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THE NEW BARNES READERS

PRIMER



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THE NEW BARNES READERS PRIMER

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NOV - 5



Illustrated by Mabel B. Hill

LIDLAW BROTHERS

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Story Book, by Jane L. Hozie.*

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Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.



This is the way we
walk with you,
walk with you,
walk with you,
This is the way we
walk with you,
As we go to school in the
morning.



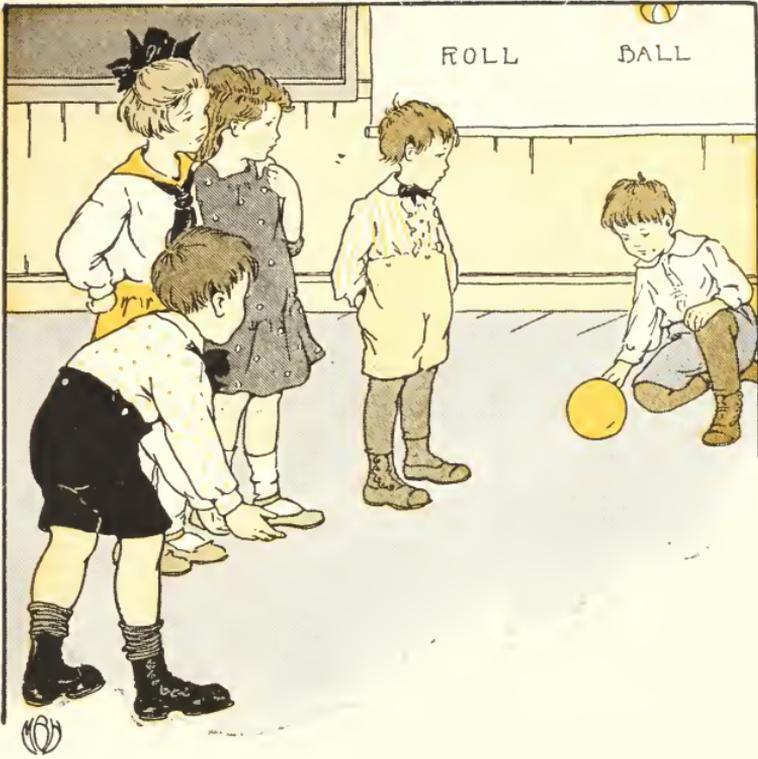
This is the way we
 jump the rope,
 jump the rope,
 jump the rope,
This is the way we
 jump the rope,
As we go to school in the
 morning.



This is the way we
sing to you,
sing to you,
sing to you,
This is the way we
sing to you,
At our school in the morning.



This is the way we
run and skip,
run and skip,
run and skip,
This is the way we
run and skip,
At our school in the morning.



This is the way we
roll the ball,
roll the ball,
roll the ball,
This is the way we
roll the ball,
At our school in the morning.



This is the way we
run and jump,
run and jump,
run and jump,
This is the way we
run and jump,
When we play on Saturday
morning.



This is the way we
fly the kite,
fly the kite,
fly the kite,
This is the way we
fly the kite,
When we play on Saturday
morning.



Jack, be nimble,
Jack, be quick,
Jack, jump over
The candle-stick.



Father Bear lives in this house.
Mother Bear lives in this house.
Baby Bear lives in this house.
So the three bears live in this
house.



Father Bear wants to walk.
Mother Bear wants to walk.
Baby Bear wants to walk.
So they all want to walk.



Father Bear has a big bowl.
Mother Bear has a middle-sized
bowl.
Baby Bear has a little bowl.
So they have each a bowl.

Father Bear likes soup.
Mother Bear likes soup.
Baby Bear likes soup.
So they all like soup.

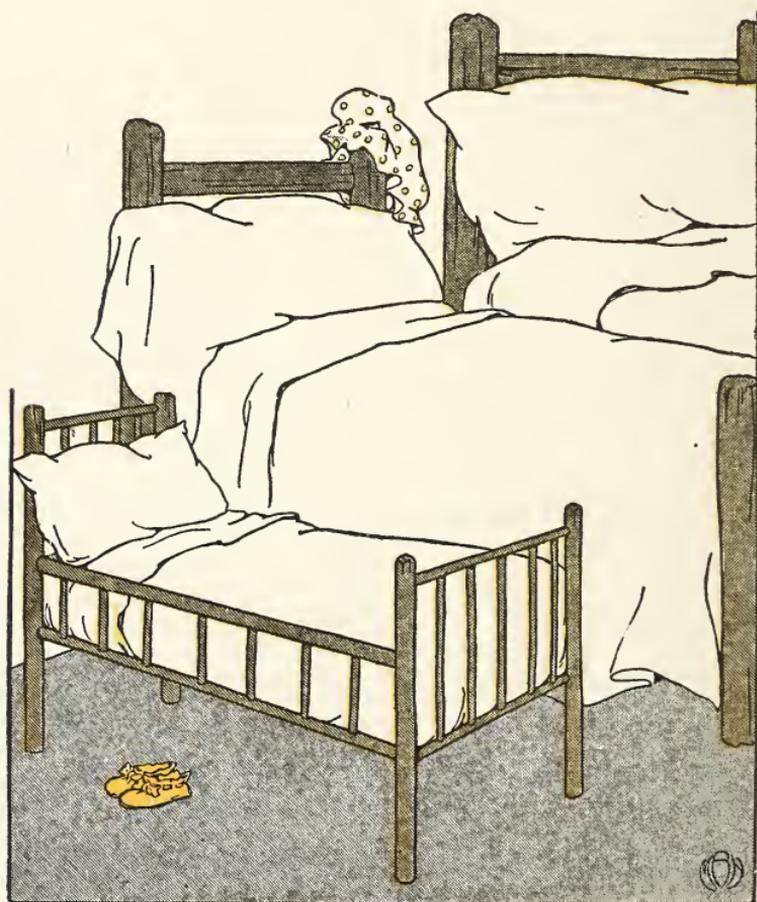


Father Bear has a big chair.
Mother Bear has a middle-sized
chair.

Baby Bear has a little chair.
So they have each a chair.



Father Bear has a big bed.
Mother Bear has a middle-sized
bed.
Baby Bear has a little bed.
So they have each a bed.





Sly Fox is around.

He wants to eat the big pig.

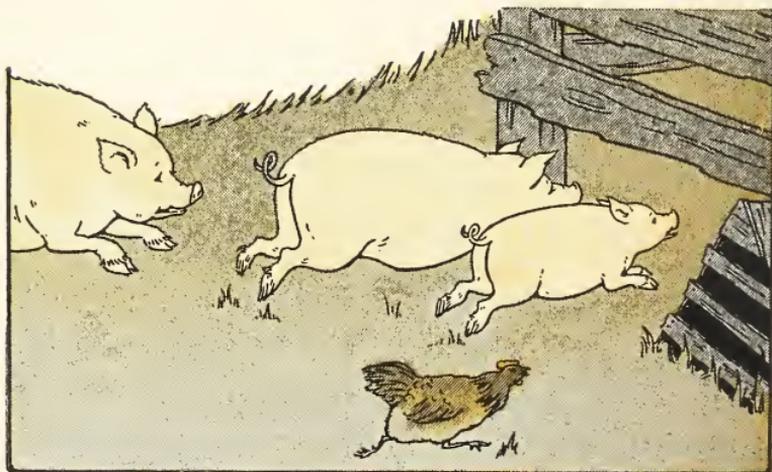
He wants to eat the little pig.

He wants to eat the middle-sized
pig.

Sly Fox wants Red Hen, too.

Father Pig lives in a pen.
Mother Pig lives in a pen, too.
Baby Pig lives with them.
Red Hen lives in a little red
house.

Run to your pen, Father Pig.
Run with him, Mother Pig.
Run with your mother, Baby
Pig.
Fly quickly to your house, Red
Hen.





Bye lo, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin,
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Wee, wee, wee !

I am a little mouse.

The lion has me in his den.

He will eat me.

