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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK ONE



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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK ONE

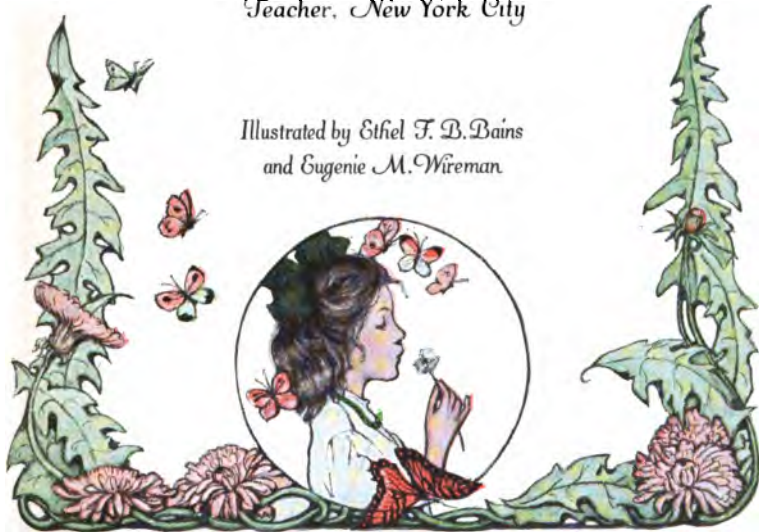
FIRST YEAR - FIRST HALF

BY

RUBY WREDE BROWNE, M.A.

Teacher, New York City

*Illustrated by Ethel T. Bains
and Eugenie M. Wireman*



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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

From the beginning, aim for speed and accuracy. The child's mind should be trained to act as quickly and as accurately as possible. Permit no halting, stumbling reading. The stories are written in the language of the child, the sentences are short, there is no difficult phrasing, there are no obsolete words, the subject matter is within the grasp of little children. Briefly, the *thought* and the *language* of the stories are familiar to the child; therefore, there is no reason for slow, halting reading. Reading is a process of obtaining thought, and the quicker that thought is obtained, the more efficient we become.

Silent reading is the great means to this end. In this grade it will not be possible to have much silent reading until a foundation of visible language has been laid. When the child has been taught the visible form of fifty or sixty words, he should be able to read a sentence silently and tell in his own words the meaning of that sentence; he should be able to answer questions proving that he knows the meaning of what he has read.

In all the stories the *thought* element must precede the correct oral expression. A child must have some thought or idea of what he is going to read before he can read intelligently. He learns to read through his intelligent

delight and interest in the stories. For the first month or two, when the child's reading vocabulary is small and his memory is very short, tell the story in your own words first, then proceed to the reading of it. Later on, as his vocabulary grows and he becomes more self-reliant, simply talk *about* the story, arouse interest in it, make it alive, discuss the characters in the story, and then take up the reading. The child is able and anxious to put together what he knows and to plot out the whole story for himself.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the use of the dramatic element in the stories. Self-activity and interest go hand in hand. Each story can be played — can be acted by the children.

The same can be said when teaching the word and the sentence. In teaching the visible form of *run*, let the child run; of *sweeping*, let him go through the motions of sweeping. In the silent reading of an "action" sentence, to test whether the child knows the meaning of what he has silently read, let him put the thought of the sentence into action. Take, for example, the sentence "The baby frog came hopping back to his mother." Ask a child to show what the baby frog did. If the child has read the thought of the sentence, he will hop!

Each story is the nucleus for nature and ethical lessons. Correlate your work in nature and ethics with the reading lesson wherever possible.

Unknown Words. In the two divisions of words, sight and phonetic, of which all language is composed, the child must learn the phonetic words from the phonetic drill which precedes the reading lesson. If he cannot get the sight words through adroit questioning by the teacher, he must be told the word. Every word in the sentence or paragraph to be read must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read.

Particular stress is laid upon the *word drill after* the reading lesson. This does not contradict the statement, *Every word in the sentence or paragraph to be read must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read.* It refers simply to the drudgery of the reading lesson, the drill on sight words, the object of which is to impress the visible form of the *unknown* word so thoroughly upon the mind of the child that he will recognize the word when he sees it in new surroundings. If fifteen or twenty minutes are spent in trying to teach isolated words before anything is said about the *content* of the reading lesson, the child is tired out; his mind is not in the best condition to take up the reading itself. Let the child's interest be aroused by the story or content at the beginning of the reading period. The *drill* on the new words of the lesson will be more spirited because thought has been associated with these words.

The words listed as "Review Words," following the stories in the reader, are the words to be taught and

drilled upon. There has been no haphazard selection of words that may seem difficult to the author of a reader. The new words that occur in a story have been put in the list in the order in which they first appear. By glancing through the lists that go before, a teacher knows exactly what words her pupils have been taught and are responsible for.

In the beginning, blackboard reading, either script or print, must precede the primer reading. As the class advances, less of this blackboard reading will be found necessary.

Teaching the stories. The first selection, "Old Mother Hubbard," should be committed to memory. Write upon the blackboard, and study and memorize from the blackboard, a stanza at a time, teaching only those words listed beneath the stanzas. In drilling upon these words each day, distribute primers and let the children find in the stanzas the words they have been taught. Let them "read" the stanza from the primer. Let the children reproduce orally the thought of each stanza; let them dramatize it. Give conversation and nature lessons upon the subject matter in each stanza. Three weeks may be given to this preparatory work — time well spent, since the child will have a starting vocabulary of forty words.

The following method of procedure is suggested for use with the other stories:

When beginning a story, spend the first day upon the thought element of the story alone. For example:

- I. Tell the story in your own words for the first two months ; later on, as suggested on page 4, arouse an intelligent interest in the story.
- II. Rehearse the story by questioning.
- III. Let the child tell the story.
- IV. Let the children act out the thought of the story ; let them dramatize it.

Second and succeeding days :

- I. Preliminary phonetic drill.
- II. Oral reproduction of the story.
- III. Recapitulation : " What did we read about yesterday ? " " Who can tell me what happened next ? "
- IV. Write the first sentence upon the blackboard.
When beginning the story, write the title.
- V. Silent reading of the sentence written.
- VI. Known words recognized. " Who can come up to the board and point to a word he knows ? "
- VII. Unknown words made known. " Point to a word you do not know ! "

Teach the unknown words in connection with their thought and use in the sentence. Where this is impossible, tell the child the unknown word. Underline the unknown word in colored chalk, and write it several times upon different parts of the blackboard with the same color of chalk. Use a different color for each new word. This is the preparation for the *drill* on words after the reading lesson.

VIII. Reading of the sentence from the blackboard.

(Write the next sentence of the lesson upon the blackboard and proceed in the same manner.)

IX. Word pointing. Call children to the board to point to a word you name.

X. Drill on words. Blackboard drills ; perception cards.

In this grade, where the lesson periods are necessarily short in order to sustain the interest of little children, the *blackboard* work will take up one reading period. The *primer* reading may be taken up after one or two lessons of a different character have been given.

Primer reading.

I. Picture study: Conversation.

II. Silent reading of the first sentence of the lesson.

Question for content or thought of the sentence.

