie saw his father coming with the kayak, he was n't afraid any more, for he was sure his father would save him. He was n't even afraid about the cakes of ice that were floating in the water, though there is nothing more dangerous than to go out in a kayak among ice-floes. One bump from a floating cake of ice is enough to upset any boat, and I don't like to think of what might happen if a kayak should get between two big cakes of ice.

[33] Kesshoo ran with his kayak as far as he could on the ice. Then he got in and fitted the bottom of his skin jacket over the kayak-hole and carefully slid himself into the open water. Then how his paddle flew!

[34] It seemed to Menie as if his father would never reach him! He sat very still on the ice-pan [+] with the dead seal beside him, and Nip and Tup huddled up against him.

[35] At last Kesshoo came near enough so he could make Menie hear what he said. "Menie," he cried, "if you do exactly what I tell you to, I can save you.

"I will throw you my harpoon. You must drive it way down into the ice. Then by the harpoon-line I will tow your ice-pan back toward shore. When we get to the big ice I will find a place for you to land.

"You must be ready, and when I give the word jump from your ice raft on to the solid ice."

[36] Then Kesshoo threw his harpoon, and Menie drove it into the ice with all his might. Slowly Kesshoo drew the line taut, turned his kayak round, and started for the shore.

[+] **ice-pan,**[34] same as ice-floe, a mass of floating ice.

[37] The journey out had been dangerous, but the journey back was much more so, for Kesshoo could not dodge the floating ice nearly so well. He had to pick his way carefully through the clearest water he could find. Very cautiously they moved toward shore.

[38] They were getting quite near the place where the ice had broken with Menie, when suddenly, right near them, they saw the head and great, round eyes of a seal! It was the seal mother. She had come back to find her breathing-hole and her baby.

[39] The moment Kesshoo saw her he seized his dart, which lay in its place on top of his kayak, and threw it with all his might at the seal.

[40] The seal dived down into the sea, but a bladder [+] full of air was attached to the line on the dart, and this bladder floated on the water, so Kesshoo could tell by watching it just where the seal was. Kesshoo knew he had struck the seal, and although he was already towing the ice raft, he wanted to bring home the big seal, too!

[41] "Sit still and wait until I come for you," he called.

[42] Then he quickly cut the harpoon-line by which he was towing the ice raft, and set it adrift again. As soon as he was free he paddled away after the bladder, which was now bobbing along over the water at some little distance from the boat.

[43] Menie sat perfectly still and watched his father. Kesshoo reached the bladder and began to pull on the line, but just at that moment the big seal turned round and swam right under the kayak!

[+] **bladder,**[40] something like a balloon.

[44] In a second the kayak turned bottom side up in the water! Menie screamed. The people watching on the shore gave a great howl, and Koko's father started up the beach after his own kayak. He thought perhaps Kesshoo could not manage the ice raft and the seal.

[45] But in one second Kesshoo was right side up again. No water could get into the kayak because Kesshoo's skin coat was drawn tight over the hole in the deck, and Kesshoo was in the coat!

[46] Kesshoo often turned somersaults in the water in that way. Sometimes he even did it for fun! He said afterward that he could have turned the boat right side up again with just his nose — without using either his paddle or his arms — if only his nose had been a little bigger, and the Twins believed that he really could do it.

attached together [40] (*ă* tăcht′), tied, fastened
cautiously [37] (kô′ shŭs lĭ), with care
cuddled [27] (kŭd′ 'ld), lay close to something
dangerous [32] (dān′ jĕr *ŭs*), unsafe
exactly [35] (ĕg zăk′ lĭ), strictly, just
floe [32] (flō), a mass of floating ice
huddled [34] (hŭd′ 'ld), crowded together
tow [35] (tō), draw after one
drew the line taut [36] (tôt), drew the line tight
in another instant, [30] right away

7. What did Menie and the dogs do when the ice broke? 8. Show that Kesshoo was both brave and skillful. 9. What did he tell Menie to do?

10. Did Kesshoo do right to go after the seal before he saved his son? Why? 11. What exciting things did the people on the shore see?

12. What part of the story does the picture on page 143 tell?

13. Why are ice-floes dangerous? How are they formed? 14. How does an Eskimo kayak differ from an American canoe?

III. HOW MENIE WAS RESCUED

[47] THE moment he was right side up again, Kesshoo gave chase once more to the bladder. The seal was very

weak now, and Kesshoo knew that it would soon come to the surface and float.

[48] He had not long to wait. The bladder bobbed about for a while and then was still. Kesshoo drew up the line, and paddled back to the ice raft, towing the big seal after him.

[49] "Catch this," he said to Menie. He threw him the end of the line. "Wind the line six times round the harpoon," he said, "and hold tight to the end."

[50] Menie did as he was told. Then Kesshoo tied together the two ends of the harpoon-line, which he had cut, and began to tow the ice raft back to shore again. Menie kept tight hold of the other line and towed the seal!

[51] Kesshoo paddled slowly and carefully along, until at last there was only a little strip of water between the kayak and the solid ice.

[52] But how in the world could Menie get across that strip of water to safety? The kayak was between him and the solid ice, and Menie could not possibly get into the kayak. Neither could he swim.

[53] But Kesshoo knew a way. He came up closer to the solid ice. Then he gave a great sweep with his paddle and lifted his kayak right up on to it. He sprang out, and, seizing the harpoon-line, pulled Menie's raft close up to the edge of the firm ice. Menie was still holding tight to the line that held the big seal. Kesshoo threw him another line, and Menie caught it.

[54] "Now tie the big seal's line fast to that," Kesshoo said. He did just what his father told him to. "Now," said his father, "pull up the harpoon."

Menie did so. "Tie the harpoon-line to the little seal." Menie did that. "Now throw the harpoon to me."

[55] Menie threw it with all his might. His father caught it, and stood on the firm ice, holding in his hands the line that the big seal was tied to, and the harpoon, with its line fastened to the little seal.

[56] "Now hold on to the little seal, and I will pull you right up against the solid ice, and when I say 'Jump,' you jump," said Kesshoo.

Slowly and very carefully he pulled, until the raft grated against the solid ice.

"Jump!" shouted Kesshoo.

[57] Menie jumped. The ice raft gave a lurch that nearly sent him into the water, but Kesshoo caught him and pulled him to safety.

[58] A great shout of joy went up from the shore, and Menie was glad enough to shout too when he felt solid ice under his feet once more!

[59] While he helped his father pull in the little seal, all the people came running out on to the ice to meet them, but Kesshoo sent back every one except Koko's father. He was afraid the ice might break with so many people on it. Koko's father helped pull the big seal out of the water and over the ice to the beach.

[60] Menie dragged his own little seal after him by the harpoon-line, and when he came near the beach, the people all cried out, "See the great hunter with his game!"

[61] "I knew the charm would work," cried Koolee. "Not only does he spy bears, — he kills seals!"

She put her arms around him and pressed her flat nose to his. That's the Eskimo way of kissing.

[62] When Kesshoo and Koko's father came up with the big seal, Koolee and the other women dragged it to the village, where it was skinned and cut up. Every one had a piece of raw blubber to eat at once, and the very first piece went to Menie.

[63] While they were eating it, Koko came back. He had gone so far up the shore hunting little auks that he had n't seen a thing that had happened. And he had n't killed any little auks either. Koko wanted to kill a seal and get lost on a raft and be a hero too.

[64] But Koolee gave him a large piece of blubber, and that made him feel much more cheerful again. He just said to Monnie, "If I had been with Menie, this never would have happened! I should not have let him get so near the edge of the ice!"

[65] Everybody in the village had seal-meat that night, and the Angakok [+] had the head, which they all thought was the best part. He said he did n't feel very well, and nothing would cure him so quickly as a seal's head. So Koolee gave it to him.

[66] The skin of the little white seal Koolee saved and dressed very carefully. She chewed it, all over, on the wrong side, and sucked out all the blubber, and made it soft and fine as velvet. Then she made out of it two beautiful pairs of white mittens for the Twins.

blubber [62] (blŭb′ ẽr), fat of whale or seal
dressed [66] (drĕst), prepared the skin like leather
gave a lurch [57] (lûrch), gave a sudden roll to one side

[+] **Angakok** [65] (ăŋ′ gĕ kŏk), the medicine man of the Eskimos.

15. How was a bladder used in hunting seals? 16. Could Menie have been rescued without the harpoon? Why? 17. How was the seal brought in? 18. How did Menie reach the shore?

19. Tell how the different people on shore showed their joy. 20. What became of the seals?

21. Read aloud Kipling's "The Seal Lullaby." 22. Look in a large dictionary for pictures of *kayak*, *auk*, *seal*, *harpoon*, *walrus*, and *igloo*, and draw them on the board. 23. In four sentences tell about the most beautiful snow scene you ever saw or the most exciting adventure you ever had in the snow. 24. Get "The Eskimo Twins" from the library and read about the Twins' bear hunt.

WHY CHRISTMAS TREES ARE EVERGREEN

FLORENCE HOLBROOK

Here is an easy little story that tells why the Christmas trees are evergreen. Would it not be a good plan to have twelve pupils read it aloud as a treat for the teacher, to show how the class has improved in reading?

A good way to assign the sections is to write numbers from one to twelve on slips of paper, put them in a hat with enough blank slips to make up the number of the class, and have the pupils shut their eyes and draw to see who will read. The twelve pupils who get the numbered slips should practice their sections at home so that they will read well.

The teacher and the rest of the class will close their books and listen:

LD WINTER was coming at last, and the birds had flown far to the south, where the air was warm and they could find some berries to eat. One little bird had broken its wing and could not fly

with the others. It was alone in the cold world of frost and snow. The forest looked warm, and it made its way to the trees as well as it could, to ask for help.

[2] First it came to a birch tree.

"Beautiful birch tree," it said, "my wing is broken, and my friends have flown away. May I live among your branches till they come back to me?"

"No, indeed," answered the birch tree, drawing her fair green leaves away. "We of the great forest have our own birds to help. I can do nothing for you."

"The birch is not very strong," said the little bird to itself, "and it might be that she could not hold me easily. I will ask the oak."

[3] So the bird said:

"Great oak tree, you are so strong, will you not let me live on your boughs till my friends come back in the springtime?"

"In the springtime!" cried the oak. "That is a long way off. How do I know what you might do in all that time? Birds are always looking for something to eat, and you might even eat up some of my acorns."

[4] "It may be that the willow will be kind to me," thought the bird, and it said: "Gentle willow, my wing is broken, and I could not fly to the south with the other birds. May I live on your branches till the springtime?"

The willow did not look gentle then, for she drew herself up proudly and said:

"Indeed, I do not know you, and we willows never talk to people whom we do not know. Very likely there are trees somewhere that will take in strange birds. Leave me at once."

[5] The poor little bird did not know what to do. Its wing was not yet strong, but it began to fly away as well as it could.

[6] Before it had gone far a voice was heard.

"Little bird," it said, "where are you going?"

"Indeed, I do not know," answered the bird sadly. "I am very cold."

"Come right here, then," said the friendly spruce tree, for it was her voice that had called. "You shall live on my warmest branch all winter if you choose."

"Will you really let me?" asked the little bird eagerly.

"Indeed, I will," answered the kind-hearted spruce tree. "If your friends have flown away, it is time for the trees to help you. Here is the branch where my leaves are thickest and softest."

[7] "My branches are not very thick," said the friendly pine tree, "but I am big and strong, and I can keep the North Wind from you and the spruce."

"I can help, too," said a little juniper tree. "I can give you berries all winter long, and every bird knows that juniper berries are good."

[8] So the spruce gave the lonely little bird a home; the pine kept the cold North Wind away from it; and the juniper gave it berries to eat. The other trees looked on and talked together wisely.

[9] "I would not have strange birds on my boughs," said the birch.

"I shall not give my acorns away for any one," said the oak.

"I never have anything to do with strangers," said the willow, and the three trees drew their leaves closely about them.

[10] In the morning all those shining, green leaves lay on the ground, for a cold North Wind had come in the night, and every leaf that it touched fell from the tree.

[11] "May I touch every leaf in the forest?" asked the wind in its frolic.

"No," said the Frost King. "The trees that have been kind to the little bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

[12] This is why the leaves of the spruce, the pine, and the juniper are always green.

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1. What did the little bird need? Why? 2. What excuses did the different trees make? Were these good? Why? 3. Which trees showed real Christmas spirit? 4. What kind things can you do at Christmas?

5. If the trees were people and you were lost in a big city, whom would you rather meet, — Mrs. Oak, Mrs. Willow, Mrs. Birch, Mrs. Spruce, Mr. Pine, or Mr. Juniper? Why? 6. Which of these would give a home to a Belgian or a French orphan? 7. Would Mrs. Spruce put a poor stranger in the garret or the guest room?

8. Practice reading aloud the dialogue in sections 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, and 11, to show the meanness or the goodness of the trees. 9. Make a play of the story and act it out for Christmas. (Manual.)

10. Write an invitation to your mother or father to come to your Christmas entertainment. (Manual.) 11. Read aloud the story of the Good Samaritan and tell how this story is like it. 12. Read Celia Thaxter's "Christmas in Norway" (Riverside Reader IV).

A MAD TEA-PARTY

LEWIS CARROLL

Here is a little girl who wandered into a Wonder Land where she had all sorts of queer adventures and met queer people. Even the animals could talk. She had many a funny experience with them — like this one you are going to read now. See whether you think the story could really happen.

As you read silently, think of what things Alice could tell her school friends when she came back:

I. THE MARCH HARE AND THE MAD HATTER

[1] As Alice passed on she came in sight of an odd-looking house, and when she came nearer she saw that there was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

"Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only it's asleep, I suppose it does n't mind."

[2] The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it.

"No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

[3] "Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

"Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea.

"I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There is n't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it was n't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It was n't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I did n't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

[4] "Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

[5] The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this, but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

[6] "I do," Alice hastily replied, "at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

[7] "You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which was n't much.

[8] The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said: "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter would n't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

[9] "It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You should n't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily. Then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again, but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter."

[10] Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and does n't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

[11] Alice felt very much puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes: "Of course, of course! Just what I was going to remark myself."

[12] "Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I have n't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

[13] "If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you would n't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied. "But I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

[14] "Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

"I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.

[15] "That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully, "but then — I should n't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter, "but you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

[16] The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare), — "it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: —

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way: —

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle —'"

[17] Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

[18] A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter, "as the things get used up."

cautiously [13] (kô′ shŭs lĭ), carefully
civil [3] (sĭv′ ĭl), polite
concert [16] (kŏn′ sērt), a musical entertainment
contemptuously [13] (kŏn tĕmp′ tū ŭs lĭ), scornfully
curiosity [4] (kū rĭ ŏs′ ĭ tĭ), desire to know
dormouse [1] (dôr′ mous′), a little animal found in Europe, somewhat like a small squirrel
encouraging [3] (ĕn kŭr′ ā jĭng), giving hope
gloomily [9] (gloōm′ ĭ lĭ), sadly
impatiently [11] (ĭm pā′ shĕnt lĭ), hastily
indignantly [2] (ĭn dĭg′ nănt lĭ), with anger that is deserved
mournfully [16] (mōrn′ fo͝ol lĭ), sadly
muttered [10] (mŭt′ ērd), said in a low voice with lips partly closed
severity [4] (sē vĕr′ ĭ tĭ), crossness
sighed [12] (sīd), took a deep breath that could be heard

1. Which would you rather be, — the March Hare, the Dormouse, or the Mad Hatter? Why? Find them in the picture. 2. Why are they given these names? 3. Describe the scene in front of the odd-looking house. 4. Was Alice right when she said "at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing" [6]? Why? 5. Would you rather have time as the Hatter described it or as it is? Why?

6. Does the poetry remind you of any other poem? How are they alike? how different?

7. Practice reading the dialogue aloud, omitting the explanations. See who can make it sound most like real conversation.

II. THE DORMOUSE TELLS A STORY

[19] "But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," interrupted the March Hare, "I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once."

[20] The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I was n't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you 'll be asleep again before it's done."

[21] "Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," [+] said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They could n't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked. "They'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse, "*very* ill."

[22] Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much. So she went on, "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

[+] **treacle** [21] (trē′ k'l), molasses.

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter. "It's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

[23] Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

[24] "There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went, "Sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

[25] "One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all, this time.

[26] "I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter. "Let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him. The March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change, and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

[27] Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously, "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter, "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, "well in."

[28] This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy, "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

[29] The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched

by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on, " — that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are 'much of a muchness' — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness!"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think —"

"Then you should n't talk," said the Hatter.

[30] This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

[31] "At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

extraordinary [22] (ĕks trôr′ dĭ nā rĭ), unusual
humbly [24] (hŭm′ blĭ), without pride
instantly [30] (ĭn′ stănt lĭ), at once
interrupted [19] (ĭn′ tē rŭpt′ ĕd), broke into somebody's speech
offended [22] (ŏ fĕnd′ ĕd), vexed
proposal [19] (prō pōz′ ăl), an idea suggested
sulkily [24] (sŭl′ kĭ lĭ), crossly
triumphantly [22] (trī ŭm′ fănt lĭ), as if winning a point
ventured [19] (vĕn′ tūrd), risked
in great disgust, [30] with great dislike

8. What fault did Alice find with the Dormouse's story? 9. What advice would you give about telling a story? 10. Why did Alice call this "the stupidest tea-party" [31]? 11. Why is it called "a mad tea-party"? 12. What do you think is the funniest thing in the story? Why?

13. Let several pupils read aloud to the class the Mock-turtle's story, as given in chapter 9 of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* Get the book from the library. 14. Tell something that happened to you, as you think a story should be told.

WHERE OUR FABLES COME FROM

Pronounce the words on page 167. Then read silently:—

[1] In ancient times the stories that the people liked best were fables. You have read some of these in your last year's books; so you know that a fable is always short, and that the animals speak and act as people do. Then, too, it winds up with good advice — the moral — to keep us from making the same mistake.

[2] The earliest fables came from Greece. The most famous writer of fables who ever lived was Æsop. Nobody knows just where Æsop was born, but about 600 B.C. he was a Greek slave, belonging to one master after another, and using his wits to learn all he could. It was this very wit that gained him his freedom at last. After much travel he made his home in Athens, where the people soon found out that he had unusual wisdom, and they went to him for advice. This he gave in the form of fables.

[3] In ancient Athens no one would have been thought educated unless he knew Æsop's Fables. These witty little stories were told again and again, and so they soon spread to other countries. Around the name of Æsop have gathered so many fables that probably they were not all written by him, but as all of them show the same wisdom they are usually spoken of as his.

[4] Another collection of fables is said to have been written by Bidpai, or Pilpay; but it is by no means certain that any one man of this name wrote them. Yet the stories that have grouped themselves around the name must have been written by some one, so that now it is usual to say that a sage called Bidpai once lived and wrote. The following story has been handed down in India about him.

[5] Three hundred years after Æsop, there was born in India a babe who also grew up to be a sage. This was Bidpai, born about 300 B.C. When he became a man he was brave enough to stand up before the king and tell him things that he did not like. For this he was thrown into prison, and there he lay for many a long day.

[6] By and by the king was greatly puzzled by some problem and needed advice. Then it was that he remembered the sage who had dared to tell him the truth. He sent his messenger to the prison to bring Bidpai before him. Again Bidpai showed his wisdom in the advice he gave, and because this time he solved a problem for the king he was given a whole kingdom.

[7] Fearing that the wise words of Bidpai might be forgotten, the king begged him to write them down. So with a young scribe to do the writing and enough food and parchment to last a year the Sage shut himself up in a room in the palace. At the end of the year the door opened, and Bidpai, pale and hollow-eyed, came out with the precious parchment in his hand. He had written out his wisdom in the form of little stories.

[8] The king called to the court the great men of his kingdom, and before them all the fables were read.