Good big Lion, do not eat me.

I am too little.

Let me go.

Some day I will help you.



R-r-r, r-r-r!

I am a big lion.

I want to eat you.

You want to help me.

Can a little mouse help a big
lion?

I will let you go and see.

Thank you, good big Lion,

I will help you.

I am not too little.

Some day you will see.



R-r-r, r-r-r, r-r-r!

I am in a net.

The men have caught me.

They are very big men.

Come, little Mouse, and help me.

The men will take me.

They want to kill me.



Wee, wee, wee!
Here I am, big Lion.
I will help you.
I will gnaw the net.
Then you can run.
The men can not get you.
Run, run, big Lion.
I will run, too.
Thank you, good little Mouse.
You see I can help a big lion.



Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy,
wealthy and wise.



THE THREE BEARS

There were three bears.
One was a big, big, bear.
He was the father.
One was a middle-sized bear.
She was the mother.
One was a baby bear.
They lived in a little house.
One day they went for a walk.
Silverhair came walking by.
She saw the little house.
She looked in.
Then she went in.



There were three bowls on the
table.

There was soup in them.

One was a big bowl.

That was for Father Bear.

One was a middle-sized bowl.

That was for Mother Bear.

One was a very little bowl.

That was for Baby Bear.

Silverhair tasted Father Bear's
soup.

That was too hot for her.

She tasted Mother Bear's soup.

That was too cold for her.

Then she tasted Baby Bear's
soup.

She liked that and ate it all.





In the house were three chairs.
One was a big chair.
That was for Father Bear.
One was a middle-sized chair.
That was for Mother Bear.
One was a little chair.
That was for Baby Bear.

Silverhair sat in Father Bear's
chair.

That was too hard for her.

She sat in Mother Bear's chair.

That was too soft for her.

Then she sat in Baby Bear's
chair.

She liked Baby Bear's chair.

So she sat till it broke.





Then she went upstairs.
She saw three beds.
There was a big bed.
That was for Father Bear.
There was a middle-sized bed.
That was for Mother Bear.
There was a little bed.
That was for Baby Bear.

Silverhair tried Father Bear's
bed.

That was too hard for her.

She tried Mother Bear's bed.

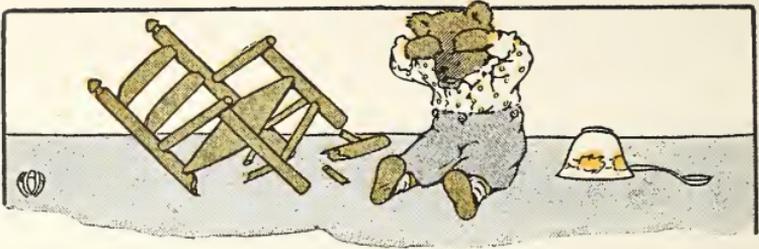
That was too soft for her.

She tried Baby Bear's bed.

She liked that.

So she fell asleep in the little
bed.





By and by the bears came home.
They saw the three bowls.

Father Bear said,

“Some one has tasted my soup.”

Mother Bear said,

“Some one has tasted my soup.”

Baby Bear said,

“My soup is all gone.”

Then they saw the chairs.

Father Bear said,

“Who sat in my chair?”

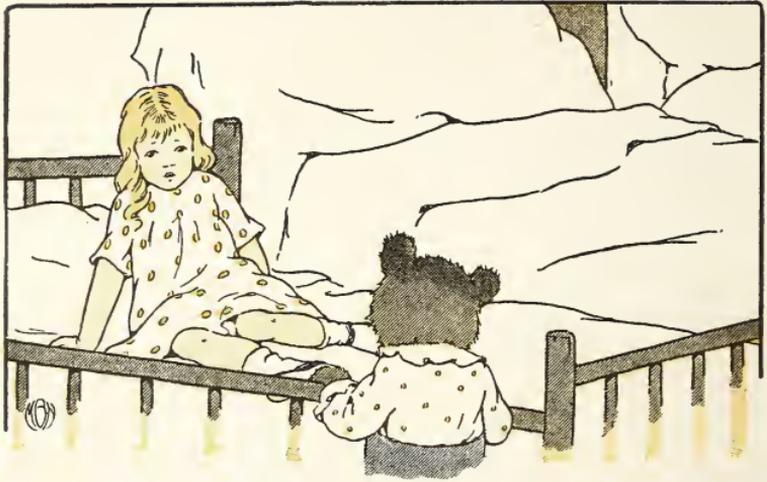
Mother Bear said,

“Who sat in my chair?”

Baby Bear said,

“Who broke my chair?”





Then they went up-stairs.

They saw the beds.

Father Bear said,

“Who has been in my bed?”

Mother Bear said,

“Who has been in my bed?”

Baby Bear said,

“Who is this in my bed?”

Silverhair heard the baby bear.

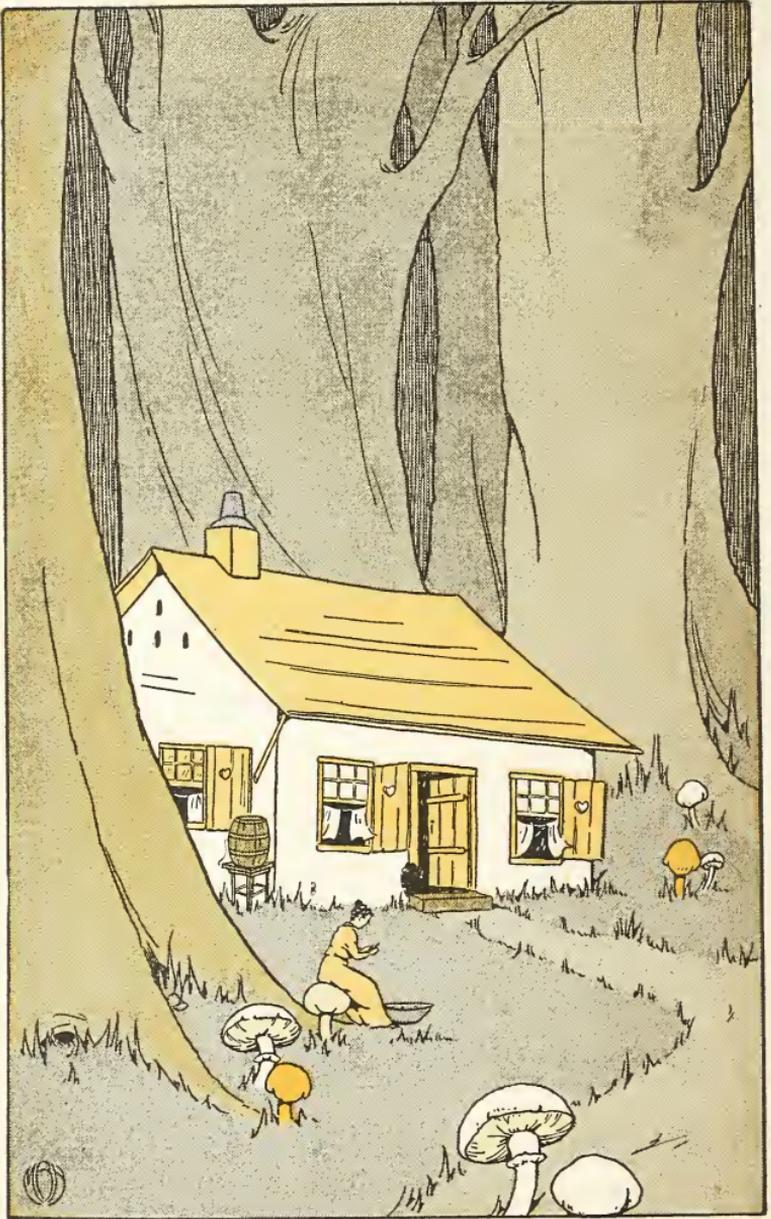
She jumped up.

She ran down stairs.

She ran all the way home.



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells and silver
bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



THE WEE, WEE WOMAN

There was a wee, wee woman.