III. Known words recognized. "Point to *his*, *the*, *hen*."

Walk down the aisles and see that each child is pointing to the word you ask for.

IV. Unknown words. If a child does not know a word, let him stand or raise his hand. If the word is a phonetic word, let him point out the phonetic elements and sound the word. He will probably get it then. If the word is a sight word, question him about the thought of the sentence, or refer him to the blackboard. If he cannot get the word then, tell it to him, or, better still, let the other children tell him.

- V. Oral reading of the first sentence. (Proceed in the same manner with the other sentences of the lesson.)
- VI. Word pointing. "Put your finger upon the word *her, hungry, farmer.*" Verify.
- VII. Drill on words. Blackboard drills; perception cards.
- Expression and emphasis.* If, from the very beginning, attention is paid to the adjectives, adverbs, negatives, and other words demanding emphasis, there will be little trouble in securing good expression in oral reading. Read the sentence or paragraph yourself as an example for the children in correct oral expression.

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THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK ONE

FIRST YEAR — FIRST HALF





THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK ONE

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

Old	Mother	get	her
there	cupboard	so	had

She went to the baker
To buy him some bread,
And when she came back,
He stood on his head.

baker	some	bread
on	his	head

She went to the hatter
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

went	buy	came
back	was	cat



She went to the tailor
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back,
He was riding the goat

She	him	coat
And	when	goat

She went to the barber
 To buy him a wig,
 And when she came back,
 He was chasing the pig.

to the a
 she He pig

She went to the grocer
 To buy a new broom,
 And when she came back,
 He was sweeping the room.

new broom
 sweeping room



The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant!"
The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

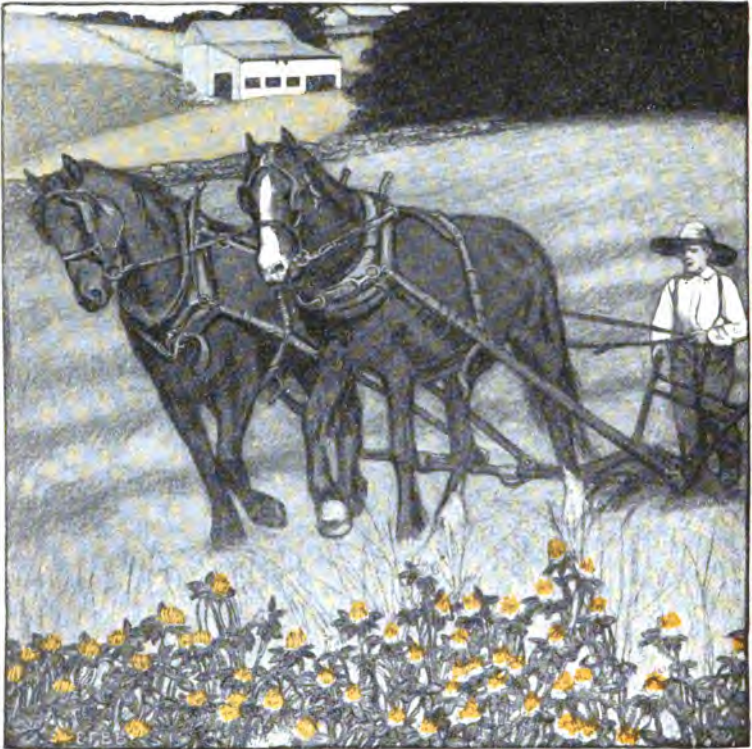
made	dog
said	Your

THE FARMER

There was once a farmer.

He had two horses.

See the farmer and his two horses!



"I shall sell my horses and buy a cow," said the farmer.

"The cow will give me milk."

So he sold the two horses and bought a cow.

"I shall sell my cow and buy a sheep," said the farmer.

"I can eat the sheep."

So he sold the cow and bought a white sheep.

"I shall sell my white sheep and buy a goat," said the farmer.

"The goat will give me milk."

So he sold the white sheep and bought a little goat.

"I shall sell my little goat and buy a pig," said the farmer.

"I can eat the pig."

So he sold the little goat and bought a fat little pig.

"I shall sell my fat little pig and buy a goose," said the farmer.

"The goose will give me feathers."

So he sold the fat little pig and bought a gray goose.

"I shall sell my gray goose and buy a duck," said the farmer.

"I can eat the duck."

So he sold the gray goose and bought a fine fat duck.

"I shall sell my fine fat duck and buy a hen," said the farmer.

"The hen will give me eggs."

So he sold the fine fat duck and bought a little red hen.

The little red hen made a nest.

She laid an egg in the nest.

See the hen and her nest!



"I shall sell my little red hen and buy a cat," said the farmer.

"The cat will catch the mice."

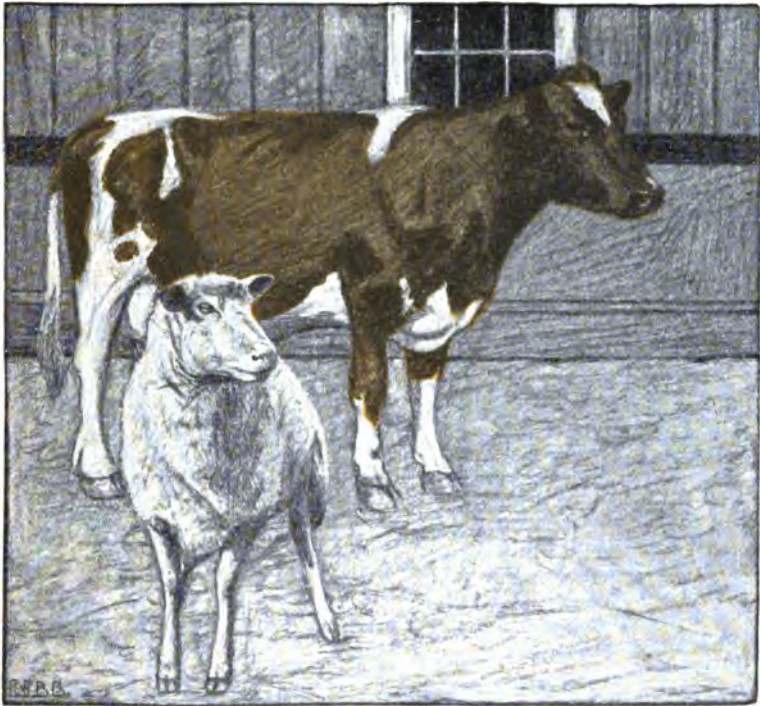
So he sold the little red hen and bought a pretty little cat.

The pretty little cat sat by the warm fire.

Then what do you think happened?

The cat's tail caught fire and burned down the farmer's house!





WHAT THEY SAID

The hungry cow said, "Moo, moo!
I am hungry. I want some hay."

The hungry sheep said, "Baa, baa!
I am hungry, too. I want some hay."

Away went the farmer to get some hay for the cow and the sheep.

He gave the hay to the hungry cow and the hungry sheep.

The little pig said, "Wee, wee! I am hungry. I want some corn."

The little red hen said, "I am hungry, too. Cluck, cluck! I want some corn."

Then away went the farmer to get some corn.

