

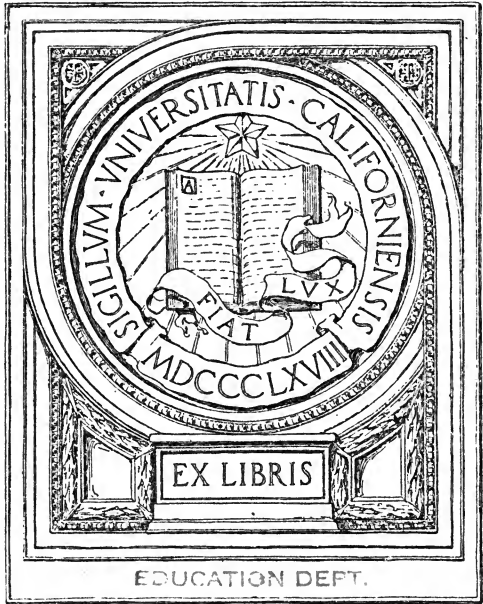
TEACHERS' EDITION
ELSON
PRIMARY SCHOOL READER
BOOK TWO



SECOND GRADE



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ELSON
PRIMARY SCHOOL READER

BOOK TWO

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR ELSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL READERS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. O. KENNEDY AND A. MEISSNER

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

This Reader introduces the child to some of the best stories in the field of children's literature,—tales which have been told and retold to the delight of countless generations of boys and girls of all lands. Thus, the child in learning to read is given selections which are both interesting and worth while as literary possessions. Six fables, twenty-two fairy and folk tales, nineteen poems, and four modern pieces of literary merit offer an attractive second-year course in literature.

While these stories are simple, they have been chosen largely for their dramatic quality. They are therefore valuable for the purpose of oral reproduction. Entire stories are given in order to satisfy the child's longing for the completed narrative.

Careful attention has been given to matters of gradation, not only in vocabulary and sentence structure but also in the story elements—the plot. In addition the material is classified according to various criteria, each group serving a distinct purpose in the life of the school and the child. For example, the "Seasons and Festivals" group includes some selections suited to the different seasons as well as some useful for festival days,—Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and Patriotic occasions.

This book is distinctive for its abundance of choice prose which gives the power to read and the ability to follow the narrative. The poetry bears a proper relation in quantity to the prose, and is of a superior quality.

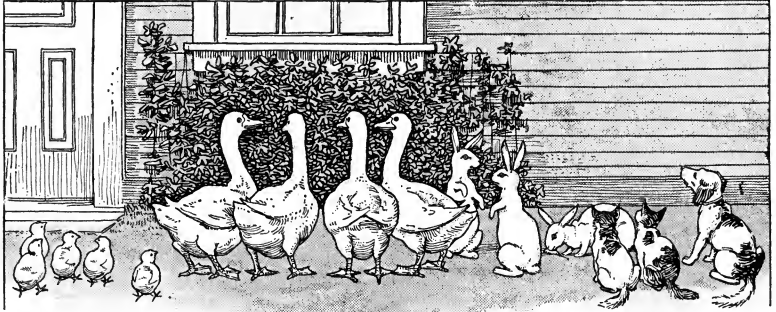
Cleveland, Ohio.

WILLIAM H. ELSON.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE WAKE-UP STORY



The sun was up. Five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kittens and one little dog were up, too.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to come to the window. But Baby Ray was still fast asleep in his little white bed.

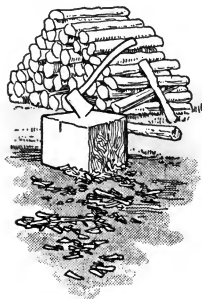
“Now I will get what he likes,” said Mother. “When he wakes up everything will be ready.”

First she went along the orchard path till she came to the old wooden pump.

She said, "Good Pump, will you give me nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump said, "I will."

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.



Then Mother went a little farther. She stopped at the wood-pile, and said, "Good Chips, the pump gave me nice, clear water for Baby Ray. Will you come and warm the water and cook the food?"

And the chips said, "We will."

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the clean, white chips from the pile
of wood

Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.

Mother went on till she came to the cow.

Mother said: "Good Cow, the pump gave me nice, clear water. The wood-pile gave me clean, white chips for Baby Ray. Will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow said, "I will."

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the
baby's bath.

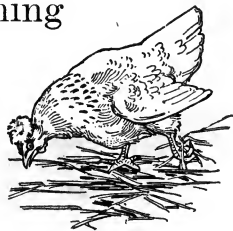
And the clean, white chips from
the pile of wood



Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright.

Top-knot Bidy was scratching
in the straw.

Mother said to her: "Good
Bidy, the pump gave me
nice, clear water. The wood-



pile gave me clean, white chips. The cow
gave me warm, rich milk for Baby Ray.
Will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen said, "I will."

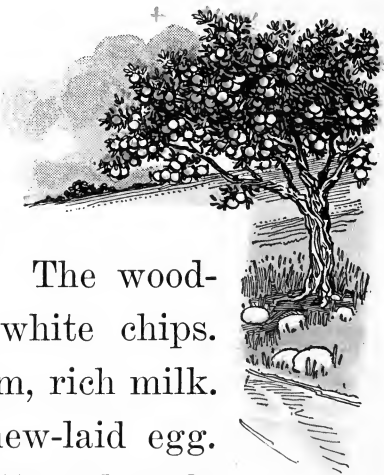
The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the clean, white chips from the pile
of wood

Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And Top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.

Then Mother went
on till she came to the
apple tree:

She said: "Good
Tree, the pump gave
me nice, clear water. The wood-
pile gave me clean, white chips.
The cow gave me warm, rich milk.
The hen gave me a new-laid egg.
Will you give me a pretty red apple
for Baby Ray?" And the tree said, "I will."

So Mother took the apple and the egg
and the milk and the chips and the water
to the house. And there was Baby Ray
looking out of the window!





Then she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him. While she was doing this she told him the Wake-Up Story:

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of
wood

Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
Top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.

And the tree gave an apple so round and
so red,

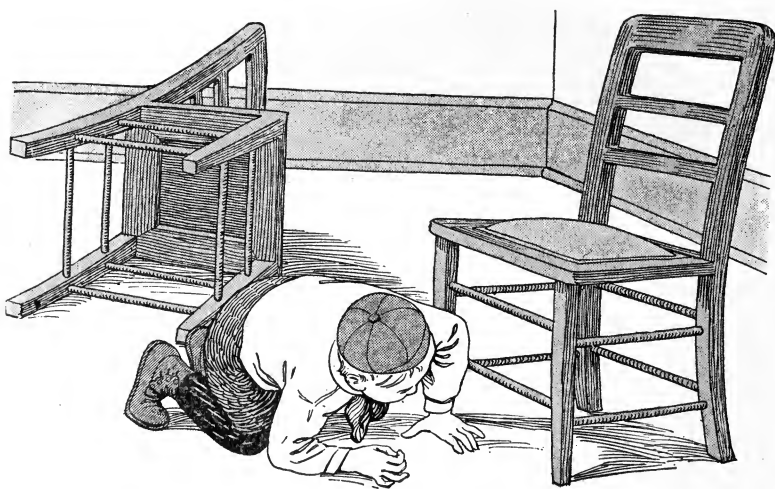
For dear Baby Ray who was just out of bed.

—Eudora Bumstead—Adapted.

THE BOY AND HIS CAP

I know a boy whose eyes are bright,
And sharper than a cat's at night;
He never even has to squint
When looking at the finest print.

A thousand things he's sure to spy,
Things that escape his mother's eye;
But though his bright eyes fairly snap
He, never, somehow, sees his cap.





I've seen him hunt it everywhere,
On every table, every chair,
And when his strength was wasted, quite,
His mother saw it, plain in sight.

I wonder if some fellow here
Can make this funny thing quite clear,
Can tell me why a bright-eyed chap,
Can never, never find his cap.

—*Rebecca B. Foresman.*



TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR



Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my window
peep;

For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark;
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—*Jane Taylor.*

WHAT LIGHTS THE STARS AT NIGHT?

I've wondered, oh, so many times,
What lights the stars at night,
And now, at last I've found it out!
I know that I am right!



For only half an hour ago
A band of bright fireflies
Danced in and out among the trees,
A-searching for the skies!



And just a minute after that
The stars shone clear and bright!
Of course, the fireflies lighted them!
Now, tell me, am I right?

—*Emeline Goodrow.*

LUCKY HANS

I

Hans had been away from home for seven years.

He had worked hard and now he wanted to go home to see his mother.



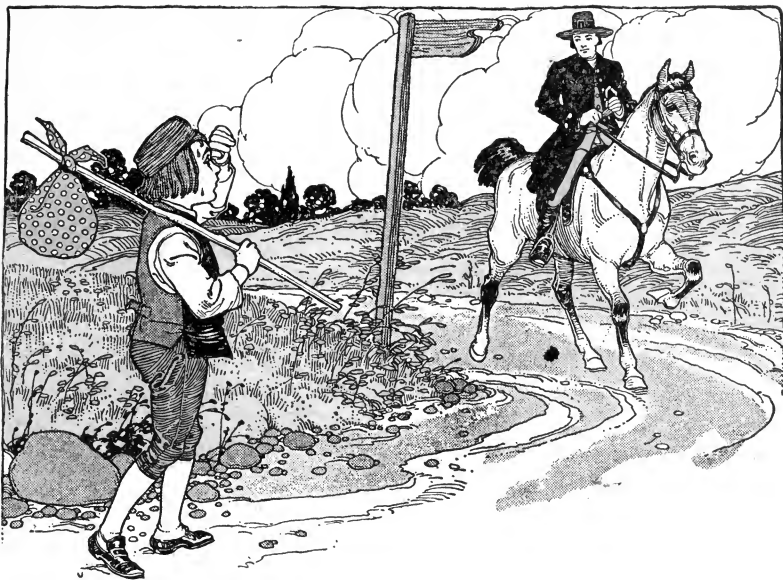
His master said to him, "You have been a good boy. You may go home, Hans. You have worked hard and

I will pay you well."

So he gave Hans a piece of silver as big as his head.

"How lucky I am!" said Hans. He tied up the silver in his handkerchief and put it over his shoulder. Then he started for home.

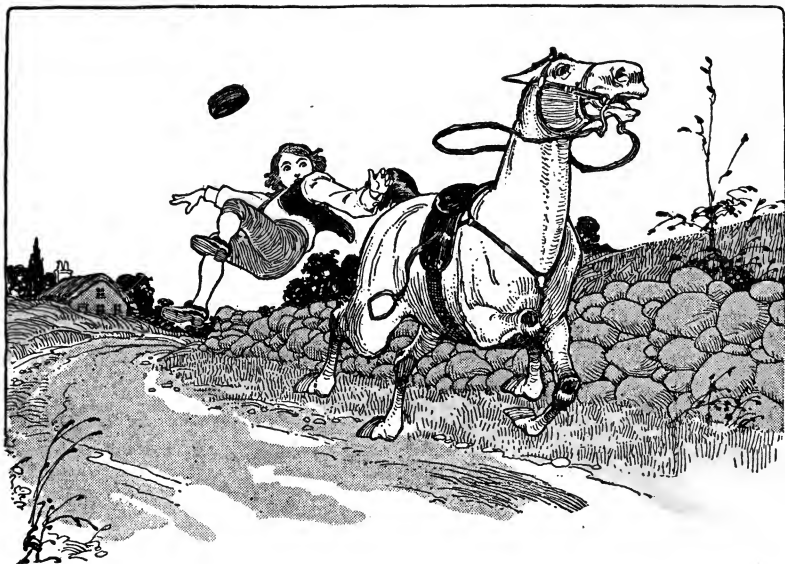
It was a hot day, and the piece of silver began to feel very heavy. Hans soon got very tired.



By and by he saw a man coming down the road. He was riding on a fine horse that went cloppety-clop! cloppety-clop!

The man was so happy that he sang a song as he rode along.

“Oh, dear!” said Hans. “How tired I am! This silver is so heavy that it makes my shoulders ache. I wish I had a horse that went cloppety-clop! cloppety-clop! Then I could be happy, too, and sing as I rode along. If I only had a fine horse!”



The man heard Hans. "Why do you go on foot, then?" he asked.

"I want to go home," said Hans, "but I have a heavy load. It is only a lump of silver, but it is so heavy that it hurts my shoulder."

"Let us change," said the man. "I will take the silver and you may take the horse. When you want to go fast, smack your lips and say, 'Jip!'"

"I will be glad to change," said Hans.

So the man took the silver, and Hans got on the horse. "How lucky I am," he said. Away he rode, cloppety-clop! cloppety-clop!

Soon he wanted to go faster. He smacked his lips and said "Jip!" Away went the horse, faster and faster. Away went Hans, too, off the horse. The horse ran away as fast as he could go.

II

Just then another man came along. This man was driving a cow. He caught the horse and brought it back to Hans.



"How do you feel?" asked the man.

"Oh, I ache everywhere," said Hans. "No more horses for me! But I wish I had your cow. I could walk slowly after her along the sunny road. I could have milk, butter, and cheese every day."

"Let us change," said the man. "You take the cow and I will take the horse."



Hans clapped his hands for joy. "How lucky I am!" he said.

The man got on the horse and rode away. Hans drove the cow slowly along the road. He walked on and on and on until he got very tired.

He got thirsty, too, oh, so thirsty! "I know what to do," said Hans. "I will milk my cow and drink the milk."

So he tied the cow to a tree. Then he tried to milk her but he could not get a drop of milk.

He tried and tried until the cow got very cross. At last she kicked Hans, and over he went in the dust.

Hans lay on the ground a long time.

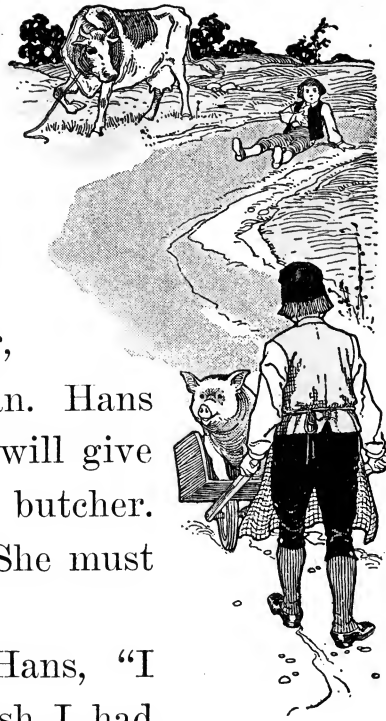
At last a butcher came along the road. He had a pig in a wheelbarrow.

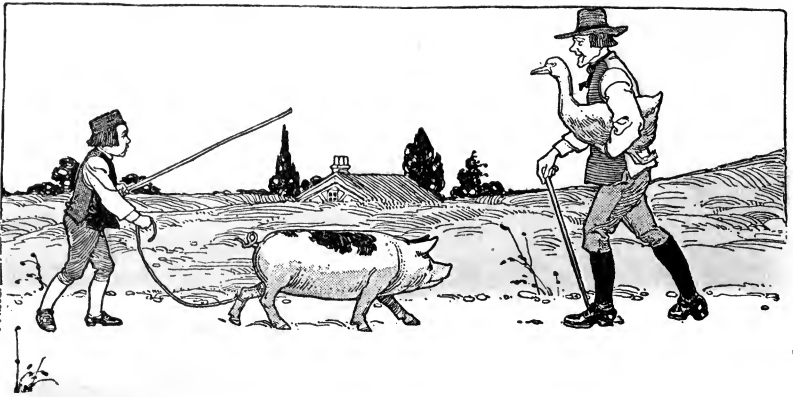
“What is the matter, my boy?” asked the man. Hans told him. “That cow will give no milk,” said the butcher. “She is an old cow. She must be killed for beef.”

“Oh, dear!” said Hans, “I don’t like beef. I wish I had a pig. Then I could kill it and eat it. I like pork better.”

“Let us change,” said the butcher. “You take the pig and I will take the cow.”

“How lucky I am!” said Hans. He gave the cow to the butcher. Then he took the pig off the wheelbarrow and tied a string around its leg.





Off he went, driving the pig. "Now my troubles are over," he said.

By and by he met a man carrying a goose. "Where are you going?" asked the man. Hans told him about the horse and the cow. "Now I have a fine pig," said Hans.

The man shook his head. "Listen, my boy," he said. "Your pig may get you into trouble. Do you see that little town over there? It is on your way.

"A pig has been stolen there and they are looking for the thief. They will see this pig and will think it is the stolen pig. Then they will throw you into the pond."

This frightened Hans very much. "Let us change," he said. "You take the pig and I will take the goose."

"Very well," said the man. So they made the change.

"How lucky I am to get rid of that pig!" said Hans, as he walked along, carrying the big white goose.

III

When he got to the little town, he saw a scissors-grinder working and singing. "You look happy," said Hans.

"I am happy," said the scissors-grinder. "A good scissors-grinder always has money in his pocket. Where did you get that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it," Hans answered. "I changed a pig for it."





“And where did you get the pig?” asked the scissors-grinder. “I did not buy it,” answered Hans. “I changed a cow for it.”

“And where did you get the cow?” asked the scissors-grinder. “I did not buy it,” answered Hans. “I changed a horse for it.”

“And where did you get the horse?” asked the scissors-grinder. “I did not buy it,” answered Hans. “I changed a piece of silver for the horse. The piece of silver was as big as my head.”

“And where did you get the silver?” asked the scissors-grinder. “Oh, I worked seven long years for that,” answered Hans.

“You have done well,” said the scissors-grinder, “but you can do better. You can always find money in your pocket.”

“How can I do that?” asked Hans. “Oh,” said the man, “you must be a scissors-grinder like me. All you need is a grindstone.”