"What wilt thou have, O Sage?" asked the king, eager to honor the great man.

"Give me promise," quoth Bidpai, "that this parchment be guarded as thy life, lest it fall into the hands of the Persians, our enemies."

The king promised.

[9] Now Persia was a young country lying to the west of India. Years later the fables of the Hindoo Sage Bidpai were heard by a Persian doctor, who was wandering through India. He listened with delight to the wonderful wisdom of these little stories, then secretly he wrote them down, and carried them off to his own country. Thus, in spite of the king's promise, the fables of Bidpai reached the Persians.

[10] In the seventeenth century a Frenchman by the name of La Fontaine came across these fables of Bidpai and liked them so well that he wrote them in French for the boys and girls of his own country to read. La Fontaine did a great service to all the boys and girls of Europe and to those of this country when he retold these fables, for now they can be read in all the great languages of the world.

Æsop [2] (ē′ sŏp), a Greek writer
ancient [1] (ān′·shĕnt), old
Bidpai [4] (bĭd′ pī), a writer of tables in India
delight [9] (dē līt′), joy
Hindoo [9] (hĭn′ dōō), of India
La Fontaine [10] (là fôN′ tĕn′), a French writer of fables
lest, [8] for fear that
parchment [7] (pärch′ mĕnt), a skin prepared for writing
Pilpay [4] (pĭl′ pī), another name for Bidpai
precious [7] (prĕsh′ ŭs), of value
quoth [8] (kwōth), said
sage [4] (sāj), a wise man
scribe [7] (skrīb), one who writes for another

1. What is a fable? 2. Name three great writers of fables. 3. Tell something interesting about each. 4. What do people like about fables?

5. Read Æsop's "The Dog in the Manger," and Bidpai's "The Foolish Tortoise," "The King, the Falcon, and the Drinking Cup," and "The Two Travelers" (Riverside Readers, II, IV, and V). 6. What other fables have you read? Tell one of them. 7. "B.C." means "Before Christ"; that is, before the year 1, from which our time is counted. Find out how long ago Æsop and Bidpai lived.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

A Greek fable by ÆSOP (ē′ sŏp)

Read the following fable silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read:

[1] THERE was a brood of young larks in a field of corn which was just ripe, and the mother, looking every day for the reapers, left word, whenever she went out in search of food, that her young ones should report to her all the news they heard. One day, while she was absent, the master came to look at the state of his crops.

[2] "It is full time," said he, "to call in my neighbors and get my corn reaped." When the old lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to remove them forthwith. "Time enough," said she. "If he trusts to neighbors,

he will have to wait a while yet for his harvest." Next day, however, the owner came again, and finding the sun still hotter and the corn more ripe and nothing done, "There is not a moment to be lost," said he. "We cannot depend upon our neighbors: we must call in our relatives," and turning to his son, "Go, call your uncles and cousins, and see that they begin to-morrow," said he.

[3] In still greater fear the young ones then repeated to their mother the farmer's words. "If that be all," said she, "do not be frightened, for the relatives have harvest work of their own. But take particular notice what you hear the next time, and be sure to let me know." She went away the next day, and the owner coming as before and finding the grain falling to the ground from over-ripeness, and still no one at work, called to his son, "We must wait for our neighbors and relatives no longer. Do you go and hire some reapers to-night, and we will set to work ourselves to-morrow." When the young ones told their mother this, "Then," said she, "it is time to be off indeed; for when a man takes up his business himself, instead of leaving it to others, you may be sure that he means to set to work in earnest."

1. Do you think Mother Lark would consider the Master a good farmer? Give reasons. 2. Read aloud the words that could be used as a moral.

3. Make up a little dramatization of the fable, the teacher writing the speeches on the board as the class make them up. (Manual.)
4. Act out the play for a Harvest Home program. (Manual.)

5. Make up a little story to show that this moral is true in school life, at home, and in a school garden.

THE COUNTRY MAID AND THE MILK-PAIL

A Greek fable by Æsop (ē′ sŏp)

Read the following fable silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read:

[1] A country Maid was walking slowly along with a pail of milk upon her head, and thinking thus:

[2] "The money for which I shall sell this milk will buy me three hundred eggs. These eggs, allowing for what may prove spoiled, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. These will be fit to carry to market about Christmas when chickens always bring a good price, so that by May-day I shall have money enough to buy a new gown. Let me see — green suits me; yes, it shall be green. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young men will want me for a partner, but I shall refuse every one of them."

[3] By this time she was so full of her day-dream that she tossed her head proudly, when over went the pail, which she had entirely forgotten, and all the milk was spilled on the ground.

[4] *Moral.* Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

1. Suppose that the milk-maid had sold the milk. What other things might have happened to prevent her carrying out her day-dream? 2. Which is of more value in the milk-maid's mind — a glass of milk or an egg?

3. Show how the moral can be true (*a*) in school, (*b*) on a journey, or (*c*) on the playground.

THE BRAHMIN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

A Hindoo tale by M. FRÈRE (frair)

The Lion is called the King of Beasts because he does not often stoop to do a mean trick. The Tiger, on the other hand, is a cruel and cunning beast. He is one of the great dangers of India. When he becomes a "man killer" he is very terrible.

One feels, in reading this story, that the Lion would not have done what this Tiger tried to do. Do you think the Tiger deserved his fate?

Read silently:

[1] ONCE upon a time a Brahmin, who was walking along the road, came upon an iron cage, in which a great Tiger had been shut up by the villagers who caught him.

[2] As the Brahmin passed by, the Tiger called out and said to him, "Brother Brahmin, Brother Brahmin, have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for one minute, only to drink a little water, for I am dying of thirst." The Brahmin answered, "No, I will not; for if I let you out of the cage you will eat me."

[3] "Oh, father of mercy," answered the Tiger, "in truth that will I not. I will never be so ungrateful. Only let me out, that I may drink some water and return." Then the Brahmin took pity on him and opened the cage door; but no sooner had he done so than the Tiger, jumping out, said, "Now, I will eat you first and drink the water afterward." But the Brahmin said, "Only do not kill me hastily. Let us first ask the

opinion of six, and if all of them say it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die." "Very well," answered the Tiger, "it shall be as you say; we will first ask the opinion of six."

4 So the Brahmin and the Tiger walked on till they came to a Banyan-tree; and the Brahmin said to it, "Banyan-tree, Banyan-tree, hear and give judgment." "On what must I give judgment?" asked the Banyan-tree. "This Tiger," said the Brahmin, "begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so, or no?"

5 The Banyan-tree answered, "Men often come to take shelter in the cool shade under my boughs from the hot rays of the sun; but when they have rested they cut and break my pretty branches and scatter my leaves. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race."

6 At these words the Tiger would have instantly killed the Brahmin; but the Brahmin said, "Tiger, Tiger, you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six." "Very well," said the Tiger, and they went on their way.

7 After a little while they met a Camel. "Sir Camel, Sir Camel," cried the Brahmin, "hear and give judgment." "On what shall I give judgment?" asked the Camel. And the Brahmin related how the Tiger had begged him to open the cage door, and promised not to eat him if he did so; and how he had afterward determined to break his word, and asked if that were

just or not. The Camel replied, "When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food; but now that I am old, and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me, and beats me without mercy. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race."

[8] The Tiger would then have killed the Brahmin, but the latter said, "Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six."

[9] So they both went again on their way. At a little distance they found a Bullock lying by the roadside. The Brahmin said to him, "Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment." "On what must I give judgment?" asked the Bullock. The Brahmin answered, "I found this Tiger in a cage, and he prayed me to open the door and let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so; but when I had let him out he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair he should do so or no?" The Bullock said, "When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men have no pity."

[10] Three out of the six had given judgment against the Brahmin, but still he did not lose all hope, and determined to ask the other three.

[11] They next met an Eagle flying through the air, to whom the Brahmin cried, "O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment!" "On what must I give judgment?" asked the Eagle. The Brahmin stated

the case, but the Eagle answered, "Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth."

12 Then the Tiger began to roar, and said, "The judgment of all is against you, O Brahmin." But the Brahmin answered, "Stay yet a little longer, for two others must first be asked."

13 After this they saw a Crocodile, and the Brahmin related the matter to him, hoping for a more favorable verdict. But the Crocodile said, "Whenever I put my nose out of the water men torment me and try to kill me. Let the Tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest."

14 The Brahmin gave himself up as lost; but again he prayed the Tiger to have patience and let him ask the opinion of the sixth judge.

15 Now the sixth was a Jackal. The Brahmin told his story, and said to her, "Mamma Jackal, Mamma Jackal, say what is your judgment?" The Jackal answered, "It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who in the wrong unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place." So the Brahmin and the Tiger returned to the place where they first met, and the Jackal went with them.

16 When they got there, the Jackal said, "Now, Brahmin, show me exactly where you stood." "Here," said the Brahmin, standing by the iron tiger-cage. "Exactly there, was it?" asked the Jackal. "Exactly here," replied the Brahmin. "Where was the Tiger,

then?" asked the Jackal. "In the cage," answered the Tiger. "How do you mean?" said the Jackal; "how were you in the cage? which way were you looking?" "Why, I stood so," said the Tiger, jumping into the cage, "and my head was on this side."

"Very good," said the Jackal, "but I cannot judge without understanding the whole matter exactly. Was the cage door open or shut?" "Shut and bolted," said the Brahmin. "Then shut and bolt it," said the Jackal.

17 When the Brahmin had done this, the Jackal said, "Oh, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger! When the good Brahmin opened your cage door, is to eat him the only return you would make? Stay there, then, for the rest of your days, for no one will ever let you out again. Proceed on your journey, Friend Brahmin. Your road lies that way and mine this."

18 So saying, the Jackal ran off in one direction, and the Brahmin went rejoicing on his way in the other.

Brahmin [1] (brä′ mĭn), a priest
bullock [9] (bo͝ol′ ŭk), bull, steer, or ox
determined [7] (dē tûr′ mĭnd), made up his mind
dispute [15] (dĭs pūt′), quarrel
instantly [6] (ĭn′ stănt lĭ), at once
just [4] (jŭst), fair
opinion [3] (ō pĭn′ yŭn), what some one thinks
persecutor [11] (pûr sē kū′ tēr), one who torments
proceed [17] (prō sēd′), go on
rays, [5] beams of the sun
rejoicing [18] (rē jois′ ĭng), feeling joy
related [7] (rē lāt′ ĕd), told
resolved [9] (rē zo͝olvd′), made up his mind
torment [13] (tŏr mĕnt′), tease, hurt
ungrateful [3] (ŭn grāt′ fo͝ol), not thankful
break his word, [7] not do what he had promised
favorable verdict, [13] a judgment for
give judgment, [4] say who is right

1. How did the Tiger get into the cage the first time? 2. How did he get out? 3. What did he promise the Brahmin? 4. Who were the six judges? What did each say? 5. How did the Tiger get into the cage again?

6. Copy on the board the sentences that give the six judgments. 7. Which judges wanted the Brahmin to suffer for other men?

8. Let different pupils practice reading aloud the dialogue, omitting the explanations. 9. Act out the story as a play. (Manual.)

10. Which point in the story does the picture on page 175 illustrate? Compare the picture with a scene at an American circus. 11. Read Kipling's story, "Tiger! Tiger!" in the *First Jungle Book*.

THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

A Fable by AESOP

Read the following fable silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read:

[1] A CAT and a Monkey were sitting one day in the chimney corner watching some chestnuts which their Master had laid down to roast in the ashes. The chestnuts had begun to burst with the heat, and the Monkey said to the Cat:

[2] "It is plain that your paws were made especially for pulling out those chestnuts. Do you reach forth and draw them out. Your paws are indeed exactly like our Master's hands."

[3] The Cat was greatly flattered by this speech, and reached forward for the tempting chestnuts, but scarcely had he touched the hot ashes than he drew back with a cry, for he had burnt his paw; but he tried again, and managed to pull one chestnut out. Then he pulled another, and a third, though each time he singed the hair on his paws.

[4] When he could pull no more out he turned about and found that the Monkey had taken the time to crack the chestnuts and eat them.

1. What lesson did the Cat learn? 2. Make up a moral for the fable. 3. Think of another story in which one person "makes a catspaw" of another.

THE FOX, THE HEN, AND THE DRUM [+]

A Hindoo fable by the sage BIDPAI (bĭd′ pī)

Read the following fable silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read:

[1] A Fox, who was out in search of food, saw a Hen scratching for worms at the foot of a tree. He hid himself in a bush near by, and was about to spring out and seize her, when a strange tapping sound fell upon his ears; for in that same tree there was a Drum, and when the wind blew, the branches beat against it.

[2] Now the Fox was very hungry, and reasoned thus:

"A noise as loud as that must be made by a fowl much larger than this Hen. I will, therefore, let her go, and will bring down that larger bird for my supper."

[3] Without further thought he rushed out of the bush with a noise that put the Hen to flight, and, after many useless attempts scrambled up the tree. High among the leaves he found the Drum, and fell upon it tooth and claw. He soon had it open, only to see that it was filled with nothing more nor less than empty air. The Fox hung his tail.

[4] "What a stupid wretch I am!" he groaned. "Because of my own greediness, I must now go supperless to bed."

[+] Retold by Maude Barrows Dutton.

1. What did Mr. Fox get for supper? Why? 2. What caused the drum to sound? 3. Read the sentence that means the Fox "was ashamed."

4. Which makes the greater noise, a mouse or a locust? 5. Give other examples to show that Mr. Fox was wrong to think that a big sound always means a big size.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

A Hebrew song by DAVID

You will surely want to learn by heart this beautiful song, which David wrote and sang to the harp. It is the famous Twenty-third Psalm (säm).

THE Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul.
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE PRINCESS WHOM NOBODY COULD SILENCE

A Norse folk tale

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN (äs byûrn′ sĕn)

Boys and girls of Norway are just as fond of stories about princesses as you are. You have learned that a folk tale has been told again and again by the plain people of a country. This is a Norse folk tale.

Read the story silently. As you read, keep your eyes open to see which of the three brothers would be the best chum to have on a hike.

I. THE THREE BROTHERS

[1] THERE was once upon a time a King, and he had a daughter who would always have the last word. She was so cross and contrary in her speech that no one could silence her. So the King promised that he who could outwit the Princess should have her hand in marriage and half the kingdom besides. There were plenty of those who wanted to try, I can assure you; for it is n't every day that a Princess and half a kingdom are to be had.

[2] The gate to the palace hardly ever stood still. The suitors came in swarms and flocks from east and west, both riding and walking. But there was no one who could silence the Princess. At last the King announced that those who tried and did not succeed should be branded on both ears with a large iron. He would not have all this running about the palace for nothing.

[3] So there were three brothers who had also heard about the Princess, and, as they were rather badly off at home, they thought they would try their luck and see if they could win the Princess and half the kingdom. They were good friends and so they set out together.

[4] When they had gone a short distance, Ashiepattle found a dead magpie.+

"I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"What have you found?" asked the brothers.

"I have found a dead magpie!" said he.

"Faugh!* throw it away! What can you do with that?" said the other two, who always believed they were the wisest.

"Oh, I've nothing else to do, I can easily carry it," said Ashiepattle.

[5] When they had gone a bit farther Ashiepattle found an old willow-twig, which he picked up.

"I have found something! I have found something!" cried he.

"What have you found now?" said the brothers.

"I have found a willow-twig," said he.

"Pooh! what are you going to do with that? Throw it away," said the two.

"I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

[6] When they had gone still farther he found a broken saucer, which he also picked up.

+ **magpie** [4] (măg′ pī), a black bird.

* **faugh** [4] (fô), an exclamation of scorn, like *Pshaw* and *Ugh*. Notice the exclamation mark.

"Here, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Well, what have you found now?" asked the brothers.

"A broken saucer," said he.

"Pshaw! Is it worth while dragging that along with you, too? Throw it away!" said the brothers.

"Oh, I've nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

[7] When they had gone a little bit farther he found a crooked goat-horn and soon after he found the fellow to it.

"I have found something! I have found something, lads!" said he.

"What have you found now?" said the others.

"Two goat-horns," answered Ashiepattle.

"Ugh! Throw them away! What are you going to do with them?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry them with me," said Ashiepattle.

[8] In a little while he found a wedge.

"I say, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"You are everlastingly finding something! What have you found now?" asked the other brothers, looking back.

"I have found a wedge," he answered.

"Oh, throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

[9] As he went across the King's fields, he stooped down and took up an old boot-sole.

"Hullo, lads! I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Heaven grant you may find a little sense before you get to the palace!" said the two. "What is it you have found now?"

"An old boot-sole," said he.

"Is that anything worth picking up? Throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said the brothers.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me, and — who knows? — it may help me to win the Princess and half the kingdom," said Ashiepattle.

"Yes, you look a likely one, don't you?" said the other two.

announce [2] (*ă* nouns′), say to the people
brand [2] (brănd), burn with an iron
contrary [1] (kŏn′ trā rĭ), wanting her own way
everlastingly [8] (ĕv′ ẽr lăs′ tĭng lĭ), forever
likely [9] (līk′ lĭ), fit, suitable
outwit [1] (out wĭt′), get the better of
suitor [2] (sūt′ ẽr), lover
wedge [8] (wĕj), a piece of wood that tapers to a thin edge (draw)

1. What was the King's promise? 2. Which two expressions are most used by Ashiepattle? 3. Which brother would make the best detective? Why? 4. Why did not Ashiepattle cry out when he found the first goat's horn? 5. What do the brothers mean by "You look a likely one! [9]"?

6. Which brother would make the best Boy Scout? Why? 7. If you had to hire a boy, which brother should you choose? Why? 8. What things does it pay to collect?

9. Practice reading aloud the dialogue in sections 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9. Who can make it sound most like real conversation? Let the six pupils who have read it the best read it in relay.

II. THE TEST

[10] So they went in to see the Princess, the eldest brother entering first.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" answered she, with a shrug.

"It's terribly hot here," said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said the Princess.

The branding iron was lying waiting in the fire. When he saw this he was struck speechless, and so it was all over with him.

[11] The second brother fared no better.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you," said she, with a wriggle.

"It's terribly hot here!" said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said she.

With that he lost both speech and wits, and so the iron had to be brought out.

[12] Then came Ashiepattle's turn.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" said she, with a shrug and a wriggle.

"It is very nice and warm here!" said Ashiepattle.

"It's warmer in the fire," she answered. She was in no better humor now she saw the third suitor.

"Then there's a chance for me to roast my magpie on it," said he, bringing it out.

[13] "I'm afraid it will sputter," said the Princess.

"No fear of that! I'll tie this willow-twig round it," said the lad.

"You can't tie it tight enough," said she.

"Then I'll drive in a wedge," said the lad, and brought out the wedge.

[14] "The fat will be running off it," said the Princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad, and showed her the broken saucer.

[15] "You are so crooked in your speech," said the Princess.

"No, I am not crooked," answered the lad, "but this is crooked." And he brought out one of the goat-horns.

[16] "Well, I've never seen the like!" cried the Princess.

"Here you see the like," said he, and brought out the other horn.

[17] "It seems you have come here to wear out my soul!" she said.

"No, I have not come here to wear out your soul, for I have one here which is already worn-out," answered the lad, and brought out the old boot-sole.

[18] The Princess was so dumfounded at this, that she was completely silenced.

"Now you are mine!" said Ashiepattle. And so he got her and half the kingdom into the bargain.

dumfound [18] (dŭm′ found′), strike dumb
fare [11] (fâr), get along
shrug [10] (shrŭg), draw the shoulders up
sputter [13] (spŭt′ ẽr), to throw out small pieces as it roasts
wriggle [11] (rĭg′ 'l), a quick motion

10. Show that Ashiepattle had quick wit. 11. Would it have made any difference if he had not picked up the second goat-horn? 12. What did the Princess mean by "you have come here to wear out my soul" [17]? 13. Who got the other half of the kingdom?