He went to the mill to get some corn for the hungry pig and the hungry hen.

He gave the corn to both of them.



“I want some milk,” said the hungry little cat.

“Meow! meow! I want some milk.”

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.

She went to the cupboard to get some milk.

She gave the milk to the cat.

A little brown mouse peeped out from a hole in the corner.

"I want some cheese," said she.

"Eee, eee! I want some cheese."

The cat saw the hungry little brown mouse.

The hungry mouse saw the cat.

She ran back to the hole in the corner of the room.

The hungry little brown mouse had to go without the cheese!



THE CAT, THE RAT, THE DOG,
AND THE PIG

"I have found some corn," said a little hen.

"I must plant it in the ground.

Who will help me plant the corn?

Will you help me, little cat?"

"Meow! meow! no, no!" said the cat.

"Will you help me, little dog?"

"Bow, wow! no, no!" said the dog.

"Will you help me, little rat?"

"Eee, eee! no, no!" said the rat.

"Little pig, will you help me plant the corn?"

"Wee, wee!" said the pig; "no, no!"



“Then I will plant the corn,” said the hen, and she planted the corn in the ground.

She planted the corn deep in the ground.



“Who will help me water the corn?” said the little hen.

“Will you water it, little rat?”

“Eee, eee!” said the little brown rat; “no, no!”

"Will you water the corn, little pig?"

"Wee, wee!" said the fat little pig; "no, no!"

"Will you water the corn, little dog?"

"Bow, wow!" said the cross little dog; "no, no!"

"Little gray cat, will you help me water the corn?"

"Meow!" said the little gray cat; "no, no!"

"Then I will water the corn," said the little hen, and she watered the corn.

She watered the corn every day.

The corn began to peep out of the ground.

By and by the corn was ripe.

"The corn is ripe," said the little hen.

"Who will help me cut the ripe corn?"

"Will you cut the corn, little pig?"

"No, no! wee, wee!" said the fat little pig.

"Will you cut the corn for me, little dog?"

"No, no!" said the cross little dog;

"bow, wow!"



“ Little gray cat, will you cut the
ripe corn ? ”

“ No, no ! ” said the little gray cat ;
“ meow ! meow ! ”

"Oh, little rat, will you help me cut the ripe corn?"

"Eee, eee!" said the little brown rat; "no, no!"

"Then I will cut it alone," said the little hen, and she cut down the ripe corn all alone.

"The corn must be ground into meal," said the little hen.

"Who will take it to the mill?"

Will you take the corn to the mill, little rat?"

"Eee, eee!" said the little brown rat; "no, no!"

"Will you take the corn to the mill to be ground into meal for me, little dog?"

"Bow, wow!" said the cross little dog; "no, no!"

"Little gray cat, will you take the corn to the mill to be ground into meal for me?"

"I will not take it. Meow! meow!" said the little gray cat.

"Oh, little pig, will you help me take the corn to the mill?"

"Wee, wee! I will not!" said the fat little pig.

"Then I will take the corn to the

mill to be ground into meal," said the little hen, and she took the corn to the mill.

She took the corn to the mill all alone.

The miller ground the corn into meal.

The hen carried the meal home.

She carried it home in her beak.

"Now, who will make a big round corn cake?" said the little hen.

"Will you make the cake for me, little pig?"

"Wee, wee! no, no!" said the fat



little pig; "I will not make the cake!"

"Little rat, will you make the big round corn cake?"

"Eee, eee! no, no!" said the little brown rat.

"Oh, little cat, will you help me make the cake?"

"No, no! I will not!" said he.

"Little dog, will you help me?"

"No, no! I will not!" said he.

"Then I will make the cake," said the little hen, and she made a big round corn cake.

"Now the cake is ready to eat," said the little hen.

"Who will help me eat it?"

"I will, I will!" said the cross little dog; "bow, wow!"

"I will, I will!" said the little gray cat; "meow! meow!"

"Wee, wee!" said the fat little pig, "I will!"

"I will, too!" said the little brown rat; "eee, eee!"

"Oh, no; you shall not have a taste!" said the little hen.

"You did not help me plant the corn.

You did not help me water the corn.

You did not help me cut down the corn when it was ripe.

You did not help me take the corn to the mill to be ground into meal.

I carried the meal home all by myself!" said the little hen.



"Then, you did not help me make this big round corn cake.

No, you shall not have a taste!

I shall eat it all myself!" and she ate the big round corn cake.

THE SLY OLD CAT

A big gray cat sat by the fire.

He was very, very big.

"I have had no dinner," said the big gray cat.

"I am very hungry.

How good a fat mouse would taste!"

A little mouse peeped out of a hole in the corner of the room.

The big gray cat saw her.

"There is my dinner," said the big gray cat, "if I can think of a way to get that mouse.

She is little, but she is fat.

She will taste very good, I think.

She will make a fine dinner!"

The big cat sat by the warm fire.

"Good morning, little mouse.

It is a very cold day," said he.

"Come and sit by my warm fire."

The little mouse would not go.

She ran back into the hole.

Soon she peeped out again.

"Oh, what a pretty brown coat you have!" said the sly old cat.

"How soft and warm it must be!

I never saw a coat so soft and pretty!

I have a gray coat, but it is not as soft and pretty as your coat.

Will you let me pat your pretty, soft, brown coat?"

The little mouse came out of the hole in the corner of the room.

The big gray cat jumped — one, two, three, and the little brown mouse was gone!



PUNCH AND JUDY

Punch and Judy were two little kittens.

Punch was a little white kitten.

Judy was a little gray kitten.

They lived in a little house with an old woman.

One night Punch caught a mouse.

"I shall have a fine dinner!" said he. But Judy saw the mouse, too.

"I want that mouse!" said Judy.

"I want it for my dinner!"

"You shall not have it!" said Punch. "I caught it. It is mine!"

"I will have it!" said Judy.



"I will have that mouse!"

Then they began to fight. Punch
bit Judy and Judy bit Punch.

The old woman came into the room.



She took her broom from the corner.

She swept the two kittens right
out of the room!

It was a very cold, wet night!

The two little kittens had to stay out in the cold and the wet.

They lay, side by side, on the wet mat by the door.

They did not want to fight now.

Soon the old woman came to the door.

She opened the door very wide.

Punch and Judy crept softly in.

They crept softly up to the warm fire.

They lay down by the warm fire, side by side, and went to sleep.

A big gray cat ate the mouse.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO RODE
ON A BROOM

Once there was a little old woman.

She lived in a little old house.

A cat lived in the little old house,
too.