“Let us change,” said Hans. “You take the goose and I will take the grindstone.” “I am willing,” said the scissors-grinder. So they made the change.

“How lucky I am!” said Hans as the scissors-grinder went off with the goose.

Hans took the heavy stone and walked on and on and on until he got very tired. He was hungry and thirsty, too.



By and by he came to a pond. "Now I will drink," said Hans to himself. He put the stone on the bank and leaned down to get a drink.



Just then his hand slipped and pushed the stone. Down the bank it went sliding into the pond.

Hans watched it go down, down into the water until he could see it no longer. Now he had no stone to carry.

Hans was as happy as he could be. "How lucky I am!" he said. "No one was ever so lucky as I am."

Then he got up and went on to his mother's house.

—*German Tale.*



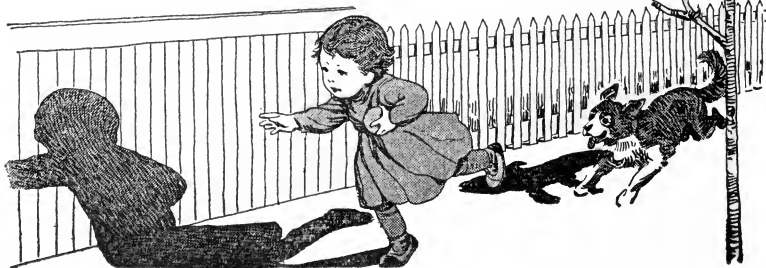
MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than
I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up
to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.



The funniest thing about him is
the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children,
which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller,
like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that
there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how
children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me
in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's
a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie
as that shadow sticks to me!





One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE NAUGHTY SHADOW

Once there was a little boy who wanted his shadow to come to him. "Come to me," the boy said. "I want you; come to me."

But the shadow stood still.

Then the boy ran toward the shadow, but the shadow ran away. The little boy ran faster, but the shadow ran just as fast as he did. It would not come to him.

When at last the little boy was tired and sat down to rest, the shadow sat down, too.

"If you won't come to me," said the little boy, "sit still, and I will come to you."

The little boy got up, but the shadow got up, too.

Then the little boy became angry. "Do as you please," he said. "You are a naughty shadow. I shall not ask you again to come to me."

Then the little boy turned and ran away from the shadow. He ran and ran and ran.

After he had run a long time, he looked back.

There was the little shadow, close to him.

“Oho!” said the little boy. “Now I know how to make you come to me!”

—*Russian Tale.*

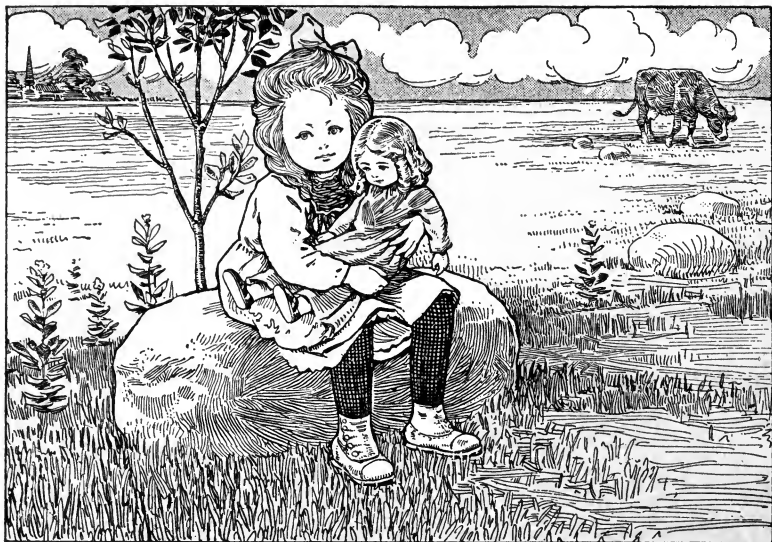
BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed, and see
The birds still hopping on the tree.
Or hear the grown up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.



I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away.

And her arm's trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—*Charles Kingsley.*



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Once an ant and a grasshopper lived in the same field.

The ant was a great worker. In summer she laid up food for the winter. But the grasshopper was lazy and played all day.

“Why do you work so hard, friend ant?” said the grasshopper, one summer day. “I dance and sing and have a good time.”

“If I play in summer,” said the ant, “what shall I do for food in winter?”

“Winter is a long way off,” said the grasshopper as he went away, singing.

“Poor grasshopper!” said the ant. “He will live and learn.”



At last winter came. The birds had all gone away and snow covered the ground. How cold it was!

The ant had gone into her warm house, which was full of food. The cold could not harm her.

But the poor grasshopper had no home and no food. He was stiff with cold and he was very hungry, too.

So the grasshopper went to the ant's house. "Will you give me something to eat?" he asked. "I have had nothing to eat for two days. The snow is so deep that I can find no food."

"Poor grasshopper!" said the ant. "In summer you sang while I was hard at work. Now you may dance."

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.



THE TWO SHOPS

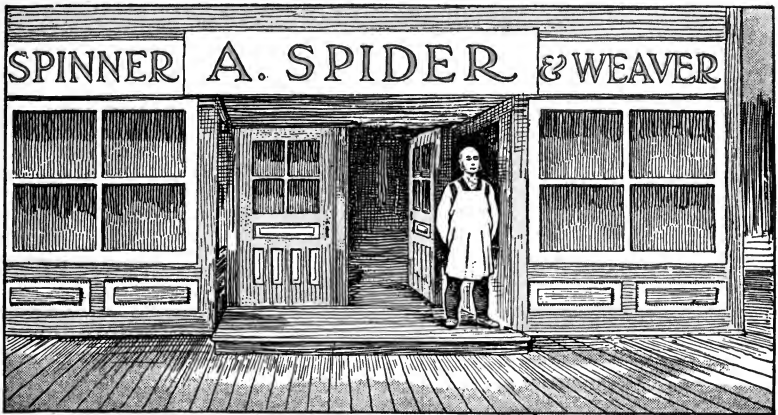
Once a silkworm built a little shop. She sold fine silk thread which she spun herself.

Many people came to her shop to buy the beautiful thread.

They said: "We will weave it into silk. Then the baby can have a silk cap, Mother can have a silk dress, and Grandmother can have a beautiful silk shawl."

The silkworm soon sold all the thread that she had in her shop.



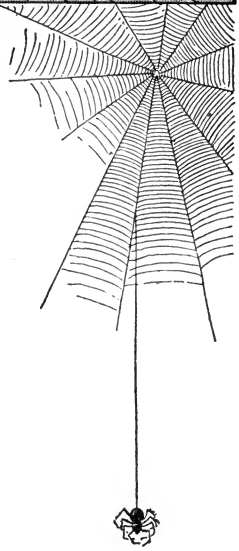


The spider built a shop, too. She spun fine thread and wove it into webs, but no one came to buy them.

The spider was angry. "Why do they buy from the silkworm who can only spin?" she said.

"I spin and weave, too. Which is finer, the silkworm's thread, or my web?"

"Your web is finer," said the bee. "But what good is it? It is not warm, and it will not wear."



THE FROG WHO TRIED TO BE AS BIG AS AN OX

Once an ox came to a pond to get a drink of water. Some little frogs were playing on the bank of the pond. They had never seen an ox before and they were very much frightened.

So they ran to their mother and said, "Oh, mother, we have seen such a big animal, drinking all the water out of our pond!"

Now, the mother was a proud old frog who thought that she could puff herself up and make herself as big as the strange animal was.

"How big was this wonderful beast that you saw? Was it as big as this?" she asked, blowing and puffing herself out.

"Oh, it was much bigger than that, mother," said the young frogs.

Then puffing and blowing with all her might, she asked them, "Was this strange animal as big as I am now?"

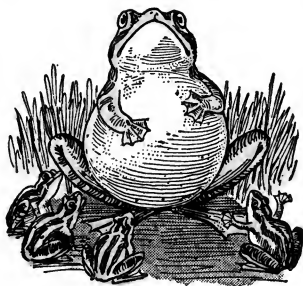
“Oh, mother,” answered the little frogs, “if you were to try till you burst, you would not be half as big as the beast that we saw drinking in the pond.”

But the silly old frog was so proud that she tried again and again to puff herself out still more.

But each time the little frogs told her that the strange beast was bigger than she was. At last she puffed so hard that she burst herself.

How foolish it is to try to do what we can not do.

..—Retold from a Fable by *Æsop*.



PLEASING EVERYBODY

Once an old man and his little boy were taking a small donkey to the next town where they wanted to sell it. They walked along the road together and drove the donkey before them.

On the way they met a man who said to them, "How foolish you are! Surely that donkey is stronger than you are. Why does not one of you get on his back and ride? Riding is easier than walking."

So the old man put the boy on the donkey's back and they went on again.

Soon they met another man. "You lazy boy!" he cried. "Are you not ashamed to ride and let your poor old father go along the road on foot?"

So the old man told the little boy to get off and walk. Then the old man got on the donkey's back and they went on again, toward the town.

Then two women passed them. One of them said, "Look at that selfish old man. He rides, and makes his poor little son follow behind on foot. There is room enough on the donkey's back for both the old man and the boy."

So the old man took up the boy behind him, and they rode along together.

Then they met another man, who asked them, "Is this your own donkey?"

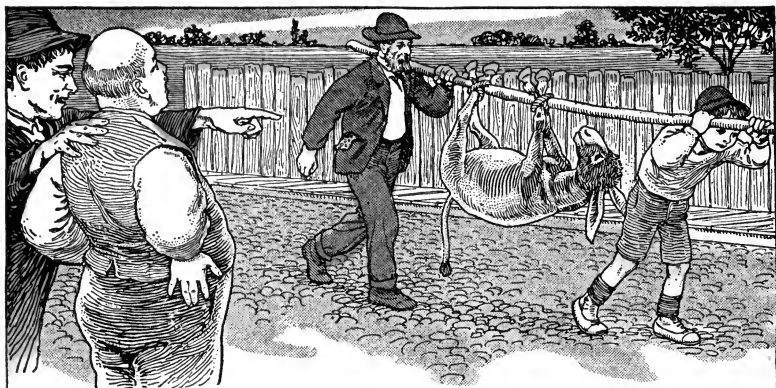
"It is," answered the old man.

"I should not think so," said the man. "You use it very badly. If it is your donkey, why do you give it such a heavy load?"

"You two are better able to carry that poor little donkey, than he is to carry you."

So the old man and the little boy got off the donkey and tied its legs to a pole. Then they lifted the pole over their shoulders and in this way carried the donkey.

The load was so very heavy that they had to walk slowly.



By and by they reached the town. “Ho, ho! ho, ho, ho!” laughed every one they met. “What a funny sight! Whoever saw a man and a boy carrying a donkey? Ho, ho! ho, ho, ho!”

The old man became very angry. He put the donkey down, untied him, and threw away the pole.

“Now I shall do just what I thought best at first,” he said to the little boy. “You and I will walk and we will drive the donkey before us.”

He who tries to please everybody pleases nobody.

—Retold from a Fable by *Æsop*.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A dog once lay in a manger that was full of hay.

A hungry ox came to the manger and wanted to eat the hay, but the dog growled at him and would not let him touch it.

“Shame on you, cross dog!” said the ox. “You ought to be whipped and made to starve the rest of your life. For you can not eat the hay, and you will not let anyone else have any.”

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.



LITTLE MOUSE AND THE STRANGERS

Little Mouse: Squeak! squeak! squeak! Oh
mother, mother! I have had
such a fright!

Mother Mouse: What is the matter, Little
Mouse? Where have you
been?

Little Mouse: Oh, mother! I was tired of
our little home, so I have been
out to see the world.

Mother Mouse: Oh, my dear child! Did you
go all alone? No wonder you
are frightened. Home is best
for a Little Mouse. Where did
you go?

Little Mouse: I went to the barnyard. Squeak! squeak! It frightens me yet, when I think of it.

Mother Mouse: Tell me about it. What did you see to frighten you so?

Little Mouse: At first I was not frightened. I saw a beautiful animal who looked a little like me.

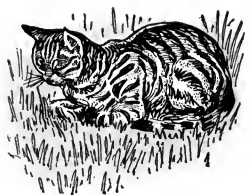
Mother Mouse: A little like you? Oh, no! There is no one like you in the barnyard.

Little Mouse: Yes, she was like me, mother, but she was much bigger than I am. She had fur like mine, but it was much longer.

Mother Mouse: Little Mouse, you frighten me. Quick, quick! Tell me more about this animal. I am afraid I know who it was.

Little Mouse: She was lying on the grass, in the sun. She looked kind and gentle. I thought she might like little mice, so I started to go up and speak to her. She made a pleasant sound—purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!

Mother Mouse: Oh, my dear Little Mouse, that was a cat! You have been in great danger. The cat does like little mice, but she likes them to eat!



Quick, tell me! You did not try to speak to her, did you?

Little Mouse: No, mother; I did not have time. For just then I saw a strange and dreadful animal.

Mother Mouse: Who could that be, Little Mouse? The cat is the most dreadful animal you could see.

Little Mouse: Oh, no, mother! Listen, and I will tell you. This animal had a long, sharp nose.

Mother Mouse: A long, sharp nose? The pig has a long nose, but it is not sharp.

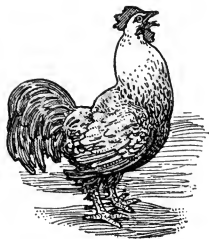
Little Mouse: He had a red chin that shook when he moved.

Mother Mouse: A red chin? None of the animals in the barnyard have a red chin. This must have been a strange wild beast. Tell me more about him.

Little Mouse: He had something red on his head, too, and he had only two legs.

He stretched out his long neck and made a dreadful noise—Cock - a - doodle - doo!
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Mother Mouse: Oh, squee-hee-hee! Never mind if I laugh, Little Mouse. Now I know what the strange beast was. That was a cock! He has a red comb and a long beak, but he will not harm you.



Little Mouse: But mother, how shall I tell what beasts will harm me? The cat looked so kind and the cock looked so fierce.

Mother Mouse: Do not speak to strange beasts. You can not tell by their looks what they will do. Remember, Little Mouse, that good deeds are better than good looks.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.

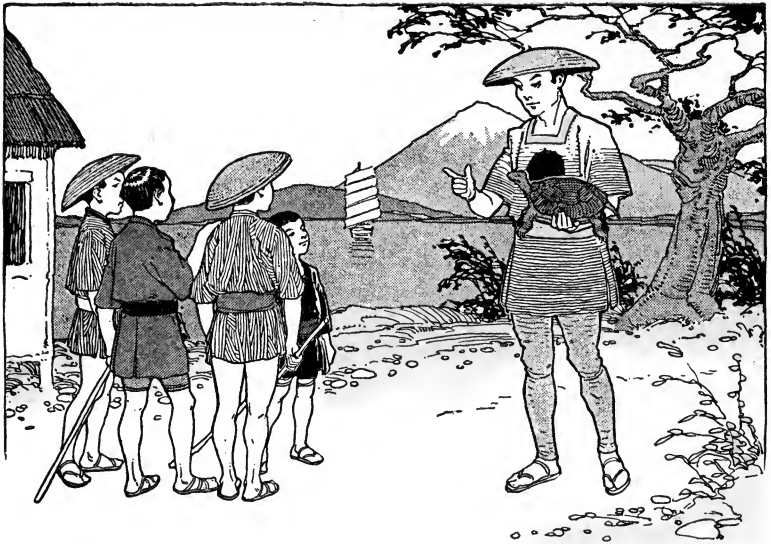
THE COW

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders, lowing, here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



TARO AND THE TURTLE

Taro was a fisherman who lived long, long ago. He was young and strong and he could catch more fish than anybody else.

He was very kind, too. In all his life he never had teased or hurt anything.

One time when Taro had been fishing all day, he was very tired and hungry. He was going home to eat and rest.

On his way he saw a crowd of boys who had caught a turtle and were teasing it.

Taro felt so sorry for the turtle that he gave the boys some money and they gave him the turtle. Then Taro talked kindly to the boys until they promised him not to tease animals again.

Taro stroked the turtle's back. "Poor thing!" he said. "I will take you to your home in the sea. I have heard that a turtle can live a thousand years. Do not let anyone catch you again. Then you will live a thousand years."

So Taro put the turtle into the water and went home, for he was tired.

The next morning Taro got up early and went out in his boat to fish. The sky and the sea were very blue and the air was soft and warm.

Taro went on and on in his little boat. He passed all the other boats and went far, far out on the sea.

"Oh, I am so happy!" he said. "I wish I could live a thousand years, like the turtle."

All at once Taro heard some one calling him. "Taro! Taro! Taro!" called the voice. The voice was as clear as a bell.

Taro stood up in his boat and looked out over the water, but he could see no boats.

"Who is calling me?" he asked.

"I am calling you, Taro," said a clear, soft voice. "I have come to thank you for saving my life."

There, by the side of the boat, was the turtle that Taro had put back into the water.

"Will you go with me, Taro?" said the turtle. "I will take you to my home. It is in the Sea-King's palace at the bottom of the sea. It is always summer there."

"I am strong," said Taro, "but I can not swim so far."

"Get on my back," said the turtle.

"Oh, but you are too small," said Taro. "You can not carry me. But I am very sorry that I can not go. I should like to see the Sea-King's palace, and the land of summer."

Taro looked sadly at the turtle. But what did he see? The turtle was getting bigger and bigger! It grew bigger than Taro!

“Now I am not too small,” said the turtle. Taro got on its back. Down they went into the sea, through the clear water.

At last they saw a great gate and behind it the Sea-King’s palace. All around it was the land of summer, where birds sang and flowers bloomed.