14. Let different pupils practice reading aloud the dialogues in sections 10, 11, and 12 to 18. 15. Arrange the story on the board as a little play of three scenes. (Manual.) Make up in class the speech of the King to the people, in paragraphs 1 and 2.

16. Act out the play for the Thanksgiving program. (Manual.) 17. Draw on the board pictures of the things in Ashiepattle's collection and number them in the order used in talking to the Princess.

THE THREE FISH [+]

A Hindoo fable by the sage BIDPAI (bĭd'pī)

Read the following fable silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read:

[1] THERE was once a pond far from the highway, and in it lived Three Fish in peace and happiness. Now one of these Fish always used his wits, the second used his sometimes, but the third never used his at all. One day Two Fishermen happened to come upon this pond, and saw the Three Fish, which were large and fat.

[2] "Quick, let us return home and bring our nets," they cried. "Here is a fine catch!"

[3] When the Three Fish heard these words, they lay still in terror. Then the Fish who always made use of his wits decided at once what he would do. Without stopping to talk with his brothers, he swam quickly to the outlet of the pond, and was soon out of harm's way.

[4] Soon after this, the Fishermen returned and missed one of the Fish. They at once looked about for an outlet, and when they had found it, stopped

[+] Retold by Maude Barrows Dutton.

it up. There now seemed no escape for the other two. As a last chance, the Fish who sometimes used his wits began to float on his back on the top of the water. The Fisherman picked him up, and so well did he play his part that they threw him back into the pond, supposing he was dead. Meanwhile the Fish who never used his wits sank to the bottom, where he was easily caught, and was served that very day on the King's table.

1. Draw three fish of different sizes upon the board. Under the fish that used his wits all the time write *Very good.* Under the fish that used his wits sometimes write *Good at times.* Under the fish that never used his wits write *Bad.* Put a cross under the fish that was served at the king's table.

2. Which fish is likely to live the longest? Which fish is likely to live the shortest time? Why? 3. Which should be the largest? Which, the smallest? Have you marked them right on the board? 4. Which fish had a narrow escape? Why?

5. What unexpected things might happen in school that would show whether you used your wits? 6. Which is more likely to try to save himself or others, a man or an animal? 7. Give an example of heroism.

8. Tell (*a*) how to take care of gold fish, or (*b*) about a trick that your pet can do. Use "out of harm's way" [3] or "meanwhile" [4] in a sentence.

THE NIGHTINGALE

A Wonder tale from Denmark

Hans Christian Andersen

Denmark is a little country on the map, but it has given to the world a very big man, a man not a giant in body, but a giant in the world of books. This is Hans Christian Andersen, the story-teller who knew children so well and wrote so splendidly for his children friends.

In this story Hans Andersen is going to take you into a far-off world. It will be fun to pretend that you are at the court of the Emperor of China, and really hear the Nightingale sing. We get most pleasure out of reading when we forget all about ourselves and live in the story as if we were actually there.

Why not make a moving picture of this story, to yourself, as you read it. — What pictures do you see?

I. THE LITTLE KITCHEN MAID AND THE NIGHTINGALE

[1] In China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all whom he has about him are Chinamen too. This story happened a good many years ago, but that's why it is worth hearing again, before it is forgotten.

[2] The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world, — it was made entirely of porcelain, very costly. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the costliest of them silver bells were tied, which sounded, so that nobody should pass by without noticing the flowers.

[3] Yes, everything in the Emperor's garden was admirably arranged. And it extended so far, that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep. Great ships could sail to and fro beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor Fisherman stopped and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets, and heard the Nightingale.

[4] "How beautiful that is!" he said. Then he had to attend to his nets, and so forgot the bird. But when the next night the bird sang again, and the Fisherman heard it, he exclaimed again, "How beautiful that is!"

[5] From all the countries of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor and admired it, and the palace, and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

[6] And the travelers told of it when they came home, and the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden, and did not forget the Nightingale. And the poets wrote poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

[7] The books went through all the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read. Every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to note the masterly descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all!" — it stood written there.

[8] "What's that?" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I've never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

[9] And hereupon he called his Cavalier. This Cavalier was so grand that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "Pfui!" — and that meant nothing.

[10] "There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale!" said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the Cavalier. "He has never been introduced at court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I have, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the Cavalier. "I will seek for him. I will find him."

[11] But where was he to be found? The Cavalier ran up and down all the staircases, and through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard of the Nightingale. And the Cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and said that it must be a fable.

[12] "But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be a falsehood. I will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favor, and if it does not come, all the court shall be trampled upon."

[13] "Tsing-pe!" said the Cavalier. And again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors. Half the court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

[14] Then there was a great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew except the people at court. And at last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen. "Kitchen Maid," they said, "have you ever seen the Nightingale?"

"THE NIGHTINGALE?" SAID THE LITTLE KITCHEN MAID

15 "The Nightingale?" said the little Kitchen Maid, "I know it well. Yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the shore. When I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then tears come to my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me!"

"Little Kitchen Girl," said the Cavalier, "I will get you a place in the kitchen, with permission to see the Emperor dine, if you will lead us to the Nightingale. For it is announced for this evening."

16 So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing. Half the court went forth. When they were in the midst of their journey, a cow began to low.

"Oh!" cried the court pages, "now we have it! That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are cows lowing!" said the little Kitchen Girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Glorious!" said the Chinese Court Preacher. "Now I hear it — it sounds like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs!" said the little Kitchen Maid. "But now I think we shall soon hear it."

[17] And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little Girl. "Listen, listen! And yonder it sits." And she pointed to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" cried the Cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

[18] "Little Nightingale!" called the little Kitchen Maid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the Cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it is working! It is wonderful that we should never have heard it before."

[19] "Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" asked the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the Cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a court

festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the greenwood!" replied the Nightingale. Still, it came willingly when it heard what the Emperor wished.

accustomed [16] (*ă* kŭs′ tŭmd), used to
admirably [3] (ăd′ mĭ rȧ blĭ), wonderfully
announced [15] (*ă* nounst′), made known
cavalier [9] (kăv′ *ȧ* lēr), a man of Court
corridor [13] (kŏr′ ĭ dôr), a passageway
excellent [19] (ĕk′ sĕ- lĕnt), very good
falsehood [12] (fôls′ ho͝od), lie
festival [19] (fĕs′ tĭ văl), celebration
glorious [3] (glō′ rĭ ŭs), grand
imperial [12] (ĭm pē′ rĭ ăl), kingly, royal
inquiry [14] (ĭn kwīr′ ĭ), search
low [16] (lō), moo of a cow
masterly [7] (màs′ tĕr lĭ), excellent
nightingale [3] (nīt′ ĭŋ gāl), a bird of Europe that sings sweetly
page [16] (pāj), a boy who serves at Court
porcelain [2] (pôr′ sĕ lăn), china-ware

1. Describe the garden, the palace, and the city of the Emperor. 2. Who loved to hear the Nightingale? 3. Why did the Emperor want the bird? 4. How did the Kitchen Maid get into the story?

5. Who knew more about the country, — the pages, the Court Preacher, or the Kitchen Maid? How do you know? 6. Why was the Cavalier surprised when he saw the bird? 7. What did the different people think of it?

8. Practice reading aloud the dialogue in sections 10, 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19. 9. Imitate the animals in section 16.

II. IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE EMPEROR

[20] THE palace was festively adorned. The walls and the flooring, which were of porcelain, gleamed in the rays of thousands of golden lamps. The most glorious flowers, which could ring clearly, had been placed in the passages. There was a running to and fro, and a thorough draught, and all the bells rang so loudly that one could not hear one's self speak.

[21] In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole court was there, and the little Cook Maid had got leave to stand behind the door, as she had now received the title of a real court cook. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird, to which the Emperor nodded.

[22] And the Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and ran down over his cheeks. Then the Nightingale sang, still more sweetly, a song that went straight to the heart. The Emperor was so much pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round its neck. But the Nightingale declined this, singing, —

"I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes — that is the real treasure to me! I am rewarded enough!"

And then it sang again with a glorious voice.

[23] "That is the most winning voice I ever heard!" said the ladies who stood round about, and then they took water in their mouths to gurgle when any one spoke to them. They thought they should be nightingales too. In short, the Nightingale had won a real success.

[24] It was now to remain at court, to have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were appointed when the Nightingale went out, each of whom had a silken string fastened to the bird's leg, which he held very tight. There was really no pleasure in an outing of that kind.

[25] The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and when two people met, one said nothing but "Nightin,"

and the other said "gale." And then they sighed, and understood one another.

[26] One day the Emperor received a large parcel, on which was written "The Nightingale."

"Here we have a new book about this celebrated bird," said the Emperor.

[27] It was not a book, however, but a little work of art, contained in a box, — an artificial nightingale, which was to sing like a natural one, and was brilliantly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. So soon as the artificial bird was wound up, it could sing; and then its tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold. Round its neck hung a little ribbon, and on that was written, "The Emperor of China's Nightingale is poor compared to that of the Emperor of Japan."

[28] "That is capital!" said they all. And he who had brought the artificial bird at once received the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

[29] "Now they must sing together. What a duet that will be!"

And so they had to sing together. But it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

"That's not its fault," said the Play-master. "It is quite perfect, and very much in my style."

[30] Then the artificial bird was to sing alone. It had just as much success as the real one, and it was much handsomer to look at — it shone like bracelets.

[31] Three-and-thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly

have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away out of the open window, back to the greenwood.

"But what has become of it?" said the Emperor.

And all the courtiers abused the Nightingale, and declared that it was a very ungrateful creature.

"We have the best bird, after all," said they.

[32] And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece. And the Play-master praised the bird highly, yes, he declared that it was better than a nightingale, not only with regard to its plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well.

"For you see, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "and above all, your Imperial Majesty, with a real nightingale one can never know what is coming, but in this artificial bird everything is settled. One can explain it. One can open it, and make people understand where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows another."

"Those are quite our own ideas," they all said.

[33] And the speaker received permission to show the bird to the people on the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing too, the Emperor commanded; and they did hear it, and were much pleased, and all said, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor Fisherman, who had heard the real Nightingale, said, —

"It sounds pretty enough; but there's something wanting, though I know not what!"

[34] The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed. All the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were arranged about it. In title it had advanced to be the High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank, to number one on the left hand; for the Emperor considered that side the more important on which the heart is placed, and even in an emperor the heart is on the left side. And the Play-master wrote a work of five-and-twenty volumes about the artificial bird.

artificial [27] (är′ tĭ fĭsh′ ăl), made by man
brilliantly [27] (brĭl′ yănt lĭ), brightly
capital [28] (kăp′ ĭ tăl), excellent
courtier [31] (kōrt′ yĕr), a noble at court
declined [22] (dē klīnd′), refused
draught [20] (drȧft), current of air
duet [29] (dū ĕt′), music for two persons
festively [20] (fĕs′ tĭv lĭ), gayly
gleamed [20] (glēmd), shone faintly
gurgle [23] (gûr′ g'l), make a noise like water
plumage [32] (plōōm′ āj), feathers
ruby [27] (rōō′ bĭ), a red stone
sapphire [27] (săf′ īr), a blue stone
sighed [25] (sīd), breathed hard
waltz [29] (wôltz), dance
were in full dress, [21] dressed up

10. How was the palace prepared for the bird? 11. Was the Nightingale happy at Court? Why? 12. Compare her with the new bird. 13. How did the people feel towards the new bird? 14. What happened to the Nightingale?

15. Who do you think loved music the more, — the Fisherman or the Play-master? 16. What kind of music do you like best?

III. THE REAL BIRD AND THE MAKE-BELIEVE

[35] So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best — they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang,

"Tsi-tsi-tsi-glug-glug!" and the Emperor himself sang it too. Yes, that was certainly famous.

[36] But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

[37] The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his own physician to be called. But what could he do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking and investigation, the bird was put into something like order.

[38] There was a great lamentation. Only once in a year was it permitted to let the bird sing, and that was almost too much. But then the Play-master made a little speech, full of heavy words, and said this was just as good as before.

[39] Now five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really fond of their Emperor; and now he was ill and could not, it was said, live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street and asked the Cavalier how their old Emperor did.

"Pfui!" said he, and shook his head.

[40] Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great gorgeous bed. The whole court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies'-maids had a great coffee party. All about, in all the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard; and therefore it was quiet there, quite quiet.

[41] But the Emperor was not dead yet. Stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels. High up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

[42] The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe, — it was just as if something lay on his chest. He opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword, and in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from among the folds of the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth; a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. These were all the Emperor's bad and good deeds, that stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart.

[43] "Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" And then they told him so much that the perspiration ran from his forehead.

"I did not know that!" said the Emperor. "Music! Music! The great Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!"

And they continued speaking, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said.

"Music! Music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents! I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck! — Sing now, sing!"

[44] But the bird stood still. No one was there to wind it up, and it could not sing without that. Death

continued to stare at the Emperor with his great hollow eyes; and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

45 Then there sounded from the window, suddenly, the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightingale, that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor's sad plight, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. And as it sang, the specters grew paler and paler; the blood ran quicker and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs; and even Death listened, and said:

"Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. And the Nightingale sang on and on; and it sang of the quiet church-yard where the white roses grow, where the elder-blossom smells sweet, and where the fresh grass is wet by the tears of those who mourn. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out at the window in the form of a cold, white mist.

46 "Thanks! Thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my country and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my couch and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale. "I have drawn tears from your eyes, — when I sang the first time, — I shall never forget that. But now sleep, and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something."

[47] And it sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet slumber. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows, when he awoke refreshed and restored. Not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought he was dead. Only the Nightingale sat beside him and sang.

[48] "You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please, and I'll break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could. Keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in it, but let me come when I feel the wish; then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the window and sing you something. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far away from you and from your court. I will come and sing to you, — but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the Emperor. And he stood there in his imperial robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed the sword, which was heavy with gold, to his heart.

"One thing I beg of you. Tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything." And the Nightingale flew away.

[49] The servants came in to look to their dead Emperor, and — yes, there he stood. And the Emperor said:

"Good morning!"

banished [46] (băn′ ĭsht), drove out
chamberlain [40] (chām′ bēr lĭn), one who attends the King
charmed [46] (chärmd), got rid of by magic
famous [35] (fā mŭs), well-known
gorgeous [40] (gôr′ jŭs), showy with color
investigation [37] (ĭn vĕs′ tĭ gā′ shŭn), search
lamentation [38] (lăm′ ĕn tā′ shŭn), sorrow
perspiration [43] (pûr′ spĭ rā′ shŭn), sweat
plight [45] (plīt), condition
specter [45] (spĕk′ tēr), ghost
pay homage [40] (hŏm′ âj), pay respect

17. Why did the Court like the new bird's song? 18. What happened to this bird? 19. When and why did the Emperor need the real bird? 20. How did the real bird save him? 21. What are some of the things a real bird could tell him?

22. Practice reading aloud the conversation in sections 43, 45, 46, and 48 as you think it should be said, different pupils reading the parts. Practice saying "it was quiet there, quite quiet." [40]

23. Read the life of Hans Christian Andersen or his stories, "The Flax," or "The Emperor's New Clothes" (Riverside Reader IV).

THE OYSTER AND ITS CLAIMANTS

A French fable

La Fontaine (là fôn tĕn′)

Whenever there is a case tried in court, somebody has to pay the lawyer and somebody has to pay the costs of the trial. Sometimes people do not understand that it is cheaper to settle little quarrels without the aid of a lawyer or without taking the case to court. This little fable ought to tell why.

After you have read the fable, make up a moral for it:

[1] Two travelers discovered on the beach
An oyster, carried thither by the sea.
'T was eyed with equal greediness by each;
Then came the question whose was it to be.
One, stooping down to pounce upon the prize,
Was thrust away before his hand could snatch it;

"Not quite so quickly," his companion cries;
"If *you've* a claim here, *I've* a claim to match it;
The first that saw it has the better right
To its possession; come, you can't deny it."
"Well," said his friend, "my orbs are pretty bright,
And I, upon my life, was first to spy it."

[2] "You? Not at all; or, if you *did* perceive it,
I *smelt* it long before it was in view;
But here's a lawyer coming — let us leave it
To him to arbitrate between the two."
The lawyer listens with a stolid face,
Arrives at his decision in a minute;
And, as the shortest way to end the case,
Opens the shell, and eats the fish within it.
The rivals look upon him with dismay: —
"This Court," says he, "awards you each a shell;
"You've neither of you any costs to pay,
And so be happy. Go in peace. Farewell!"

arbitrate [2] (är′ bĭ trāt), hear both sides and decide who is right
claimant (klām′ănt), one who claims
decision [2] (dē sĭzh′ ŭn), judgment
discovered [1] (dĭs kŭv′ ērd), found
orb [1] (ôrb), round body; here, eye
perceive [2] (pēr sēv′), see
stolid [2] (stŏl′ ĭd), dull

1. Practice reading the poem aloud to see who can make it sound most like talking. 2. In class make up the speech in which the traveler told the lawyer about the quarrel, the teacher writing on the board the sentences chosen as the best.

3. Write on the board, as if for a little play, the title, scene, characters, action, and dialogue, inserting the lawyer's speech at the right place. (Manual.) 4. Let the teacher dictate the speeches, breaking each speech into simple sentences. 5. Act out the play.

6. Is it ever right to disagree? Give an example. 7. Does this fable mean that we should never arbitrate a dispute? Why?

A·PLAY

THE STORY OF ALI COGIA[+]

A tale from the Arabian Nights

TO·ACT

Those of you who have read *Arabian Nights* know that the book is full of splendid stories. Here is one of them arranged as a play. It shows us that people are much the same all over the world, and that right and wrong were just as much right and wrong in olden times as they are now.

Who in this play had the best idea of what was right and what was wrong?

SCENE I

Time: *One evening.*

Place: *The house of a merchant in Bagdad.*

THE MERCHANT. THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

(*The* MERCHANT *and his* WIFE *are at supper.*)

[1] WIFE. Our neighbors bought some fine olives to-day. It has been a long time since we have had olives. I am quite hungry for them.

[2] MERCHANT. Now you speak of olives, you put me in mind of the jar which Ali Cogia left with me.

[3] WIFE (*pointing to a jar in another part of the room*). There is the very jar waiting for him against his return.

[4] MERCHANT. Certainly he must be dead, since he has not returned in all this time. I will open the jar, and if the olives be good, we will eat them.

[5] WIFE. Pray, husband, do not commit so base an

[+] Arranged as a play by Augusta Stevenson.

action. You know nothing is more sacred than what is left to one's care and trust.

[6] MERCHANT. But I know Ali Cogia will not return.

[7] WIFE. And I have a strong feeling that he will. What will he think if he finds the jar has been opened?

[8] MERCHANT. Surely a jar of olives is not to be guarded so carefully, year after year.

[9] WIFE. That is Ali Cogia's affair, not ours. Besides, the olives can't be good after all this time.

[10] MERCHANT (*taking a plate*). I mean to have a taste of them, at least.

[11] WIFE (*indignantly*). You are betraying the trust your friend placed in you! I will not remain to witness it.