She lived in a wee, wee house.

In the house

was a wee, wee table.

On the table

was a wee, wee lamp.

On the table

was a wee, wee bowl.

By the table

was a wee, wee chair.

Up the stairs

was a wee, wee bed.

One night she took

the wee, wee lamp.

She walked up

the wee, wee stairs.

She got into the wee, wee bed.



Soon she heard a noise.

She jumped

out of the wee, wee bed.

She took the wee, wee lamp.

She ran down the wee, wee stairs.

She looked

under the wee, wee chair.

Nothing was there.

She looked under the wee, wee
table.

Nothing was there.

So she went up the wee, wee
stairs.

She put the wee, wee lamp
on the wee, wee table.

Then she got into the wee, wee
bed.

Soon she was asleep again.





Soon she heard a noise.

She jumped out of her wee, wee
bed.

She took the wee, wee lamp.

She ran down the wee, wee
stairs.

She looked under the wee, wee
chair.

Nothing was there.

She looked under the wee, wee
table.

Nothing was there.

She looked in the wee, wee bowl.

And out jumped — B-o-o-o-h!





THE LITTLE RED HEN

A little red hen found a
wheat seed.

“Who will plant this wheat?”
said she.

“I will not,” said the duck.

“I will not,” said the pig.

“I will not,” said the rat.

“I will then,”

said the little red hen.

And she did.



By and by the wheat came up.
Soon it was ripe.

“Who will cut the wheat?”
said the little red hen.

“I will not,” said the rat.

“I will not,” said the pig.

“I will not,” said the duck.

“I will then,”

said the little red hen.

And she did.



The little red hen cut the wheat.
She cut wheat all day.

Then she said, "Who will take
the wheat to the mill?"

"I will not," said the pig.

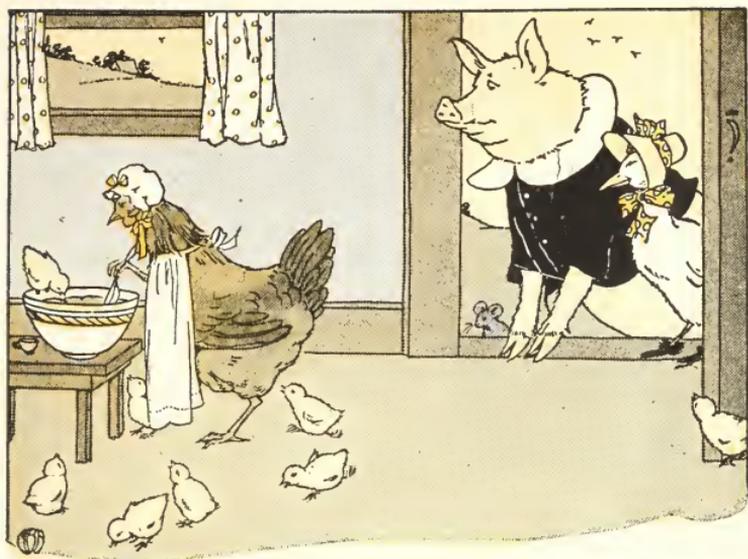
"I will not," said the duck.

"I will not," said the rat.

"I will then,"

said the little red hen.

And she did.



Then she brought home the
flour.

She said, "Who will make the
bread?"

"I will not," said the duck.

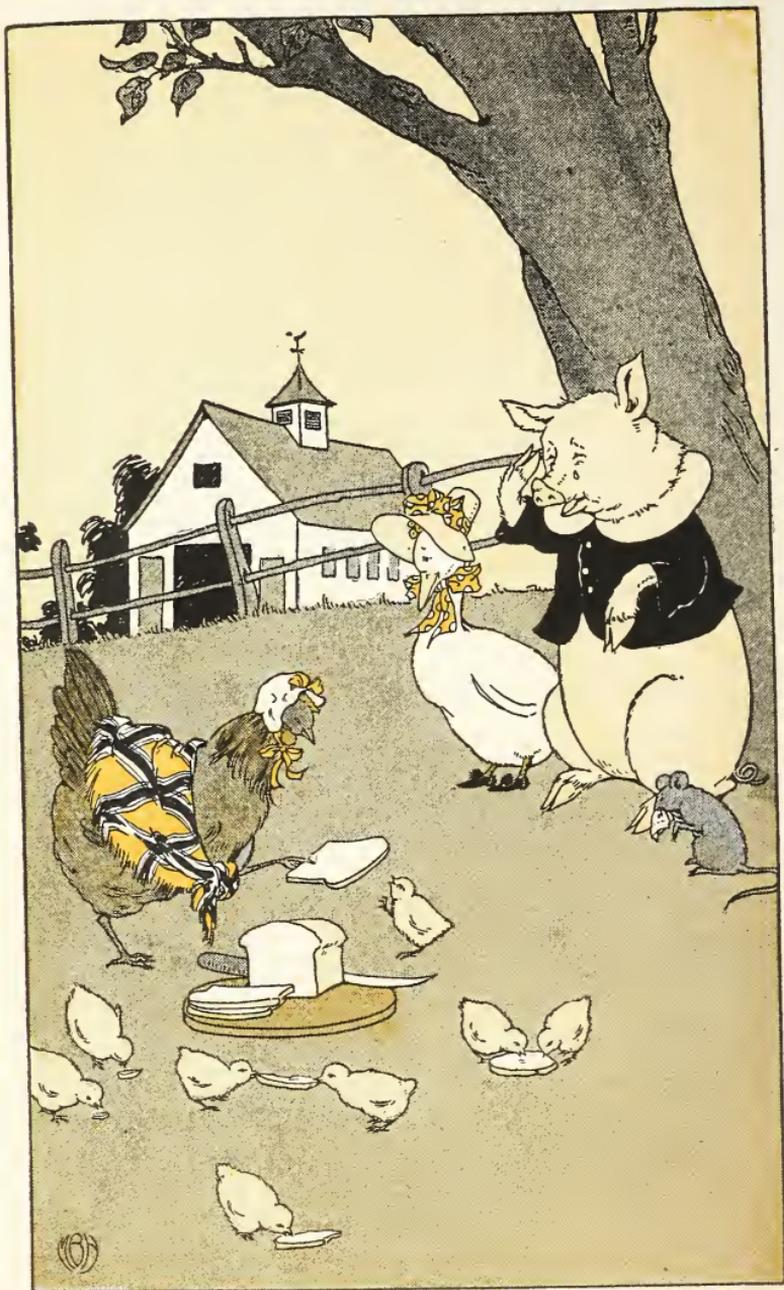
"I will not," said the pig.

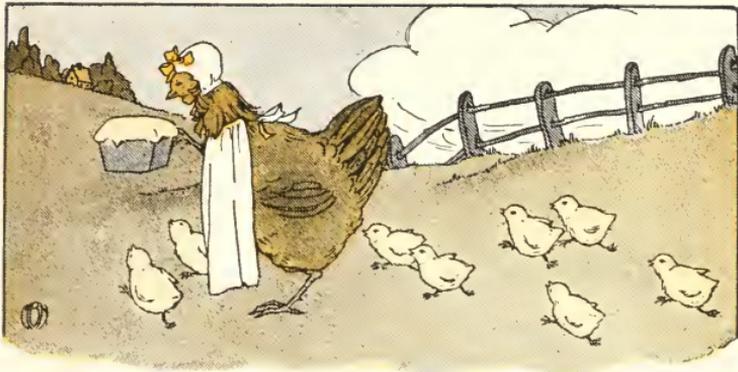
"I will not," said the rat.

"I will then,"

said the little red hen.

And she did.





Soon the bread was made.

“Now who will eat the bread?”
said the little red hen.

“I will,” said the duck.

“I will,” said the rat.

“I will,” said the pig.

“No, no,” said the little red hen.

“My chicks and I will eat it.”

And they did.

They ate it all.

“How sad I am,” said the rat,

“How sad I am,” said the pig.