Taro and the turtle went up to the great gate. A gatekeeper stood there. He was a fish, and all his helpers were fishes.

“This is Taro,” said the turtle. Then all at once the turtle was gone.

“Come with us, Taro,” said the gatekeeper. “We know where to take you.”

The gate opened and Taro and the fishes went into the Sea-King’s palace.

They took him to a beautiful Princess. Her dress was green, like the under side of a wave and her voice was as clear as a bell.



“Come here, Taro,” she said. “I am the Sea-King’s child. Yesterday you saved my life. Here in the land of summer I am a Princess. When I go to your land I change to a turtle. I was the turtle you saved.

“This morning I heard you wish you could live a thousand years. Come and live with me. I will share everything with you.”

So Taro and the Princess lived a thousand years in the land of summer, under the sea.

—*Japanese Tale.*

THE ELEPHANT AND THE MONKEY

Once upon a time an elephant and a monkey had a quarrel.

The elephant was proud because he was so strong. "See how big and strong I am!" he said. "Can you pull a tree down?"

Now the monkey was proud because he was so quick. "See how fast I can run and climb!" he said. "Can you climb a tree? Can you hang by your tail on a branch?"

At last they went to a wise old owl.

"We can not agree," they said. "Tell us what you think about it. Which is better—to be strong, or to be quick?"

The owl said to them, "Do just as I tell you, so that I may find out which is better."

"We will do just as you tell us," they said.

"Very well," said the owl. "Do you see that great fruit tree across the river? Go and pick the fruit and bring it to me."

So they went to the river, but the water was so swift that the monkey was afraid.



“Get on my back,” said the elephant proudly. “I am big and strong. I am not afraid to swim across a swift river.”

So the monkey got on the elephant’s back, and they soon got across the river.

On they went until they came to the tree. It was very thick and so tall that the fruit hung high above them.

The elephant tried to break the tree down, but it was too thick. He tried to reach the fruit with his trunk, but it was too high.

“Wait a minute,” said the monkey, proudly. “I can climb.” He ran quickly up the tree, and threw down the rich, ripe fruit.

The elephant put the fruit into his great mouth.

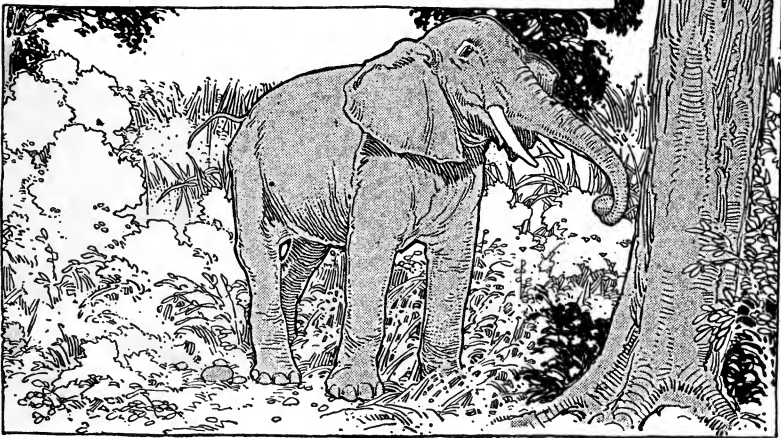
Then they crossed the stream as they had done before, and gave the fruit to the owl.

“Now,” they said, “which is better—to be strong, or to be quick?”

“Can any one tell which is better?” asked the owl. “Neither of you could get the fruit alone.

“It took the elephant’s strength and the monkey’s quickness. One crossed the stream; the other gathered the fruit.”

—A Tale from India.



THE BEAR WHO PLAYED SOLDIER

Once a man had a tame bear which he led from place to place. The bear had been trained to march and play ball and dance.

Children came to see the man and his tame bear and they gave their pennies to the man.

The bear was so big and black that he looked very fierce but he really was kind and gentle.

One night the man went to an inn to eat his supper. He thought that the bear was tied fast to a post outside.

The inn-keeper had three little boys. The oldest was six years old, the next was four, and the baby was two.

The little boys were upstairs playing soldier. Each one had a gun and the oldest boy had a drum. They marched in a row—left, right! left, right! The drum beat—rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-too! They were having a fine time.

Then they heard a noise—tramp, tramp! tramp, tramp! tramp, tramp! Someone was coming upstairs. Who was it? The door opened and the big black bear came in.

The children were so frightened that they hid in corners of the room. The big bear went to each one and snuffed at them but he did not hurt them.

By and by the children came out of the corners and said, "This is only a big, black dog."

They began to pat the bear and then he lay down and the baby climbed on him.

Soon the oldest boy got his drum again and began to beat it—rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-too! rat-a-tat-too!

The bear got up on his hind legs and began to dance. "The big dog wants to play soldier," said the children. "Let us play."

So the children got their guns. The bear wanted a gun, too, so they gave him one and he knew how to hold it just right.



Then the children began to march around the room with the big black bear. Left, right! left, right! Rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-too!

Just then the mother of the children came in and saw the big bear. Oh, how frightened she was! She called for help and the bear's master came running up the stairs. "Do not be afraid of my bear," he said. "He is tame and will not hurt the children." Then he called the bear and led him away.

"We like to play soldier with the big dog," said the baby. "Let him come again."

—Hans Christian Andersen.

THE NEW VOICES

I

Once the birds and beasts all grew tired of their voices.

The fox said, "I want to crow like the cock." The hawk said, "I want to chirp like the sparrow." The wolf said, "I want to bleat like the sheep."

Every bird and every animal in the world wanted to change.

So they went to the Wise Man. "We are all tired of our voices," they said. "We want to change them. You are wise and know how to teach us. Will you help us to get our wish?"

"I will teach you," said the Wise Man. "But you must make good use of your new voices."

So he taught each bird and each animal how to change his voice. They all went back to their homes as happy as they could be.



II

Soon afterward, the fox went to the barnyard. “Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!” he called. “See this fat worm. Come and get it! Come and get it!”

When the hens heard him, they thought it was the cock. They ran to get the worm and the fox ate them up.

Then the wolf went to the sheep-fold. “Baa-baa! baa-baa!” he called. “It is late and I am tired. Open the door and let me come in.”

The lambs heard him. "That is mother," they said as they ran to open the door. Then the wolf ate them up.

Then the hawk went to the sparrows' nest. "Tweet-tweet! tweet-tweet!" he called. He tapped at the door of the nest.

"That is father," said the little sparrows. "He has something nice for breakfast." As soon as they opened the door, the hawk ate them up.

III

So all the beasts and the birds in the world began to do harm.

Then the Wise Man was sorry that he had taught them how to get new voices. So he called them together and said, "This will never do. You must take back your own voices because you have not made good use of your new ones.

"Everything you learn should help you to do good."

—A Tale from India.

THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,

Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the
sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the sea,
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

Fly away, fly away over the sea,

Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the
sun.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*



THE OLD WOMAN WHO WANTED ALL THE CAKES

One day an old woman was baking cakes. She wore a black dress and a little white cape. On her head was a little red cap.

A poor old man said to her, "I am hungry. Please give me one of those nice cakes."

The little old woman said, "I will bake you one little cake. That is all you can have."

So she took a small piece of dough. She rolled it and rolled it. Then she patted it and patted it, and made a small cake.

But it began to grow bigger and bigger.

“You can not have this cake,” said the old woman. “It is too big.” So she put it into the oven for herself.

Then she took a tiny bit of dough. She rolled it and rolled it. Then she patted it and patted it, and made a tiny cake.

But it began to grow bigger and bigger.

“I can not give you this cake,” said the old woman. “It is much too big.” So she put that cake into the oven for herself, too.

Then she tried again with a tiny, tiny bit of dough as small as a grain of wheat. She rolled it and patted it and made a cake as small as a grain of wheat.

And that cake began to grow, too. It got bigger and bigger and bigger.

“I will not give you any cake at all,” said the old woman. “These cakes are all too big to give away. I want them myself.”

So the old man went away, hungry, and the old woman sat down to eat the cakes.

As she was eating, she began to grow smaller. She got smaller and smaller.

She felt her nose—it was a beak! She looked at her hands—they were wings! She looked at her feet—they were claws!

She still had on a black dress and a white cape and a little red cap. But they were all feathers! She had changed to a bird.

You will see the little old woman some day. She hops up and down trees, hunting for food. She has to work hard to get it.

You will know her when you see her. You will say, "There is the black dress, and the white cape, and the little red cap."

For the old woman was changed to a woodpecker.



—*Norse Tale.*

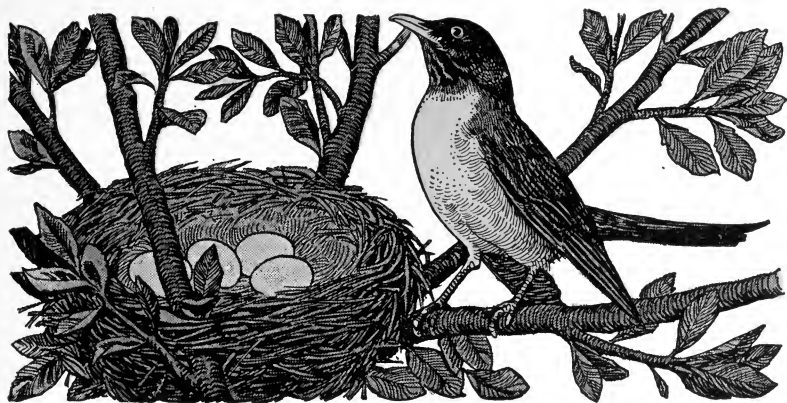


ROBIN'S SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told
me,
And nobody knows it but just us three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings—in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly
about,
Then the whole secret will be out.



LITTLE BIRD BLUE

Little Bird Blue, come sing us your song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates, and we're tired of
sleds,
We're tired of snow-banks as high as our
heads;
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will
come,
The robins will call and the honey-bees
hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and
gray,
Will sit in the willow-trees over the way;
So hurry; please do,
Little Bird Blue!



THE MAGPIE'S LESSON

One spring all the birds wanted to build their nests.

“The magpie knows how,” they said. “Let us ask her to show us. She makes the best nest.”

“Yes, come and watch me,” said the magpie. “See! First, I take some mud. Then I shape it like a cup.”

“Oh, I see how to do it!” said the thrush.

Away she flew to build her nest. So all thrushes have a nest like a mud-cup.

“Next I get some sticks,” said the magpie. “I lay them in the mud.”

“Now I know all about it,” said the blackbird. Away she flew to build her nest. So the blackbird’s nest is nothing but mud and sticks.

“Then I take some twigs,” said the magpie. “I wind them around the nest.”

“That is a fine plan,” said the sparrow. Away she flew to build her nest. So the sparrows always make a rough nest of twigs.

“Now I take soft feathers to make a lining for the nest,” said the magpie.

“That suits me,” said the swallow. Away she flew to build her nest. So the swallows all have warm nests lined with soft feathers.

“Last, I take more mud and sticks,” said the magpie, “to build the nest higher.”

But none of the birds heard her. They had all gone to build their nests.

So that is why the nests of birds are not alike.

The magpie’s nest is still the best of all.

—*Old English Tale.*

THE ANIMALS THAT FOUND A HOME

I

Once upon a time there was a ram that was being fed so that he would become fat.

One day when the man brought him food he said, "Eat all you want, poor ram. You will not be here long. Tomorrow you will be mutton."

"I think I will have something to say about that," said the ram. "I would rather be ram than mutton."



So he ate all the food he could. Then he put his head down and ran against the door. He struck it with his horns and it flew open.

"Now I am free!" said the ram. "I will find my friend, the pig."

The pig was in the sty, eating from a trough full of corn. He looked very fat.

"Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met," said the ram to the pig.

“Good-day, and thanks to you,” said the pig. “I am very glad to see you.”

“Do you know why they feed you so well?” said the ram.

“No,” said the pig, “can you tell me?”

“Well, eat all you want now, poor pig. You will not be here long. Soon you will be pork,” said the ram.



“I think I will have something to say about that,” said the pig.

“I would rather be pig than pork.”

“Then come with me,” said the ram. “We will go to the woods and build a house, and live by ourselves. There is nothing like having a home of your own.”

“Very well,” said the pig. “This is a good time to start.”



When they had gone a little way they met a goose. The goose was very fat, too. She was eating meal as fast as she could.

“Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met,” said the ram.

“Good-day, and thanks to you,” said the goose.

“Do you know why they feed you so well?” said the ram.

“No,” said the goose, “can you tell me?”

“Well, eat all you want now, poor goose. Soon you will be a roasted goose.”

“I think I will have something to say about that,” said the goose. “I would rather be a live goose than a roasted goose. Where are you going?”

“We are going to the woods to build a house,” said the ram.

“Let me go with you. I will help you.”

“Gabbling and quacking will not build a house,” said the pig. “What can you do?”

“I can gather moss and fill the cracks,” said the goose.

“Well, you may come with us,” said the pig. “I like to be warm.”



When they had gone a little farther they saw a cock. He was very fat. He was running about the barnyard picking up grain.

“Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met,” said the ram.

“Good-day, and thanks to you,” said the cock.

“Do you know why they feed you so well?” said the ram.

“No,” said the cock, “can you tell me?”

“Well, eat all you want now, poor cock. Soon you will be soup.”

“I think I will have something to say about that,” said the cock. “I would rather be a cock than soup. Where are you and the pig and the goose going?”

“We are going to the woods to build a house,” said the ram.

“May I go with you?” said the cock. “I will help you to build your house.”

“Flapping and crowing will not build a house,” said the pig. “What can you do?”

“I am early to rise and early to crow,” said the cock. “I can wake you in the morning.”

“Early to rise,

Makes you wealthy and wise,”

said the pig. “It is hard for me to wake up. You may come and crow for us.”

II

So they all set off to the woods and built the house. The ram and the pig were strong. They did the hard work. The goose gathered moss and filled the cracks. The cock crowed to get them up early.

Soon the house was ready. The roof was covered with bark and they had a snug little home. They were very happy together.

Now a little farther in the woods lived two hungry wolves.

When they first saw the little house one of them said, “We have neighbors. I wonder what they are like.”

“I will go to see,”
said the other. “May-
be I can get some
breakfast.” He went

to the little house,

opened the door, and walked in.

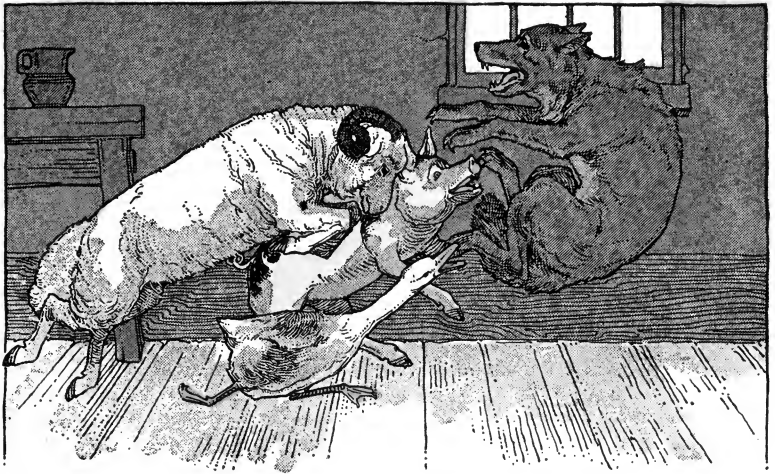
But the ram and his friends had been ex-
pecting the wolf. They knew what kind of
breakfast he liked.

The minute he came in the ram rushed at
him and struck him with his strong horns.
The pig snapped and bit. The goose nipped
and pecked. The cock flew up to the house-
top and crowed.

They threw the wolf out of the house. He
ran back to his home in the woods as fast
as he could go.

“How do you like our new neighbors?”
asked the other wolf.

“Our neighbors!” cried the wolf. “Nice
neighbors they are! A great giant came and
fought me with his head.



“Then a troll tried to eat me up, while a witch with scissors snipped off bits of my fingers, and someone on the roof called out, ‘Throw him up to me! Throw him up to me!’ You may be sure that I will never go to that house again.”

So the wolves kept away, and the ram and his friends were happy in the little home, and ate all they wanted.

“Now we can get as fat as we please,” said the pig.

—*Old Norse Tale.*

THE BELL OF ATRI

I

Good King John lived in Atri long ago. He wished everyone to be happy. He was sorry when anyone did wrong.

One day he said, "I have a plan that will help my people. I will build a tower with a bell in it. The bell-rope shall be long so that anyone can reach it. Even little children can ring the bell.

"When anyone is in trouble he may go to the bell-tower and ring the bell. Then one of my judges must go to the bell-tower, too. He must hear what the one who rings the bell has to say.

"The judge must find out why he is in trouble. He must find out who has treated him badly. Then he must punish the one who did wrong.

"This will teach my people to do good. They will try to be kind to each other. They will try to do no wrong to anyone."

So King John chose a place in the middle of the city and built a great bell-tower. The bell-rope reached to the ground so that even a child could ring it.

If a poor man was in trouble he went to the great bell-tower and rang the bell.

Then the judge put on his rich robes and hurried to the bell-tower. He heard what the poor man had to say and found the one who had done wrong. If he thought best, he punished him.

The bell hung in the tower many years. It was rung so often that at last the rope grew thin. Then some one tied a wisp of hay around it to make it stronger.