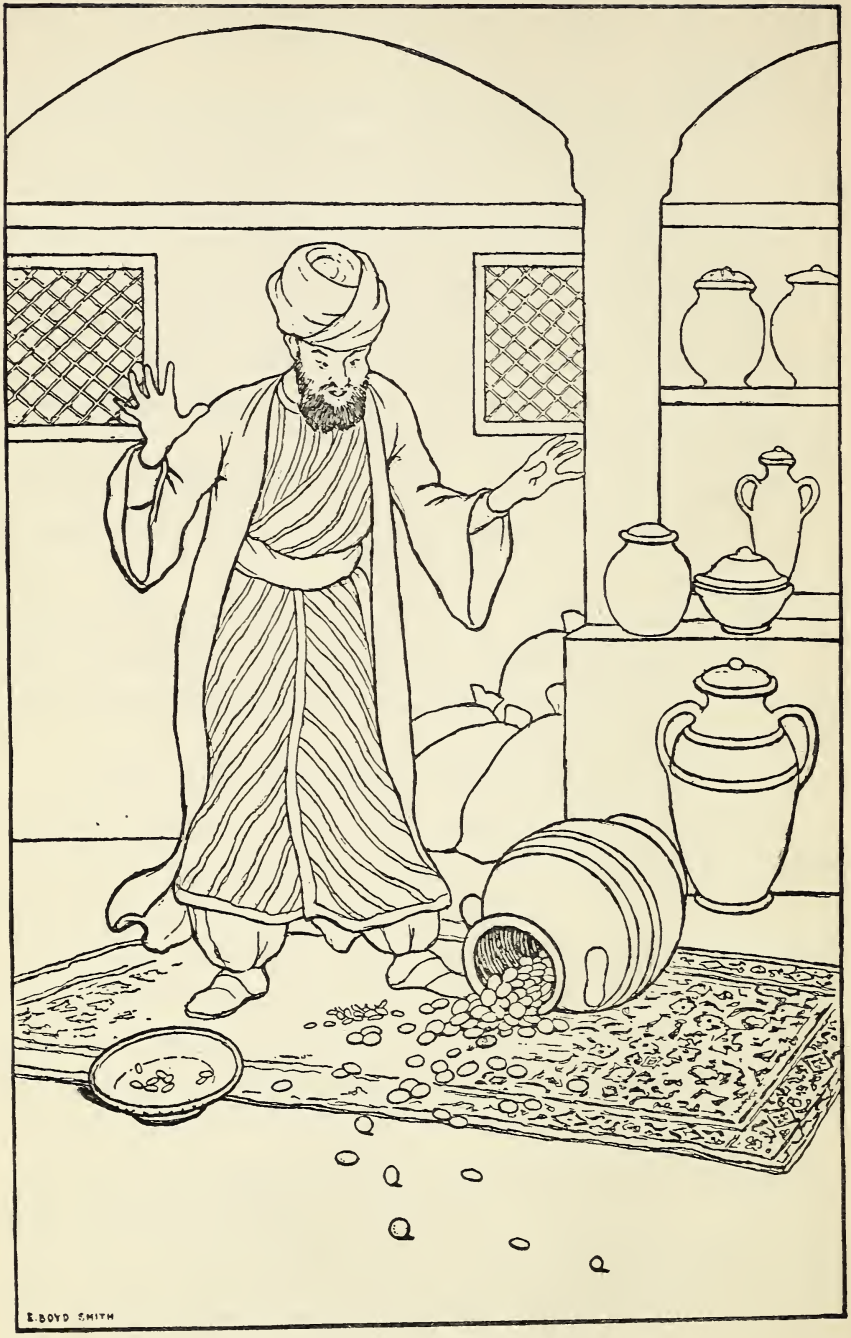
[12] (*She leaves the room. The* MERCHANT *removes the cover.*)

[13] MERCHANT (*looking in the jar*). My wife was right — the olives are covered with mold, but those at the bottom may still be good.

[14] (*He shakes out the olives. Several gold pieces fall out.*)

[15] MERCHANT (*dropping the jar in astonishment*). A thousand pieces at least! The top of the jar only was laid with olives! (*He puts the gold into his pockets.*) To-night, when my wife is asleep, I will fill the jar entirely with fresh olives, for these show they have been disturbed. And I will make up the jar so that no one, except Ali Cogia himself, will know they have been touched.

astonishment [15] (ăs tŏn′ ĭsh mĕnt), wonder
base [5] (bās), mean
betray [11] (bĕ trā′), be untrue to
disturbed [15] (dĭs tûrbd′), out of order
indignantly [11] (ĭn dĭg′ nănt lĭ), with righteous anger
mold [13] (mōld), something that comes on food when it is damp or decays
witness [11] (wĭt′ nĕs), see for oneself
put in mind of,[2] make think of


E.BOYD SMITH

1. What were the reasons for and against opening the jar of olives? Who made them? 2. Why did the wife leave the room? What happened after she left? 3. Put on the board words that describe the husband and the wife.

4. What different things do the merchant and his wife do in this first scene? How are these printed? 5. What different feelings do they show in their speeches? 6. Practice reading them that way.

SCENE II

Time: *One month later; a moonlight night.*

Place: *A small court opening upon a narrow street of Bagdad.*

THE CALIPH.
THE GRAND VIZIER.
FIRST CHILD, *who plays he is the Cauzee.*[+]
SECOND CHILD, *who plays he is the officer.*
THIRD CHILD, *who plays he is Ali Cogia.*
ZEYN, *who plays he is the Merchant.*
TWO BOYS, *who play they are Olive Merchants.*
MANY OTHER CHILDREN, *who look on.*

[16] (*The* CALIPH, *accompanied by his* GRAND VIZIER, *enters the narrow street upon which the court opens. They are in disguise, appearing as merchants.*)

[17] CALIPH. Perhaps we may hear some talk of this affair of Ali Cogia and the merchant, as we go through the city to-night.

[18] VIZIER. It is possible, O Commander of the true Believers! The affair has made a great noise in Bagdad.

[19] CALIPH. Ali Cogia carried the merchant before the Cauzee, I believe.

[20] VIZIER. Yes. He claimed that the merchant had taken from him one thousand pieces of gold.

[21] CALIPH. Proceed. I would know all.

[+] A Mohammedan judge.

[22] VIZIER. Ali Cogia left with this merchant, so he says, a jar in which he had placed this money. Upon his return, which was but yesterday, he went to the merchant, and, having received the jar, opened it. To his surprise he found that the gold, which he had hidden below the layer of olives, was no longer there.

[23] CALIPH. Ah, that is what Ali Cogia says. What says the merchant?

[24] VIZIER. The merchant made oath before the Cauzee that he did not know there was money in the jar, and so of course could not have taken it.

[25] CALIPH. And the Cauzee dismissed the merchant?

[26] VIZIER. Yes, Commander of the Faithful, the merchant was acquitted.

[27] CALIPH. This Ali Cogia presented a petition to me to-day, and I promised to hear him to-morrow. Would that I could know the truth of the matter that I may give a just sentence!

[28] (*They arrive at the court where several* CHILDREN *are playing in the moonlight. The* CALIPH *stops to watch them.*)

[29] FIRST CHILD. Let us play that the Cauzee is trying the Merchant.

[30] SECOND CHILD (*joyfully*). Yes, yes!

[31] THIRD CHILD (*joyfully*). Yes, yes!

[32] ALL THE CHILDREN (*clapping their hands*). Yes, yes!

[33] CALIPH (*softly to the* VIZIER). Let us sit on this bench. I would know what these children are playing.

[34] (*They sit on the bench, but are not seen by the children.*)

[35] First Child (*taking his seat with great dignity*). I choose to be the Cauzee!

[36] Second Child (*taking his place behind the* Cauzee). I choose to be the officer.

[37] Third Child. I choose to be Ali Cogia.

[38] Cauzee. Who chooses to be the Merchant?

[39] (*Long pause. All the children hang back.*)

[40] Cauzee. Come, Zeyn, you be the Merchant.

[41] Zeyn. Not I! That part does not please me.

[42] Officer. Would you spoil everything, Zeyn?

[43] Zeyn. Oh, well, then, I'll be the Merchant this time.

[44] Cauzee. Officer, bring in the accused and his accuser.

[45] (*The* Officer *presents the* Merchant *and* Ali Cogia *before the* Cauzee.)

[46] Cauzee. Ali Cogia, what charge have you to make against this Merchant?

[47] Ali Cogia (*bowing*). Sir, when I journeyed from Bagdad seven years ago, I left with this Merchant a jar. Now, into this jar I had put, with some olives, a thousand pieces of gold. When I opened the jar, I found that it had been entirely filled with olives, — the gold had disappeared! I beseech your honor that I may not lose so great a sum of money!

[48] Cauzee. Merchant, what have you to say to this charge?

[49] Merchant. I confess that I had the jar in my house, but Ali Cogia found it exactly as he had left it. Did he ever tell me there was gold in the jar? No.

He now demands that I pay him one thousand pieces of gold. I wonder that he does not ask me for diamonds and pearls instead of gold. I will take my oath that what I say is the truth.

[50] CAUZEE. Not so fast! Before you come to your oath, I should be glad to see the jar of olives. (*Turning to* ALI COGIA.) Ali Cogia, have you brought the jar?

[51] ALI COGIA. No. I did not think of that.

[52] CAUZEE. Then go and fetch it.

[53] (ALI COGIA *goes.*)

[54] CAUZEE (*to the* MERCHANT.) You thought the jar contained olives all this time.

[55] MERCHANT. Ali Cogia told me that it contained olives at the first. I will take oath that what I say is the truth.

[56] CAUZEE. We are not yet ready for your oath.

[57] (ALI COGIA *enters. He pretends to set a jar before the* CAUZEE.)

[58] CAUZEE. Ali Cogia, is this jar the same you left with the Merchant?

[59] ALI COGIA. Sir, it is the same.

[60] CAUZEE. Merchant, do you confess this jar to be the same?

[61] MERCHANT. Sir, it is the same.

[62] CAUZEE. Officer, remove the cover.

[63] (*The* OFFICER *pretends to remove the cover.*)

[64] CAUZEE. These are fine olives! Let me taste them. (*Pretending to eat an olive.*) They are excellent! But I cannot think that olives will keep seven years and be so good. Therefore, Officer, bring in Olive Merchants, and let me hear what is their opinion.

[65] OFFICER (*announcing*). Forward, two Olive Merchants!

[66] (*Two* BOYS *present themselves.*)

[67] CAUZEE. Are you Olive Merchants?

[68] BOYS (*bowing*). Sir, we are.

[69] CAUZEE. Tell me how long olives will keep.

[70] FIRST OLIVE MERCHANT. Let us take what care we can, they will hardly be worth anything the third year.

[71] SECOND OLIVE MERCHANT. It is true, for then they will have neither taste nor color.

[72] CAUZEE. If it be so, look into that jar and tell me how long it is since those olives were put into it.

[73] (*Both* MERCHANTS *pretend to examine and taste the olives.*)

[74] FIRST OLIVE MERCHANT. These olives are new and good.

[75] CAUZEE. You are mistaken. Ali Cogia says he put them into the jar seven years ago.

[76] SECOND OLIVE MERCHANT. Sir, they are of this year's growth. There is not a merchant in Bagdad that will not say the same.

[77] CAUZEE. Merchant, you stand accused. You must return the thousand pieces of gold to Ali Cogia.

[78] MERCHANT. Sir, I protest —

[79] CAUZEE (*interrupting*). Be silent! You are a rogue. Take him to prison, Officer.

[80] (*All the children seize the* MERCHANT *and run from the court, laughing and shouting while he struggles to get away.*)

[81] CALIPH (*rising*). I know now what will be a just trial. I have learned it from the child Cauzee. Do you think I could give a better sentence?

[82] VIZIER. I think not, if the case be as these children played it.

[83] CALIPH. Bid Ali Cogia bring his jar of olives to-morrow. And let two olive merchants attend.

[84] VIZIER. It shall be done, O Commander of true Believers!

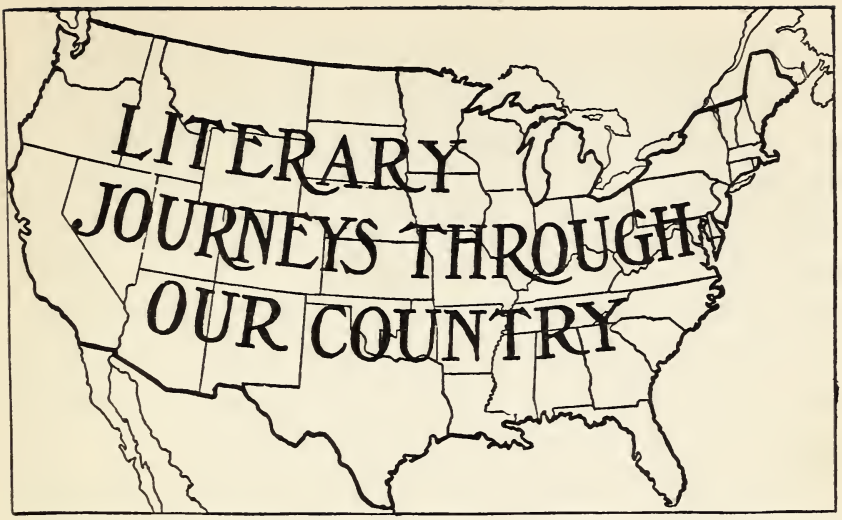
[85] CALIPH. If the olives be indeed fresh, then the Merchant will receive his punishment and Ali Cogia his thousand pieces of gold. (*Starting off, then stopping.*) Take notice of this street, and to-morrow present the boy Cauzee with a purse of gold. Tell him it is a token of my admiration of his wisdom and justice.

acquitted [26] (*ă* kwĭt′ ĕd), set free
caliph [16] (kā′ lĭf), a ruler
confess [60] (kŏn fĕs′), admit as true
charge [48] (chärj), what one is accused of
dignity [35] (dĭg′ nĭ tĭ), noble manner
opinion [64] (ŏ pĭn′ y*ŭ*n), belief
proceed [21] (prō sēd′), go on
protest [78] (prō tĕst′), declare
sentence [81] (sĕn′ tĕns), decision
beseech your honor [47] (bē sēch′), beg, — "your Honor," the ruler
grand vizier [16] (vĭ zēr′), high officer
in disguise [16] (dĭs gīz′), strange dress
made oath [24] (ōth), solemnly declared
presented a petition, [27] made a written request
token of my admiration, [85] sign of my admiration

7. Why were the Caliph and the Grand Vizier in disguise? 8. Why did not the children want to be the merchant? 9. How did they show that the merchant was a thief? 10. What have you learned about olives?

11. What different things are done in this scene? How are these printed? 12. How do the different people act and speak?

13. Let the class take turns in reading the different parts in the whole play. 14. Select the ten pupils who read the best to memorize the play for a Friday afternoon entertainment. (Manual.) 15. Write an invitation to your mother or father, or to another class, to come to see your play. 16. Read "Who wrote the Arabian Nights" (Riverside Reader V).



THE EASTERN UNITED STATES AND ITS WRITERS

Read silently, and when you come to the italicized directions pause for a moment and do what they suggest.

[1] If somebody asked you to tell a real story you would talk about the things that you know best, — things and people right about you where you live. A little girl of Colorado could tell a better story of the mountains than could a Kansas girl who has seen nothing but prairies all her life; and a boy who worked on a plantation in the South could describe a cotton field better than a boy who lived in a factory town in the North.

[2] Here is the map of our great country. *Place your finger on the spot where you live.* Where were the first colonies made? Which part of the Atlantic coast was most thickly settled first? If you can answer this, you can *now put your finger on the section of our country where people first had time to read books and to write books.*

[3] Our American authors have written best about the life with which they were most familiar. You will understand them better, therefore, if you know in what section of the country they spent their lives. When your teacher mentions Joel Chandler Harris, for instance, you will think to yourself, "Oh, yes, that's the man from Georgia!" and you will understand better how he happened to write tales of the old colored man Uncle Remus, and Brer Rabbit, and the cotton fields. They were part of the life about him.

[4] When a new country like ours is settled, the colonists are kept so busy clearing out the woods, fighting Indians and wild beasts, raising crops, and building their houses, that they have little time for anything else. It is only when a section of country becomes fairly well settled that the people in it have time to enjoy books.

[5] New England and the states lying south of it were the first to be thickly colonized. For this reason we find our oldest colleges to be Harvard and Yale in New England, King's College (now Columbia) in New York, and William and Mary's College in Virginia. Since the upper stretch of the Atlantic coast was the first to establish schools and to have time for reading and study, we find that section producing more great writers than any other part of the country. It had the earliest start.

I. A LITERARY JOURNEY THROUGH THE EASTERN UNITED STATES

[6] *Open your geography to the New England states and find* Massachusetts. *Cambridge* is a city in Massachusetts where Harvard was founded in these old colony

days, and ever since then Cambridge has been a literary center. Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes all were professors at Harvard College, and these men are three of our greatest poets. At *Salem*, Massachusetts, on the seacoast, Nathaniel Hawthorne, our greatest novelist, lived. If you should ever visit this quaint old town the people would point out to you houses like the "House of Seven Gables," which Hawthorne has described in one of his novels. Not far off is *Haverhill*, where John Greenleaf Whittier lived. The homestead is still kept open for visitors to see. In the kitchen the old fireplace looks just as cozy as it did when the Whittier family gathered in front of it on snowy nights.

[7] One could not leave the state of Massachusetts without a visit to *Concord*, which is near Boston, for that little town is a noted literary spot. It was made famous, first, in Revolutionary War days; and then later, by the fact that Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau lived there. Both of these men believed in living very simply and thriftily, and they practiced in their own lives the simplicity that they preached. *Now put your finger on Boston.* Not only was Boston a great center during Revolutionary War days; it was also the first great literary center in this country.

[8] *Copy down, now, the names of these five places in Massachusetts, and be ready to tell the class something interesting about each of them.*

[9] New York City was first settled by Dutch traders. Even before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Hendrick Hudson and his men had made their way up the broad

Hudson River, and Manhattan Island had been bought from the Indians for the small sum of twenty-five dollars. On account of its being settled so early you will expect to hear that New York was also a literary center like Boston, and so it was.

[10] The great poet and editor, William Cullen Bryant, lived in New York during the last part of his life. Washington Irving was born there, and as a small boy he often wandered up the Hudson where he heard the legends of the country. Later he wrote these out, and some day you will read about them in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip van Winkle." He spent the last part of his life at a beautiful home called Sunnyside, in the heart of the region that he has described in his stories. Maybe some day you can visit the village of Tarrytown and go out past Sleepy Hollow and to the Irving home.

[11] In the central part of New York state is *Cooperstown*, a little village lying in the midst of some lovely lakes. This is where James Fenimore Cooper lived, on what was then the frontier, close to the Indians. His Leatherstocking Tales are some of the best stories of redskins ever written. Any boy and girl who love tales of adventure with Indians and wild beasts will have a treat when they open their first Cooper book.

[12] *Find New York State on the map and be ready to tell the class something interesting about three places in it.*

[13] Now, if you *move your finger south* on the map, you will surely come *to Philadelphia*, just as surely as did Franklin when he ran away from his brother's printing-office in Boston and started out in the world to make a

name for himself. Here in the Quaker City of Philadelphia Benjamin Franklin did many things to make life easier for his fellowmen. He founded the first public library; he formed the first fire company; he paid a night watch and thus started the idea of a police force; he had streets paved and cleaned; and he helped to establish an academy, which later became the University of Pennsylvania. In these hard Revolutionary War days — Franklin was twenty-six years older than Washington — he taught the people to be thrifty. Yet with all this, he found time to write the story of his life, or his autobiography, which some day you must be sure to read. Just now you will enjoy his story of "The Whistle" or "An Ax to Grind," and his sayings of Poor Richard. *Find some of these sayings.* (Manual.)

II. THREE LITTLE GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS

[14] Sarah Orne Jewett, Louisa May Alcott, and Kate Douglas Wiggin are three writers whom we want you to meet first as little girls. Sarah was born in Maine; Louisa, in Massachusetts; and Kate, in Pennsylvania. All three became famous through their books.

[15] Sarah Orne Jewett's father was a country doctor. She often went with him on his long rides and held the horse while he was indoors seeing his patients. Her father pointed out to her all kinds of interesting things about the places they saw and the people they met, and in that way Sarah was trained to observe closely. For this reason Miss Jewett is remembered as one of the very best writers about New England. In her stories

she described country folks as they really were. Her home was within sound of the pounding ocean, which she loved dearly. Through her grandfather, who had been a sea captain, she made many friends among the sailors and fishermen who lived along the sea shore.