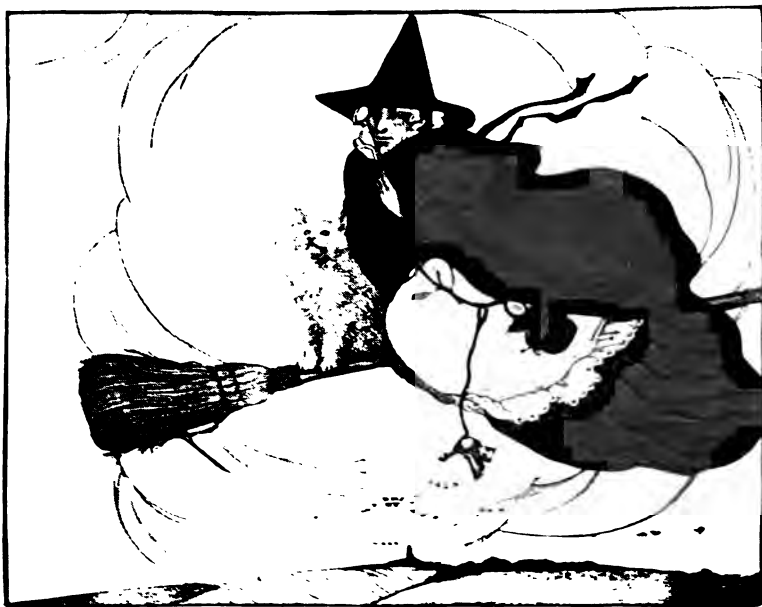
One day the old woman said to
the cat, "Come, we will go and visit
the Man in the Moon."

"How shall we go?" asked the cat.

"How shall we get there?"

"We will ride on my new broom,"
said the little old woman.

"You and I will ride on my new
broom."



So they rode away on the new broom.

They rode away, and they rode away, till at last they came to the sky.

"We have had a long ride," said

the cat. "I am very hungry now.

Shall we not eat our dinner?"

"There is nothing to eat up here.

There is nothing but sky up here,"
said the old woman.

"Come back to the house, then,"
said the cat.

"I am hungry for my dinner."

"I will not go back so soon," said
the little old woman.

"I came out to visit the Man in
the Moon.

I will not go back till I see him."

"Then I will go back to the house
by myself," said the cat.

"But how will you get there?"
asked the little old woman.

"You shall not have my new broom."

"I do not want your broom," said
the cat.

"I will go back to the house all
alone.

I will slide down the rainbow!"
And he did!



THE GREEDY OLD MAN

Once upon a time there was a little old man.

He lived in a little old house.

This little old man had a pretty white goose.

One day the little old man went out to the barn.

There, in some hay, the pretty white goose had made a nest.

In the nest lay a golden egg!

Every day after that, the goose laid a golden egg.

Every day the old man went out to the barn to get the golden egg.



"I shall soon be rich," he said.

"I shall soon be rich enough to buy a fine house."

He had a chest full of golden eggs, but that was not enough.

He was greedy and wanted more.

One day a farmer came to visit this little old man.

"I have heard about your golden goose," said he.

"Let me see her.

I may buy her, and if I do, I will pay you well for her."

They went out to the barn.

The golden goose sat on the nest that she had made in the hay.

"She is a fine fat goose," said the farmer.

"Will you sell her to me?"

"No, no!" said the little old man,
"I shall not sell her.

She lays more gold for me than you can pay me.

She has laid a chest full of gold for me!"

"She must be full of gold!" said the farmer.

"Why not kill her now, and then you can get the rest of the gold all at once?"

So the old man killed the pretty white goose.

He killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

But there was no gold inside the pretty goose!

LITTLE CHICK

One day Little Red Hen went out into the garden with her little chick to get some corn to eat.

A grain of corn stuck fast in Little Chick's throat.

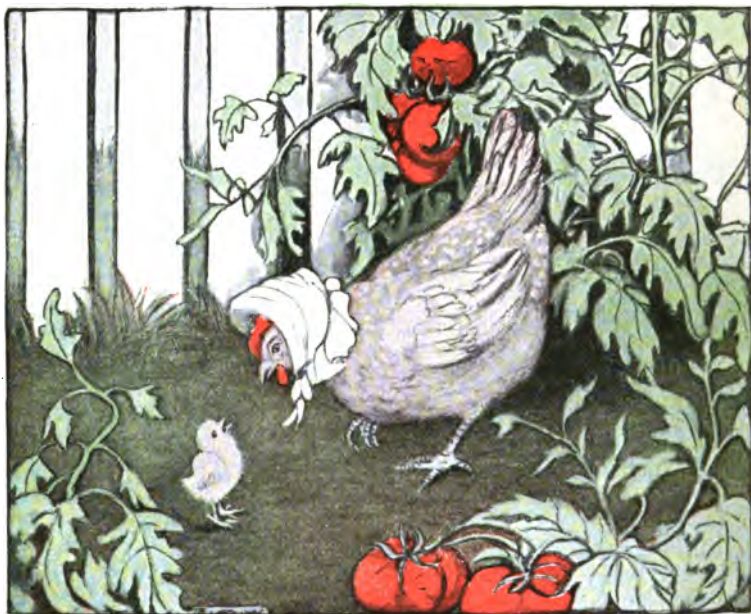
Little Red Hen ran to get some water for Little Chick.

She came to the brook and said, "Dear brook, please give me some water.

I want it for Little Chick.

A grain of corn has stuck fast in Little Chick's throat."

The brook said, "I will give you



some water if you will bring me a cup.”

Away ran Little Red Hen to the oak tree.

“Dear oak tree,” said she, “please give me a cup.



Won't you please give me one of
your little brown acorn cups?

I want it for the brook.

Then the brook will give me water,
and I will give the water to my dear
Little Chick.

A grain of corn has stuck fast in
Little Chick's throat."

"I will give you an acorn cup if
some one will shake my branches,"
said the oak tree.

Away ran Little Red Hen to the
miller's girl.

"Dear little girl," said she, "please
shake the oak tree's branches.

Then the oak tree will give me an
acorn cup, and I will give the acorn
cup to the brook.

The brook will give me some water,
and I will give the water to Little
Chick.

A grain of corn has stuck fast in
Little Chick's throat."

"I will shake the oak tree's branches
if you will give me a pair of shoes,"
said the little girl.

Away ran Little Red Hen to the
shoemaker.

"Dear shoemaker," said she, "please
give me a pair of shoes.

I want them for the miller's girl.

Then the miller's girl will shake
the oak tree's branches, and the oak

tree will give me a little acorn cup.

I will give the acorn cup to the brook, and the brook will give me some water.

I will give the water to my dear Little Chick.

A grain of corn has stuck fast in her throat."

"I will give you a pair of shoes if you will get me some leather," said the shoemaker.

Away ran Little Red Hen to the cow.

"Dear cow," said she, "please give me some leather.



I want it for the shoemaker.

Then the shoemaker will give me
a pair of shoes.

I will give the shoes to the miller's
girl.

Then she will shake the oak tree's
branches, and the oak tree will give

me a little acorn cup for the brook.

I will give the acorn cup to the brook, and the brook will give me some water.

I will give the water to my dear Little Chick.

A grain of corn has stuck fast in Little Chick's throat."

"I will give you some leather if you will get me some hay," said the cow.

Away ran Little Red Hen to the farmer.

She ran as fast as she could to the farmer.

"Dear farmer," said she, "please give me some hay.

I want it for the cow.

Then the cow will give me some leather, and I will give the leather to the shoemaker.

The shoemaker will give me a pair of shoes, and I will give the shoes to the miller's girl.

The miller's girl will shake the oak tree's branches, and the oak tree will give me an acorn cup.