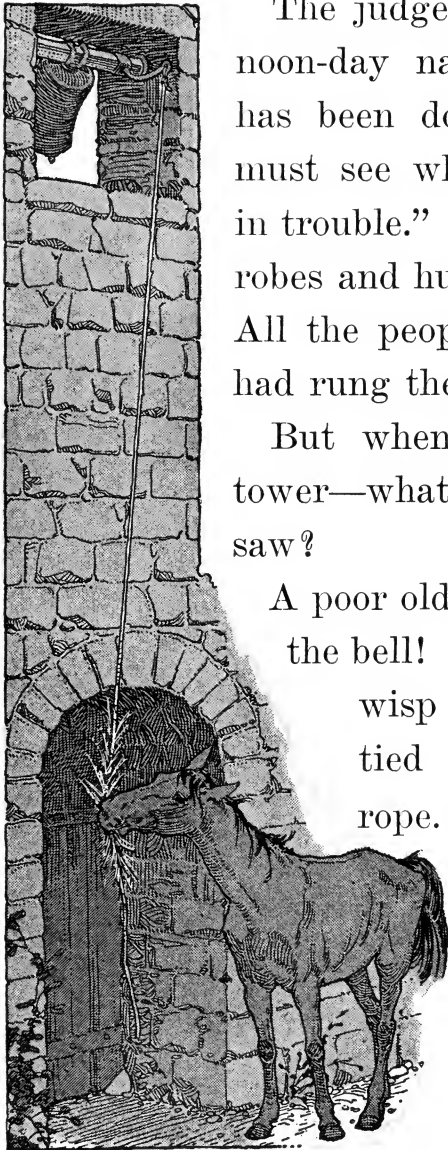
One summer noon the sun shone brightly on the bell-tower. It was very hot in Atri and all the people were indoors. Everyone was taking a noon-day rest.

All at once the bell rang. "Ding-dong! I tell of wrong! Ding-dong! I tell of wrong!" it called.

The judge woke up from his noon-day nap. "Some wrong has been done," he said. "I must see what poor person is in trouble." He put on his rich robes and hurried to the tower. All the people ran to see who had rung the bell.

But when they got to the tower—what do you think they saw?

A poor old horse was ringing the bell! He was eating the wisp of hay that was tied around the bell-rope. As he ate the hay, he pulled the rope. Then the bell rang, loud and clear—"Ding-dong! I tell of wrong!"



II

At first the judge was very angry. "I have lost my noon-day nap," he said. "I have hurried here to see what poor person was in trouble. And I find only a horse eating the bell-rope.

"Who put that wisp of hay on the rope? Find the man who did it and bring him to me. I will punish him. Take this horse away. What right has he to be here?"

Then the judge looked again at the horse. The poor beast was lame and almost blind. The judge saw that he was very thin. His bones were sharp, and his ribs were almost bare.

"This poor horse is very hungry," said the judge. "He is almost starving. That is why he is so thin. That is why he is eating the wisp of hay. Who owns this horse?"

An old man spoke up.

"This horse belongs to a rich man," he said. "See, he lives in that beautiful castle.

This horse carried him when he went to war. More than once this horse has saved his master's life.

“But when the horse got too old to work, his master turned him out. Now the poor old beast goes around and picks up his food wherever he can get it.

“He has nothing to eat unless he finds it for himself, and so he is hungry almost all the time.”

The judge was very angry when he heard that such a brave horse had a bad master.

“This poor horse is in trouble,” he said. “He did well to ring King John's bell. Bring his master to me.”

So the master was brought to the judge.

“Why have you left this poor horse to starve?” said the judge. “Did he not work for you as long as he could? Did he not save your life many times?”

The master hung his head in shame. He had not a word to say.

“You must care for this poor beast as long as he lives,” said the judge. “You must let him go back to his stable and you must give him all the food he needs.”

All the people clapped their hands.

“The poor horse will never be hungry again,” they said. “How glad we are.”

They led him back to his stable.

“There is no bell like the bell of Atri,” they said. “It helps all who are in trouble. Even a horse may ring it.”

—*Italian Tale.*



THE SUMMER-MAKER

I

Once upon a time there was only one season in the whole year and that season was winter.

Days, months, and years went by, but it was always cold. Snow covered everything and the lakes were frozen.



The trees were always bare. There were no leaves to dance and to play in the wind. There were no birds to sing, no flowers to bloom, and no brooks to murmur.

Ojeeg was a little Indian boy who lived in this land of snow. Big Hunter was his father.

Big Hunter did not mind the cold. He often went hunting and brought home a deer or a bear, to make a feast for his friends and for little Ojeeg.

Now, Ojeeg loved to hunt, too. He had a little bow and arrow and often went out to hunt for food.

But he never could go very far. He was a very little boy and his small fingers always got numb with the cold. Then he could not use the bow and arrow, so he had to go back to the wigwam.

He often cried because he had brought back no food. All the big boys laughed because Ojeeg could not keep his little hands warm.

Ojeeg got very tired of this. One day he said to himself, "I am going to ask my father to make summer.

"Grandmother told me all about summer. She says father can use magic and can make summer if he will. Then I can stay out of doors all day. I can learn to be a big hunter."

That night Big Hunter came back to the wigwam with a fine bear.

Little Ojeeg went to meet his father. His eyes were full of tears.

"Father, help me," he said. "I am tired of the cold and the snow. It makes my fingers so numb that I can not hold the bow and arrow.

"I want to hunt all day long as you do. I want to bring home food for my mother."

His father smiled, for he was very fond of his little son.

"But how can I help you?" he said. "You must learn to wait. You will grow, and your hands will get big and strong. Then they will not get so cold."

"I do not want to wait," said little Ojeeg. "I want you to make summer. Grandmother says you can. Do make summer, for me. Oh, do, father, do! Then I can be a big hunter like you."

Big Hunter thought a long time. "It will be very hard to do what you ask," he said, "but I will try."

II

So Big Hunter made a great feast. He roasted the bear whole, and asked three of his friends to come to the feast.

Then he told them about little Ojeeg and his troubles.

“Will you go with me to make summer for him?” he asked.

“We will go,” they said. “Then Ojeeg can hunt all day long. He will bring home a bear and make a feast for us.”

Big Hunter and his three friends, Otter, Beaver, and Badger made ready and started on their long journey.

On and on they went, for many, many days, until they came to a high mountain. It almost touched the sky, it was so high.

Big Hunter and his friends climbed to the very top.

“We must make a hole in the sky,” said Big Hunter. They stretched out their hands, but they could not reach the sky.

“We must jump,” said Big Hunter. “Otter, you are a great jumper. You must try first.”

So Otter jumped as high as he could, but he could not touch the sky. He fell back and rolled down the mountain.

“That is enough for me,” he said. “I shall not try such a jump again.” He ran home as fast as he could go.

Then it was Beaver’s turn. He drew himself together. Then he jumped—oh! how he jumped! But he could not reach the sky.

He had such a hard fall that he lay very still on the snow of the mountain-top.

“We must try another way,” said Big Hunter to Badger. “Stand on the very top of the mountain, and I will climb upon your shoulders. Then I will jump.”

So Badger stood like a rock. Then Big Hunter crouched like a cat on the strong shoulders of his friend.



Then he jumped! No one had ever jumped so high before. He touched the sky!

He fell back, but Badger caught him in his strong arms. Big Hunter jumped again and beat at the sky with his fists.

This time he made a little hole in the sky and a warm breeze came through it.

Once more Big Hunter crouched on the shoulders of his friend. Once more he gave a great jump and struck such a mighty blow that the sky opened.



Then down through the great hole rushed the birds and the soft warm winds and summer, beautiful summer!

Away they went to the cold land of snow, where little Ojeeg waited.

The soft warm air melted the snow and ice. Little brooks began to bubble and babble over the stones. Rivers flowed and lakes sparkled in the sun. Leaves came out on the trees. Flowers bloomed and birds sang.

Then little Ojeeg hunted and fished as much as he wanted, and brought food home to his mother. He made a great feast for the Summer-Maker and his friends.

He learned to be a great hunter, like his father, and the big boys laughed at him no more.

And ever since that time summer always comes once a year.

—*Indian Legend.*

THE THREE PIGS

I

Once three little pigs said to their mother, "We are big enough to earn our own living. Let us get something to do."

"Very well," said Mother Pig. "But look out for the wolf!"

So they set out.

The first pig met a man with some straw.

"Please give me some of that straw," said the little pig. "I want to build a house."

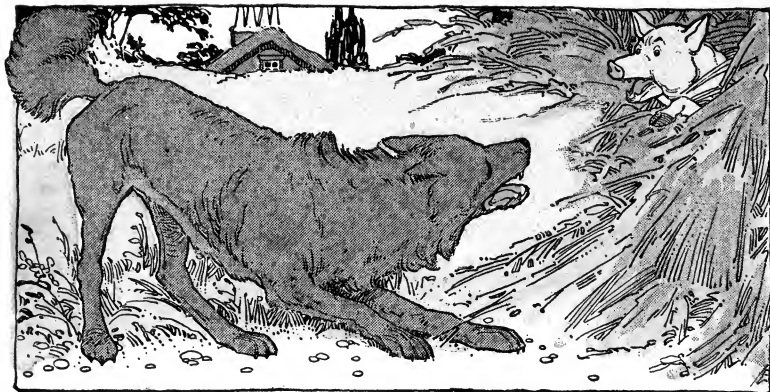
So the man gave him some straw, and the little pig built a straw house.

Along came the wolf. He knocked at the door, rap, rap, rap, and the little pig went to the window and looked out.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" said the wolf.

"No, by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

You are the wolf, and you can't come in!" said the little pig.



“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in,” said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in. Then he ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with some sticks.

“Please give me some of those sticks,” said the little pig. “I want to build a house.”

So the man gave him some sticks, and the little pig built a house of sticks.

Along came the wolf. He knocked at the door, rap, rap, rap. The little pig went to the window and looked out.

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!” said the wolf.

“No, by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

You are the wolf, and you can’t come in!” said the little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in,” said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he blew the house in. Then he ate up the little pig.

II

The third little pig met a man with some bricks.

“Please give me some bricks,” said the little pig. “I want to build a house.”

So the man gave him some bricks, and the little pig built a brick house.

Along came the wolf. He knocked at the door, rap, rap, rap. The little pig went to the window and looked out.

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!” said the wolf.

“No, by the hair of my chinny chin chin.
You are the wolf, and you can’t come in!”
said the little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow
your house in,” said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed
and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed,
but he could not blow the house in.

Then he said, “Little pig, do you want
some turnips?”

“I like turnips very much,” said the little
pig. “Where are they?”

“Do you see that field?” said the wolf.
“It is full of fine, juicy turnips. I will come
for you in the morning to
show you the way, and we
will get some of them for
dinner.”



“What time will you
come?” said the little pig.

“At six o’clock,” answered
the wolf.

But the little pig got up at five o'clock, and went to the field. He got a basket full of fine, juicy turnips. Then he ran home as fast as he could go.

At six o'clock along came the wolf.

"Little pig, are you ready?" he called.

"Oh, I went to the field at five o'clock," said the little pig. "I have a pot full of turnips on the fire. Don't you smell them?"

The wolf was angry, but he said, "Little pig, I know where there is an apple tree."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"Do you see that garden?" said the wolf. "The apples are there, all red and ripe and ready to eat. I will come for you in the morning, and we will get some for dinner."

"What time will you come?" asked the little pig.

"At five o'clock," said the wolf.

But the little pig went to the garden at four o'clock and climbed the apple tree. He filled his basket with the apples.

Just then, along came the wolf. "Oho! I have you now!" he shouted.

The little pig was very much frightened, but he looked down and said, "These apples are so good that I will throw you one."

He threw an apple as far as he could and while the wolf was running to pick it up the little pig jumped out of the tree and ran home with his basket of apples.

III

The next day the wolf came again. He said, "There is a fair in the town. Will you go there with me in the morning?"

"Oh, yes," said the little pig. "I will go to the fair. I need a churn. I will buy it at the fair. What time will you come for me?"

"At four o'clock," said the wolf.

But the little pig got up at three o'clock and went to the fair. He bought a fine churn.

"Now I will make nice yellow butter," he said to himself. "But I must hurry home before the wolf comes."

When he got to the top of the hill, he saw the wolf coming up. The little pig was very much frightened.

“What shall I do?” he said. “Where shall I hide? There is nothing to hide in except this churn.”

So he got into the churn. Then the churn began to roll down the hill. Round and round and round it rolled.

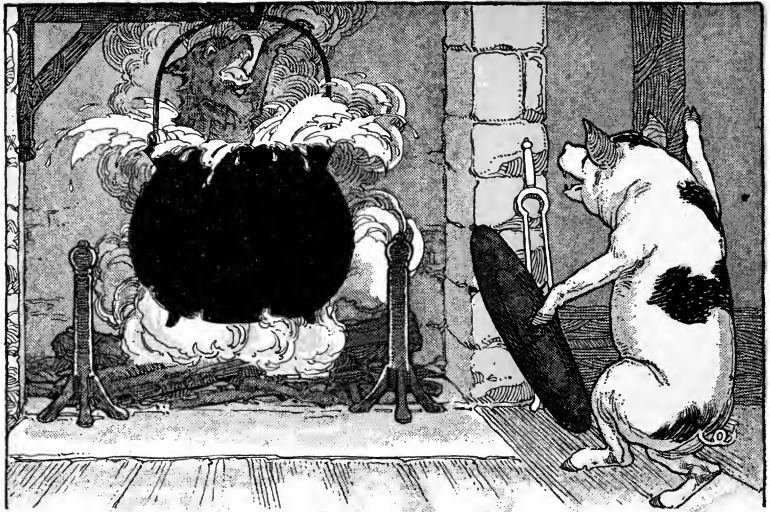
When the wolf saw it coming he said, “What strange beast is this?” He was so frightened that he turned and ran home, and the little pig was safe.

The next day the wolf came again.

“Did you go to the fair yesterday?” asked the little pig.

“No,” said the wolf. “I was going to the fair, but I met a big round thing. I do not know what it was, but it looked like a strange beast.

“It rolled down the hill and frightened me so that I ran home.”



“Oho! I frightened you, did I?” said the little pig. “That round thing was my churn. When I saw you I got into it and rolled down the hill.”

The wolf was so angry that he said, “I will come down the chimney and eat you.”

When the little pig heard this, he made a fire and put on a pot of water. He took the lid off the pot when the wolf came down the chimney. The wolf fell into the pot and after that he never came to visit the little pig.

—*English Tale.*

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

I

Once there was a poor wood-cutter who had a wife and three little girls.

He went into the woods every day to cut down trees. It was very hard work.

One day he said to his wife, "I shall be gone all day for I must go a long way into the woods. I want my oldest girl to bring me a warm dinner."

"She might lose her way," said the mother.

"No, no!" said the father. "I will take a bag of millet with me. I will drop the seeds to show the way."

So the father went into the woods, and he dropped the millet seed to show the way.

At noon the oldest girl went to find him. She took some bread and a jug of hot soup.

She looked for the millet seed to show the way, but the blackbirds had eaten it all up.

She went on and on. By and by, night came and it was very dark in the woods.

"I am afraid!" she said. "I can not find father, and I do not know the way home. I do not want to stay in the woods all night. What shall I do?"

All at once she saw a light shining through the trees. "That must be a house," she said. "I will knock at the door and say that I am lost. Maybe I can stay all night."

So she walked on toward the light until she came to a tiny house.

Tap! tap! tap! she knocked at the door. "Come in!" said a gruff voice. She lifted the latch and went in.

An old woman was sitting in the room. There was a bright fire on the hearth. A cock, a hen, and a speckled cow were lying before it.

"If you please," said the oldest girl, "I have lost my way. It is very dark in the woods. May I stay here all night?"

The old woman turned to the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow.



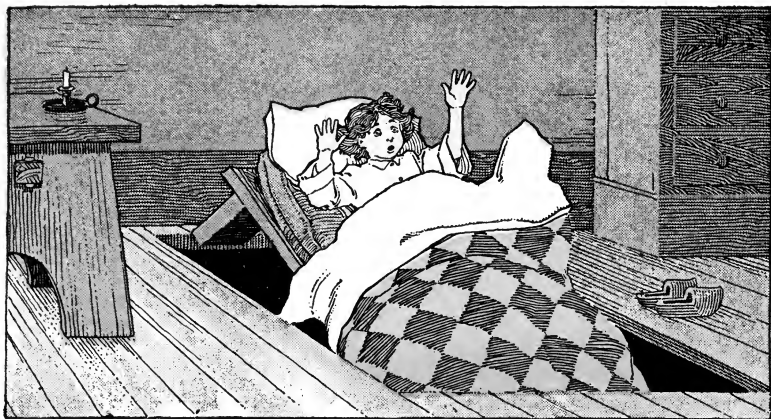
“Shall we let her stay?” she asked.

The cock crowed, the hen clucked, and the speckled cow said, “Moo!”

The old woman knew what they meant. She said, “You may stay, but you must work. Go into the kitchen and get us some supper.”

The oldest girl did not want to work, but she went into the kitchen.

She made a dish of stew and gave some to the old woman. She ate the rest but she forgot to feed the cock, the hen, and the cow.



Then she said, "I am sleepy. I want to go to bed."

"Not so fast," said the old woman. "You must make the beds first." So she led her upstairs.

The oldest girl made her own bed, but she forgot to make the old woman's bed. Then she lay down and went to sleep.

By and by the old woman came upstairs. Her bed was not made and she found the oldest girl asleep.

Then the old woman opened a large door in the floor. Bump! the oldest girl, the bed, and all, fell down into the cellar.

II

That night, when the wood-cutter got home, he was tired and hungry. "Where is our oldest girl?" he said. "I have had no dinner."

"I sent her with some hot dinner for you," said the mother, "but she did not come back. I am afraid that she is lost."

"She will come home in the morning," said the wood-cutter. "She will find a place to sleep. The second girl must bring my dinner tomorrow."

"She might lose her way, too," said the mother.