[16] She began to write stories when she was just a little girl and would read them to her elder sister. Her best-known book for girls is called "Betty Leicester," and when you are older you should read it. Just now you will enjoy more her story in this book, which is about Priscilla Starbird, a fisherman's little daughter.

[17] Louisa May Alcott was one of an interesting family. There were Marmee, the mother, Mr. Alcott, who was a schoolmaster, and four lively girls. In her book, "Little Women," she has described their cozy home life and has told about the good times they had in Concord As Mr. Alcott knew many of the famous men and women of that day, these little girls also met them. They knew Emerson (called the Sage of Concord) and Thoreau, who lived in his cabin near the pond at Walden.

[18] Louisa Alcott was like Sarah Orne Jewett in two ways: she began to write when she was a little girl and she dearly loved to read. Nothing made her happier than to take a good book and a big apple and to steal away to the garret, where she could curl up in a cozy window and read to her heart's content. When you get a little older, you will enjoy reading "Little Men," "Little Women," and "Eight Cousins."

[19] The last of these three little girls is the writer Kate Douglas Wiggin. She was always fond of children, even as a tiny girl. Maybe that is why she taught in a

kindergarten when she grew up. She was so much interested in boys and girls that she could not help writing stories about them.

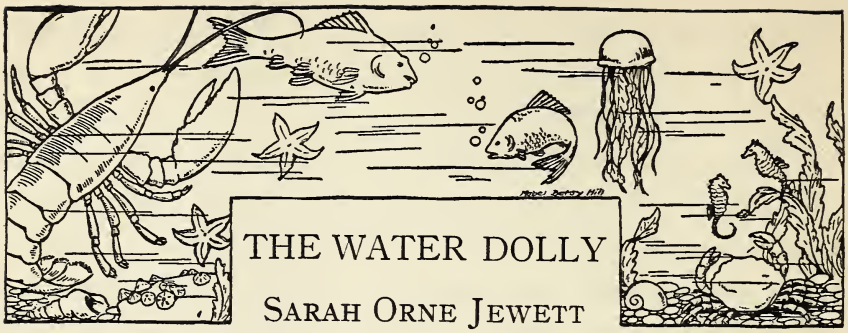
[20] You will enjoy reading "Timothy's Quest," which tells how two little youngsters started out in search of a home, and "The Birds' Christmas Carol," a story about an invalid girl and the Merry Christmas that came to a large family of poor children. When you are a little older, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will be one of your very best book friends.

academy [13] (*a* kăd′ ē mĭ), a school
autobiography [13] (ou′ tō bī ŏg′ ra fĭ), a life written by one's self
Brer Rabbit, [3] Brother Rabbit
colonized [5] (kŏl′ ō nīzd), settled
Concord [7] (kŏŋ′ kẽrd), a town
establish [5] (ĕs tăb′ lĭsh), set up
Haverhill [6] (hā′ vẽr ĭl)
homestead [6] (hōm′ stĕd), the home place
italicized (ĭ tăl ′ĭ sīzd), printed in italics
legend [10] (lĕj′ ĕnd), a story handed down from the past
Leicester [16] (lĕs′ tẽr)
observe [15] (ŏb zûrv′), pay attention to
plantation [1] (plăn tā′ shŭn), a large estate in the South
prairie [1] (prā′ rĭ), level or rolling land
producing [5] (prō dūs′ ĭng), making
quaint [6] (kwānt), old-fashioned
sage [17] (sāj), a wise man
Thoreau [7] (thō′ rō), a writer
thrifty [13] (thrĭf′ tĭ), saving

III. A READING CLUB

WHY not have a Reading Club in your classroom. You can borrow some books from your school library or from the public library and keep them on a special table, desk, or shelf in your room. The children that finish their other work in good time and belong to the Reading Club can then get permission to take books to their desks to read. (Manual.)

1. Form a Reading Club in your class. Select a name for it. Choose a president and a secretary. (Manual.) 2. Keep a list of the stories and books that you read.



THE WATER DOLLY

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

If you live near the ocean this story will make you think of many other things that you have done yourself at the shore. On the other hand, if you have never seen the sea, then you will have a treat, for the story takes you right into a fisherman's home.

You will like Sam and Priscilla. Some of you may wish that you were Nelly Hunt so that you could visit the play-house on the sands. But then, maybe you have a play-house of your own! Have you? Is it as nice as hers?

Read silently:

I. PRISCILLA STARBIRD MAKES A WISH

[1] THIS story begins on a Sunday in the middle of August. Elder Grow had preached long sermons both morning and afternoon, and the people looked wilted and dusty when they came out of church. It was in the country, and only one or two families lived very near. Among the last to drive away were the Starbirds, — Jonah and his wife, and their boy and girl. The wagon creaked and rattled, and the old speckled horse hung his head and seemed to go slower than ever. It was a long,

straight, sandy road, which once in a while led through a clump of pines, and nearly all the way you could see the ocean, which was about half a mile away.

[2] There was one place that Prissy was always in a hurry to see. It was where another road turned off from this, and went down to the beach. Every Sunday when she came from church she hoped her father would go this way, by the shore. Once in a while he did, so she always watched to see if he would not pull the left-hand rein tighter.

[3] There was always a sigh of disappointment if the speckled horse went straight on, though, to be sure, there were reasons why the upper road was to be enjoyed. Mr. Starbird often drove through a brook which the road crossed, and there were usually some solemn white geese dabbling in the mud, which were indignant at being disturbed. Then there was a very interesting martin-house on a dingy shoemaker's shop, — a little church with its belfry and high front steps and tall windows, all complete.

[4] To-day Mr. Starbird turned the corner decidedly, saying: "I should n't wonder if it was a mite cooler on the beach. Anyway, it can't be hotter, and it is near low water." Prissy sat up very straight in the front of the wagon, and felt much happier, and already a great deal cooler.

[5] "Oh, father," said she, "why don't we always go this way? It would be so much nicer going to meeting."

[6] "Now, Prissy," said Mrs. Starbird, "I'm afraid you don't set much store by your preaching privileges."

And then they all laughed, but Prissy did not quite understand why.

[7] "Well," said her father, "it is always three quarters of a mile farther, and sometimes it happens to be high tide, and I don't like jolting over the stones. Besides, I see enough of the water week-days, and Sunday I like to go through the woods."

[8] It was cooler on the shore, and they drove into the water until the waves nearly came into the wagon, and Prissy shouted with delight. When they drove upon the dry sand again, she saw a very large sea-egg, and Sam jumped down to get it for her.

[9] "Would n't it be fun," said she, "if I could tame a big fish, and make him bring me lovely things out of the sea?"

[10] "Yes," said Sam, "or you might make friends with a mermaid."

[11] "Oh, dear!" said Prissy, with a sigh, "I wish I could see one. You know so many ships get wrecked every year, and there must be millions of nice things down at the bottom of the sea, all spoiling in the salt water. I don't see why the waves can't bring better things in shore than little broken shells, and old, good-for-nothing jellyfishes, and wizzled-up seaweed, and fish-bones, and chips. I think the sea is stingy!"

[12] "I thought you were the girl who loved the sea better than almost anything," said her mother. "I guess you feel cross, and this afternoon's sermon was long. I'm sure the sea gives us a great deal. Where should we get any money if your father could n't go fishing or take people sailing?"

[13] "Oh, I do love the sea," said Prissy. "I was only wishing. I don't see, if there is a doll in the sea, — a drowned doll, you know, with nobody to play with it, — why I can't have it."

[14] Soon they were at the end of the beach, by the hotel, and then they were not long in getting home.

[15] Just as they were driving into the yard a little breeze began to come in from the east, and Mr. Starbird pointed to a low bank of clouds out on the horizon, and said there would be a storm before morning, or he knew nothing about weather. "It is a little bit cooler," said his wife, "but my! I am heated through and through."

[16] Prissy put on her old dress, and after supper she and Sam went out in the dory with their father, to look after the moorings of the sailboat, and then they all went to bed early. And sure enough, next morning there was a storm.

[17] It was not merely a rainy day; the wind was more like winter than summer. The waves seemed to be trying to push the pebbles up on shore, out of their way, but it was of no use, for they would rattle back again as fast as they could every time. The boats at the moorings were rocking up and down on the waves, and you could hear the roaring of the great breakers that were dashing against the cliffs and making the beach beyond white with foam.

[18] There was not much one could do in the house, and there were no girls living near whom Prissy could go to play with, so the rainy day went very slowly. For a while Prissy watched the sandpipers flying about

in the rain, and her father and Sam, who were busy mending a trawl. Finally she picked over some beans for her mother. Sam and his father went down to the fish-houses, and after dinner Prissy fell asleep, and that took most of the afternoon. She could n't sew, for she had hurt her thimble-finger the week before, and it was not quite well yet. Just before five her father came in and said it was clearing away.

19 "I am going out to oil the cartwheels and tie up the harness good and strong," said he, "for there will be a master pile of seaweed on the beach to-morrow morning, and I don't believe I have quite enough yet."

20 "Oh!" said Prissy, dancing up and down, "won't you let me go with you, father? You know I did n't go last time or time before, and I 'll promise not to tease you to come home before you are ready. I 'll work just as hard as Sam does. Oh, please do, father!"

21 "I did n't know it was such a good thing to go after kelp," said Mr. Starbird, laughing. "Yes, you may go, only you will have to get up before light. Put on your worst clothes, because I may want to send you out swimming after the kelp, if there does n't seem to be much ashore." And the good-natured fisherman pulled his little girl's ears. "Like to go with father, don't you? I'm afraid you are n't going to turn out much of a housekeeper."

22 The next morning, just after daybreak, they rode away in the cart, — Mr. Starbird and Prissy on the seat, and Sam standing up behind, — drawn by the sleepy, weather-beaten little horse. It had stopped

raining, and the wind did not blow much. The waves were still noisy and the sun was coming up clear and bright. They saw some of their neighbors on the way to the sands, and others were already there when the Starbird cart arrived.

[23] For the next two hours Prissy was busy as a beaver, picking out the very largest leaves of the broad, brown, curly-edged kelp. Sometimes she would stop for a minute to look at the shells to which the roots often clung. Some of them were very pretty with their pearl lining and spots of purple and white where the outer brown shell had worn away. Prissy carried ever so many of these high up on the sand to keep, and often came across a sea-egg, or a striped pebble or a very smooth white one, or a crab's back reddened in the sun, and sometimes there was a bit of bright crimson seaweed floating in the water or left on the sand.

[24] Besides these, there seemed to be a remarkable harvest of horseshoe crabs, for at last she had so many that she took a short vacation so as to give herself time to arrange them in a graceful circle around the rest of her possessions, by sticking their sharp tails into the sand. It was great fun to run into the water a little way after a long strip of weed that was going out with the wave, and once, as she came splashing back, trailing the prize behind her, one of the neighbors shouted good-naturedly: "Got a fine, lively mate this voyage, have n't ye, Starbird?"

[25] Nearly all the men in the neighborhood were there with their carts by five o'clock, and there was a great deal of business going on, for the tide had turned at

four, and when it was high there could be no more work done. The piles of seaweed upon the rocks grew higher and higher. In the middle of the day the men would begin loading the carts again and carrying them home to the farms. You could see the great brown loads go creaking home with the salt water still shining on the kelp that trailed over the sides of the carts. You must ask papa to tell you why the seaweed is good for the land, or perhaps you already know?

belfry [3] (bĕl′ frĭ), bell tower
breaker [17] (brāk′ ẽr), a wave breaking into foam against the shore
cliff [17] (klĭf), a high, steep rock
clump [1] (klŭmp), a thicket
creaked, [1] squeaked
dabbling [3] (dăb′ lĭng), paddling
dingy [3] (dĭn′ jĭ), dusty-looking
disappointment [3] (dĭs′ ă̈ point′ mĕnt), sorrow
dory [16] (dō′ rĭ), a flat-bottomed boat
indignant [3] (ĭn dĭg′ nă̈nt), cross because of something wrong
horizon [15] (hō rī′ zŭn), place where earth and sky seem to meet
kelp [21] (kĕlp), seaweeds
martin-house, [3] a bird-house of many rooms for martins
mermaid [10] (mûr′ mād), a creature with the upper part a woman, and the lower part a fish
moorings, [16] where a boat is fastened
privilege [6] (prĭv′ ĭ lĕj), a right to do something
remarkable [24] (rẽ mär′ kȧ b'l), unusual
sandpiper [18] (sănd′ pīp′ ẽr), a bird with a long bill that hunts food on the shore
trawl [18] (trôl), a line or net for fishing
high tide, [7] the tide at high water

1. Describe the two roads home from church. What did Priscilla watch for in each? 2. Which road did she like the better? Why? Why did her father like the upper road the better?

3. What wishes did Prissy make? 4. Read aloud the dialogue in sections 4–7 and 9–13, omitting explanations, and saying the speeches as you think they were said.

5. Describe the rainy day. How had they prepared for it? 6. What did the different Starbirds do that day? 7. Read as dialogue sections 19–21.

8. Why did the fishermen gather kelp? 9. What did the Starbird cart look like going to the beach and coming home? 10. What did Prissy find? 11. What did the tide have to do with gathering kelp? 12. If you could visit Sam or Prissy, what things should you like best to do?

II. HOW THE WISH COMES TRUE

[26] But now comes the most exciting part of the story. What do you think happened to Prissy? Not that she saw a mermaid and was invited to come under the sea and choose out a present for herself, but she caught sight of a bit of something bright blue in a snarl of seaweed, and when she took it out of the water, what should it be but a doll's dress!

[27] And the doll's dress had a doll in it! Just as she reached it, the wave rolled it over and showed her its beautiful face. Prissy was splashed up to the very ears, but that would soon dry in the sun, and oh, joy of joys, such a dear doll as it was! The blue she had seen was its real silk dress, and Prissy had only made believe her dolls wore silk dresses before. As she pulled away the seaweed that was all tangled around it, she saw it had a prettier china head than any she had ever seen, lovely blue eyes, and pink cheeks, and fair yellow hair. Prissy's Sunday wish had certainly come true. What should she wish for next?

[28] But she could not waste much time thinking of that, for she found that the silk dress was made to take off, and there were little buttons and button-holes, and such pretty white underclothes, and a pair of striped stockings and cunning blue boots — but those were only painted on. Never mind! the salt water would have ruined real ones. There was a string of fine blue and gilt beads around her neck, and in the pocket of the dress — for there was a real pocket — Prissy found such a pretty little handkerchief!

[29] Was this truly the same world, and how had she ever lived alone without this dolly? Some kind fish must have wrapped the little lady in the soft weeds so she could not be broken. Had a thoughtful mermaid dressed her? Perhaps one had been a little way out, hiding under a big wave, on Sunday, and had heard what the Starbirds said as they drove home from church. Prissy was just as certain the doll was sent to her as if she had come in a big shell with "Miss Priscilla Starbird" on the outside, and two big lobsters for expressmen.

[30] How surprised Mr. Starbird was when Prissy came running down the beach with the doll in her hand! Sam was hot and tired, and did n't say much.

[31] "I wonder whose it is?" said he. "I s'pose somebody lost it."

[32] "Oh, Sam," said Prissy, "she is my own dear dolly. I never thought she was not mine. Can't I keep her? Oh, father!" And the poor little soul sat down and cried. It was such a disappointment.

[33] "There, don't feel so bad, Prissy," said Mr. Starbird, consolingly. "I would n't take on so, dear. Father'll get you a first-rate doll the next time he goes to Portsmouth. I suppose this one belongs to some child at the hotel. We will see as we go home."

[34] And Prissy laid the doll on the sand beside her, and cried more and more, while Sam, who was particularly cross to-day, said, "Such a piece of work about an old wet doll!"

[35] "Oh," thought Prissy, "I kept thinking she was my truly own doll, and I was going to make new

dresses, and I should have kept all her clothes in my best little bit of a trunk that grandma gave me. And I should n't have been lonesome any more."

[36] Was n't it very hard?

[37] But Prissy was an honest little girl, and when her father told her he was ready to go, she was ready too, and had the horseshoe crabs transplanted from the sand into a strip of kelp in which she had made little holes with a piece of sharp shell, and the best shells and stones were piled up in her lap. She had made up her mind she could not have the doll, and she looked very sad and disappointed. It was nearly a mile to the hotel, and it seemed longer, for the speckled horse's load was very heavy. Prissy hugged the water dolly very close, and kissed her a great many times before they stopped at the hotel piazza.

[38] Mr. Starbird asked a young man if he knew of any child who had lost her doll, but he shook his head. This was encouraging, for he looked like a young man who knew a great deal. Then the boy standing near said, "Why, that's Nelly Hunt's doll. I'll go and find her."

[39] Mr. Starbird went round to see the landlord, to arrange about taking out a fishing-party that afternoon, and Prissy felt very shy and lonesome waiting there alone on the load of seaweed.

[40] In a few minutes a tall, kind-looking lady came downstairs and out on the piazza, and a little girl followed her. Prissy held out the doll without a word. It would have been so nice to have her to sleep with that night.

41 "Where in the world did you find her, my dear?" said the lady in the sweetest way. "You are a good little girl to have brought her home. What have you been crying about? Did you wish she were yours?" And she laid her soft white hand on Prissy's little sandy, sunburnt one.

42 "Yes 'm," said Prissy. "I did think she was going to be my doll, and then father said somebody must have lost her. I should n't like to be the other girl, and be afraid she was drowned."

43 This was a long speech from our friend, for she usually was afraid of strangers, and particularly the hotel people. The lady smiled, and stooped to whisper to the little girl, who in a minute said, "Yes, indeed, mamma."

44 "Nelly says she will give you the dolly," said the lady. "We are sorry her clothes are spoiled, but some day, if you will come over, I will give you some pieces to make a new dress of. It will have to be either black or white, for I have nothing else here, but I can find you some bright ribbons. Nelly left her out on the rocks, and the tide washed her away. I hope you will not be such a careless mamma as that."

45 "Have n't you any dolls of your own?" said Nelly. "I've six others. This one is Miss Bessie."

46 "No," said Prissy, who began to feel very brave and happy. "I had one the first of the summer. It was only a rag baby, and she was spoiled in the rain. Oh, I think you're real good!"

47 "Dear little soul," said Mrs. Hunt, as she went in, after Mr. Starbird had come back, and they had gone

away, "I wish you had seen her hug that doll as she turned the corner. I think I never saw a child seem happier. I must find out where she lives."

[48] You will know that Prissy went home in a most joyful state of mind. In the afternoon, directly after dinner, she went down to the play-house, carrying the shells and crabs, and she and the new dolly set up housekeeping. The play-house was in a corner where there was a high rock at the end of a fence. There were ledges in the rock that made some shelves, and Sam had roofed it over with a few long boards, put from the top of the rock to the fence, so it was very cozy.

[49] There were rows of different kinds of shells and crab-backs, marvelous sea-eggs, and big barnacles by the dozen. Sam had rolled in a piece of driftwood that had been part of the knee of a ship, and who could want a better sofa? There was a bit of looking-glass fastened to the fence by tacks, and there had been some pictures pinned up that Prissy had cut out of a paper, but these were nearly worn out by the rain. A bottle, with a big, jolly marigold in it, stood on a point of the rock that she called her mantelpiece.

[50] The first thing she did was to go down to the shore, where she was busy for some time washing the dolly's clothes, which were very much spotted and crumpled, and full of sand and bits of seaweed. The silk dress could only be brushed, her mother told her, and would not be quite clean again; but after all it was grand.

[51] Prissy's "wash" was soon hung out on a bit of a fish-line, stretched near the play-house, and the doll, who had been taking a nap during this time, was waked

up by her new mother. The sun shone bravely in at the door, and all the shells glistened. Prissy counted the sails out at sea, and noticed how near the light-house looked that day.