I will give the acorn cup to the brook, and the brook will give me some water.

I will give the water to my dear Little Chick.

A grain of corn has stuck fast in her throat."

The farmer was sorry for poor Little Chick.

He was sorry for Little Red Hen too.

"Take all the hay you want," said the farmer.





“Thank you!” said Little Red Hen, and she took as much hay as she could carry.

She took the hay to the cow, and the cow gave her some leather.

She took the leather to the shoemaker, and the shoemaker gave her

a pair of shoes for the miller's girl.

She took the shoes to the miller's girl, and the miller's girl shook the oak tree's branches.

The oak tree gave Little Red Hen an acorn cup.

Little Red Hen took the acorn cup to the brook.

The brook gave her some water in the acorn cup.

Little Red Hen carried the water to Little Chick.

Little Chick drank the water. The grain of corn went down her throat, and Little Red Hen was happy!



HOW BETTY-GIRL FOUND HER RING

Betty-girl was out in the garden.
She was picking flowers for her
mother.

Her little gold ring slipped from
her finger and rolled away.



Betty-girl looked in the long green grass, but she could not find her little gold ring.

"O dear! O dear! What shall I do?" cried she.

Just then Tommy-toad came hopping along through the green grass.

"What is the matter, Betty-girl?" asked Tommy-toad.

"I have lost my pretty gold ring," cried Betty-girl.

"I have looked in the long green grass, but I cannot find it."

"Stop crying, little Betty-girl," said Tommy-toad. "I'll find it for you."

Tommy-toad hopped through the long green grass.

He hopped and he hopped and he hopped, but he could not find the pretty gold ring.

"O dear! O dear! What shall I do?" cried Betty-girl.

Just then Benny-bug came along.

"What is the matter?" asked he.

"Why are you crying, Betty-girl?"

"I have lost my pretty gold ring,"
cried Betty-girl.

"I have looked in the long green
grass, but I cannot find it."

"Stop crying, little Betty-girl," said
Benny-bug. "I'll find it for you."

Benny-bug crawled through the
long green grass.

He crawled and he crawled, but he
could not find the pretty gold ring.

"O dear! O dear!" cried Betty-girl.
"What shall I do?"

Johnny-worm put his head up out of a hole in the ground.

"What is the matter, Betty-girl?" asked Johnny-worm.

"I have lost my pretty gold ring," cried Betty-girl.

"I have looked and looked in the long green grass, but I cannot find it anywhere."

"Stop crying, little Betty-girl," said Johnny-worm. "I'll find it for you."

Johnny-worm crawled through the long green grass.

He crawled and he crawled, but he could not find the pretty gold ring.

"O dear! O dear!" cried Betty-girl.
"What shall I do?"

Billy-goat was in a field near by.
He heard Betty-girl crying.

Billy-goat ran as fast as he could
to Betty-girl.

"What is the matter, Betty-girl?"
asked Billy-goat.

"I have lost my pretty gold ring,"
cried Betty-girl.

"I have looked and looked in the
long green grass, but I cannot find
it anywhere."

"Stop crying," said Billy-goat.

"I'll soon find it for you."



Then what do you think Billy-goat did?

He began to eat the green grass!

He ate, and he ate, until all the long green grass was gone!

Then Betty-girl looked and looked, and there on the ground she found her pretty gold ring.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Chicken Little was out in the garden looking for corn.

A leaf from a big oak tree fell on her back.

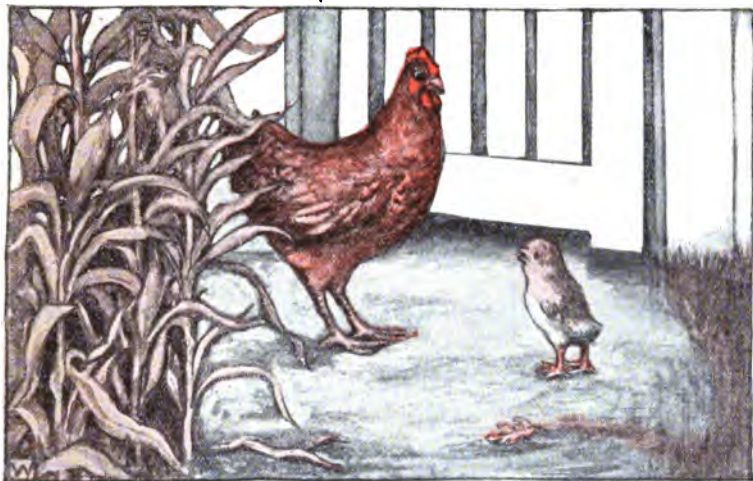
"Oh, oh!" said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling! I will run and tell the king!"

Away she ran down the road to tell the king.

By and by she met Little Red Hen.

"Where are you going?" asked little Red Hen.

"Where are you going so fast?"



"I am going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Chicken Little.

"How do you know that?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Oh!" said Chicken Little, "I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and a part of it fell on my back!"

"I am going with you," said Little Red Hen.

"Come along," said Chicken Little, and away they ran down the road as fast as they could go.

By and by they met a duck.

"Where are you two going?" asked the duck.

"We are going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Little Red Hen.

"How do you know that?" asked the duck.

"Chicken Little said so. She heard it with her ears, she saw it with her

eyes, and a part of it fell on her back."

"I am going with you," said the duck.

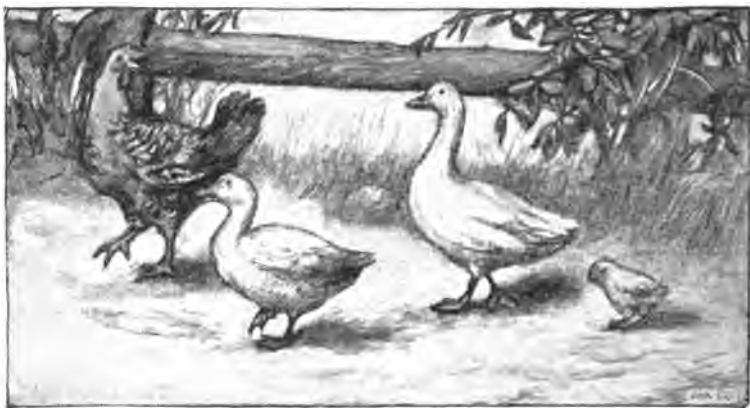
"Come along, then," said Little Red Hen, and away they all ran down the road as fast as they could go.

They had not gone very far when they met a goose.

"Where are you three going so fast?" asked the goose.

"We are going to tell the king the sky is falling," said the duck.

"How do you know that?" asked the goose.



"Little Red Hen said that Chicken Little said so. She heard it with her ears, she saw it with her eyes, and a part of it fell on her back."

"I am going with you," said the goose.

"Then come along," said the duck, and away the four ran down the road as fast as they could go.

They had not gone very far when they met a turkey.

"Where are you four going so fast?" asked the turkey.

"We are going to tell the king the sky is falling," said the goose.

"How do you know that?" asked the turkey.

"The duck said that Little Red Hen said that Chicken Little said so."

"How did Chicken Little know that?" asked the turkey.

"Oh," said the goose, "she heard it with her ears, she saw it with

her eyes, and a part of it fell on her back."