"No, no!" said the wood-cutter. "I will take a bag of wheat, and drop some of it to show the way. It is larger than millet, and she can see it better."

So the next day the father went into the woods. He dropped the wheat as he went, but the birds ate it all up, so the second girl could not find the way.

She went on and on until it was dark. She heard the owls hoot and she was afraid.

Then she saw the same light shining through the trees that her older sister had seen and she found the same tiny house. She went in and asked the old woman if she might stay all night.

The old woman turned to the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow. "Shall we let her stay?" she asked.

The cock crowed, the hen clucked, and the speckled cow said, "Moo!"

So the second girl stayed all night. She went into the kitchen and cooked some supper, but she forgot to feed the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow. Then she went upstairs and made her bed but she was like her sister, and forgot to make the old woman's bed.

So the door in the floor opened, and bump! the second girl, the bed, and all, fell down into the cellar.

III

In the morning the wood-cutter said, "Our second girl must have lost her way, too. I have had no dinner for two days. Our youngest girl must bring my hot soup and bread today."

"She may lose her way, too," said the mother. "I have lost two girls? I can not let her go."

"No, no!" said the wood-cutter. "I will take a bag of peas with me this time. I will drop the peas to show the way. They are bigger than wheat, and she will be sure to see them. Then she will find the way."

So the wood-cutter went into the woods. He dropped the peas to show the way, but the birds ate them all up. The youngest girl could not find the way.

She went on and on until it was dark. Then she saw the light shining through the trees and she found the tiny house. She knocked on the door as her sisters had done.

The old woman opened the door as she had done for the two older sisters.

The youngest girl spoke kindly to the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow. She went close to them and stroked them and patted them. Then she went into the kitchen and cooked the old woman's supper.

But the youngest girl was kind hearted and she would not eat until the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow had been fed. She brought barley for the cock and the hen and an armful of hay for the speckled cow.

Then she brought a bucket full of cool water for them and they all drank as much as they wanted.



Then the youngest girl ate her supper. After supper she went upstairs to make the old woman's bed. She shook the bed well, and put clean sheets upon it. Then she made a bed for herself and soon fell fast asleep.

IV

When she awoke the sun was shining and everything was changed.

She was in a beautiful room!

The bed was made of ivory and the chairs were all made of gold.

“Oh, oh!” she said. “This must be a dream. I shall wake up by and by.” She pinched herself to see if she was asleep, but she found that she was wide awake.

“I must get up and cook the old woman’s breakfast,” she said. “I must feed the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow.”

She ran downstairs and found herself in a wonderful room. In the center of the room was a great table. Someone was sitting at the table, but it was not the old woman. It was a beautiful Princess!

There was a bright fire on the hearth. The cock, the hen, and the speckled cow were not lying by the fire but three servants were bringing in dishes of food.



The youngest girl was so surprised that she did not know what to do.

“Come to me, dear little girl,” said the Princess, “and I will tell you all about it. My father is a king. A witch changed me into an old woman and my castle into a tiny house. She changed my three servants into a cock, a hen, and a speckled cow.

“No one could help me but a kind girl. You were kind. You cooked my supper and made my bed. You did not forget the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow.

“So last night we were all changed back again. We were changed because you were kind to us. I am a Princess again and the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow are servants.

“We are all happy again. You must live with us and we will make you happy, too.”

“But I must go home now,” said the youngest girl. “My father and mother will be sad. I must help them find my sisters who were lost in the woods.”

“Do not run away,” said the Princess. “I will go with you and I will help your father and mother. Then I will take you to live with me. But first let us find your sisters. Come with me.”

So she opened the cellar door. Out came the oldest girl and the second girl. How happy they were to see their sister! Then they all went together to the wood-cutter’s house.

—*German Tale.*

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

I

Once there was a woman who was very poor. One day she sent her only son to the pantry to get some meal.

As the lad got the meal, along came the North Wind, puffing and blowing. He caught up the meal and away it went through the air.

Then the lad went back to the pantry for some more meal. Along came the North Wind again. He caught up the meal with a puff, and away it went again.

The lad went back the third time for some meal, and the third time the North Wind puffed it away.

Then the lad was angry. "I will go to the North Wind and make him give me back my meal!" he said.

He walked and walked, until at last he came to the North Wind's house.

“Good-day, North Wind!” said the lad.

“Good-day!” said the North Wind, in a gruff voice. “What do you want?”

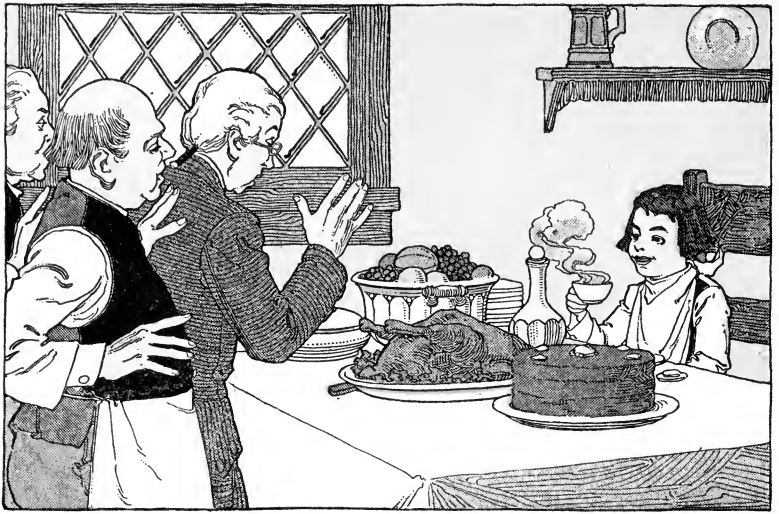
“I want you to give me back the meal you took from me,” said the lad. “We are poor and we need it.”

“Your meal is not here,” said the North Wind. “But since you are poor, I will give you this cloth. When you want food, you must say, ‘Cloth, spread yourself. Serve up some good things to eat.’ Then you will have all the food you want.”

“Thank you, North Wind,” said the lad. “That is better than the meal.” So he set out for home.

The way was so long that he could not get home in one day. When evening came, he went to an inn to stay all night.

“How hungry my long walk has made me!” he said to himself. “I will put my cloth on the table, as the North Wind told me to do.”



Then he said, "Cloth, spread yourself. Serve up good things to eat."

The cloth did as it was told, and the lad had a fine supper. All the people in the inn said, "What a wonderful cloth!" The inn-keeper said to himself, "I should like to have this cloth."

So when the lad was asleep he took it away and put another cloth in its place. It looked just like the one from the North Wind, but it could not serve up even a dry crust.

In the morning the lad took the cloth and went off with it. That day he got home to his mother.

“Where have you been, and what is that cloth which you are bringing home with you?” said his mother.

“Oh, I have been to the North Wind’s house. I went to get the meal back,” said the lad, “but he told me that he did not have our meal.

“He gave me this cloth, instead. Whenever I say, ‘Cloth, spread yourself; serve up good things to eat,’ I get all the food I want.”

“That may be true,” said his mother. “But I shall not believe it until I see it with my own eyes.”

So the lad laid the cloth on the table and said, “Cloth, spread yourself. Serve up good things to eat.” But the cloth did not serve up even a dry crust and the lad was so surprised that he could not say a word. How the lad’s mother laughed at him!



II

“I must go to the North Wind again,” said the lad. And away he went.

“What do you want now?” said the North Wind, when the lad knocked at his door.

“I want my meal,” said the lad. “This cloth is not worth a penny.”

“I have no meal,” said the North Wind. “But I will give you this ram. It makes money. Just say, ‘Ram, ram! make money!’ Then you will have all the gold you want.”

“That is better than meal,” said the lad.

So off he went, and he stayed at the inn that night, too. After supper he wanted to see if the North Wind was right.

As soon as he said, "Ram, ram! make money," he had all the gold he wanted.

When the inn-keeper saw the ram making money, he said to himself, "I want that ram." He had a ram that looked just like this one, so he took the lad's ram and put his own ram in its place.

In the morning the lad went away. When he got home he said to his mother. "After all, the North Wind is a good fellow. Now he has given me a ram which can make gold. I say, 'Ram, ram! make money!' Then I have all the gold I want."

"That may be true," said his mother. "But I shall believe it when I see the gold."

"Ram, ram! make money!" said the lad. But the ram did not make even a penny. The lad's mother laughed at him again.

So the lad went to the North Wind again.

“I want my meal,” he said. “This ram is not worth a penny.”

“I have no meal,” said the North Wind. “I have nothing to give you except that old stick. When you say, ‘Stick, stick! lay on!’ it will lay on. When you want it to stop, you must say, ‘Stick, stick! stop!’”

So the lad went to the inn again. He said to himself, “I think I know who has my cloth and my ram. I will see if I can get them back.”

So he lay down on a bench. He said to himself, “I will keep so still that I shall seem to be asleep. But I will keep a very close watch.”

By and by the inn-keeper saw the stick. He said, “I have a wonderful cloth and a wonderful ram. Perhaps this is a wonderful stick. I think I will take it.”

So he went away and found a stick that looked like the stick from the North Wind. Then he came back to change the two sticks.



Then the lad said, "Stick, stick! lay on!"

The stick began to beat the inn-keeper. He jumped over tables and benches, but he could not get away from the stick.

Then he cried, "Lad, lad, stop the stick! You shall have your cloth and your ram."

So the lad said, "Stick, stick! stop!"

Then he took his cloth and ram and stick and went home.

He said, "The North Wind has paid me well for my meal. This time my mother can not laugh at me."

—*Norse Tale.*

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February days grow colder,
Wind and snow and frost are bolder.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
To call the sleeping daffodil.

April brings the flowers sweet,
Dandelions at our feet.

May brings song of birds and bees;
Little nests in leafy trees.

June brings buttercups and roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
For thirsty fields and trees and flowers.

August days are full of heat;
They ripen fruit for us to eat.

September brings the golden-rod,
And silky milkweed in its pod.

In October, nuts are brown,
And scarlet leaves sail slowly down.

November brings the chilly rain,
Whirling winds, and frost again.

Cold December ends the year
With Christmas tree, and Christmas cheer.

—Adapted from *Mother Goose*.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*.





COME, LITTLE LEAVES

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one day,
“Come o’er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone and the days grow cold.”

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the glad little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were
content;

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds
The snow laid a white blanket over their
heads.

—George Cooper.



THE LEAF THAT WAS AFRAID

One day the wind was talking to a little leaf. He made her sigh and cry as leaves sometimes do when the wind is about.

“What is the matter, little leaf? Why do you cry?” asked the twig on which the leaf grew.

“The wind told me,” said the leaf, “that some day he would blow me away from you.” Then she sighed again.

The twig told the branch and the branch told the tree.

The tree laughed and said, “Do not be afraid, little leaf. You need not go until you want to.”

Then the leaf stopped crying and was happy. All summer she grew and grew.

One day in the fall, she looked at the other leaves and saw how beautiful they were. Some were yellow and some were red and some were both colors.



Then the leaf asked the tree,
“Why are the leaves red and
yellow?”

“They have finished their
work,” said the tree, “and are so
happy that they dress in beautiful
colors. They are ready to fly
away.”

Then the leaf wanted to go too,
and while she was thinking about
it, she, too, grew very beautiful.

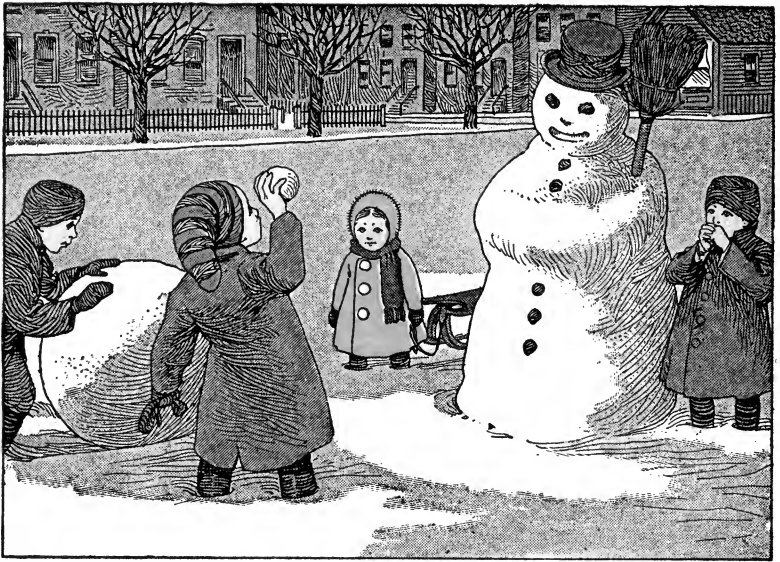
One day the wind asked her again, “Are
you ready to go now?” and the leaf said,
“Yes.”

Then the wind blew very hard, and away
went the leaf with many other leaves, to
cover up some little seeds and to keep them
warm all winter.

Then the little leaf fell asleep.

—Henry Ward Beecher—Adapted.





THE SNOW MAN

See here's a man so fond of cold,
He can not stand the heat, I'm told;
The breezes of a summer day
Would simply make him melt away.

He loves the coldest winds that blow,
This pale-faced man who's made of snow;
He's frozen stiff as he can be,
That's why he stays with us, you see.



His friends are very, very few.
He's far too cold for me or you,
And he would be completely lost
Without his faithful friend, Jack Frost.

Together they must always be,
They can not live apart, you see;
And when Old Jack Frost goes away,
The Snow Man can no longer stay.

—*Rebecca B. Foresman.*

THE DOLLS' THANKSGIVING DINNER

I

“Why can't dollies have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as little girls?” asked Polly Pine.

“I don't know why,” said mother, laughing. “Go and dress them in their best clothes. Get the doll house swept and dusted, and the table ready. Then I'll see about a dinner.”

“Oh, how nice!” said Polly Pine.

The doll house stood in the nursery. It was very big and very beautiful.

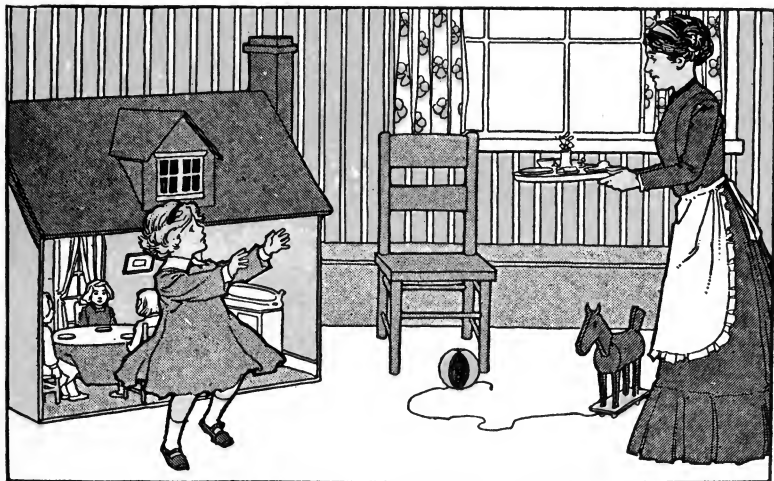
Polly Pine swept the rooms with her tiny broom. Then she dusted them. She set the table in the little dining-room with the very best dishes and the finest silver. She put a tiny vase, with two violets in it, in the middle of the table, and she placed wee napkins at each plate.

When the house was clean and the table was set she dressed Susan in her pink muslin, Dora Jane in her gray velvet, and Hannah in her yellow silk.

Then she seated them around the table, each one in her own chair.

“Be very careful, Susan!” she said. “Remember not to eat with your knife. Dora Jane, do not leave your teaspoon in your cup when you drink your tea.”

Just then mother came in with the dolls’ Thanksgiving dinner.



There was a chicken-leg to put on the platter, before Hannah. Hannah was the oldest and always carved the meat for the younger dolls.

There were little dishes of mashed potato and cranberry sauce. There was celery in a tiny glass. Then there was the smallest squash pie ever seen.

Polly Pine hopped up and down with delight. She set everything on the table. Then she ran away to get ready for her own dinner. She put on her nicest muslin dress and went downstairs.

II

Some friends had been asked to come to dinner, and they were all there. Polly was very fond of them and she had a fine time at the dinner table.

One of the gentlemen could change his big napkin into a white rabbit. This interested Polly so much that she forgot all about the dolls' Thanksgiving dinner.

At last it was time for the dessert, and the nuts and the raisins were brought in and put on the table.

Then Polly remembered. She jumped down from her chair. "Oh, mother!" she said. "May I go to see if the dolls liked their dinner?"

Then mother told the visitors about the Thanksgiving in the doll house. Everybody wanted to go with Polly, so they all went upstairs.

There sat the dolls just as their little mistress had left them--but they had eaten nearly all the dinner!

Everything was gone except the potato and the cranberry sauce. The chicken-leg was picked bare, the bread was nibbled, and the little pie was eaten all around.

"Well, this is strange!" said father.

Just then they heard an odd scratching sound in the doll house, and a little gray mouse jumped out from under the table.

He ran out of the front door and down the steps. In a minute he was gone, nobody knew where.

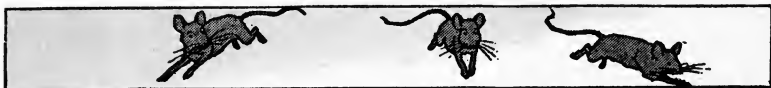
There was another tiny mouse in the doll house under the parlor sofa. A third one was under the bed, with a poor, frightened gray tail sticking out. All of the mice ran safely away.

They looked as though they had eaten a big dinner.

“Shall I get the cat?” asked mother.

“No,” said father. “Why can’t a poor little mouse have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as we?”

—Isabel Gordon Curtis—Adapted.