[52] "When I go out there again, you may go, too," she said to the doll; "you won't be a bit seasick, dear."

[53] The water dolly looked happy, as if she felt quite at home. Nelly Hunt came over next morning with a box of "Miss Bessie's" clothes and a paper of candy, and when she saw the play-house she liked it so much that she stayed all the rest of the morning, and came to see Prissy ever so many times that summer.

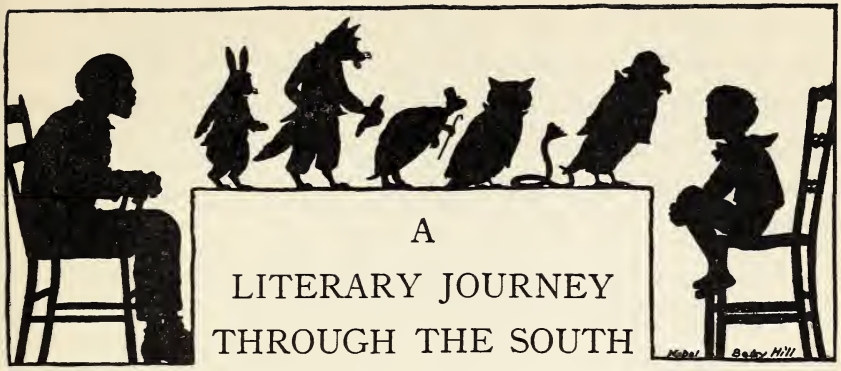
barnacle [49] (bär′ nȧ k'l), a shell-fish that sticks to logs or the bottom of a ship
consolingly [33] (kŏn sōl′ ĭng lĭ), in a cheering way
crumpled [50] (krŭm′ p'ld), wrinkled
glistened [51] (glĭs′ 'nd), shone
ledge [48] (lĕj), a rock that sticks out
lonesome [39] (lōn′ sŭm), lonely
marvelous [49] (mär′ vĕl ŭs), wonderful
particularly [43] (pär tĭk′ ū lȧr lĭ), especially
piazza [37] (pĭ ăz′ ȧ), veranda, porch
snarl [26] (snärl), something tangled
transplanted [37] (trăns plănt′ ĕd), dug up and planted elsewhere
knee of a ship, [49] front of a ship, bent like a crooked knee

13. Describe what Prissy found in the seaweed. How do you suppose it got there? 14. Read as dialogue sections 31–35, to show what the different persons said.

15. What happened at the hotel? 16. Read as dialogue sections 41–42 and 44–46 to show how the different persons felt. 17. Would it have been right for Prissy to keep the doll without inquiring about it? Why? What should we do when we find things?

18. Describe the play-house. 19. How did Prissy begin "playing mother"? 20. Who do you think enjoyed that doll the more, Nelly Hunt or Priscilla Starbird? Why? 21. Was Sam a good brother? Why?

22. What is each thing in the picture on page 220? Tell what you know about one of them. 23. Read aloud Celia Thaxter's "The Sandpiper" (Riverside Reader V) or Barry Cornwall's "The Sea." 24. What should you like in an aquarium? (Manual.)



A LITERARY JOURNEY THROUGH THE SOUTH

Open your geography to a map of the United States, and look at the states from Maryland to Louisiana and from Kentucky to Florida. As you read, pause at the italicized directions and do what they tell you to do. (Manual.)

Read silently:

[1] IMAGINE that you are curled up at a window in the day coach of an express train in Union Station, Baltimore. While the passengers are gathering for the long trip south, let us read something of the history of this land we are to visit.

[2] Before the Civil War it was the ambition of a Southern boy to succeed in law, not in literature. Thus the South has given us a splendid line of orators and statesmen, like Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, George Washington, and John C. Calhoun. After the Civil War many of the great plantations were broken up into smaller farms, manufacturing was introduced, schools spread, cities sprang up, and before we knew it "the old South" had become more democratic, people of all classes intermingling in a way that would not have

been possible before. One of the results was that the South with its mysterious beauty and its quaint traditions, became a rich treasure-house for the writer. To-day it has contributed to our literature names of which every boy and girl in America may well feel proud.

[3] The two greatest poets the South has produced are Edgar Allan Poe and Sidney Lanier. Edgar Allan Poe was born in the same year as Lincoln, 1809. His parents, who were traveling actors, happened to be playing in the North that year, so that is why this little Southern boy was born in Boston. He had a wonderful grandfather, General Poe of Maryland, a soldier of Revolutionary War fame. When Lafayette was in Baltimore he went to the grave of the old general, and kneeling beside it said reverently, "Here reposes a noble heart!"

[4] The little boy did not know his grandfather; and sad for him, both his father and mother died before he was four. He was adopted by a family of Allans in Richmond, Virginia. Soon it was seen that the boy was very, very bright; when he was only six years old he would stand up before a parlor full of guests and say "pieces." Perhaps the thing that his grandfather left to him from that noble heart of his was power to feel deeply, for it turned out that Edgar Allan Poe could write wonderful poetry. Then too he wrote stories, the first detective story in America being written by him. When you are older you will hear about the rest of his life and read some of his stories and poems. *Find Virginia on your map.* Imagine the name,

Edgar Allan Poe, printed across the upper part of the state of Virginia in big letters.

[5] Sidney Lanier, the second great poet of the South, was born in Georgia. As a boy he dearly loved two things: his flute and the outdoors. He saw all the beauty of the orange groves with the red-breasted robins darting about among the branches. When he was a man, he fought in the Civil War, and many a time his flute cheered the weary soldiers around the old camp-fire. Like Poe, he saw the music in words. Later in these books you will read one of his best known poems; just now you will enjoy "Tampa Robins." *Put your finger on the lower part of the state of Georgia.* Imagine the name, Sidney Lanier, printed there in big letters.

[6] "All aboard!"

The conductor raises his hand in a signal to the brakeman, and the Federal Express slowly pulls out of the station, on its journey through the South. You have eagerly awaited this moment. Now that the train is actually moving, what shall you see?

[7] The South is a beautiful country, with rolling hills, and a soft haze playing over the landscape. In the mountain regions you will find the picturesque cabin of the "poor whites" with the old spinning-wheel still in use, while down in the valley is the great plantation with its big colonial mansion and in the distance the negro quarters. Here you will see the fields of cotton and of tobacco, and farther south the groves of oranges and lemons, with stretches of sugar-cane and rice fields lying between. Far south, silvery gray Spanish moss

hangs from the live oaks, and in the trees the mocking-bird sings its glorious song all the night long. Mystery and beauty hover over the land.

[8] The good old plantation days in Virginia before the war are pictured in the books of Thomas Nelson Page, who loved the old-time negro's faithfulness to his master. *Turn again to Virginia*, and imagine the name Thomas Nelson Page, printed across the lower part of this state. You will enjoy reading his book, "The Two Little Confederates." What two writers will you now think of, when people speak of Virginia's part in literature?

[9] To the west of this rich plantation life lie the mountains, where the "poor whites" live. When you are older you must be sure to read "In the Tennessee Mountains," by Charles Egbert Craddock. Editors in the East thought a man wrote these thrilling tales of family feuds and moonshiners' raids. Imagine their surprise when they learned that Charles Egbert Craddock was Miss Murfree. Since she has given us the best pictures of these mountain folk, we can almost see written across the state of Tennessee Charles Egbert Craddock and below it her own name Miss Murfree. *Find Tennessee.*

[10] Few boys have noticed things about them as much as did James Lane Allen, a lad who was born near Lexington, Kentucky, in the heart of the blue grass country. Could you make up a story about what you had seen in your back yard? When this boy became a man he actually found enough of interest and wonder in one little Kentucky garden to fill two books. Some

day you can read "The Kentucky Cardinal," to find out what he saw in his garden.

[11] Our train is a fairy train — so quick as a wink it whisks us to Louisiana, the land of swamps and bayous. Here are the picturesque streets of New Orleans where the Mardi-Gras is held each year. As Louisiana belonged to the French king before we bought it, you will still find in New Orleans many French customs and words in use. The descendants of these early French settlers are called Creoles. As George Washington Cable has described this Creole life of New Orleans better than anybody else, always think of his name in connection with the state of Louisiana. *Find Tennessee, Kentucky, and Louisiana on the map and be ready to tell which author best describes each state.*

[12] Zip! back goes the train to Georgia! It nearly ran over a long-eared rabbit which a boy was chasing. Sixty years ago that boy might have been Joel Chandler Harris, for he liked to hunt rabbits. When he worked on Mr. Turner's plantation he would listen to the negroes telling tales about the animals and he could repeat these just as the negroes had told them. So, while he was learning to be a printer in Mr. Turner's newspaper office — for he had to support his mother — he wrote down these tales and handed them in for the paper. That is how he began writing.

[13] In these stories Uncle Remus, an old negro, is telling the little boy on the plantation wonderful tales about Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, and all the other animals. Later when Joel Chandler Harris bought a place near Atlanta, which he called Snap Bean Farm, he made it

as much like the Turner plantation as possible so that his own children could have the same pleasures that he had as a boy.

[14] When he died, people all over the country felt sorry; for everybody loved "Uncle Remus." Mrs. Harris has kept the old house open, just as it was when he wrote his tales there, and if ever you get near Atlanta you must pay it a visit. *Find Georgia on the map.* Imagine printed across the upper part of Georgia the name of Joel Chandler Harris. What two writers can you now think of when people speak of Georgia's part in literature?

ambition [2] (ăm bĭsh′ ŭn), a desire for success
bayou [11] (bī′ o͞o), a sluggish inlet
brakeman,[6] a man in charge of the brakes on a railroad car
Brer,[13] brother
Calhoun [2] (kăl ho͞on′), an American statesman
contribute [2] (kŏn trĭb′ ūt), give
Creole [11] (krē′ ōl), descendants of French and Spanish settlers in Louisiana, keeping their speech and customs
feud [9] (fūd), quarrel between families
haze [7] (hāz), soft mist
hover [7] (hŭv′ ẽr), hang over
intermingle [2] (ĭn′ tẽr mĭŋ′ g'l), mix together
Lanier [5] (lă nēr′), an American poet
Mardi-gras [11] (mär′ dē grä′), a carnival or merrymaking
moonshiner [9] (mo͞on′ shīn′ ẽr), a man who makes liquor when forbidden to do it
picturesque [7] (pĭk′ tu̇r ĕsk′), like a picture
plantation [2] (plăn tā′ shŭn), a big place planted and cultivated by manual labor
quaint [2] (kwānt), old-fashioned
quarters [7] (kwôr′ tẽrz), cabins for negroes
raid [9] (rād), attack to make arrests
reverently [3] (rĕv′ ẽr ĕnt lĭ), with solemn respect
signal [6] (sĭg′ năl), a sign
tradition [2] (trȧ dĭsh′ ŭn), ideas and customs handed down from father to son

1. On an outline map on the blackboard print the names of these authors in the states to which they belong. 2. Get the books and stories of Joel Chandler Harris and other Southern writers for your Reading Club. (Manual.) 3. Find out which poem, story, and book in the Reading Club list for Eastern authors (Manual) the class like the best. 4. Copy on the blackboard the names of the twelve pupils who have read the most selections in this list.

BROTHER FOX'S TWO BIG DINNERS

Joel Chandler Harris

Everybody in this family liked Mr. Rabbit. Do you know why? Because he told them the nicest stories. Here he is going to tell you one about Brother Fox and Brother Wolf and Brother Bear. You may come and join Sweetest Susan, and Buster Brown, and Drusilla, and Mrs. Meadows in listening to it.

See if you agree with what they have to say about the story.

I. BROTHER RABBIT TELLS A STORY

[1] Mr. Rabbit closed his eyes and rubbed his nose, and then began:

[2] "Once upon a time, when Brother Fox and myself were living in pretty good terms with each other, we received an invitation to attend a barbecue that Brother Wolf was going to give on the following Saturday. The next day we received an invitation to a barbecue that Brother Bear was going to give on the same Saturday.

[3] "I made up my mind at once to go to Brother Bear's barbecue, because I knew he would have fresh roasting ears, and if there's anything I like better than another, it is fresh roasting ears. I asked Brother Fox whether he was going to Brother Bear's barbecue or to Brother Wolf's, but he shook his head. He said he had n't made up his mind. I just asked him out of idle curiosity, for I did n't care whether he went or whether he stayed.

[4] "I went about my work as usual. Cold weather was coming on, and I wanted to get my crops in before the big freeze came. But I noticed that Brother Fox was mighty restless in his mind. He did n't do a stroke of work. He'd sit down and then he'd get up; he'd stand still and look up in the tops of the trees, and then he'd walk back and forth with his hands behind him and look down at the ground.

[5] "I says to him, says I, 'I hope you are not sick, Brother Fox.'

"Says he, 'Oh, no, Brother Rabbit, I never felt better in my life.'

"I says to him, says I, 'I hope money matters are not troubling you.'

"Says he, 'Oh, no, Brother Rabbit, money was never easier with me than it is this season.'

"I says to him, says I, 'I hope I'll have the pleasure of your company to the barbecue to-morrow.'

"Says he, 'I can't tell, Brother Rabbit; I can't tell. I have n't made up my mind. I may go to the one, or I may go to the other; but which it will be, I can't tell you to save my life.'

[6] "As the next day was Saturday, I was up bright and early. I dug my goobers and spread them out to dry in the sun, and then, at ten o'clock, as near as I could judge, I started out to the barbecue. Brother Wolf lived near the river, and Brother Bear lived right on the river, a mile or two below Brother Wolf's. The big road, that passed near where Brother Fox and I lived, led in the direction of the river for about three miles, and then it forked, one prong going to Brother

Wolf's house, and the other prong going to Brother Bear's house.

[7] "Well, when I came to the forks of the road, whom should I see there but old Brother Fox. I stopped before he saw me, and watched him. He went a little way down one road, and licked his chops. Then he came back and went a little way down the other road, and licked his chops.

[8] "Not choosing to be late, I showed myself and passed the time of day with Brother Fox. I said, says I, that if he was going to Brother Bear's barbecue, I'd be glad to have his company. But he said, says he, that he would n't keep me waiting. He had just come down to the forks of the road to see if that would help him to make up his mind. I told him I was mighty sorry to miss his company and his conversation, and then I tipped my hat and took my cane from under my arm and went down the road that led to Brother Bear's house."

[9] Here Mr. Rabbit paused, straightened himself up a little, and looked at the children. Then he continued:

"I reckon you all never stood on the top of a hill three quarters of a mile from the smoking pits and got a whiff or two of the barbecue?"

"I is! I is!" exclaimed Drusilla. "Don't talk! I wish I had some right now."

[10] "Well," said Mr. Rabbit, "I got a whiff of it and I was truly glad I had come — truly glad. It was a fine barbecue, too. There was lamb, and kid, and shote, all cooked to a turn and well seasoned, and then there was the hash made out of the giblets. I'll not tell

you any more about the dinner, except that I'd like to have one like it every Saturday in the year. If I happened to be too sick to eat it, I could sit up and look at it. Anyhow, we all had enough to eat and to spare.

[11] "After we had finished with the barbecue and were sitting in Brother Bear's front porch smoking our pipes and talking politics, I happened to mention to Brother Bear something about Brother Wolf's barbecue. I said, says I, that I thought I'd go by Brother Wolf's house as I went on home, though it was a right smart step out of the way, just to see how the land lay.

[12] "Says Brother Bear, says he: 'If you'll wait till my company take their leave, I don't mind trotting over to Brother Wolf's with you. The walk will help to settle my dinner.'

[13] "So, about two hours by sun, we started out and went to Brother Wolf's house. Brother Bear knew a short cut through the big canebrake, and it did n't take us more than half an hour to get there. Brother Wolf was just telling his company good-bye: and when they had all gone, he would have us go in and taste his mutton stew, and then he declared he'd think right hard of us if we did n't drink a mug or two of his persimmon beer.

[14] "I said, says I, 'Brother Wolf, have you seen Brother Fox to-day?'

"Brother Wolf said, says he, 'I declare, I have n't seen hair nor hide of Brother Fox. I don't see why he did n't come. He's always keen to go where there's fresh meat a-frying.'

15 "I said, says I, 'The reason I asked was because I left Brother Fox at the forks of the road trying to make up his mind whether he'd eat at your house or at Brother Bear's."

"'Well, I'm mighty sorry,' says Brother Wolf, says he; 'Brother Fox never missed a finer chance to pick a bone than he's had to-day. Please tell him so for me.'

[16] "I said I would, and then I told Brother Wolf and Brother Bear good-bye and set out for home. Brother Wolf's persimmon beer had a little age on it, and it made me light-headed and nimble-footed. I went in a gallop, as you may say, and came to the forks of the road before the sun went down.

[17] "You may not believe it, but when I got there Brother Fox was there going through the same motions that made me laugh in the morning — running down one road and licking his chops, and then running down the other and licking his chops.

[18] "Says I, 'I hope you had a good dinner at Brother Wolf's to-day, Brother Fox.'

"Says he, 'I've had no dinner.'

"Says I, 'That's mighty funny. Brother Bear had a famous barbecue, and I thought Brother Wolf was going to have one too.'

"Says Brother Fox, 'Is dinner over? Is it too late to go?'

"Says I, 'Why, Brother Fox, the sun's nearly down. By the time you get to Brother Bear's house, he'll be gone to bed; and by the time you go across the swamp to Brother Wolf's house, the chickens will be crowing for day.'

"'Well, well, well!' says Brother Fox, 'I've been all day trying to make up my mind which road I'd take, and now it's too late.'

[19] "And that was the fact," continued Mr. Rabbit. "The poor creature had been all day trying to make up his mind which road he'd take."

barbecue [2] (bär' bē kū), a party at which they roast a pig or an ox whole
canebrake [13] (kān' brāk'), sugar cane
chops,[7] mouth of a beast
giblet [10] (jĭb' lĕt), liver, heart, etc.
goober [6] (gōō' bĕr), Southern name for peanut
nimble-footed,[16] quick-footed
persimmon [13] (pĕr sĭm' ŭn), a fruit with a bitter taste
pit,[9] hole in which the animal was roasted
prong [6] (prŏng), point of a fork
shote [10] (shōt), a young hog
swamp [18] (swŏmp), wet, spongy land
whiff [9] (hwĭf), air carrying a smell
hair nor hide,[14] none of him
idle curiosity,[3] not really wanting to know
make up his mind,[8] decide

1. How did these parties differ from parties that you have gone to? 2. Why did Brother Rabbit decide to go to Brother Bear's barbecue? 3. Draw on the board a picture of the road as described in section 6, and mark the three houses. 4. What does "pass the time of day" [8] mean? How else can you say it?

5. Let different pupils read aloud the dialogue in sections 5, 14–15 and 18. Who can make it sound most like real talking? 6. Let another pupil read section 5 as given, bringing out the speeches as if spoken by two very different animals. 7. Make up a dialogue for section 8. Write the speeches on the board. Practice reading them aloud.

II. THE MORAL

[20] "Now, then, what is the moral?" said Mr. Rabbit.

[21] Sweetest Susan looked at Mrs. Meadows, but Mrs. Meadows merely smiled. Buster John rattled the marbles in his pocket.

[22] "I know," said Drusilla.

"What?" inquired Mr. Rabbit.

"Go down one road an' git one dinner, den cut 'cross an' git some mo' dinner, an' den go back home down de yuther road."

Mr. Rabbit shook his head.

"Tar Baby, you are wrong," he said.

[23] "If you want anything, go and get it," suggested Buster John.

Mr. Rabbit shook his head and looked at Sweetest Susan, whereupon she said:

[24] "If you can't make up your mind, you'll have to go hungry."

Mr. Rabbit shook his head.

[25] "Eat a good breakfast," said Mrs. Meadows, "and you won't be worried about your dinner."