“How sad I am,” said the duck.



Little Boy Blue,
 come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the
 cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that tends
 the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast
 asleep.



THE HUNGRY LION

A big lion sat in his den.

“I am hungry,” he said.

“I would like a rabbit to eat.”

Soon a rabbit came jumping by.

“Good morning, Brother Rabbit,”
said the lion.

“Will you come in?”

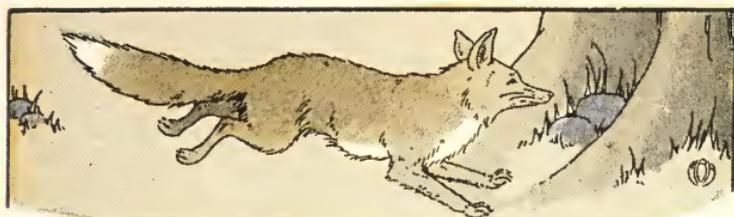
“Yes, thank you,” said the rabbit.

And he went in.

But he did not come out.



Then a dog came walking by.
“How do you do, Brother Dog,”
said the lion.
“Come in and see me.”
“I will, thank you,” said the dog.
So Brother Dog walked in.
But he did not walk out.



Soon a fox came running by.

“How are you, Brother Fox,”
said the lion. “Come in, come
in.”

But Brother Fox was looking
on the ground.

“What are you looking at,
Brother Fox?” said the Lion.

“I see dog tracks,” said the fox.

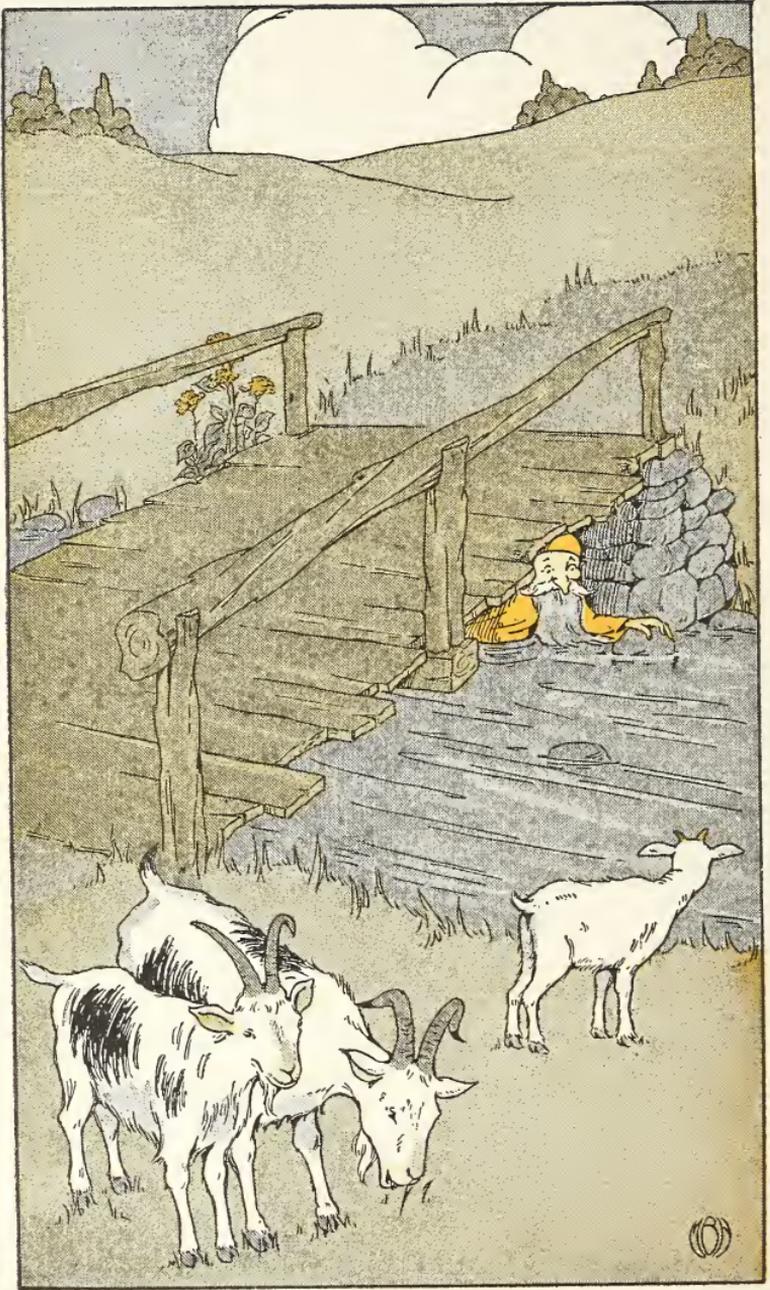
“I see rabbit tracks, too.”

“What of that?” said the lion.

“The tracks go into your den,”
said the fox.

“But they do not come out.

“I will not come in.”



THE THREE BILLY GOATS

Once there were three brothers.

They were goats.

There was Little Billy.

There was Big Billy.

There was Biggest Billy.

They were going up the hill to
eat grass.

On the way they had to cross a
bridge.

Little Billy came first.

Little Billy's feet made a noise
on the bridge,

“Trip trop, trip trop, trip trop.”

A Troll lived under the bridge.

He liked to eat billy goats.

“Who is tramping on my
bridge?” said the Troll.

“I am,” said Little Billy.

“Where are you going?” said the Troll.

“I am going to eat grass on the hill.”

“Then I am coming to eat you,” said the Troll.

“No, no,” said Little Billy.

“Big Billy is coming. Eat him.”

“Then be off with you,” said the Troll.





Next Big Billy came.
He had to cross the bridge.
Big Billy's feet made a big noise,
"Trip trop, trip trop, trip trop."
"Who is tramping on my
bridge?" said the Troll.
"I am," said Big Billy.

“Where are you going?” said the Troll.

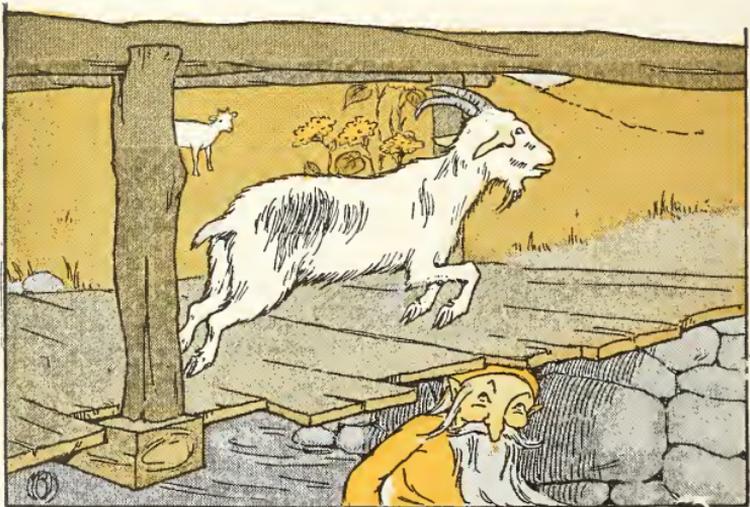
“I am going to eat grass on the hill.”

“Then I am coming to eat you,” said the Troll.

“No, no,” said Big Billy.