"I am going with you," said the turkey.

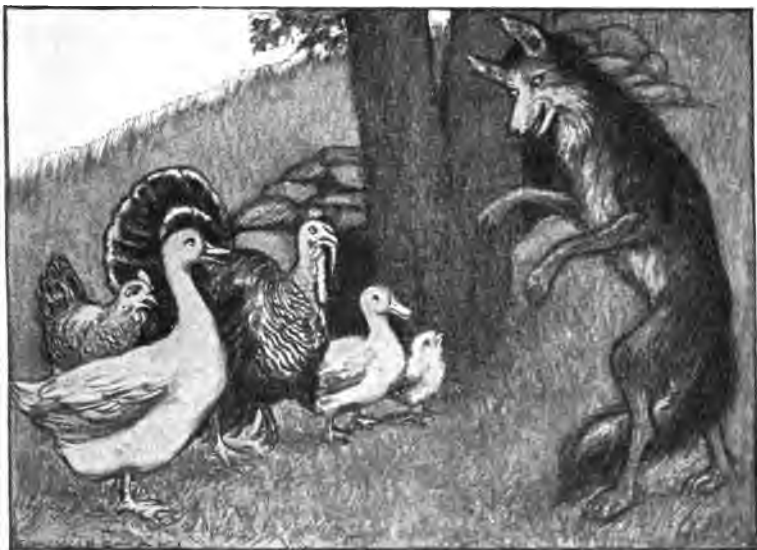
"All right! Come along," said the goose, and away the five went, down the road to tell the king.

At the foot of a steep hill they met Mr. Fox.

"Where are you all going so fast?" asked Mr. Fox.

"We are going to tell the king the sky is falling," said the turkey.

"Do you know the way?" asked Mr. Fox.



"Have you ever been to the king's house?"

"No, but we heard that the king lives up at the top of this hill," said the turkey.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Fox, "he lives away over there, across that field.

Come with me and I will show you the way."

"Thank you!" said they, and away they all ran, across the field after Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox led them across the field to his den.

"This is the way to the king's house. Come right in," said Mr. Fox, and he went into his den.

They all went in after Mr. Fox,—Chicken Little, Red Hen, the duck, the goose, and the turkey,—and —they never came out again!



THE THREE GOATS

There was once a little old house.

Three goats lived in the little old house.

One was Little Billy, one was Middle Billy, and one was Big Billy.

The little house was near a river.

There was a bridge over the river.
On the other side of the river there
was a field.

There was fresh green grass in the
field.

The three goats wanted to go over
the bridge.

They wanted to eat the fresh green
grass.

"The fresh green grass will make
us grow fat," said the three goats.

A wicked fairy lived under the
bridge.

The three goats were afraid of the
wicked fairy.

They were afraid to go across the bridge.

One morning Little Billy said, "I want some fresh green grass to make me grow fat. Let us go across the bridge and get it."

"You go first," said Big Billy.

"All right. I'll go first," said Little Billy.

Trip, trip, trip, trip, went brave Little Billy over the bridge.

"Who is that, tripping over my bridge?" cried the wicked fairy.

"It is I, Little Billy!" cried the little goat.

"I am going to the field to eat the fresh green grass so that I may grow big and fat."

"I'll eat you!" cried the wicked fairy.

"Oh, no! Please don't eat me!" said Little Billy.

"Eat Middle Billy. He is fatter than I am. He will soon come over the bridge."

"All right. I'll eat Middle Billy. Run along!" said the wicked fairy, and away ran Little Billy.

Then came Middle Billy over the wicked fairy's bridge.



Trap, trap, trap, trap, went brave Middle Billy over the bridge.

"Who is that, trapping over my bridge?" cried the wicked fairy, looking out from under the bridge.

"It is I, Middle Billy! I am going to the field to eat the fresh green grass so that I may grow big and fat."

"I'll eat you!" cried the wicked fairy.

"Oh, no!" said Middle Billy, "please don't eat me. Eat my big brother, Big Billy. He is fatter than I am. He will soon come over the bridge."

"All right. I'll eat Big Billy. Run along!" said the wicked fairy, and across the bridge ran brave Middle Billy.

Then came Big Billy over the wicked fairy's bridge.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, went Big Billy over the bridge.

The bridge shook beneath his feet.

"Who is that, tramping over my bridge?" cried the wicked fairy, looking out from under the bridge.

"It is I, Big Billy!" cried the biggest goat.

"I am going over the bridge to eat the fresh green grass so that I may grow bigger and fatter!"

"I'll eat you!" cried the wicked fairy.

"Come on up and try it!" cried Big Billy.

"I will eat you!" cried the fairy.

"Well, come on up and try it, then!" said Big Billy.

The wicked fairy ran up on the bridge.

He rushed at Big Billy.

Big Billy rushed at the fairy.

Big Billy tossed the wicked fairy into the river with his big horns.

The wicked fairy never came back again, and the three goats ate the fresh green grass until they grew big and fat!





Ten little boys standing in a line,
One ran away and then there were
nine.



Nine little girls on a garden gate,
One fell off and then there were
eight.



Eight little larks flying up to heaven,
One flew away and left only seven.

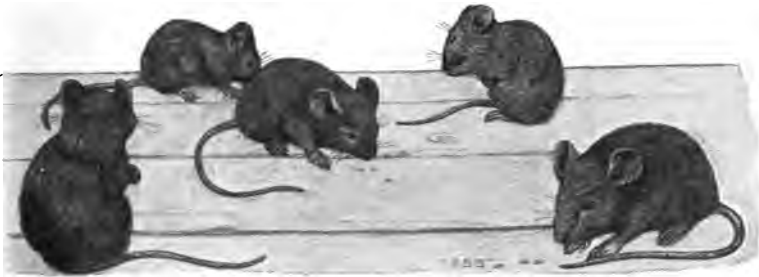


Seven little birds picking up sticks,
One flew to make a nest and then
there were six.



Six little ducks; see them splash and
dive!

One came out and left only five.

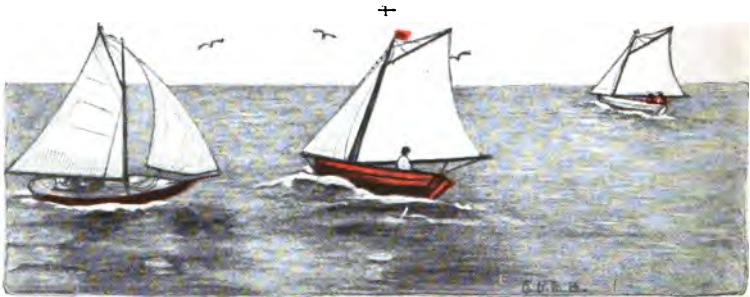


Five little mice on the barn floor,
The cat caught one and then there
were four.



Four little chicks as hungry as can
be,

One found corn and that left three.



Three little boats on the water blue,
One sailed away and left only two.



Two little kittens; see how they run!
One ran up a tree and that left one.



One little frog blinking in the sun,
He hopped away and then there was
none!

THE FROG AND THE OX

"Mother," said a little baby frog,
"may I go out and play?"