[26] "All wrong!" exclaimed Mr. Rabbit, with a chuckle. "The moral is this: He who wants too much is more than likely to get nothing."

[27] "Well," remarked Mrs. Meadows dubiously, "if you have to work out a moral as if it was a sum in arithmetic, I'll thank you not to trouble me with any more morals."

"The motion is seconded and carried," exclaimed Mr. Thimblefinger.

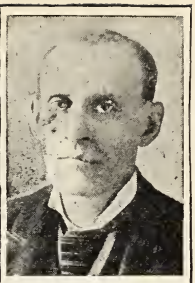
dubiously [27] (dū′ bĭ ŭs lĭ), doubtfully
moral [20] (mŏr′ ăl), meaning
motion, [27] something voted on in a meeting
suggest [23] (sŭg jĕst′), offer an idea

8. Which different people suggested a moral? What? 9. Of what was each speaker thinking. 10. Describe what you think is the funniest thing in the story. 11. What moral could you make for it?

12. Pretend to be Mr. Rabbit and tell this story to another class. Imitate the animals. 13. Make up a little play in which Mr. Rabbit tells his story to the family. (Manual.) 14. Make a picture or a cut-out of Mr. Rabbit, Brother Bear, Brother Wolf, or Brother Fox. 15. Read Joel Chandler Harris's "The Rain Maker" (Riverside Reader IV). 16. Read the story of Joel Chandler Harris (Riverside Reader IV).

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE MISSISSIPPI OF MARK TWAIN



EUGENE FIELD

THE MIDDLE WEST IN POETRY AND FICTION

Open your geography to a map of the United States. Find the Mississippi Valley, from the Rockies to the Atlantic States and from the northern border to the Gulf. In reading, pause at the italicized directions and do what they say. (Manual.)

Read silently:

[1] THE first white man to explore the broad waters of the Mississippi was a Frenchman. As he paddled along in his birch canoe, he saw the sun set in the west far beyond a level, treeless prairie, gay with flowers and alive with buffaloes. Savage Indian eyes gazed at him from the shores. Halfway down the river this brave Frenchman built a little fort, which he named Fort St. Louis after the French king. When we bought this great Mississippi Valley from the French in 1803, we paid only $15,000,000 for it; now it is worth billions upon billions in American coin and lives.

[2] The Middle West did not produce writers as early as the East and the South because the people were "pioneering." Daniel Boone long held the frontier in Kentucky; but when the Government allowed people to take up new land, then from Maine to Georgia they began pouring into the rich, new country of the

Northwest. They came over four roads, hardly more than trails, one in the North, one in the South, and the others between. Hundreds passed in a day.

[3] Abraham Lincoln was one of these early pioneers. He was born in Kentucky in 1809, but when he was a boy the family moved to Illinois. There he grew up in a log cabin and when a young man became a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. All of his speeches are well-known, but the most famous one is his "Address at Gettysburg." *Find Springfield, Illinois, on the map,* and imagine the name Abraham Lincoln written on an arrow that points from it towards the White House.

[4] The whole Middle West is noted for its open-handed hospitality. It is a country of great distances, where people think nothing of riding fifty or sixty miles on an errand. Northwest of the Mississippi River stretch the golden wheat-fields of the West. Before Cyrus H. McCormick invented the harvester, life in this great wheat belt meant the hardest kind of labor. What stories could be written of these heroic battles with the soil!

[5] Hamlin Garland was born in Wisconsin. His father and mother were among those early pioneers who struggled in the new country, so he knew farm life in the West thoroughly. In his stories he has pictured the grim and monotonous life on these great farms. He describes the rolling fields of wheat vividly in his poem, "The Dakota Wheat Fields." *Find this great wheat-raising section from the Dakotas to Missouri.*

[6] What an adventure it would have been one hundred years ago to paddle through the Great Lakes with a friendly Indian! You would gaze in amazement

at the Pictured Rocks on the southern shore of Lake Superior. You would peer into the dense forests that edge the shores of Michigan and Wisconsin. If you ventured southward through them, you would find yourself in the finest lumber region in the Middle West. What stories could be written about the logging camps that sprang up there and the life of the lumbermen! Stewart Edward White has described these timber regions so well that we always think of his name in connection with them. Some day you must read his "Blazed Trail." He loved the outdoors everywhere, and has written not only of this country but of Africa. *Locate the timber regions of Wisconsin and Michigan.*

[7] The Ohio River was a favorite way of getting to the Mississippi in these olden days, and on it could be seen queer old flat-boats and rafts. But nowhere in our country was there such a varied crowd as passed up and down the Mississippi River in the first steamboats — Southern planters, miners, farmers, gentlemen of leisure, criminals — all kinds of people.

[8] One man has described this river life so vividly in his stories that we shall never forget him. He was born in a town not far above St. Louis. After a strenuous boyhood he became a pilot on the Mississippi, and that is how he happened to see all these varieties of American life, and later to write of them. His real name was Samuel L. Clemens, but he wrote under the name of Mark Twain. "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are two books of his that you will enjoy. *Move your finger down the Mississippi River*, and remember that Mark Twain has described it the best.

TWO POETS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

[9] School children from all parts of the United States, some in Hawaii, and a few from Japan honored James Whitcomb Riley when a life-size statue of the Indiana poet was unveiled in 1918 at Greenfield, Indiana, the birthplace of the poet. More than one million school children gave to the fund that paid for the statue.

[10] James Whitcomb Riley was a shy boy. At school he found it hard to "say pieces"; but he stuck at the task and when a man, he recited his own poems to great audiences. As a boy he was like a gypsy in his love of wandering. When he finished school he worked at various things that took him all through Indiana, where he saw for himself the different kinds of people in his state and noticed that they talked differently from those of other states. They used what we call a dialect. To-day, due to the public schools, people all over the country are learning to talk more or less alike.

[11] When he became a reporter the poems that he wrote for his newspaper attracted so much attention that he was soon offered a position on one of the largest newspapers in Indianapolis. He is called "The Hoosier Poet" because he has written in the Hoosier dialect and has come from Indiana, the Hoosier State. His poems tell about things that people love not only in his state but everywhere, — the old swimming hole, the circus-day parade, and going out "to Old Aunt Mary's." You will enjoy reading "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Bear Story." *Find Indiana on the map*, and imagine the name James Whitcomb Riley printed inside.

[12] The second great poet of the Middle West is Eugene Field. He was born in St. Louis, but he wound up his career on one of the great Chicago newspapers. Like Riley he was a newspaper man. Like Riley he dearly loved good books. He was also a practical joker, but he always had a joke that made people really laugh, never a cruel one. Here is the funny way in which he addressed the envelope of a letter to a friend:

[13] There is herein a plaintive ditty
For E. C. Stedman, New York City;
In Broadway 66, fourth story,
You 'll find the same in all his glory.
So take this packet to that Stedman,
Or, by St. Hocus! you 're a dead man!

[14] Eugene Field loved pets of all kinds, and would give them funny names. He had little pet names for his own children too, calling one "Sister Girl" and another "Pody." He loved children and was dearly loved by them in return. You will enjoy reading "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," "Little Boy Blue," and "The Dinky Bird." *Put your finger on the state of Missouri on the map,* and imagine a line from St. Louis over to Chicago with the name Eugene Field upon it.

career [12] (kə rēr′), business life
dialect [10] (dī′ ə lĕkt), a local form of speech, somewhat different from the correct form
fiction (fĭk′ shŭn), a story or novel
frontier [2] (frŏn′ tēr), country facing an unsettled region
grim [5] (grĭm), stern, harsh
Hawaii [9] (hä wī′ ē)
Hoosier [11] (hōō′ zhēr), nickname for Indiana
hospitality [4] (hŏs′ pĭ tăl′ ĭ tĭ), kindness to strangers or guests
leisure [7] (lē′ zhûr), free time, ease
monotonous [5] (mō nŏt′ ō nŭs), without change
pilot [8] (pī′ lŭt), one who steers a vessel
pioneering, [2] opening up a new land
plaintive ditty, [13] sad song or verse
prairie [1] (prā′ rĭ), level plain
strenuous [8] (strĕn′ ū ŭs), full of energy
timber, [6] wood for building
vividly [5] (vĭv′ ĭd lĭ), clearly

1. On an outline map on the blackboard write the names of writers of the Middle West as suggested. 2. Get the books, stories, and poems of writers of the Middle West for your Reading Club. (Manual.) 3. Find out which story and which book in the Reading Club list for Southern authors (Manual) the class like the best. 4. Copy on the blackboard the names of the twelve pupils who have read the most selections in this list.

THE NIGHT WIND +

Eugene Field

There are two things out-of-doors that seem to talk to you at night. One says, "*To whit! To whoooooooo!*" — he is the owl that you seldom see, but can hear at night when he gives his mournful cry. The poet is now going to tell you about the other. You have heard it whistle and moan on stormy nights around the corners of the house, as if it were some wild creature trying to break in.

While the poem is read aloud, close your eyes and listen:

1 Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'T is a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'T is the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"

+ From *Complete Edition of Eugene Field's Poems*. Copyright, 1911. Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little lad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow —
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"

And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

allow [3] (*a* lou'), grant
brood [1] (brōōd), hover over
hoarsely [2] (hōrs' lĭ), roughly
meaningful,[2] serious
model [3] (mŏd' ĕl), good person to follow
pitiful [1] (pĭt' ĭ fo͝ol), miserable
ruefulest [3] (rōō' fo͝ol ĕst), saddest
snug,[2] cozy, comfortable
tone,[3] (tōn), sound, voice
wail [1] (wāl), make a sad cry

1. What sound does the wind make? Imitate it. 2. How does it make you feel? 3. Why does it frighten one more easily at night?

4. What question is asked of the wind in each stanza? Read it with the wind's reply. 5. Let three pupils practice reading each stanza aloud. Vote for the best in each. 6. See who can make the last three lines more and more "scary" in each stanza. Who can draw out the last "Yooooooo" the longest?

7. Memorize the poem. Let the pupil who recites it the best give it before the school or another class. 8. Read aloud Macdonald's "The Wind and the Moon" or Longfellow's "The Windmill" (Riverside Reader IV). 9. Tell in four sentences about some good work that the wind does.

THE BROOK SONG +

James Whitcomb Riley

Have you ever been in the woods where you could not see the brook but could hear it murmuring over the pebbles? Have you ever followed a brook to see where it would come out?

When Mr. Riley was a boy he liked to slip away to a certain brook — sometimes when he should have been doing something else — and lie in the soft, sweet grass and listen to its song. Years later, when he was a busy writer, often tired from a hard day's work, he loved to think of the country brook of his boyhood singing its quiet songs of the meadow. Listen while he tells you what he saw happen one day:

1 LITTLE brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

2 Little brook, sing to me:
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

3 Little brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and strong,
And the dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and was n't scared a bit.

[4] And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

[5] Little brook — laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

crook,[1] bend
film [2] (fĭlm), thin skin
gurgle [4] (gûr′ g'l), rippling noise
lilting [4] (lĭlt′ ĭng), lively, cheerful
melody [4] (mĕl′ ō dĭ), tune
mumblingly [2] (mŭm′ blĭng lĭ), in a voice hard to hear
refrain [4] (rē frān′), part of a song that is repeated
ripples,[1] tiny waves
swerve [1] (swûrv), turn aside
tilting,[3] tipping over
truant [4] (trōō′ ănt), shirking
wrought [4] (rôt), worked, made

1. What different things does Mr. Riley like about the little brook? 2. Which three words tell you how it goes? Why does it not go straight? 3. Of what do the ripples remind the poet? 4. How do you know that he is speaking to the brook? What does he want it to do?

5. Read aloud the stanzas that give the two best pictures. 6. Practice reading the poem aloud so that it rushes out like a brook's song.

7. What does a little brook become when it grows up? 8. How does it help the farmer? 9. What kind of brook do you like best?

10. Find in the dictionary a picture of a dragon-fly and draw it on the board. 11. Memorize the first three stanzas of the poem. 12. Tell about something that you might see if you sat on the bank of a brook, quiet as a mouse. 13. Read aloud Riley's "A Song" (Riverside Reader V.)

THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS [+]

James Whitcomb Riley

Here is just the thing to read for Halloween. It is about nine queer little goblins, each different from the others, and they did do the funniest things!

1 THEY all climbed up on a high-board fence —
Nine little goblins, with green-glass eyes —
Nine little goblins that had no sense,
And could n't tell coppers from cold mince pies;
And they all climbed up on the fence, and sat —
And I asked them what they were staring at.

2 And the first one said, as he scratched his head
With a queer little arm that reached out of his ear
And rasped its claws in his hair so red —
"This is what this little arm is for!"
And he scratched and stared, and the next one said,
"How on earth do *you* scratch your head?"

3 And he laughed like the screech of a rusty hinge —
Laughed and laughed till his face grew black;
And when he choked, with a final twinge

[+] From *The Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright, 1913. Used by permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his back
With a fist that grew on the end of his tail
Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.

[4] And the third little goblin leered round at me —
And there were no lids on his eyes at all —
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he,
"What is the style of your socks this Fall?"
And he clapped his heels — and I sighed to see
That he had hands where his feet should be.

[5] Then a bald-faced goblin, gray and grim,
Bowed his head, and I saw him slip
His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,
And paste them over his upper lip;
And then he moaned in remorseful pain —
"Would — ah, would I'd me brows again!"

[6] And then the whole of the goblin band
Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,
Singing the songs that they used to know —
Singing the songs that their grandsires sung
In the goo-goo days of the goblin tongue.

[7] And ever they kept their green-glass eyes
Fixed on me with a stony stare —
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,
And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,
And I felt the heart in my breast snap to,
As you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

[8] And they sang "You're asleep! There is no board fence,
And never a goblin with green-glass eyes! —
'T is only a vision the mind invents
After a supper of cold mince pies.
And you're doomed to dream this way," they said, —
"*And you shan't wake up till you're clean plum dead!*"

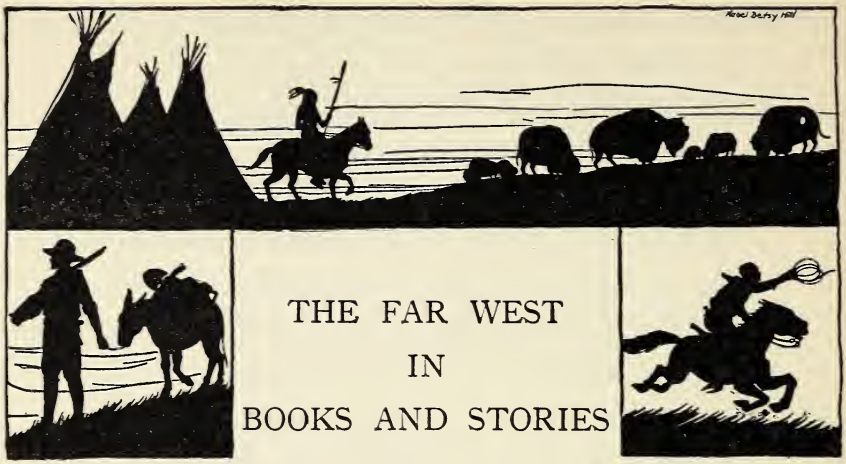
band [6] (bănd), crowd
clucked [4] (klŭkt)
copper [1] (kŏp′ ẽr), a coin made of copper
doomed [8] (dōōmd), condemned
dread [7] (drĕd), awful
final [3] (fī′ năl), last
glazed [7] (glāzd), shiny
grandsire [6] (grănd′ sīr′), grandfather
grim [5] (grĭm), cross-looking
invent [8] (ĭn vĕnt′), make up
leered [4] (lērd) have an ugly look
rasped [2] (răspt), rubbed
remorseful [5] (rẽ môrs′ fo͝ol), full of sorrow
rusty [3] (rŭs′ tĭ), covered with rust
sighed [4] (sīd), was sorry
snap to, [7] shut up quickly
snuff-box, [7] a box holding snuff (powdered tobacco)
stifling [3] (stī′ flĭng), choking
surmise [7] (sŭr mīz′), guess
thumped [3] (thŭmpt), struck
twinge [3] (twĭnj), sharp pain
vision [8] (vĭzh′ ŭn), dream
whooped [7] (hōōpt), rose up
clean plum dead, [8] slang for "quite dead"
to and fro, [6] forward and back

1. Pick out in each stanza the funniest or the "scariest" thing. 2. What queer things do these goblins do? 3. What gives one bad dreams? 4. What things do you like to do on Halloween?

5. Practice reading aloud each stanza to see who can make the things sound funny or "spooky" by changing the voice. 6. Have some one read the whole poem through, while the class listen to see if he can make each stanza more and more "scary" until the worst scare of all comes at the end.

7. Find the lines that suit the different goblins in the picture on page 257.

8. Read aloud Riley's "Little Orphant Annie" or "The Circus Day Parade" (Riverside Reader IV). 9. Draw nine little goblins on a fence and make them as funny or as ugly as you can. 10. Bring to class pictures of brownies, kewpies, or elves. 11. Pretend that the goblins played a Halloween trick. Tell about it.



THE FAR WEST IN BOOKS AND STORIES

Open your geography to a map of our country and find the eleven states that are farthest west. Now find Alaska. When you take this literary journey through the far West you will learn something about the country before the white man entered it. Whenever you come to an italicized direction pause and do what it says.

Read silently:

[1] Do you remember how people of the East flocked to the Middle West and built it up? The same thing happened in the far West. Most of the authors who wrote about this part of the country were people who came there and learned its ways. When cities sprang up and railroads were built, the wild animals and the Indians slowly began to disappear, and to-day the only place where you can find the West of these old days is within the covers of books. Books about the Far West usually picture three kinds of life: that of the Indians and the wild beasts, that of the mining-camps, and that of the cowboys. Some of this life you have seen with your own eyes on the moving-picture screen.

I. THE BOY WITH "INJUNS ON THE BRAIN"

[2] Francis Parkman was a Boston boy, who even in school had "Injuns on the brain." He made up his mind that he would see the Indians on their own camping-grounds far from white men. He was in poor health, but, as he knew that only a strong man could live in such a wild country, he tried to toughen himself by taking trips into the woods of New England. When he was just out of college, he and his cousin started for the far West, where Parkman could learn about the Indians at first hand.

[3] These two young men went to St. Louis, and from there made their way to the region of the Platte River. Then they pushed on to Laramie in Wyoming and explored the Black Hills of South Dakota. *Find these places on your map.* In the midst of this wild and rugged mountain region, with the plains alive with buffalo, they met many Indians. Parkman actually spent two weeks alone, visiting the village of a tribe of Indians and living right with them. He kept a diary of what he saw and heard, and wrote it up as a book called "The Oregon Trail." This is one of the most valuable books ever written about Indians. The following paragraphs from the book will give you a taste of it. These are true descriptions of the West, as it was in 1846. First read about the wild animals that Parkman saw:

[4] THE whole face of the country was dotted far and wide with hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves,

on the green faces of the hills in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with hundreds of specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach quite near to look at me, gazing intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside, and stretch lightly away over the prairie, as swiftly as a race-horse. Ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines.

[5] Several times I passed through villages of prairie-dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his hole, holding his paws before him in a begging attitude, yelping away noisily and whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he made. Prairie-dogs are not careful in their choice of companions; for various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in their midst, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful owners.

[6] The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked towards the crowded hill-sides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near I found them nothing but a group of buffalo.

[7] All sorts of adventures with animals you will find in this book. Here is one with a white wolf:

[8] We camped that evening at a short distance from the river-bank. About midnight, as we all lay asleep on the ground, the man nearest to me gently reaching out his hand, touched my shoulder, and told me at the same time not to move. It was bright starlight. Opening my eyes and slightly turning, I saw a large white wolf moving stealthily around the embers of our fire, with his nose close to the ground. Loosening my hand from the blanket, I drew the cover from my rifle, which lay close at my side. The motion alarmed the wolf, and with long leaps he bounded out of the camp. Jumping up, I fired after him, when he was about thirty yards distant. At the sharp report, so suddenly breaking up the stillness, all the men sprang up.