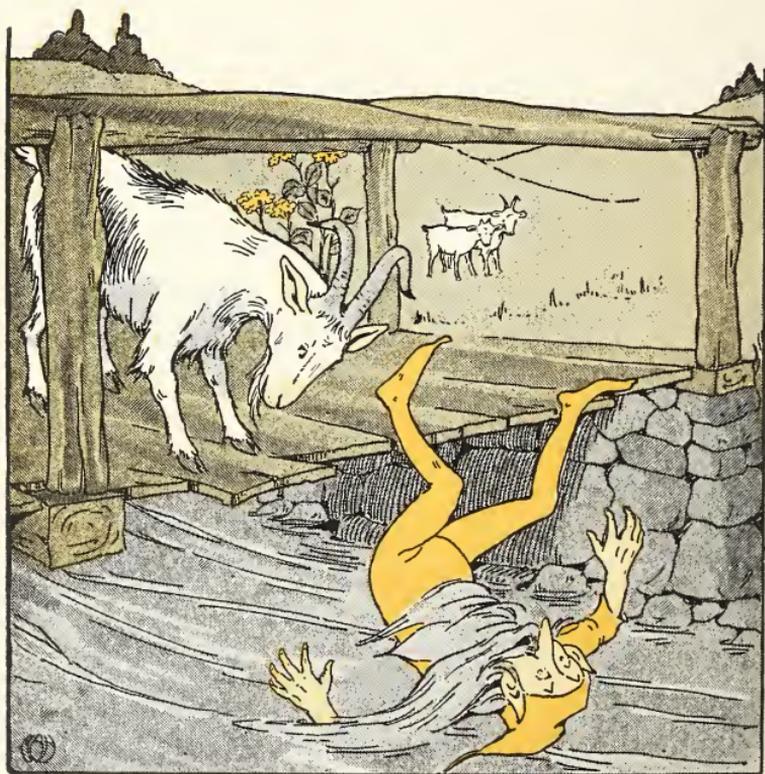
“Biggest Billy is coming. Eat him.”

“Then be off with you,” said the Troll.



Then Biggest Billy came.
He had to cross the bridge.
Biggest Billy's feet made the
biggest noise,
"Trip trop, trip trop, trip trop."
"Who is tramping on my
bridge?" said the Troll.
"I am," said Biggest Billy.
"Where are you going?" said the
Troll.
"I am going with my brothers.
We want the green grass on
the hill."
"Then I am coming to eat you,"
said the Troll.
"Come and eat me if you can,"
said Biggest Billy.
The Troll ran at Biggest Billy.

Biggest Billy caught him.
He tossed him into the water.
No one ever saw the Troll again.
Then Biggest Billy found his
brothers.
They all ate green grass on the
hill.





Hey, diddle diddle!
The cat and the fiddle;
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the
spoon.



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once there was a mother pig.

She had three little pigs.

One was little Black Pig.

One was little White Pig.

One was little Brown Pig.

Mother Pig said, "My little
Brown Pig, you must build
you a house."

Brown Pig said, "I will make
me a house of hay."

“Then the wolf will eat you,”
said Mother Pig.

“No, no, he cannot!” said Brown
Pig.

So he went away.

Soon he met a man with some
hay.

“Mr. Man, please give me some
hay?” said Brown Pig.

“I want to build me a house.”

So the man gave him some hay.

Then Brown Pig made a house.



Then Mother Pig said, "Little White Pig, you must build you a house."

"I will make me a house of sticks," said little White Pig.

"Then the wolf will eat you," said his mother.

"No, no, he cannot," said White Pig.

So he went away.

Soon he met a man with some sticks.

"Mr. Man, please give me some sticks?" said White Pig.

"I want to build a house."

So the man gave him some sticks.

Then White Pig made a house.



Then Mother Pig said to Black Pig, "You must build you a house."

"I will make me a house of bricks," said Black Pig.

"Then the wolf will not eat you," said Mother Pig.

"No, no, he will not," said Black Pig.

Then he went away.

He met a man with some bricks.
“Mr. Man, please give me some
bricks?” said Black Pig.

“I want to build me a house.”
So the man gave him some
bricks.

Then Black Pig made a house.





One day the wolf met Mother
Pig.

“Where are your little ones?”
said Big Wolf.

“They do not live with me now,”
said Mother Pig.

Big Wolf walked away.

“I will find them,” he said.

“When I find them I will eat them.”

Soon Big Wolf found Brown Pig’s house.

Brown Pig’s house was made of hay.

The wolf rapped at the door.

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in,” he said.

“No, no, I’ll not let you in,” Brown Pig said.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in.”

So Big Wolf huffed and puffed and blew the house in and ate up little Brown Pig.

Then Big Wolf found White Pig's house.

White Pig's house was made of sticks.

The wolf rapped at the door.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in," he said.

"No, no, I'll not let you in," said White Pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."

So Big Wolf huffed and puffed and puffed and huffed and blew the house in and ate up little White Pig.







Then Big Wolf wanted to eat
Black Pig.

One day he found the house.
Black Pig's house was made of
bricks.

"Little pig, little pig, let me
come in," said Big Wolf.

"No, no, I'll not let you in," said
Black Pig.

"Then I'll blow your house in."
So Big Wolf huffed and puffed
and puffed and huffed. And

he huffed and he puffed but
he could not blow in the
house made of bricks.



By and by Mother Pig said, "I
will go to see my little pigs."
First she went to see Brown Pig.
She could not find him.
The house was gone.
Brown Pig was gone.
Mother Pig cried and cried.
"The wolf has eaten my little
Brown Pig," she said.



Then she went to see White Pig.
She could not find him.

The house was gone.

“White Pig, White Pig, where
are you?” she said.

“Your mother has come to see
you.”

But White Pig was gone.

Mother Pig cried and cried.

“The wolf has eaten my little
White Pig,” she said.

Then she ran to Black Pig's house.

She saw the brick house.

How glad she was to see it.

"Black Pig, Black Pig," she cried, "where are you?"

"Here I am, mother," said Black Pig.

"The wolf could not blow my house in.

"He did not eat me."

"Oh, my little Black Pig," said the mother, "you must look out for that wolf. He has eaten your brothers. He will try and try till he gets you."

But Black Pig said, "He'll never get me, mother."



THE WOLF COMES AGAIN

Mother Pig told Black Pig that
the wolf would come again.
And so he did.

He came to Black Pig's brick house. Then he rapped at the door.

"Who is there?" asked Black Pig.

"A friend of yours," said the wolf. "I know where to find some turnips. I will take you in the morning to get them."

"Where are they?" asked Black Pig.

"Back of your house," said the wolf.

"Thank you. What time will you come?" said Black Pig.

"At seven in the morning," said the wolf.



So Black Pig got up at six in the morning. He went for the turnips and was home with a pot full before it was time for the wolf.

At seven the wolf came.

“Are you ready?” he called.

“Oh, I went at six this morning,” said Black Pig. “I have a pot full on the fire. My mother is coming to have dinner with me.”



The wolf was very cross, but he
went off. Then he thought
of another way.

After dinner, he came again to
the brick house.

He rapped at the door.

Little Black Pig heard him and said,

“Friend Wolf, the turnips were fine. What have you to tell me this time?”

“I do not like turnips,” said the wolf, “but I like apples. I know where there is a big apple tree. I’ll take you there in the morning.”

“What time will you come?” asked Black Pig.

“At six in the morning,” said the wolf.

He thought Black Pig went out at six.

“Thank you,” said Black Pig.
“I like apples.”

But Black Pig was too quick for the wolf. At five in the morning Black Pig was in the apple tree. When his pot was full, he looked down and saw the wolf under the tree.

“I have you now,” cried the wolf.

And Black Pig thought he was caught, but would not give up. He looked down and said, “The apples are so good. Here comes one.” But the apple rolled so far that the wolf had to run for it. Then Black Pig jumped out of the tree and ran home.

So the wolf did not get Black Pig this time.



The next day the wolf came again.

He said, "I am going to the Fair in the morning. I'll take you with me if you want to go."

"I would like to get a churn," said Black Pig. "What time will you come for me?"

"At five in the morning," said the wolf. The wolf thought Black Pig would go at five.



But Black Pig went to the Fair
at four the next morning.

He bought the churn and was
soon on the way home.

At the top of the hill he looked
and whom do you think he
saw?

The old wolf coming up the hill!

“Where can I go? Where can
I go?” said the Black Pig.

“Oh, I know, I’ll get in my
churn.”

So Black Pig got into the churn.

The churn began to roll. And
down the hill and after the
wolf went Black Pig.

The wolf was so frightened that
he ran all the way home.

The next day he called again at the brick house.