THE GOLDEN COBWEBS

I

It was just before Christmas. A beautiful Christmas Tree stood in a pretty room of a pleasant home.

The Tree was trimmed with popcorn, silver nuts, gay candies, and little candles. Its branches were full of toys.

The doors of the room were locked so that the children could not get in.

“We must not let them see the Tree until Christmas morning,” said the house-mother.

But there were many other little people in the house. They had seen the Tree already. The big black pussy saw it with her great, green eyes. The little gray kitty saw it with her round, blue eyes. The kind house dog saw it with his steady, brown eyes. The yellow canary saw it with his wise, bright eyes.

Even the wee, wee mice had peeped one peek when no one was by.



But there was someone who had not seen the Christmas Tree. It was the little gray spider.

You see, the spiders lived in the corners. Some had homes in the warm corners of the summer attic.

Some made their webs in the dark corners of the nice cellar. And they wanted to see the Christmas Tree, too.

But just before Christmas the house-mother cleaned the house. She swept and dusted and scrubbed. Her broom went into all the corners of all the rooms—poke, poke, poke!

Of course the spiders had to run. Dear, dear, how the spiders had to run! Not a single spider could stay in the house while it was so clean.

Some ran up the attic stairs and hid in the sunny attic, some ran down the cellar stairs and hid in the dark cellar. So, you see, they could not see the Christmas Tree.

The spiders like to see all there is to see. So of course they were very, very sad. At last they went to the Christmas Fairy and told her all about it.

“All the other little house-people see the Christmas Tree,” they said. “But we can not see it because we are cleaned up. We love beautiful things, too. Dear Christmas Fairy, help us to see the Christmas Tree!”

The Christmas Fairy said, “You shall see the Tree. Just wait.”

II

The day before Christmas everyone was busy. No one was in the room with the Christmas Tree. So the Christmas Fairy said to the spiders, “Now you may go in. You may look as long as you like.”

So the spiders came creepy, creepy, down the attic stairs. They came creepy, creepy, up the cellar stairs. They came creepy, creepy, along the halls. They went creepy, creepy, into the pretty room.

The fat mother spiders and the old father spiders were there. All the little teeny, tiny, curly, baby spiders were there.

And then they looked! Round and round the Tree they went, creepy, crawly. They looked and looked and looked. Oh, what a good time they had!

“What a beautiful Tree!” said the old father spiders. “What a beautiful, beautiful Tree!” said the fat mother spiders. “What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Tree!” said the teeny, tiny, curly, baby spiders.

They looked at everything they could see from the floor. Then they ran up the Tree to see some more. They ran all over the Tree, creepy, crawly, creepy, crawly.

They looked at every single thing. They ran up and down and in and out. They ran over every branch and twig.

They ran over every one of the pretty toys on the Tree.

They went round and round the doll. They went over and over the drum. They went in and out of the trumpet. They went up and down the jumping-jack.

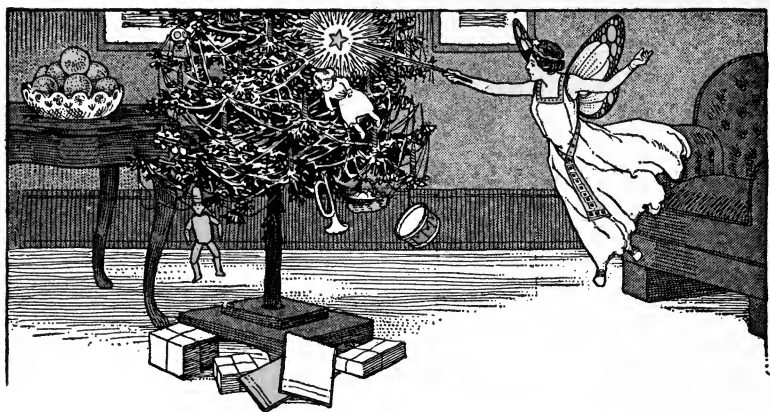
They stayed until they saw everything. Then they went away happy. They had seen the beautiful Christmas Tree, too.

And in the still, dark night the Christmas Fairy came.

“I must see if the beautiful Tree is all ready for Christmas morning,” she said. “The children will be up very early to see it.”

But when she looked at it—what do you think? It was all covered with cobwebs! Every place the little spiders had been they had left a spider-web. And you know they had been just everywhere!

So the Tree was covered from top to bottom with spider-webs. They hung from the branches. They went round and round the toys. The Christmas Fairy could hardly see the doll's face.



What could the Fairy do? “Now I see why the house-mother cleaned up the spiders,” she said. “It will never do to have cobwebs on the Christmas Tree. No, indeed! What shall I do?”

So the Christmas Fairy thought and thought. “Oh, now I have a plan!” she said. She touched the spider’s webs with her fairy wand and turned them all to gold. Was not that a beautiful trimming? They shone and shone all over the Christmas Tree.

And ever since that time the Christmas Tree is always trimmed with golden cobwebs.

—Robert Haven Schauffler—Adapted.

THE EASTER RABBIT

I

Once upon a time, many years ago, the winter had been long and cold.

“What makes Spring so late?” said all the little children. “Let us go to the woods and see if she has come yet.”

But when they got there they found the woods bare and cold. There were no birds, or flowers, anywhere, and only Jack Frost and North Wind were playing among the trees.

Poor children! They went back to their homes with sad hearts and faces.

But at last Spring came. When Jack Frost and North Wind saw her, they waved good-bye and ran away.

Soon the birds were building their nests, the flowers were peeping up out of the ground, and the tree buds were bursting.

But the children—where were they?



“Why don’t the children come to the woods?” said Spring. “Last year and every other year they came to play with the birds and the flowers and the animals.”

“It is lonely without them,” said the birds. “They will not hear our beautiful songs.”

“If they do not come soon,” said the flowers, “our blossoms will all be faded.”

All the baby rabbits and squirrels and foxes said, “We want to see the children. We want to hide in our holes and peep out at them as they pass.”

“Perhaps they do not know we are here,” said Spring. “Robin, will you tell them?”

“I am too busy building a nest for my little ones,” said the robin. “Send the fox. His little ones are already here.”

“Will you go, Red Fox?” said Spring.

“I dare not go,” said the fox. “The people will think I have come to steal the chickens.”

“That is true,” said Spring. “We can not send you. Black Bear, will you go?”

“I am so big and I look so fierce,” said the bear, “that I would frighten the children. Besides, I am so thin and hungry after sleeping all winter that I must eat and eat and eat all day long. Ask the rabbit to go. Children all love rabbits.”

Now, the rabbit is very timid, but he felt so proud to hear that all the children loved him that, at first, he said he would go. Then he thought of the dogs. “Oh! but the dogs!” he said. “The dogs will catch me.”

“You can go at night, when all the dogs are asleep,” said Spring. “So I can,” said the rabbit. “I will go tonight.”

II

So they made a big basket of twigs and leaves and lined it with soft green grass. Then each bird brought an egg from her nest, until the basket was nearly full.

There were blue eggs, and speckled eggs, and brown eggs. How pretty they looked! Then they covered the eggs over with the earliest spring flowers and tied the basket on bunny's back.

When evening came, the rabbit set off for the town, hippity-hop, hippity-hop. How strange and quiet it was in the town when everyone was asleep.

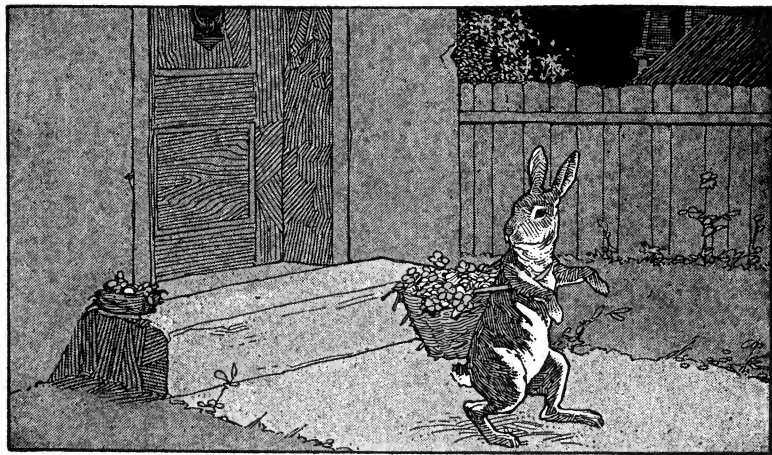
Bunny went to the first house where a child lived. He made a little nest of the soft green grass, and put in it one pretty egg and one spring flower.

He put the nest on the door step and hopped on to the next house, and the next, and the next. When the sun came up, he hopped back to the woods, a happy bunny.

“Why, Spring is here! Spring is here!” said the children when they saw the pretty nests on their door steps next morning. “We were afraid that she was not coming this year. But, see, here are the tracks of a rabbit’s feet. He must have brought us the message.”

So off they ran to the woods, crying with happy voices, “Hurrah for bunny! Hurrah for bunny! For Spring is here at last and bunny has come to tell us!”

—*German Tale.*



AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,

Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side

Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee—

Land of the noble free—

Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills;

My heart with rapture thrills,

Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,

And ring from all the trees

Sweet Freedom's song;

Let mortal tongues awake;

Let all that breathe partake;

Let rocks their silence break—

The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light:
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

—*Samuel F. Smith.*

THE FLAG

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

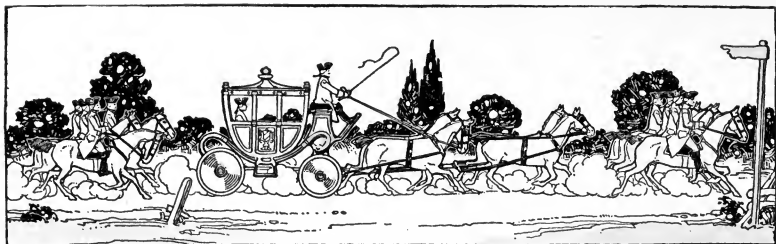
Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

—*Henry H. Bennett.*



THE LITTLE COOK

Betty lived in the South, long, long ago. She was only ten years old, but she liked to help her mother.

She had learned to do many things. She could knit and sew and spin; but best of all she liked to cook.

One day Betty was alone at home because her father and mother and brother had gone to town to see a wonderful sight.

The great George Washington was visiting the South. He was going from town to town, riding in a great white coach trimmed with shining gold. It had leather curtains, and soft cushions. Four milk-white horses drew it along the road.

Four horsemen rode ahead of the coach to clear the way and four others rode behind it. They were all dressed in white and gold.

Great crowds of people waited at every town for Washington. When they saw him coming they clapped their hands and sang songs of welcome.

Little girls threw flowers before him as he rode along. Little boys dressed like soldiers, with fife and drum, marched to meet him. Betty's brother Robert was one of these boys.

But Betty could not see this wonderful sight. Someone had to stay at home to keep the house.

"I will stay, mother," Betty had said. "Robert must march with the boys. I can keep the house, and I will cook supper for you. I will have it all ready when you get home."

After they were all gone Betty was very sad. Oh, how she wanted to go to town!

But little Betty must stay at home all day. She could never see the great George Washington, the first President of the United States.

She sat on a bench on the shady porch and felt very sad and lonely. All her work was done, and it was only nine o'clock. How could she bear the long, long day!

"Oh, if I could only see Washington!" she said to herself.

But what sound was that? Someone was coming!

Four horsemen were galloping along the road that led to town. A great white coach trimmed with gold came after them. Then came more horsemen.

Betty's heart stood still, for they all stopped at the gate.

A tall man stepped from the coach and came up the walk. Betty got up to meet him and made a curtsy as he reached the steps.

“Good morning, my little maid,” said the tall man. “I know it is late, but can you give me some breakfast?”

Betty’s cheeks grew rosy, and she made another curtsy.

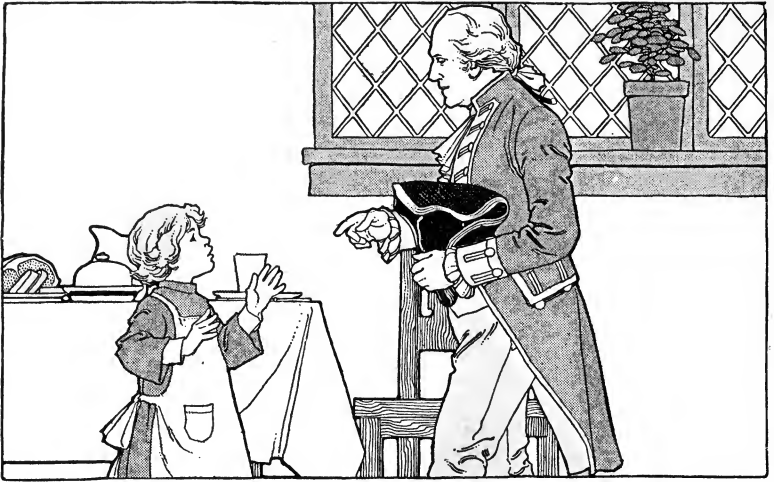
“I will try, sir,” she said. “Father and mother and brother Robert have gone to town to see the great Washington. I am the only one at home.”

“You do not need any help,” said the tall man. “I am sure you are as quick as you are pretty. Just get a breakfast for me. Then I promise you that you shall see Washington before your brother does.”

Betty’s heart beat fast.

“I will do the best I can, sir,” she said.

She went to work with quick hands and nimble feet. She put wood on the fire and hung a kettle of water over it. Then she spread the table with a white cloth and put on the very best china and silver. She brought fresh honey and new bread.



Then Betty ran to the cool spring-house for golden butter and foaming milk. She cut thin slices of ham and put new-laid eggs into the boiling water.

The hungry stranger had such a fine breakfast that when he left the table he leaned over and kissed Betty.

“Now, my dear little cook,” he said, “you may tell your brother Robert that you saw Washington before he did, and that he kissed you, too.”

—*Lutie Andrews McCorkle—Adapted.*

THE RAINBOW

Two little clouds one summer day
Went floating through the sky;
They went so fast they bumped their heads
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked down and said,
“Oh, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folks
To dry your falling tears!”

One fairy came in red so fine,
And one in orange bright;
Then yellow, green, blue, violet
Were all at once in sight.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

—*Lizzie M. Hadley.*



HOW BUTTERCUPS CAME


Once there was an old man who lived all by himself.

He had a great bag full of shining gold. He was afraid he would have to give up some of it, so he lived far back in the woods.

One night a robber came while the old man was asleep and stole all the gold.

There was a hole in the bag in which the money had been kept, and as the robber ran away the money fell out through the hole.

Early in the morning a little fairy came by. When she saw the pieces of money, she said, "If I leave them here, the old man will come and pick them up again. So I will change them into golden flowers."



Then she touched each piece of gold and up sprang bright golden flowers. She called the flowers, "Buttercups."

This is the way the beautiful golden Buttercups came into the world.

—*Old Tale.*

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

THE KIND OLD OAK

It was almost time for winter to come.

The little birds had gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold. They had gone where it was warm and where there was plenty to eat.

There was no green grass in the fields and all the pretty flowers in the gardens had gone to sleep for the winter.

Many of the trees had dropped their leaves. Cold winter with its ice and snow would soon be in the woods.

Some beautiful little violets were still in bloom near the foot of an old oak tree. They loved the old tree for it had often sheltered them from the storms.

“Dear old oak,” said the violets, one day, “what shall we do to save ourselves? Winter is coming and we are afraid that we shall die of cold.”

“Do not be afraid,” said the oak. “Close

your yellow eyes and go to sleep. I will take care of you, so that winter can not harm you.”

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep, happy.

The great tree dropped its leaves one by one upon them until they had a nice warm covering.

Soon Jack Frost came with ice and snow, but he could not harm the little violets because the kind old oak tree had taken care of them with a warm coat of leaves. They were safe.

There they slept and dreamed happy dreams until spring came. Then the warm rains and the sunshine came and waked them.

—*Old Tale.*



CLOWERS

The clovers have no time to play;
They feed the cows and make the hay,
They trim the lawn and help the bees
Until the sun shines through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And bow their tired little heads
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the livelong day,
For clovers have no time to play.

—*Helena Leeming Jeliffe.*



THE GIRL WHO WAS CHANGED TO A SUNFLOWER

Clytie was a beautiful water-maiden who lived far down in the deep sea-caves. Her hair shone like gold in the green sea.

“Your hair is as bright as Apollo’s golden chariot,” her mother said one day. Clytie was playing with the shells on the floor of the sea-cave and her yellow hair floated around her pretty head.

“Who is Apollo?” asked Clytie.

“He is the sun-god,” said her mother. “He lives above the sea. Every day he drives the chariot of the sun straight across the sky.”

“Why does he do that?” asked Clytie.

“He brings the bright sun and the day into the world,” said her mother.

“When he begins his journey, it is morning in the sun-land. When he is high up in the heavens, it is noon.

“When he drives down the western sky, it is evening, and when he leads the sun-horses away to rest, it is night.”

“Some day,” said Clytie, “I shall go up to the sun-land to see Apollo, the sun-god.”

So one day, when Clytie had grown to be a tall maiden, she left the sea-caves. She went up to the bright sun-land and walked in a beautiful meadow by the sea.

Apollo, the great sun-god, was just getting into his golden chariot. He was very tall and beautiful.



The wild horses of the sun pranced and neighed and tugged at the reins. But Apollo held them firmly with his strong hands and drove the chariot across the sky.

Clytie watched the sun-god all that day. When night came she did not go back to her cool sea-home.

The next day she watched again.

“I want to live in this beautiful sun-land,” she said. “It is dark in the deep sea-caves. How can I bear to go back to them? Oh, how I wish I could always watch Apollo in his golden chariot!”