May I go to the big field and
play?"

"Yes," said the mother frog, "but
do not go too far."

"No, mother," said the baby frog,
and she hopped to the big field
near by.

A big white ox was in the field.

He was very, very big.

The baby frog had never seen a
big white ox.



The big ox frightened the little baby frog.

She came hopping back to her mother.

Oh, how fast she went!

"Mother! mother!" she cried, "I just saw the biggest thing!

It was all white.

It had four white legs.

It had two big white horns on its head.

Oh, mother, its four legs were so big!

Its two horns were so long and so big!

Oh, I am so frightened! It was such a big thing!"

"Was it as big as this?" asked the mother, and she swelled herself away out.

"Oh, it was much bigger!" said the baby frog.

"Was it as big as this?" asked

the mother, and she swelled herself out some more.

“Oh, it was much, much bigger!” cried the baby frog.

“Well, was it as big as this?” asked the mother, and she swelled herself out, and — she burst!



BRAVE JACKY-BOY

Jacky-boy lived in a little house with his father and mother.

"Father," said Jacky-boy one day, "I am going away to fight the Indians!"

"Very well," said his father, "go and tell your mother."

"Mother," said Jacky-boy, "I am going away to fight the Indians."

"Very well," said his mother, "but don't go too far."

Jacky-boy put on his hat and took his gun from the corner.



"Good-by!" he called to his father and mother, and off he went.

On the road he met Billy-goat.

"Where are you going, Jacky-boy?" asked Billy-goat.

"I am going away to fight the Indians," answered Jacky-boy.

"May I go?" asked Billy-goat.

"I am very brave," said Jacky-boy.
"You must be brave, too. What can you do? How can you fight the Indians?"

"Oh, I am very brave," answered Billy-goat. "I can butt the Indians with my horns, and I can bleat."

"Well, come along, then," said Jacky-boy, and the two went on together.

They had not gone very far when they met Blacky-sheep.

"Where are you going, Jacky-boy?" asked Blacky-sheep.

"We are going to fight the

Indians," answered brave Jacky-boy.

"May I go with you?" asked Blacky-sheep.

"We are very brave," said Jacky-boy. "You must be brave, too."

"Oh, I am very brave," answered Blacky-sheep.

"How can you fight the Indians?" asked Jacky-boy. "Billy-goat can butt them with his horns, and he can bleat. What can you do?"

"Oh, I can butt them with my horns, and I can bleat, too," answered Blacky-sheep.

"Then come along," said Jacky-boy,

and the three went along together.

They had not gone very far when they met Piggy-wig.

"Where are you going?" asked Piggy-wig.

"We are going to fight the Indians," said Jacky-boy.

"May I go?" asked Piggy-wig.

"We are very brave," said Jacky-boy. "You may go if you are brave, too. How can you fight the Indians? Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep can butt them and bleat. What can you do to fight them?"

"Oh, I can bite," said Piggy-wig.

"I can squeal and bite."

"Well, come along, then," said Jacky-boy, and the four went on together.

Just then Teddy-dog came along the road.

"Where are you four going?" asked Teddy-dog.

"We are going to fight the Indians," answered Jacky-boy.

"May I go with you?" asked Teddy-dog.

"We are very brave," said Jacky-boy. "You must be brave, too."

"Oh, I am very brave," said

Teddy-dog. "I am not afraid of anything."

"How can you fight the Indians?" asked Jacky-boy. "Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep can butt and bleat, and Piggy-wig can squeal and bite. Now what can you do?"

"I can bite, too," answered Teddy-dog. "I can bite and bark."

"Well, come along, then," said Jacky-boy, and the five went on together.

They soon met Pussy-cat walking along the road.

"Where are you going?" asked she.



"We are going away to fight the Indians," answered Jacky-boy.

"May I go, too?" asked Pussy-cat.

"Are you very brave?" asked Jacky-boy.

"Oh, yes!" said Pussy-cat. "I am not afraid of anything."

"How can you fight the Indians?"

asked Jacky-boy. "Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep can butt and bleat, Piggy-wig can squeal and bite, and Teddy-dog can bite and bark. Now what can you do?"

"Oh, I can scratch and mew," said brave Pussy-cat.

"Well, come along, then," said Jacky-boy, and the six went on together.

They had not gone very far when they met Dicky-duck.

"Where are you going?" asked he.

"We are going away to fight the Indians," answered Jacky-boy.

"May I go, too?" asked Dicky-duck.

"Are you very brave?" asked Jacky-boy.

"Oh, yes!" answered Dicky-duck.

"I am not afraid of anything."

"How can you fight the Indians?" asked brave Jacky-boy. "Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep can butt and bleat, Piggy-wig can squeal and bite, Teddy-dog can bite and bark, and Pussy-cat can scratch and mew. Now what can you do?"

"I can scratch and quack," answered Dicky-duck.

"Well, come along, then," said Jacky-boy, and the seven went down the road together.

Along the road came Red-hen and Gray-rooster.

"Where are you going, Jacky-boy?" they asked.

"We are going away to fight the Indians," answered Jacky-boy.

"May we go with you?" asked Red-hen and Gray-rooster.

"Are you very brave?" asked brave Jacky-boy.

"Oh, yes!" answered they. "We are not afraid of anything!"

"How can you fight the Indians?" asked Jacky-boy. "Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep can butt and bleat, Piggy-wig can squeal and bite, Teddy-dog can bark and bite, Pussy-cat can mew and scratch, and Dicky-duck can scratch and quack. Now what can you do?"

"I can scratch and cluck," said Red-hen.

"And I can scratch and crow," said Gray-rooster.

"Very well, then, come along," said Jacky-boy, and they all went down the road together.

By and by they came to some dark woods.

"The Indians are in here," said Jacky-boy. "Be ready now to fight!"

Just then Mr. Wolf peeped out from behind a tree.

"Oh!" said Billy-goat, "a wolf! a wolf!" and away he ran.



"Oh, a wolf! a wolf!" cried Blacky-sheep, and away she ran after Billy-goat.

"A wolf! a wolf!" cried Piggy-wig, and away he ran after Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep.

"A goat! a sheep! a pig!" cried Mr. Wolf, and away he ran after the three.

"Well, come along," said Jacky-boy. "Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep and Piggy-wig are not very brave, but we are!" and the rest went on after Jacky-boy.

Into the dark woods they all went.

Just then Mr. Fox peeped out from behind a tree.

"Oh!" cried Dicky-duck, "a fox! a fox!" and away he ran out of the dark woods.

"Oh, a fox! a fox!" cried Red-hen, and away she ran after Dicky-duck.

"A fox! a fox!" cried Gray-rooster, and away he ran after Red-hen and Dicky-duck.

"A duck! a hen! a rooster!" cried Mr. Fox, and away he ran out of the woods, after the three.

"Well, come along," said Jacky-boy.



“It seems that Billy-goat and Blacky-sheep, Piggy-wig and Dicky-duck, Red-hen and Gray-rooster, are not very brave. But never mind; we are!” and Teddy-dog and Pussy-cat went into the dark woods after brave Jacky-boy.

Oh, how dark the woods were!