When Black Pig heard his rap, he said, "I didn't see you at the Fair."

"I was on my way," said the wolf, "but I met a big, round thing. It came down the hill at me and I ran home."

"Oh ho, did you?" said Black Pig. "That was my churn. I was in it."

Then the wolf was very, very cross.

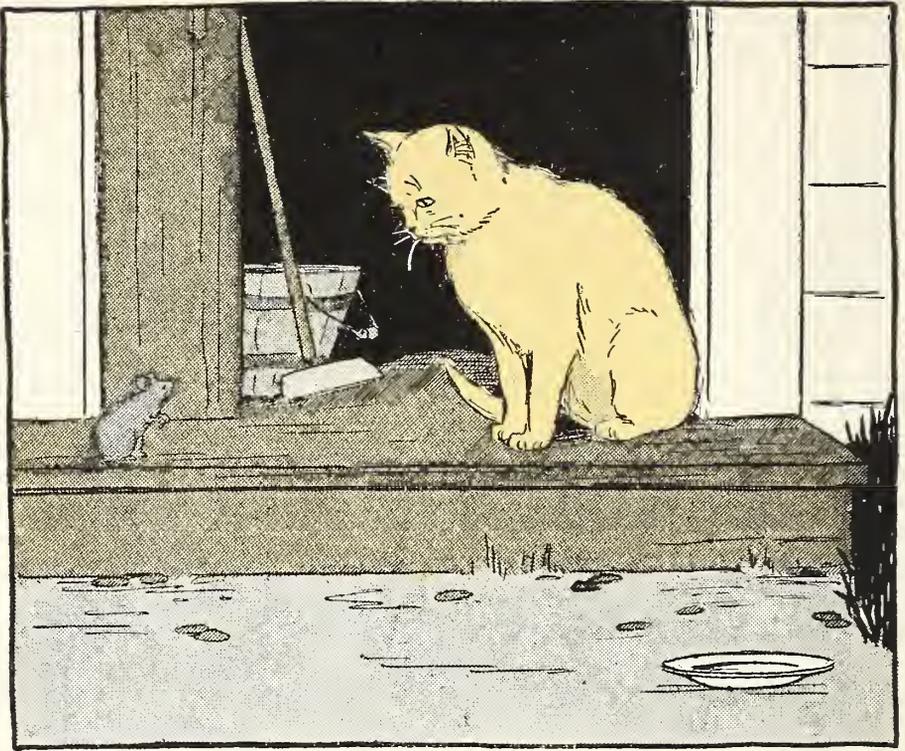
"I am coming right down your chimney to eat you," said the wolf.



“Come on,” said Black Pig. “My mother is here with me. We have a pot of water on the fire. We’ll take off the lid when you come down.”

When the wolf heard this, he went home to think about it. And he thought so hard that he never came to the brick house again.

From that time to this, Black Pig and his mother lived safely in the brick house.



THE WEE MOUSE'S TAIL

Wee Mouse lived in a house.
Big Cat lived there too. Wee
Mouse did not like Big Cat.
Big Cat wanted to catch her.
One day Big Cat ran after Wee
Mouse. He caught her and
bit off her tail.

“Oh, oh,” cried Wee Mouse,
“what shall I do without
my tail? Big Cat, please,
please give me my tail.”

“Give me some milk,” said
Big Cat, “then I will give
you your tail.”

“Where can I find some milk?”
said Wee Mouse.

“I shall not tell you,” said Big
Cat. “You must find it.”

So Wee Mouse went out to
find the milk.

First she jumped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to Little Goat,
And thus began:

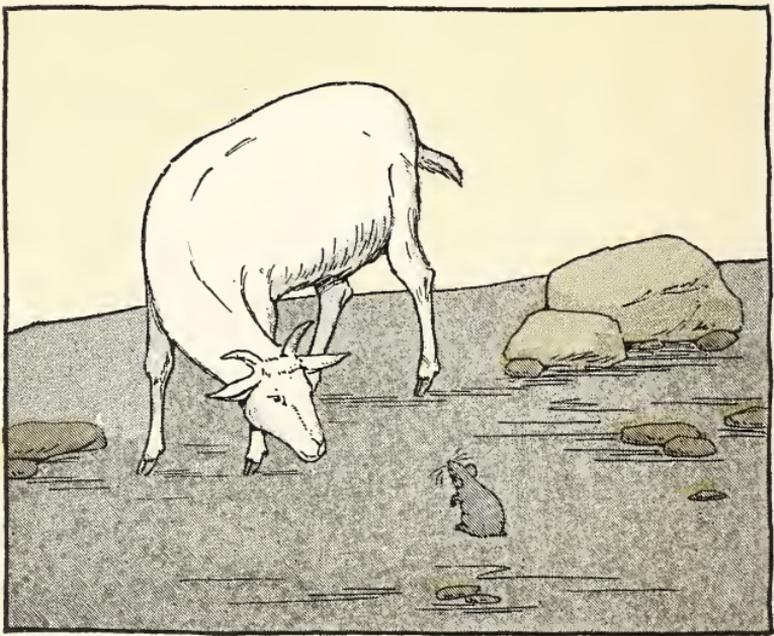
“Please, Little Billy Goat, where
can I find some milk?”

“I do not know,” said Little Goat. “Ask my brother. He can tell you.”

Then Wee Mouse ran on.

First she jumped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to Big Goat,
And thus began:

“Please, Big Billy Goat, where
can I find some milk?”



“Go to my mother,” said Big Billy. “She will give you some milk.”

Then Wee Mouse jumped,
And on she ran,
Till she came to Mother Goat,
And thus began:

“Please, Mother Goat, give me some milk. I will take it to Big Cat. Then she will give me my tail.”

Mother Goat said, “I am hungry. Get me some green grass. Then I will give you some milk.”

So Wee Mouse went to find green grass. She saw a boy cutting it in the field.

Now she jumped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the boy,
And thus began:

“Please, boy, give me some
green grass.

I will take it to Mother Goat.
Mother Goat will give me milk.
I will take the milk to Big Cat.
Then Big Cat will give me my
tail.”

“Get me a cake,” said the boy,
“and I will give you some
green grass.”

“Where shall I get a cake?”
thought Wee Mouse. “I will
go to the Wee Woman.”
Then she jumped,
And off she ran,



Till she came to Wee Woman,
And thus began:

“Please, Wee Woman, give me
a cake.

I will take it to the boy.

He will give me green grass.

I will take the grass to Mother
Goat.

She will give me some milk.

I will take the milk to Big Cat.
Then Big Cat will give me my
tail.”

“I will give you a cake,” said
Wee Woman, “if you will get
me some soup.”

“Where shall I find some soup?”
thought Wee Mouse. “I will
go to the three bears.”

Now she jumped,
And off she ran,
Till she came to the bears,
And thus began:

“Please, bears, give me some
soup.

I will take it to Wee Woman.

She will give me a cake.

I will take the cake to the boy.

He will give me green grass.

I will take the green grass to
Mother Goat.

She will give me some milk.

I will take the milk to the Big
Cat.

Then Big Cat will give me my
tail."

The Little Bear said, "My soup
is all gone." But Mother
Bear said, "You may take
some of mine."



So Wee Mouse took the soup to
Wee Woman.

Wee Woman gave him a cake.

Wee Mouse took the cake to the
boy.

The boy gave him some green
grass.

Wee Mouse took the green grass
to Mother Goat.

Mother Goat gave him some
milk.

Wee Mouse took the milk to
Big Cat.

Then Big Cat gave him his tail.

“Thank you, Big Cat,” said
Wee Mouse, “for giving me
my tail. But I think I will
find a new home.”



LITTLE HALF-CHICK

Once upon a time there was an old hen. She had three little chicks. One little chick was white. He could run and jump. One little chick was black. He could run and jump, too. The other little chick was brown. He could not run. He could not jump

for he had one wing, one eye, and one leg. His brothers called him little Half-Chick.

Now Half-Chick was not good. He would not mind his mother. He would not stay at home.