For nine days Clytie stood in the meadow. She tasted neither food nor drink. Her golden hair hung over her shoulders and her face was always turned to the shining chariot of the sun.

She watched it as it started in the east. She lifted her head to see it as it climbed high in the heavens. She turned to look at it as it drove down the west.

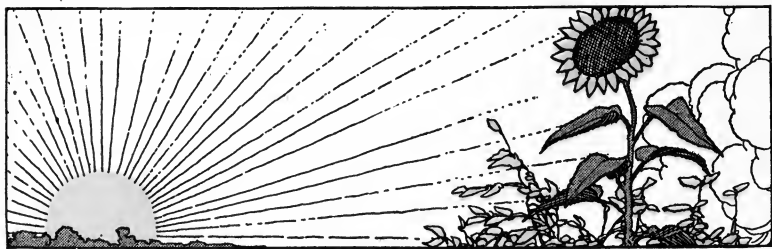
And then a strange thing happened. Clytie changed. She was no longer a beautiful maiden, but she was a tall and slender plant.

Her pretty face became a flower. Her bright golden hair turned to yellow petals that looked like the rays of the sun.

Every morning the flower turned to see the sun rise. It lifted up its golden head to see the sun at noon and turned to watch the sun set in the west.

For Clytie was changed to a sunflower.

—*Greek Legend.*



THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

I

Once there was a boy named Tom, who wanted to catch the Fairy Shoemaker.

“Do not try it,” said his mother. “He is a tricky Elf.”

“Oh, but I must try!” said Tom. “The Fairy Shoemaker can tell me where there is a pot of gold. He can make me rich. I want to get the pot of gold.”

“But how can you catch him?” asked his mother. “Can you keep your eyes on him all the time? You know, if you look away just once—pop! he is gone.”

“I know I can catch him,” said Tom. “I will go every day to look in the meadow, and in the woods. I will look and listen. Some day I shall hear his hammer.

“Then I will tiptoe softly until I see him. I will keep my eyes on him. I will not look away once. I will make him tell me where the pot of gold is. Then we shall be rich.”

“Well, good luck to you,” said his mother. “But I think you will get a pot of gold sooner if you earn it.”

So every day Tom looked for the Fairy Shoemaker—on the hill, in the meadow, and in the woods. He listened for the sound of his tiny hammer and his song.



One day, when he had walked a long time, he was very tired and lay down on the hill to rest. All at once he heard something:

“Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too.”

It was the hammer of the Fairy Shoemaker.

Tom put his ear close to the hill. He could hear a shrill voice singing:

“This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-a-tack-too.”

It was the Fairy Shoemaker's song.

Tom's heart beat fast. Now, if he could only catch the Elf, he could get the pot of gold. But first he must see him. Then he must keep his eyes on him. If he looked away once—pop! he would be gone.

He tiptoed around the hill so quietly that he did not make a sound. There, in a little grassy spot, was a tiny old man. He was only a foot tall.

The little old man's face was full of wrinkles. He had spectacles on his nose and he wore a little leather apron. In his lap was the little shoe he was making.

“Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too,”

went his tiny hammer. Yes! It was the Fairy Shoemaker!

Tom's heart was full of joy. Oh, yes! He would keep his eyes on the Elf. He would not look away once. Then he would get the pot of gold.



“Good-morning!” said Tom. The Fairy Shoemaker did not say a word. Tom went closer to him.

“That is a fine shoe you are making,” he said. The Fairy Shoemaker did not say a word.

Tom went closer still. “Show me the pot of gold!” he said. “Where is it?”

“Wait a minute,” said the Fairy Shoemaker. “Let me take a pinch of snuff first.” He got out his snuff-box and took a big pinch. He sniffed it up his nose.



Then he held out the box to Tom. "Take a pinch yourself," he said. But Tom was wise. He knew that the Elf was tricky.

"He thinks I will look away," he said to himself. "But I will not look at the box, oh, no! I will not take my eyes off his face." So he put his hands out to feel for the box. Puff! The Fairy Shoemaker threw the snuff into Tom's eyes and nose and mouth.

"Ker-choo!" sneezed Tom. "Ker-choo! Ker-choo! Ker-choo!" The tears rolled down his cheeks.

“KER-CHOO!” He gave a big sneeze, and his eyes shut up tight. Pop! The Fairy Shoemaker was gone!

“Just so!” said his mother when Tom got home. “What did I tell you? See how red your eyes are! And how you sneeze! The Fairy Shoemaker is a tricky Elf. You had better try to earn your pot of gold, instead of hunting for the Fairy Shoemaker.”

II

But Tom was not ready to give up. He wanted to get the pot of gold. He wanted to be rich.

“I have seen the Fairy Shoemaker once,” he said. “I may see him again.”

So every day he looked for him—on the hill, in the meadow, and in the woods. And one day by the ditch in the meadow he heard him again.

“Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too.”

It was the Fairy Shoemaker’s hammer.

He listened again. He could hear a shrill voice singing:

“Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-a-tack-too.”

Tom walked quietly up to the ditch. The Elf was sitting on a little stool. He was putting a heel on a little shoe.

“Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too,”

went his tiny hammer. He was so busy that Tom got very close to him.

“That is a fine shoe,” he said. The Fairy Shoemaker looked up. “Thank you kindly,” he said.

“Whose shoe is it?” asked Tom.

“That is my business,” said the Fairy Shoemaker.

Tom went nearer and nearer. He kept his eyes on the Elf’s face. “Why do you work so hard?” he said.

“That is my business, too,” said the Elf. “You ought to work a little harder yourself. See what those cows are doing! They are breaking into the oats.”

Tom had seen no cows. He was so surprised that he almost turned to look. Then he said, “Oho! That is just a trick to make me look away.” He kept his eyes on the Elf’s face. He went nearer still and then—jump! He caught the Elf in his hand.

“Now I have you,” said Tom. “Where is the pot of gold? I shall never let you go until you tell me.”

“Come on, then,” said the Elf. “We must go to the woods. Then I will show you where the pot of gold is.”

So they went across hedges and ditches and bog.

Tom held the Elf in his hand all the way and kept his eyes on him. He could not see his steps. He slipped and stumbled and fell. It was not a pleasant walk, as you can see.



When at last they came to the woods, Tom said, "Where is the pot of gold?"

"There it is," said the Fairy Shoemaker, pointing to a tree. "Dig under the roots and you will find a great pot of gold."

"Dig under the roots!" cried Tom. "But I have no spade."

"Go home and get one," said the Elf.

"I will do that," said Tom. "But first I will tie my yellow neck scarf around the tree. Then I can find it when I come back." So he tied his scarf around the tree.

“Now put me down. I must be going,” said the Fairy Shoemaker.

“I will put you down,” said Tom, “if you will promise not to touch the scarf I tied on the tree.”

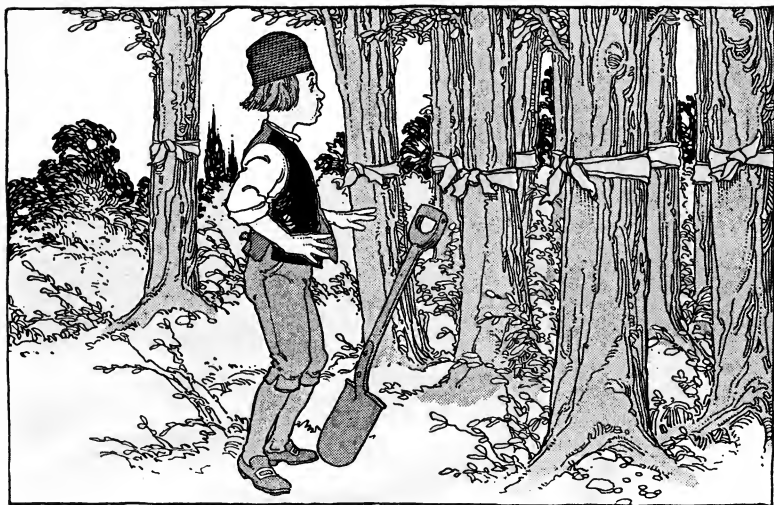
“I promise,” said the Fairy Shoemaker. “I will not touch it and no one shall touch it. May I go?”

Tom put him down. “Yes, you may go,” he said. “Good-bye! Thank you for the pot of gold.”

“Good-bye!” said the Fairy Shoemaker. “Much good may the pot of gold do you when you get it.” Then—pop! he was gone.

Tom ran home as fast as he could go. He got a spade and ran back to the woods, to dig up the pot of gold. And when he got there, what do you think he saw?

Every tree in the woods had a yellow scarf tied around it! The ends of the scarfs waved in the breeze. The bright color made the woods look very gay.



But where was the pot of gold? There were hundreds of trees in the woods. Tom could not dig under the roots of all of them.

Tom was so surprised that the spade fell out of his hands. Then he picked it up, put it on his shoulder and went home.

The Fairy Shoemaker had beaten him again.

“Mother is right,” said Tom. “He is a tricky Elf. I shall get a pot of gold sooner if I earn it for myself.”

—Sarah A. Haste.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA

Once an elf-child went out to play. He was an odd little fellow who wore a little belted coat. The bottom of this coat was cut in sharp points.

The elf-child wore a pointed cap, and tiny pointed shoes. Even his little ears and nose were pointed.

He was having a good play. He rang the blue-bells and blew the trumpet-flowers. Then he tied a spider's thread to a bit of thistle-down and made a kite.

He ran after his kite until by and by he was far from home. Then the rain began to fall. The big drops came thick and fast.

"This is a new cap and coat," said the elf. "I do not want to get them wet. What shall I do? Oh, I know what to do! I will hide under a big leaf."

So the elf hunted for a leaf big enough to keep him dry. But he could not find one.

Then he saw a toadstool. "Oh, this toadstool is better than a leaf!" he said. "It will keep me snug and dry."

So the elf crept under the toadstool. But someone else was already there. It was a little mouse. He was snug and dry and fast asleep.



Now the elf was afraid of a mouse.

"If I stay here this great beast may eat me up," he said. "If I go away I shall get wet. My new cap and coat will be spoiled. What shall I do?"

The elf peeped around the stem of the toadstool. But the mouse had not seen him. He was still fast asleep.

Then the elf thought of something. He smiled to himself. "I have a good plan," he said. "I know what to do to keep my coat and cap dry!"

He began to pull at the stem of the toadstool. He put both arms around it, and pulled and pulled. It was very heavy but at last it came up.

Then the elf-child ran off with the toadstool over his head.

The mouse was left out in the rain. He got up and shook himself. "Squeak, squeak!" he said. "How very wet I am! Where is that toadstool?"

But the toadstool was far away. The little elf-child was holding it over his head. He was snug and dry and his new cap and coat were safe.

"Now I know what to do when it rains!" he said.

And that was the first umbrella.

—Carolyn S. Bailey—Adapted.



THE TWELVE MONTHS

I

Laura and Clara were sisters. They had no father or mother, so they lived with an old woman in a little hut near the great forest.

Laura was kind and gentle, but Clara was cross and fretful.

Now, the old woman always let Clara do just as she pleased, but she was very unkind to Laura. This was because Clara was like her, for the old woman was cross and fretful, too.

So Laura was made to do all of the work. She had to wait upon Clara and the old woman.

One winter morning Clara was sitting by the fire. It was cold and she was very cross.

“How I hate winter!” she said. “There is nothing to do but to sit by the fire. I want spring to come. I want some violets. Laura, go and get some violets!”

“Ask me something that I can do,” said Laura, laughing. “The violets are all asleep under the snow.”

“Why do you laugh?” said the old woman. “Do as your sister tells you.”

She opened the door and pushed Laura out. Then she locked the door.

Laura went into the forest. It was very cold and she had no coat. She went on and on until she came to a great fire.

Twelve old men sat around the fire. Each was wrapped in a great cloak. Three were in cloaks that looked like the leaves of spring. Three were in yellow like the golden grain of summer. Three were in white like the snow of winter, and three wore cloaks like the grapes of autumn.

Each one of the old men held a long wand in his hand.

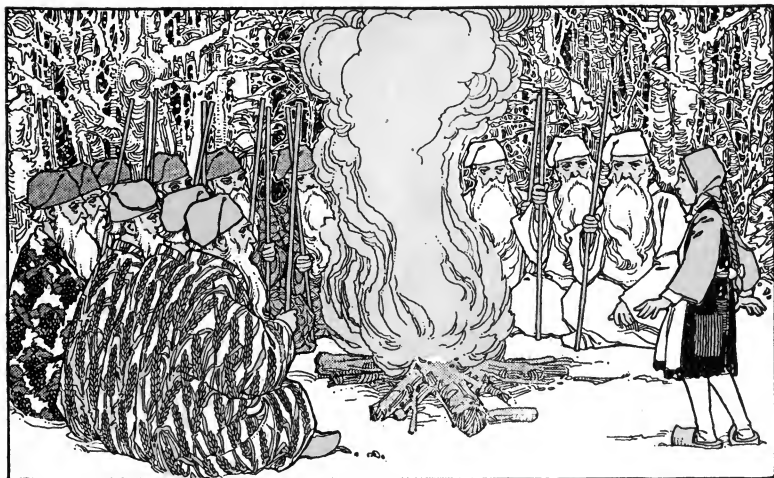
“Why have you come here?” said one of them to Laura.

“I am looking for violets,” said Laura.

“Violets in winter!” cried the old man.
“This is no time for violets. Go home and wait for spring.”

“Oh, I can not go home unless I take some violets to my sister!” said Laura. “Can you not help me?”

“This is our work,” said the old men in the cloaks like the leaves of spring. They waved their wands over the fire and the air became soft and warm. The grass grew green and violets peeped out from it, for spring had come.



Laura picked a great bunch of violets. "Oh, thank you, thank you," she said to the old men.

As she spoke, the three old men in white waved their wands over the fire and it was winter again. Snow covered the ground and a cold wind blew.

Then Laura ran back to the little hut and gave the violets to Clara.

But the violets did not make Clara happy. She did not even put them into water to keep them fresh. She sat by the fire and tore the pretty flowers to pieces, one by one.

II

The next day Clara was as scowling and cross as ever.

"There is nothing but snow, snow, snow," she said to the old woman. "I wish I had some strawberries. Make Laura get me some ripe, red strawberries."

"Get strawberries in winter!" said Laura.

“How can I do that? Come with me. Let us run and jump about in the snow. Then you will learn to like it. You will get warm and rosy.”

“Do as your sister tells you, Laura. Get her some strawberries,” said the old woman, crossly. She pushed her out and locked the door.

Again Laura went into the forest. Again she found the twelve old men around the great fire.

“Why have you come back?” they said.

“I am looking for strawberries this time,” said Laura.

“Strawberries in winter!” cried the old men. “Go home and wait for summer.”

“Oh, I can not go home until I find the berries. I am afraid to go back without them. Please help me,” said Laura.

“This is our work,” said the men in the golden cloaks. They waved their long wands over the fire.

Then the ice and snow melted. The air became very warm. Flowers bloomed and birds sang. Many little plants grew among the thick grass. White flowers covered the plants and turned to bright red berries.



Laura filled her apron with the red berries.

“Oh, thank you, thank you!” she said to the old men.

Then the three old men in white waved their wands over the fire. Again snow and ice covered everything. Laura ran home and gave the berries to Clara.

Clara did not even thank her sister, and she was just as cross as ever.

III

The next morning she took her old place by the fire. The snow was falling fast. Laura was very busy. She made the beds, washed the dishes, and swept the floor. She sang as she worked.

“I want something,” said Clara. “I don’t know what I want, but I want something! I hate winter.”

“Try to be happy,” said Laura. “Let us go out to play in the snow. Let us make snow-balls and see how far we can throw them.”

“I do not want to make snow-balls,” said Clara. “You shall get some bright red apples. Get me a whole apronful of them.”

“Go and get the apples!” said the old woman. “Be quick about it! How can you talk about snow-balls? You know that your sister doesn’t like snow.” And she put her out and locked the door.

So Laura went again to the great fire. When she saw the twelve old men she began to cry.

“How can I ask them for anything more?” she said to herself.

But they were sorry for her. “What is it now, dear child?” they asked.

“I must find some ripe, red apples,” said Laura. “I dare not go home without them.”

“This is our work,” said the old men in cloaks like the grapes of autumn. They waved their wands over the fire. The ice and snow were gone.

Bright leaves were falling from the trees. Nuts were ripe. Laura saw an apple tree covered with rosy fruit.

She shook the tree. A few apples fell. She shook it again but no more came down, so she gathered the apples into her apron.

“It is not an apronful,” she said, “but I can not ask for more.” She thanked the old men for their kindness to her.

Then she hurried through the forest to the little hut and gave all the apples to her sister.

“You have not brought me an apronful!” said the cross child. “You have been eating them yourself. Where did you get them?”

Laura told her about the old men and the great fire.

“Come with me,” said Clara to the old woman. “We will get all the apples on the tree. Laura shall have none of them.”

IV

Clara and the old woman dressed themselves warmly and went into the forest.

At last they reached the place where the twelve old men sat around the fire.

“Why have you come here?” asked one of them, just as he had asked Laura.

“That is my business,” said Clara. “But if you must know, I came to get some ripe, red apples.”

“This is not the season for apples,” said the old men. “This is winter.”

“How stupid you are!” said the old woman. “Tell this poor child where to find apples. You know all about it, because you told her sister. Be quick. Don’t keep us waiting in the cold.”

The twelve old men looked very angry. Then the three in white cloaks stood up and waved their wands.

The fire went out. The snow fell fast. The wind blew fiercely and shook the trees. The branches snapped and fell.

Clara and the old woman turned to go back, but they were blinded by the thick snow. They could not see the path and they were lost in the forest. They never found their home again.



Laura was left alone in the little hut.