[9] "You've killed him!" said one of them.

"No, I haven't," said I. "There he goes, running along the river."

"Then there're two of them. Don't you see that one lying out yonder?"

[10] We went out to it, and instead of a dead white wolf, found the whitened skull of a buffalo. I had missed my mark, and what was worse, had broken a law of the prairie. When in a dangerous part of the country, it is considered very wrong to fire a gun after encamping, lest the report should reach the ears of the Indians.

[11] Living among the Indians for two weeks, Parkman had a chance to see how they really behaved. In the following description he tells you exactly how they dressed and how the young warriors "showed off" before the village:

[12] SUDDENLY the wild yell of the war-whoop came pealing down the hills. A crowd of horsemen appeared, rushing down their sides, and riding at full speed towards the village, each warrior's long hair flying behind him in the wind like a ship's streamer. As they approached, they fell into a regular order, and entering two by two, they circled round the village at full gallop, each warrior singing his war-song as he rode. Some of their dresses were splendid. They wore superb head-dresses of feathers, and close tunics of antelope-skins, fringed with the scalp-locks of their enemies; their shields too were often fluttering with the war-eagle's feathers. All had bows and arrows at their backs; some carried long lances, and a few were armed with guns. The White Shield, their leader, rode in gorgeous attire at their head, mounted on a black-and-white horse.

[13] Most of the Indians were friendly to young Parkman, but he says that he would not trust them very far, nor would he turn his back upon an Indian warrior. Here is a description of one of the Indian boys, a lad named Hail-Storm. Parkman admired the boy, and you will like him too when you read this story of his fight with the buffalo:

[14] A SHAGGY buffalo-bull bounded out from a neighboring hollow, and close behind him came a slender Indian boy, riding without a saddle, and lashing his eager little horse to full speed. Yard after yard he drew closer to his gigantic victim, though the bull, with his short tail erect and his tongue lolling out a foot from his foaming jaws, was straining to the utmost. A moment more, and the boy was close alongside of him. It was our friend the Hail-Storm. He dropped the rein on his horse's neck, and jerked an arrow like lightning from the quiver at his shoulder.

[15] "I tell you," said Reynal, "that in a year's time that boy will match the best hunter in the village. There, he has given it to him! — and there goes another! You feel well, now, old bull, don't you, with two arrows stuck in you? There, he has given him another! Hear how the Hail-Storm yells when he shoots! Yes, jump at him; try it again, old fellow! You may jump all day before you get your horns into that pony!"

[16] The bull sprang again and again at his foe, but the horse kept dodging with wonderful quickness. At length the bull followed up his attack with a furious rush, and the Hail-Storm was put to flight, the shaggy monster following close behind. The boy clung to his seat like a leech, and secure in the speed of his little pony, looked around toward us and laughed. In a moment he was again alongside of the bull, who was now driven to desperation. His eyeballs glared through his tangled mane, and the

blood flowed from his mouth and nostrils. Thus, still battling with each other, the two enemies disappeared over the hill.

[17] This careful searching for facts at first hand made Francis Parkman one of the greatest historians America has produced. *Imagine printed on the map from the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming across Colorado, Nebraska, and Kansas the name of Francis Parkman* as our best writer of the Indian life that filled these plains and mountains in the first half of the last century. Parkman wrote "The Oregon Trail" in 1846.

II. FIVE OTHER WRITERS OF WESTERN STORIES

[18] THREE years after Parkman made his dangerous journey through the Rocky Mountain section gold was discovered in California. Soon the news leaked out, and all sorts of people flocked to the gold-fields armed with pick and shovel. There were good people and bad people. San Francisco, which had been but a village before the discovery of gold, grew to be a city almost in a night. Mining camps sprang up all over the state, and countless people in their canvas-covered wagons, called "prairie schooners," trailed across the continent in search of gold.

[19] Now it happened that a boy of fifteen by the name of Bret Harte came with his mother from New York state to California in the hope of living a new life there, for the mother was a widow. This boy soon became familiar with life in these mining camps. He saw the strange mixture of people, and the wild things that happened. When he became a man he wrote stories

about this life of the mining camps. Some day you must be sure to read these stories of Bret Harte, for they are considered the best tales of this life that have ever been written. *Find California on the map*, and imagine his name written up and down the state in letters of gold.

[20] The cowboy section of the West as seen on the great ranches of Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado down to Texas has been described in a masterly way by a man who was born in Philadelphia. This writer is Owen Wister. In his book, "The Virginian," he has given us a picture of life on the cattle plains; for "the Virginian" is a cowboy, with a soft, broad hat pushed back on his head and a loosely-knotted, dull-scarlet handkerchief sagging at his throat.

[21] At the circus you may have seen Buffalo Bill and the old stagecoach give their imitations of the hold-ups in the far West. Buffalo Bill is dead, but these thrilling scenes still live on the moving picture screen. There you have become familiar with the life of the cowboys, — with bucking broncos in the corral, the branding of calves, the lassoing of cattle, the round-up, — and you can almost hear the sound of the horses' hoofs as the cowboys circle about the sleeping cattle on the plains, guarding them from harm. All this life of the cattle plains Owen Wister knew at first hand, and all this life he has put into his book of the Wyoming cattle ranges. *In your geography turn to this region from Montana and Wyoming to Texas*, and imagine the name of Owen Wister printed on it. He has given us our best picture of the cowboy.

[22] Alaska is also a part of our West; and as Jack London has described life in the far North so well, always think of his name in connection with it. His story, "The Call of the Wild," describes the Alaskan "huskies," those splendid dogs that pull the sledges of the travelers in the North. This book will be one of your treasures some day. Jack London was born in California, but since he has written so well of the frozen North, *find Alaska in your geography*, and imagine the name Jack London written on it.

[23] Cincinnatus Heine Miller was born in Indiana, but he lived in the West and loved its mighty forests. In this book you will read about him as a boy living at a log hotel not far from the mining camps. He wrote under the name of Joaquin Miller — perhaps you have read his poem about Columbus. It is in a number of school readers.

[24] Ernest Thompson Seton was born in England, but he has written so much about the wild life of the Rockies that we think of his name in connection with them. You will find his books interesting to add to your Reading Club list. (Manual.)

antelope [4] (ăn′ tē lōp), a swift deer
Cincinnatus Heine Miller [23] (sĭn′ sĭ nā′ tŭs hī′ nē)
corral [21] (kŏ răl′), space fenced in, to hold animals
desperation [16] (dĕs′ pēr ā′ shŭn), hopelessness
embers [8] (ĕm′ bērz), remains of a fire, still burning
furious [16] (fū′ rĭ ŭs), very angry
gigantic [14] (jī găn′ tĭk), very, very big
glared [16] (glârd), stared angrily
gorgeous attire [12] (gôr′ jŭs), dress of showy colors
Joaquin [23] (wä kēn′)
Platte [3] (plăt)
quiver [14] (kwĭv′ ẽr), a case for arrows
ravine [4] (rȧ vēn′) place worn out by a torrent
stealthily [8] (stĕl′ thĭ lĭ), like a thief
superb [12] (sū pûrb′), grand, stately
tunic [12] (tū′ nĭk), a garment without sleeves, reaching to the knees

1. Read aloud sections 4–6, 8–10, 12, and 14–16, as quoted from *The Oregon Trail*, and select the one you like best. Tell why you like it. 2. Draw on the board an outline map of the United States with the states in outline. Write across the various states and regions the names of the authors who have written about them. (Manual.)

3. Get the books of Ernest Seton Thompson from the library for the Reading Club, and read one of them this month. 4. Find out which book, story, and poem in the Reading List for authors of the Middle West the class like the best. (Manual.) 5. Copy on the blackboard the names of the twelve pupils who have read the greatest number of books in the club list.

TWIN BABIES [+]

JOAQUIN MILLER (wä kēn′)

This is a story of the exciting days in California in 1849 after gold had been discovered. It gives us a picture of the rough men, the wild animals, and even the hard times that a boy had in the West seventy-five years ago. The two men and the boy in this story kept a sort of hotel where the miners stopped over night on their way to or from the gold-fields.

When the boy grew to be a man he wrote about the things he had seen as a boy at that old log-house. He has drawn clear pictures of Sil Reese and Mountain Joe by telling you not only what they looked like but how they acted. And in telling about them he has told you a lot about himself without meaning to.

Would he make a good Boy Scout? Why?

[+] From *True Bear Stories*. Copyright, 1900. Used by permission of the publishers, Rand, McNally & Company.

[1] THESE twin babies were black. They were black as coal. Indeed, they were blacker than coal, for they glistened in their oily blackness. They were young baby bears, and so exactly alike that no one could in any way tell the one from the other. And they were orphans. They had been found at the foot of a small cedar tree on the banks of the Sacramento River in California, near the now famous Soda Springs, — found by a boy who was very fond of bears and hunting.

[2] But at the time the twin babies were found Soda Springs was only a wild camp, or way station, on the one and only trail that wound through the woods and up and down mountains for hundreds of miles, connecting the gold-fields of California with the settlements away to the north in Oregon.

[3] A railroad has now taken the place of that winding old pack-trail, and you can travel through these wild and woody mountains, and away on down through Oregon and up through Washington, Montana, Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and on to Chicago without even once getting out of your car, if you like. Yet such a long ride is not probable, for fish, pheasants, deer, elk, and bear still abound here in their ancient haunts, and the temptation to get out and fish or hunt is too great to be resisted.

[4] This place where the baby bears were found was first owned by three men, or, rather, by two men and a boy. One of the men was known as Mountain Joe. He had once been a guide in the service of General Frémont, but he was now a drunken fellow and spent

most of his time at the trading-post, twenty miles down the river. He is now an old man, almost blind, and lives in Oregon City, on a pension received as a soldier of the Mexican war. The other man's name was Sil Reese. He, also, is living and famously rich, — as rich as he is stingy, and that is saying that he is very rich indeed.

[5] The boy preferred the trees to the house, partly because it was more pleasant and partly because Sil Reese, who had a large nose and used it to talk with constantly, kept grumbling because the boy, who had been wounded in defending the ranch, was not able to work, — to wash the dishes, make fires and so on, and help about the so-called "Soda Spring Hotel." This Sil Reese was certainly a mean man.

[6] The baby bears were found asleep, and alone. How they came to be there, and, above all, how they came to be left long enough alone by their mother for a boy to rush forward at sight of them, catch them up in his arms, and escape with them, will always be a wonder. But this one thing is certain, you had about as well take up two rattlesnakes in your arms as two baby bears, and hope to get off unharmed, if the mother of the young bears is within a mile of you. This boy, however, had not yet learned caution, and he probably was not born with much fear in his make-up. And then he was so lonesome, and this man Reese was so cruel and so cross that the boy was glad to get even a bear to love and play with.

[7] Possibly their mother had been killed by hunters, for they were nearly starved. When he got them

home, how they did eat! This also made Sil Reese mad. For, although the boy, wounded as he was, managed to shoot down a deer not too far from the house almost every day, and so kept the "hotel" in meat, still it made Reese envious to see the boy so happy with his woolly little friends. Reese was simply mean!

[8] Before a month the little black boys began to walk erect, carry stick muskets, wear paper caps, and march up and down before the big log "hotel" like soldiers.

[9] But the cutest trick they learned was that of waiting on the table. With little round caps and short white aprons, the little black boys would stand behind the long bench on which the guests sat at the pine board table and pretend to take orders.

[10] Of course, it is to be confessed that they often dropped things, especially if the least bit hot; but remember we had only tin plates and tin or iron dishes of all sorts, so that little damage was done if a dish did happen to fall and rattle down on the earthen floor.

[11] Men came from far and near and often lingered all day to see these intelligent creatures perform.

[12] About this time Mountain Joe had a quarrel with another mountaineer down at the trading-post, and this fight, a bloodless and foolish affair, was all the talk. Why not have the little black fellows fight also?

[13] And so, with a very few days' training, they had a fight exactly like the one which poor drunken old Mountain Joe had, the one little bear even suddenly dropping his stick gun and running away and falling headlong into a prospect hole,[+] as the man had done.

[+] **prospect hole** (prŏs′pĕkt), a hole where miners had tested for gold.

[14] When Joe came home and saw the little bears fight as he had done and saw what a fool he had made of himself, he was at first very angry. But it made him sober, and he kept sober for half a year. Meantime Reese was mad as ever, — more mad, in fact, than ever before. For he could not bear to see the boy have any friends of any kind. Above all, he did not want Mountain Joe to stay at home or keep sober. He wanted to handle all the money and answer no questions. A drunken man and a boy that he could bully suited him best. Ah, but this man Reese was a mean fellow, as has been said a time or two before.

[15] As winter came on the two bears were fat as pigs and fully half grown. Their appetites increased daily, and so did the anger and envy of Mr. Sil Reese.

[16] "They'll eat us out o' house and hum," said the big, towering nose one day, as the snow began to descend and close up the pack-trails. And then the stingy man proposed that the bears should be made to hibernate, as others of their kind. There was a big, hollow log that had been sawed off, and the stingy man insisted that they should be put in there with a pack of hay for a bed, and be nailed up till spring to save food.

[17] Soon there was an Indian outbreak. Some one from the ranch, or "hotel," must go with the company of volunteers that was forming for a winter campaign. Of course Reese would not go. He wanted Mountain Joe to go and get killed. But Joe was sober now, and he wanted to stay and watch Reese.

[18] And that is how it came about that the two black babies were tumbled headlong into a big, hollow log, on

a heap of hay, and nailed up for the winter. The boy had to go to the war.

[19] It was late in the spring when the boy, not having been killed, to the great disgust of Mr. Sil Reese, rode down and went straight up to the big black bee gum in the back yard. He put his ear to a knothole. Not a sound. He tied his mule, came back and tried to shake the short, hollow log. Not a sound or sign or movement of any kind. Then he kicked the big black gum tree with all his might. Nothing. Rushing to the woodpile, he caught up an axe and in a moment had the whole end of the big gum caved in, and, to his delight, out rolled the twins!

[20] But they were merely the ghosts of themselves. They had been kept in a month or more too long, and were now so weak and so lean that they could hardly stand on their feet.

"Kill 'em and put 'em out o' misery," said Reese, for run from him they really could not, and he came forward and kicked one of them flat down on its face as it was trying hard to stand on its four feet.

[21] The boy had grown some. Besides, he was just from the war and was now strong and well. He rushed up in front of Reese, and he must have looked unfriendly, for Sil Reese tried to smile, and at the same time he turned hastily to go into the house. And when he got fairly turned around, the boy kicked him just as he had kicked the bear. And he kicked him hard, so hard that he pitched forward on his face just as the bear had done. He got up quickly, but he did not look back. He seemed to have something to do in the house.

[22] In a month the babies, big babies now, were sleek and fat. It is amazing how these creatures will eat after a short nap of a few months, like that. And their cunning tricks now! And their glossy black coats and their shiny black eyes!

[23] And now three men talked together one day at the log "hotel." Two of them were Italians from San Francisco. The third man had an amazing big nose and refused to eat bear meat. The Italians took a tremendous interest in the big black twins, and stayed all night and till late next day, seeing them perform.

[24] "Seventy-five dollars," said one big nose to the other big nose, back in a corner where they thought the boy did not hear.

"One hundred and fifty. You see, I'll have to give my friends fifty each. I've took care of 'em all winter, but I ain't mean, and I'll only keep fifty of it."

[25] The boy, bursting with indignation, ran to Mountain Joe with what he had heard. But poor Joe had been sober for a long time, and his eyes fairly danced in delight at having fifty dollars in his own hand.

[26] And so the Italians muzzled the big, pretty pets and led them kindly down the trail toward the city, where they were to perform in the streets, the man with the big nose following after the twins on a big white mule.

[27] And what became of the big black twin babies? They are still performing, seem content and happy, sometimes in a circus, sometimes in a garden, sometimes in the street. They are great favorites.

[28] And what became of Sil Reese? Well, as said before, he still lives, is very rich and very stingy. He met

the boy — the boy that was — on the street the other day and wanted to talk of old times. He told the boy he ought to write something about the old times and put him, Sil Reese, in it. He said, with that same old sounding nose and sickening smile, that he wanted the boy to be sure and put his, Sil Reese's, name in it, so that he could show it to his friends. And the boy has done so.

[29] The boy? You want to know what the boy is doing? Well, in about a second he will be signing his name to the bottom of this story about his twin babies.

amazing, [23] surprising
bully, [14] be mean to some one smaller
campaign [17] (kăm pān′), when an army is in action
caution [6] (kô′shŭn), care in danger
constantly, [5] all the time
envious [7] (ĕn′ vĭ ŭs), wishing for other people's things
grumbling, [5] scolding
hibernate [16] (hī′ bĕr nāt), to sleep through the winter
indignation [25] (ĭn′ dĭg nā′shŭn), anger at something mean
intelligent [11] (ĭn tĕl′ ĭ jĕnt), bright
orphan [1] (ôr′ făn), without parents
outbreak, [17] a revolt, an uprising
pension [4] (pĕn′ shŭn), money given by the Government to an old soldier
pheasant [3] (fĕz′ ănt), a long-tailed game bird
ranch, [5] large Western farm
sleek, [22] smooth, glossy
sober, [14] not drunk
stingy, [4] miserly
tremendous [23] (trē mĕn′ dŭs), very great
volunteer [17] (vŏl′ ŭn tēr′), a person who offers

1. Describe the place before the railroad came. 2. Why does it pay to have a railroad? 3. Tell how the boy found the twin babies 4. What did the bears learn to do? 5. Whom did the boy dislike the more, Sil Reese or Mountain Joe? Why? 6. Show that the boy had more courage than either man. What was his name?

7. What were the different mean things that Sil Reese did? Which was the meanest? Why? 8. Why do we despise a bully? 9. If Sil Reese were a school boy what are some things that he might do?

10. Draw a picture of the log "hotel" with the two little bears parading in front. 11. Make up an adventure that the boy might have had when they fought against the Indians.

A GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

Sounds of A

ā as in pāle
ǟ as in senäte
â as in câre
ă as in ăm
ȧ as in ȧccount
ä as in ärm
å as in åsk
ȧ as in sofȧ

Sounds of E

ē as in ēve
ė̄ as in ėvent
ĕ as in ĕnd
ė̆ as in recė̆nt
ẽ as in makẽr

Sounds of I

ī as in īce
ĭ as in ĭll

Sounds of O

ō as in ōld
ȯ as in ȯbey
ô as in ôrb
ŏ as in ŏdd
o͝o as in so͝ft
ŏ as in cŏnnect

Sounds of U

ū as in ūse
ṳ̄ as in ṳ̄nite
û as in ûrn
ŭ as in ŭp
u̇̆ as in circu̇̆s
ü as in menü

Other sounds of vowels

o͞o as in fo͞od
o͝o as in fo͝ot
ou as in out
oi as in oil

Sounds of consonants

ch as in chair
g as in go
ng as in sing
ŋ as in iŋk
th as in thin
t͟u as in nat͟ure
d͟u as in verd͟ure
ɴ makes the preceding vowel nasal
zh as in azure

A GUIDE TO WORD FORMATION

	Meaning	Example
auto	self	automobile
circum	around	circumnavigate
contra, contro, counter	against	contradict, controvert, counteract
graph, graphy	write, writes about	autograph, geography
in, un	not	insane, untrue
less	without	hopeless
phon, phony	sound	phonograph, telephony
post	after	postscript
re	back, again	return, re-direct
scribe, script	write, writes about	describe, postscript
semi	half	semiannual
sub	under	subway
tele	distance	telegraph
trans	across	transatlantic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