His mother said to him, "My little one, you cannot run and jump. I will take care of you. You must stay near me. You must play with your brothers." But Half-Chick would not mind. He wanted to see the King.

One day Half-Chick came to his mother and brothers. He said, "Good-by, Mother; good-by, Brothers. I am off

to see the King. I will not stay at home. I will not play with my brothers.”

“No, no, no!” said his mother. “You must not go. Stay with me, little one. Stay with your brothers. We can take care of you.”



But Half-Chick said, "I will not stay here. I will not play with my brothers. I am off to see the King."

Away and away he went, hoppity kick! hoppity kick!

When he had gone a long way, he came to a little stream of water. It was full of grass. Half-Chick was hungry. He stopped to eat a little of the grass.



“Oh, Half-Chick, Half-Chick,”
cried the Water. “Help me,
help me, the grass is choking
me. I cannot run. Help me,
help me.”

“I cannot run either,” said
Half-Chick, “and I will not
help you. I am off to see the
King.”

And away and away he went,
hoppity kick! hoppity kick!

Little Half-Chick went on and
on, on and on. He came to a
fire. The fire was dying.

“Please, please, Half-Chick,”
said the Fire, “fan me with
your wing. I am dying. I
cannot burn.”

“I cannot stop to help you,”
said Half-Chick. “I am off to
see the King.”

And away and away he went,
hoppity kick! hoppity kick!
When he had gone on for awhile,
he heard the wind.

The wind was caught in a big
tree and could not get out.



“Oh, Half-Chick,” cried the Wind. “Please help me. I am caught in this tree and cannot fly.”

“I cannot fly either,” said Half-Chick, “and I will not stop to help you. I am off to see the King.”

And away and away he went, hoppity kick! hoppity kick!

Soon Half-Chick came to the King’s garden. It was a beautiful garden. Little Half-Chick looked all around. “I would like to live here,” he said. Little Half-Chick went across the garden hoppity kick! He came to the King’s house. The cook saw him.



“Here is just what I want for the King’s dinner,” she said. She caught little Half-Chick.

“Oh, cook, let me go, let me go,” he cried.

“No, no,” she said, “I want you for the King’s dinner.” Then she put him in a pot of water and set the pot on the fire.

The water came up till it filled Half-Chick's mouth. Then it came up to his eyes. He cried out, "Water, Water, help me. I am choking, help me, help me."

"I am Water from the little stream," said the Water in the pot. "I was choking and you would not help me. I can not help you now for I can not get out of the pot."

The fire was very hot and Half-Chick cried, "Fire, Fire, do not burn me. I am dying."

"I was dying too and you would not help me. Now I cannot stop burning."

Just then the cook came in. She looked into the pot. "Oh, dear, oh, dear," she cried, "the chicken is burned. I can not take it to the King."

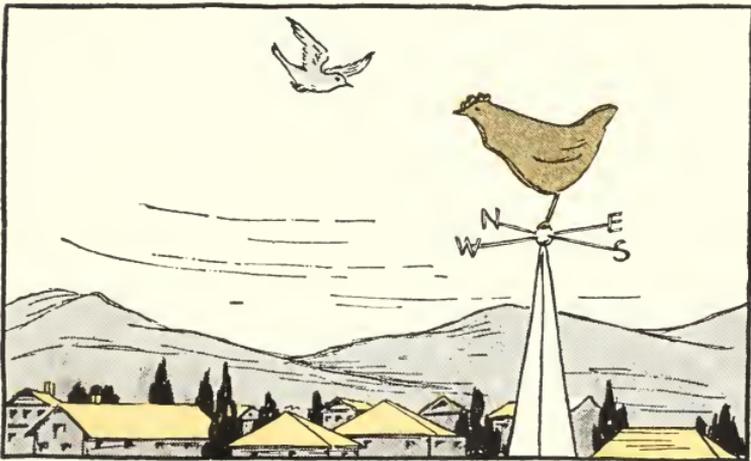
And she threw Half-Chick into the garden.

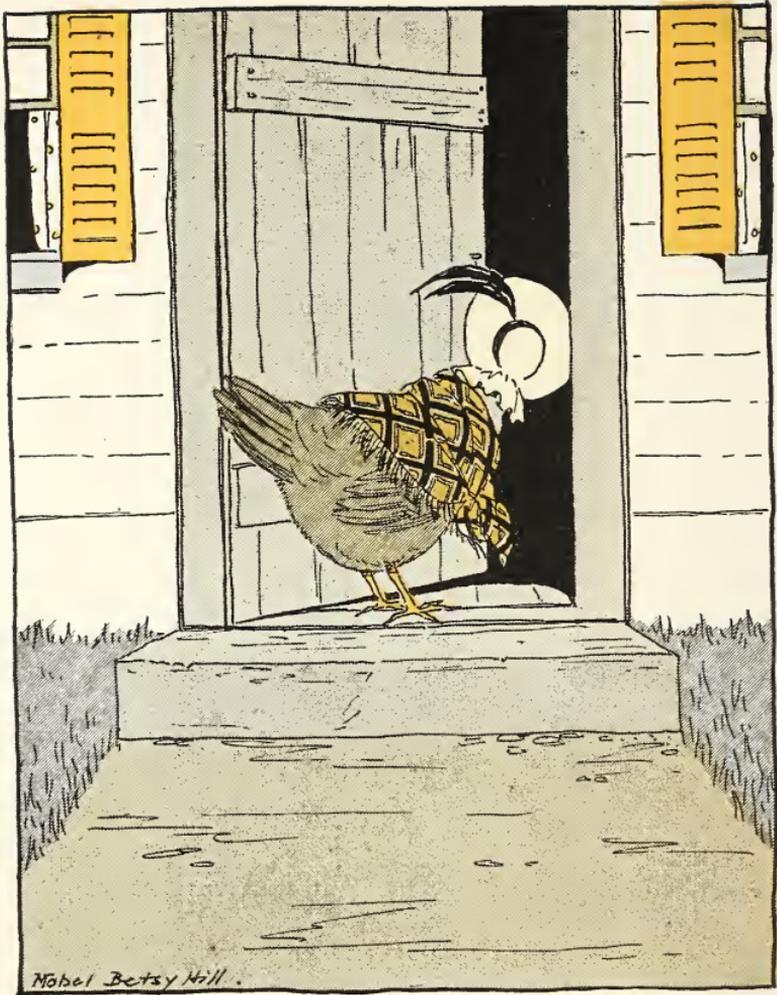
The wind caught little Half-Chick. It flew round and round with him. "Oh, Wind, Wind," cried Half-Chick, "let me down, I cannot fly, I cannot fly."

"I could not fly, and you would not help me," said the Wind.

"But I will not kill you. I will make you of some use. I will use you to show the way the wind blows."

Then the Wind blew Half-Chick
up and up and up to the top
of a tall steeple. There he
stands today to show the way
the wind blows. He still has
only one eye, one leg, and one
wing.





BLACK KITTEN

Little Red Hen was in the garden eating wheat. Then she went to her home. There she saw something black.

“Oh, what can it be?” said Little Red Hen.

Then she ran till she met White Duck.

White Duck said, “Good morning, Little Red Hen.”

Little Red Hen said, “There is something black in my house.”