Jacky-boy looked first this way and then that way.

He peeped around one tree and then another tree.

Teddy-dog and Pussy-cat looked first this way and then that way.

They peeped around one tree and then another tree.

"Hark!" said Jacky-boy. "What's that? Hark! don't make a sound!"

Brave Jacky-boy stood very still and listened with his head bent.

Brave Teddy-dog stood very still and listened with his ears up.

Brave little Pussy-cat sat very still and listened and watched with her bright eyes.

"Hark!" said Jacky-boy again. "Look over there, behind that old hollow tree."

Pussy-cat and Teddy-dog looked quickly over to the old hollow tree.

"Do you see anything over there?" asked Jacky-boy.

"No!" said Teddy-dog, "but I hear something!"

"I do, too," said Pussy-cat.

"What do you hear?" asked brave Jacky-boy. "Tell me! quick! My gun

is ready if the Indians are there."

"The Indians are there!" said Pussy-cat, "for I hear the sound of their wings."

"Oh, no!" said Jacky-boy, "that cannot be. Indians have no wings. You hear the sound of their tramping feet, Pussy-cat."

"That may be," said Pussy-cat, "but it sounds to me like wings!"

"Teddy-dog, what do you hear?" asked Jacky-boy.

"I hear the sound of voices buzzing in the woods," said Teddy-dog.

"Oh, no!" said Jacky-boy, "that

cannot be. Indians do not buzz. You hear the sound of their fast-flying arrows."

"That may be," said Teddy-dog, "but it sounds to me like the buzzing of voices."

"We will go on a little farther," said Jacky-boy. "Then we shall find out what it is. Be ready to fight when you see me point my gun."

They went a little farther into the woods.

"Oh, I hear something, too!" cried Jacky-boy, as they came near the hollow tree. "The Indians are here!

Be brave and ready to fight!" Then Jacky-boy pointed his gun toward the hollow tree.

Teddy-dog began to bark.

Pussy-cat began to mew.

Out from the hollow tree came a great black swarm!

"Oh! oh!" cried brave Teddy-dog, "bees! bees!" and away he ran, as fast as he could, out of the woods.

"Oh, bees! bees!" cried brave Pussy-cat, and away she ran, as fast as she could, after Teddy-dog.

Jacky-boy gave one look toward the hollow tree.

"Bees! bees!" cried brave Jacky-boy.

He dropped his gun and away he ran after brave Teddy-dog and brave Pussy-cat.

Out of the dark woods our brave Jacky-boy ran toward home as fast as his little legs could carry him.



REVIEW WORDS

Page 13	cat	dog	milk	nest
Old	Page 15	said	So	laid
Mother	She	Your	he	an
get	him	Page 18	sold	egg
her	coat	There	bought	in
there	And	once	sheep	Page 22
cupboard	when	farmer	can	catch
so	goat	two	eat	mice
had	Page 16	horses	white	pretty
Page 14	to	See	little	sat
baker	the	and	Page 20	by
some	a	Page 19	fat	warm
bread	she	I	goose	fire
on	He	shall	feathers	Then
his	pig	sell	gray	what
head	new	my	duck	do
went	broom	cow	fine	you
buy	sweeping	The	Page 21	think
came	room	will	hen	happened
back	Page 17	give	eggs	cat's
was	made	me	red	tail

caught	mouse	deep	Page 34	Page 40
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down	out	water	Page 35	dinner
farmer's	from	Page 30	took	How
house	hole	cross	millar	good
Page 23	corner	watered	carried	would
hungry	cheese	Page 31	home	if
am	saw	every	beak	way
want	ran	day	Now	that
hay	go	began	who	but
too	without	peep	make	Page 41
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Away	have	ripe	round	morning
for	found	is	cake	It
gave	must	cut	Page 36	cold
corn	plant	No	—	Come
away	it	Page 32	Page 37	sit
mill	ground	—	ready	Soon
both	Who	Page 33	Page 38	again
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them	Will	alone	You	old
Page 25	no	all	did	soft
—	rat	be	myself	never
Page 26	Little	into	Page 39	as
A	Page 28	meal	this	your
brown	planted	take	ate	

Page 42	Page 45	Page 48	golden	killed
let	swept	rode	Every	inside
pat	right	till	after	Page 55
jumped	Page 46	at	Page 52	Red
one	wet	last	rich	Hen
three	stay	sky	enough	garden
gone	lay	long	chest	chick
Page 43	side	Page 49	full	grain
Punch	mat	Shall	greedy	stuck
Judy	door	our	wanted	fast
were	now	nothing	more	Chick's
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kitten	wide	then	heard	Chick
They	crept	soon	about	brook
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But	we	Page 51	lays	oak
mine	visit	upon	gold	tree
Page 44	Man	time	than	Page 57
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fight	asked	This	Why	acorn
bit	We	barn	kill	cups
	ride	In	rest	

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dear	Page 66	through	leaf	All
shake	shook	Page 69	fell	five
branches	drank	matter	oh	At
millers's	happy	lost	falling	foot
girl	Page 67	cannot	run	steep
tree's	Betty-girl	Stop	tell	hill
Page 59	picking	crying	king	Mr.
pair	flowers	I'll	road	Fox
shoes	mother	hopped	met	Do
shoemaker	Her	Page 70	Where	Page 81
Page 60	ring	Benny-bug	going	Have
leather	slipped	are	Page 75	ever
Page 61	finger	crawled	know	been
—	rolled	Page 71	ears	king's
Page 62	Page 68	Johnny-worm	eyes	lives
could	looked	put	part	top
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—	grass	Page 72	—	across
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sorry	O	field	far	show
poor	What	near	Page 78	led
Take	cried	Page 73	come	den
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Thank	Tommy-toad	Page 74	Page 79	Three
much	hopping	Chicken	turkey	goats

Middle	fairy's	line	floor	its
Big	Page 87	nine	Page 94	Its
river	Trap	Nine	Four	such
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wicked	feet	flying	blinking	father
fairy	Page 89	heaven	sun	Father
under	tramping	flew	none	Indians
afraid	biggest	left	Page 96	Very
Page 85	bigger	only	baby	hat
first	try	seven	play	gun
Trip	Well	Seven	May	Page 101
trip	Page 90	birds	Yes	Good-by
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Eat	Ten	splash	thing	together
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Run	standing	Five	legs	sheep

Page 103	mew	Page 113	Page 117	buzzing
—	Dicky-duck	Into	watched	Page 119
Page 104	Page 109	Page 114	bright	buzz
Piggy-wig	quack	fox	Look	arrows
bite	Page 110	Page 115	hollow	farther
Page 105	Along	seems	quickly	point
squeal	Gray-rooster	mind	hear	Page 120
Teddy-dog	Page 111	Page 116	something	pointed
Page 106	cluck	around	Tell	toward
anything	crow	another	quick	Out
bark	Page 112	Hark	My	great
Pussy-cat	dark	What's	Page 118	black
walking	woods	sound	their	swarm
Page 107	Be	Brave	wings	bees
Are	Wolf	stood	That	look
yes	behind	still	sounds	Page 121
Page 108	wolf	listened	like	Bees
scratch		bent	voices	dropped