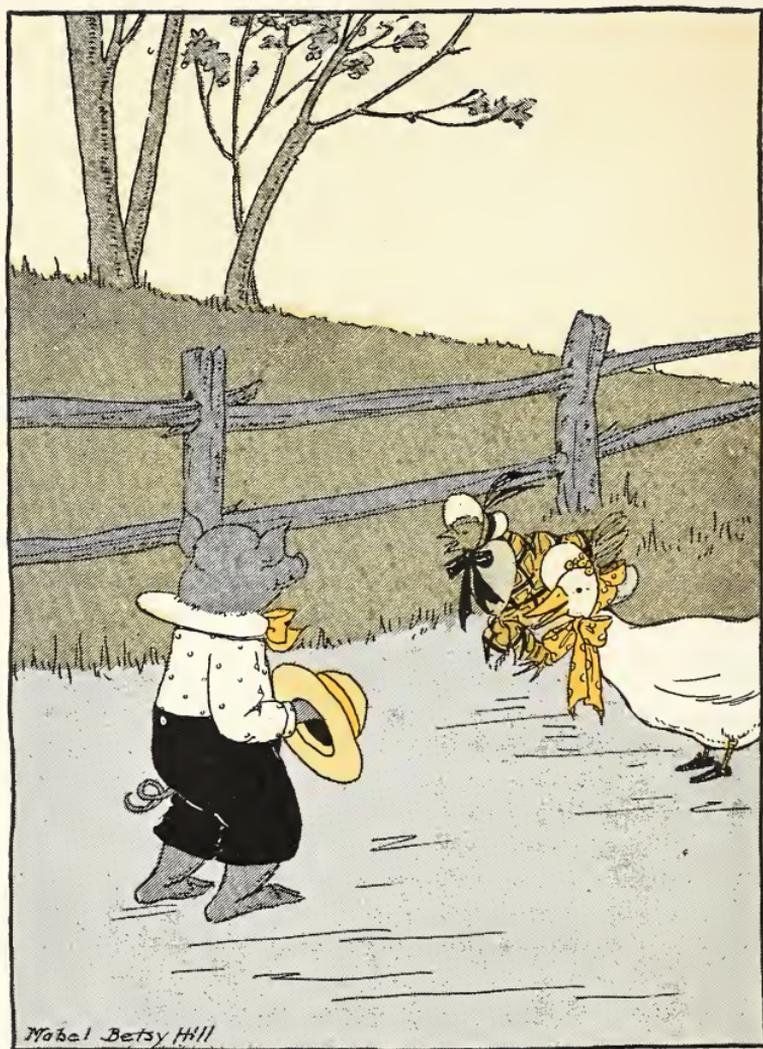
“What can it be?” said White Duck.

“I cannot tell,” said Little Red Hen.

“Let us find Black Pig,” said White Duck.

So they ran till they met Black Pig.

“Good morning, Little Red Hen.”



Little Red Hen said, "I am so frightened, there is something black in my house."

"What can it be?" asked Black Pig.

“I cannot tell,” said Little Red Hen.

“Let us go and find Little Billy Goat,” said Black Pig.

So they ran and ran till they met Little Billy Goat.

“Good morning, Little Red Hen,” said Little Billy Goat.

“Oh, I am so frightened! There is something in my house.”

“What can it be?” asked Little Billy Goat.

“I cannot tell,” said Little Red Hen.

“Let us go and tell Wee Woman.”

So they all ran till they met Wee Woman.

“Good morning, Little Red

Hen," said Wee Woman.

"Good morning," said Little Red Hen. "I am so frightened, there is something black in my house."

"Let us find Brother Rabbit," said Wee Woman. "He will go with us."

So they found Brother Rabbit. Then they all went back to Little Red Hen's house. Wee Woman said, "Who is there?" Then Brother Rabbit said, "Who is there?" Then Little Billy Goat said, "Who is there?" Then Black Pig said, "Who is there?" Then White Duck said, "Who is there?"

Then Little Red Hen said,



“All stand here. I will go in.”
So Little Red Hen went in and
found Black Kitten fast asleep.
When Little Red Hen came
in, Black Kitten got up.
“How-do-you-do, Little Red

Hen," said Black Kitten.
"When did you come into my house?"

"Oh, ho," said Little Red Hen,
"this is not your house. It is my house."

"No," said Black Kitten, "I live in this house."

"Oh, no," said Brother Rabbit, "this is Little Red Hen's house."

"I like this house," said Black Kitten, "and I will stay here."

"You will not," said Brother Rabbit. "It is not your house. It is the house of Little Red Hen."

"Then, Brother Rabbit, I will go to your house," said Black

Kitten.

“I will run home and see that you do not get in,” said Brother Rabbit.

And so Brother Rabbit ran quickly home.

Then Little Red Hen said, “Please go away, Black Kitten, I want my house.”

“Go away, Black Kitten,” said Little Billy Goat.

“Go away, Black Kitten,” said White Duck. “Little Red Hen wants her house.”

“This is Little Red Hen’s house,” said Black Pig. “Go away.”

“Then I will go to your house, Black Pig,” said Black Kitten.

“No, no,” said Black Pig. “I will run home and see that you do not get in.”

So Black Pig ran quickly home.

Little Billy Goat said, “I will run home, too, and see that you do not get into my house.”

So Little Billy Goat ran home.

Then White Duck ran home, too.

“Oh, Wee Woman,” said Black Kitten, “have you a little bed in your little house?”

“Yes,” said Wee Woman, “I have a little bed in my house.”

“Will you take me home with you?” said Black Kitten.



“Yes,” said Wee Woman,
“you can stay with me.”

Then Wee Woman took Black
Kitten to her little house. She
put her in the wee bed and soon
Black Kitten was fast asleep.

*The Mother Goose Rhymes are to be used
for memory work, therefore the new words
are not listed. (See Manual.)*

A a

B b

C c

D d

E e

F f

G g

H h

I i

J j

K k

L l

M m

N n

O o

P p

Q q

R r

S s

T t

U u

V v

W w

X x

Y y

Z z

WORD LISTS

I

This list comprises the words used in the action sentences and stories outlined in the manual for advanced kindergartens or preparatory primer work.

I	run	big
am	you	little
can	ball	red
skip	kite	a
play	bird	have
walk	dog	rope
fly	top	has
stand	boy	flies
jump	girl	with
sing	roll	me
hop	spin	and
	the	tell

to
give
see
by
chair
table
put
on
box

not
round
will
this
is
my
name
duck
does

or
swim
water
in
like
goat
bear
baby
he

middle-sized
father
she
mother

II

This list gives the additional words used in the primer, or first half of the first year's work. They are grouped under the name of the story in which they first appear. About one-third of them are phonetic and are so indicated in the manual.

Things We Do

way

we

as

go

school

morning

at

our

when

Saturday

The Bears

live

house

so

three

want

they

all

soup

bowl

each

bed

Sly Fox

sly

fox

around

eat
pig
hen
too
pen
them
your
him
quickly

The Lion and the Mouse

wee
mouse
lion
his
den
good

do
let
some
day
help
thank
net
men
caught
very
are
come
take
gnaw
then
get
kill

The Three Bears

there	soft
were	hard
one	till
was	broke
for	went
Silverhair	up
came	stairs
saw	tried
look	fell
that	asleep
taste	home
hat	said
her	gone
cold	who
ate	been
it	heard
sat	ran
	down

The Wee Wee Woman

woman

lamp

night

took

got

soon

noise

out

of

under

nothing

again

B-o-o-o-h

The Little Red Hen

found

wheat

seed

plant

rat

did

ripe

cut

mill

brought

flour

make

now

no

chick

how

sad

bread

made

The Hungry Lion

hungry
would
rabbit
brother
yes
but
ground
what
track

Three Billy Goats

once
Billy
biggest
hill
grass
had
cross

bridge
first
feet
trip trop
Troll
coming
next
green
toss
ever
tramp
off
where

Three Little Pigs

black
white
brown
must

build

hay

wolf

away

met

man

Mr.

please

gave

stick

brick

find

rap

door

I'll

huff

puff

blow

blew

could

cried

eaten

glad

The Wolf Comes Again

told

friend

ask

turnip

back

time

seven

six

full

before
ready
call
pot
fire
dinner
thought
another
apple
fine
tree
far

fair
churn
five
four
bought
whom
frighten
thing
oh ho
chimney
safe
lid

The Wee Mouse's Tail

field
after
bit
began
shall
think

cat
cake
mine
milk
tail
thus

Little Half-Chick

burn	long
dying	stream
eye	wind
good-by	while
garden	dear
half	just
hoppity kick	mind
if	choke
leg	

Black Kitten

be	sound
fast	us
kitten	

MAY 3

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