But the twelve old men never forgot her. For they were the Twelve Months. The three men in white stopped up the cracks in the little hut with snow, so that the cold wind could not get in.

The three men in yellow filled her barn with hay and grain for her horse and cow and chickens.

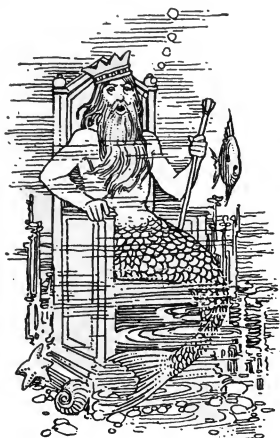
The three men in cloaks like grapes stored her cellar with apples and potatoes and turnips and beets to last through the long winter.

She was always gentle and kind and her face was as bright as a day in spring.

Then all the people said, "The Twelve Months love our dear Laura, for when she has winter at the door, she has summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in her heart."

—*Bohemian Tale.*

THE MERMAN AND THE MERMAID



I

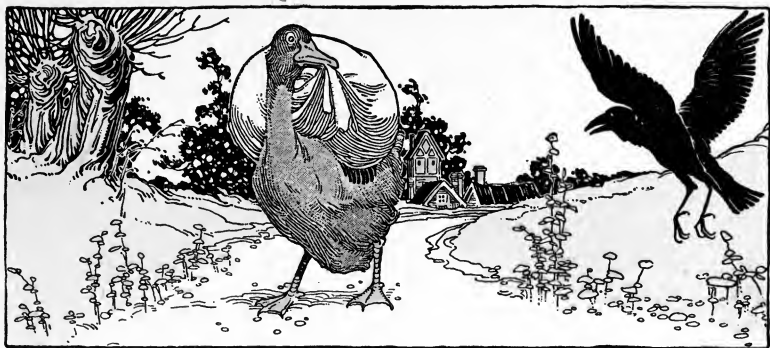
Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II

Who would be
A mermaid fair
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?



—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



THE FOOLISH GOOSE

Time—ONE BRIGHT MORNING

Place—A BIG ROAD

Persons:

GRAY GOOSE

WISE OLD CROW

WHITE CRANE

BROWNIE HEN

A FARMER

Gray Goose goes walking down the road, with a big bag of corn,—very proud and happy. He meets Wise Old Crow.

WISE OLD CROW. Good morning, Gray Goose!

What a heavy bag you have there! It is too much for you to carry alone. Let me help you.

GRAY GOOSE. Oh, no! It is a big bag of corn, but I can carry it without any help.

WISE OLD CROW. Oh, well, I just wanted to help you as a friend. How long do you think your bag of corn will last you? I can tell you of a plan to make a little corn go a long way.

GRAY GOOSE. What is your plan? Tell me how to make my corn go a long way, Wise Old Crow.

He puts down his bag of corn in the road.

WISE OLD CROW. First, you must spread your corn out upon the ground, so that we can count it. Then, you count on one side and I will count on the other side.

Gray Goose takes some of the corn out of the bag and spreads it upon the ground.

GRAY GOOSE. [*Counting.*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,—

WISE OLD CROW. [*Eating a grain of corn each time he counts.*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,—

GRAY GOOSE. [*Looking up.*] What are you doing, Wise Old Crow? Stop eating my corn!

WISE OLD CROW. [*As he flies far away, laughing.*]

Caw! Caw! Caw! I told you that I knew a plan to make a little corn go a long way!

Gray Goose picks up his bag of corn, which is not so heavy now, and goes along the road. After a while he meets White Crane.

WHITE CRANE. Good morning, Gray Goose! What have you in your bag?

GRAY GOOSE. Oh, that is some of the best corn in the world.

WHITE CRANE. Is that all? You carry it with such care that I thought it must be pearls or diamonds.

GRAY GOOSE. No, I never saw any pearls or diamonds. I should like very much to see such sights!

WHITE CRANE. Well, just swim out to that big rock in the lake over there. The bottom of the lake is covered with beautiful pearls and diamonds. I will keep your corn for you.



Gray Goose swims out to see the wonderful sights. While he is gone White Crane eats nearly all of the corn. Gray Goose can not see any pearls or diamonds on the bottom of the lake. When he starts back, he sees White Crane eating the corn.

GRAY GOOSE. Go away from my corn, White Crane! Go away from my corn!

WHITE CRANE. [*As he flies off, laughing.*] I told you that I would keep your corn for you, Gray Goose!

Gray Goose picks up the little corn that is left, and goes on down the road. After a while he meets Brownie Hen and her ten chicks.

BROWNIE HEN. What have you in that little bag, Gray Goose?

GRAY GOOSE. Oh, just a few grains of corn. I had a big bag full, but White Crane ate most of it while I was looking for pearls and diamonds! I like to see strange sights.

BROWNIE HEN. Well, if you like to see strange sights, throw your corn upon the road and see what happens.

GRAY GOOSE. No, indeed! I know well enough what would happen! Your ten little chicks would eat every grain of it.

BROWNIE HEN. No, No! Gray Goose. My chicks will not steal your corn. Throw some of it upon the road. If my little ones eat a single grain, I will give you ten white eggs.

GRAY GOOSE. All right! I agree to that.

He throws down some corn. The chicks run toward it. But before they can eat it, Brownie Hen makes a noise like a hawk. The chicks run away, and Brownie Hen eats the corn.

BROWNIE HEN. I told you that my chicks would not eat your corn, Gray Goose!



Gray Goose goes on till he meets a Farmer.

FARMER. What is in your bag, Gray Goose?

GRAY GOOSE. [*Sadly.*] Only a few grains of corn. My bag of corn grows smaller and smaller. I wish I could make it grow bigger and bigger!

FARMER. Why don't you put the corn in the ground? Then it will grow, and you will always have plenty to eat.

GRAY GOOSE. I will do as you say, Farmer.

The corn begins to grow. For every grain planted, Gray Goose has hundreds of grains!

GRAY GOOSE. At last I have found a way to make my bag of corn grow bigger and bigger, instead of smaller and smaller!

—Leora Robinson.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

I

Once upon a time there was a poor woman who lived in a little house with her son Jack.

“Jack,” cried his mother, one day, “we have no money for bread. You must take our cow to market and sell her.”

So Jack started off to market with the cow. On the way he met a man who had some beautiful beans in his hands.

“My boy, where are you going with your cow?” asked the man.

“I am going to market to sell her,” said Jack. “What have you in your hands?”

“I have some very wonderful beans,” said the man. “I will give them to you, if you will give me the cow.”

“Very well,” said the foolish boy. So he took the beans and ran home.

But when his poor mother saw beans instead of money, she began to cry. “You have given away our cow,” she said, “and still we have no money for bread!”

Jack felt very sad, but he said, “These beans look so wonderful that I will plant them. Perhaps they will grow and give us plenty of food.” So he planted the beans in the garden.

What a strange sight Jack saw in the morning! In the night the beans had grown so high that the stalks were as big as trees, and the tops reached far into the clouds!

“I knew those were wonderful beans!” cried the happy boy. “Perhaps I can find some food at the top of the beanstalk. At least I will climb up to see.”



II

Up and up Jack climbed until his home was far below. Still he could not see the top of the beanstalk. By and by he felt so tired that he stopped to rest.

But then he thought of his poor hungry mother, waiting for food. So again he began to climb higher and higher. After a long time Jack reached the top of the wonderful beanstalk. "What a beautiful country this is!" he cried in surprise.

Not far away he saw a great castle. While he was looking at it, a fairy came and stood by his side. She wore a cap of red silk, and in her hand she carried a wand.

“Listen, my boy,” said the fairy, “and I will tell you a story. Once upon a time a noble King lived in that castle with his Queen and their little son.

“Not far away lived a great giant, who wanted the King’s rich treasures. So one night he came to the castle and killed the King, as he lay asleep.

“Now the Queen had taken the little boy to visit her old nurse, who lived far below upon the earth. When she heard that the King had been killed, she was afraid to go back to the castle.

“So she and her son lived with the good old nurse. When the nurse died, the Queen and the boy still stayed in the little house. Jack, your mother is that poor Queen.”

“My dear mother! My poor father!” cried Jack in surprise.

“Everything in this castle belonged to your father,” said the fairy. “Are you brave enough to try to win back these treasures?”

“I am afraid of nothing,” said the boy.

“Then go to the castle,” the fairy said, “and get the hen that lays golden eggs, and the harp that talks.”

Jack went at once to the castle. When he blew the horn that hung at the gate, the giant’s wife opened the door.

“Go away!” said the woman. “Do you not know that a giant lives here? He will kill you if he sees you. Listen! He is coming now! Hide in that little room!”

Just as Jack hid himself from sight, the great giant came into the castle. He was so heavy that the whole place shook as he walked. His voice was like thunder.

“Wife,” he cried, “I smell a man in the castle! Where is he? I will kill him!”

“You smell only the meat for your supper,” said his wife. “Sit down and eat.”

When the giant had finished eating, he cried, “Wife, bring the magic hen!” So she brought the hen and put it upon the table.



“Lay, good hen!” said the giant. At once the hen laid a golden egg.

“Lay again!” called out the giant. The hen laid another golden egg.

“Lay a third time!” said the giant. And again a golden egg lay upon the table.

Then the giant put the three eggs into his pocket and fell fast asleep.

Now Jack had seen the wonderful hen through a hole in the door. “This is the hen that the fairy told me to get!” he thought.

So when the giant fell asleep, Jack quickly ran out of the castle with the hen.

It did not take Jack long to reach the beanstalk and to climb down. How happy his mother was when he showed her the magic hen, which would make them rich!

III

After this, Jack and his mother had all the gold they wanted. But the young boy could not forget the harp which the fairy had told him to take from the giant.

“Mother,” he said one day, “I must go back to the castle and get my father’s harp.”

So again Jack climbed up the great beanstalk, until he came to the land of the fairy. Then he blew upon the castle horn, and the giant’s wife opened the door.

Now she did not know that this was the same boy who had run away with the magic hen. For Jack had grown to be very tall in the time that had passed. So she hid him in the little room, just as she had done the first time he came to the castle.

Soon the giant came home. "I smell B O Y!" he cried in a voice like thunder.

"You smell only the fat sheep I have cooked for your dinner," said his wife. "Sit down and eat."

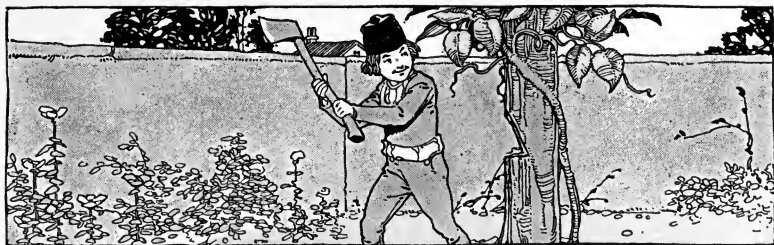
After the giant had finished eating, he called out, "Wife, bring me the magic harp!" So the woman brought him a beautiful harp with golden strings.

"Harp," said the giant, "play for me!" At once soft, sweet music filled the castle.

"Play a more joyful tune!" cried the giant. And the harp played such a happy tune that the giant laughed with joy. Never had Jack heard such wonderful music.

"Now play a lullaby!" cried the giant. At once the harp played so sweet a lullaby that the giant fell fast asleep.

Then Jack crept quietly out of the room and took the magic harp in his arms. But as he ran through the castle door, the harp called out, "Master! Master!"

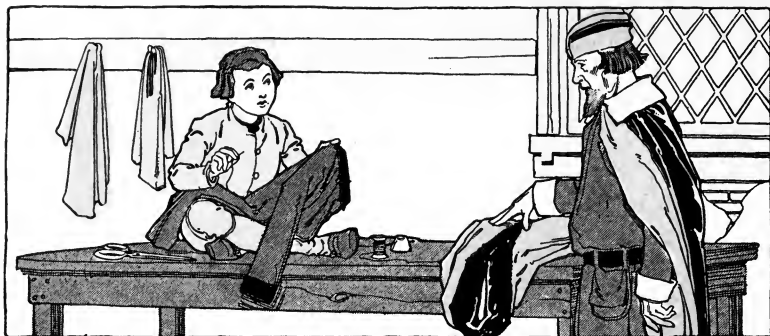


Up sprang the giant with a great shout. He ran after Jack faster than the wind. But as he ran, the giant stumbled over a stone, and fell to the ground. Before he could get upon his feet, Jack quickly climbed down the beanstalk.

“Mother! Mother!” cried the boy, running to his little house. “Give me our old ax!” Then with a few quick strokes he cut the wonderful beanstalk close to its roots. Over it went upon the earth with a loud crash, and Jack was safe.

At that very moment the fairy stood beside him. “My brave boy,” she said, “you have done well. From this day on, you and your mother shall live in plenty.”

—*Old English Tale.*



THE LITTLE TAILOR

ACT I

Time—ONE AFTERNOON, LONG, LONG AGO

Place—A ROOM IN THE TAILOR'S SHOP

Persons:

MASTER TAILOR LITTLE TAILOR

Little Tailor sits on a table, sewing. Beside him are his great scissors and his thread. The door opens, and Master Tailor comes in.

LITTLE TAILOR. Welcome to you, Master!
Have you been to the King's Palace?
Did the King's coat fit him?

Master Tailor shakes his head sadly and throws the King's coat upon the table.

MASTER TAILOR. The King would not even see me! He would see no one.

LITTLE TAILOR. Is the poor King sick?

MASTER TAILOR. No, he is not sick, but he is very sad. He wishes to marry the beautiful Princess. But her father says that the King shall not marry her until he answers three questions.

LITTLE TAILOR. Three questions! Upon my scissors and thread! If I were King, I would answer a hundred questions, to marry so beautiful a Princess.

MASTER TAILOR. But he can not answer them! No one can answer them! So he sits all day with his head in his hands, thinking of the three questions. He would not even look at this fine new coat.

LITTLE TAILOR. But what are these three questions? Maybe I can answer them.

MASTER TAILOR. You are a good little tailor, but you had better stick to your scissors and thread. You can not answer them.

LITTLE TAILOR. But please tell me what these questions are, Master Tailor.

MASTER TAILOR. Well, the three questions are:

How many stars are in the sky?

How many hairs on your head lie?

And last of all, how old am I?

Little Tailor stops sewing. He puts his head in his hands, and thinks for a moment. Then he gets off the table quickly.

LITTLE TAILOR. I must hurry so that I can get to the King's Palace tonight.

He puts on his long cloak and pointed hat. Then he picks up the King's coat, and hurries toward the door.

MASTER TAILOR. [*Dropping his work in surprise.*]

Where are you going? Why are you taking the King's coat?

LITTLE TAILOR. Oh, I am off to the Palace to tell the King how to answer the three questions. [*He hurries out.*]





ACT II

Time—THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY

Place—THE KING'S PALACE

Persons:

THE KING

SERVANT

COURTIERS

DOOR-KEEPER

LITTLE TAILOR

The King sits on his throne with his head in his hands. His courtiers stand about the room looking sad. A servant comes in.

SERVANT. Dinner is ready in the Great Hall!

KING. Go away! Go away! I can not eat.

[*Someone beats upon the door and cries, "Open! open!"*] What is that noise?

DOOR-KEEPER. A foolish tailor boy is outside.

KING. Why does he come to the Castle?

DOOR-KEEPER. He says he can tell you how to answer the three questions.

KING. Bring the tailor boy in at once.

[The great door is opened and Little Tailor comes in with the King's coat on his arm.]

You say you can answer the three questions? How do you even know what these questions are?

LITTLE TAILOR. My Master was here today with this coat. He told me what the questions are. I can answer them.

KING. *[Eagerly.]* If you can answer them you shall have anything you wish! First tell me how many stars are in the sky.

LITTLE TAILOR. Give me a pen, some ink, a big sheet of white paper, and a table.

[A Courtier brings them in. Little Tailor puts the paper upon the table and makes a great many black dots upon it. Then he holds it up.]

There, O King! Count the dots!

KING. [*Shaking his head.*] I can not count them! There are so many dots that no one could count them.

LITTLE TAILOR. Very well! So it is with the stars in the sky!

KING. [*In great joy.*] Very good! Very good! Just so I will answer the father of the Princess. That is the only true answer! But now tell me how many hairs there are on my head.

LITTLE TAILOR. Take off your crown, O King.

[The King takes off his crown, and Little Tailor goes up to him and pulls out one of his hairs.]

There! You have one hair less than you had when I came here.

KING. [*Clapping his hands.*] Good again! There could not be a better answer! The father of the Princess will not have a word to say. But now, tell me how to answer the last question. What shall I say when the father of the Princess asks me how old he is?



LITTLE TAILOR. Oh, that is the very easiest question of all! He is as old as his tongue, and a little older than his teeth.

KING. [*He shakes Little Tailor by the hand.*] You are indeed a wise Little Tailor! I shall marry the Princess tomorrow. Tell me what you wish to have, and I will give it to you.

LITTLE TAILOR. I have only one thing to ask of you. Try on this coat, to see if it fits.

KING. I do not need to try on the coat. So wise a tailor is sure to make a coat that fits. You shall make all my coats as long as I live.

ALL THE COURTIERS. [*Shouting together.*] Long live the King! Long live Little Tailor!

—*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

THE KING AND THE GOOSE-HERD

I

Long ago, in a land across the sea, there lived a good King who loved books more than anything else in all the world.

One day the King sat down upon a bench in the castle park, to read. He was tired, and the day was hot, so he fell asleep.

After a while the good King awoke. "I will take a long walk," he said to himself, "and see the beautiful lake." He did not think of his book until he had gone far from the park.

"Perhaps I can find someone to send back for it," thought the King, as he looked about him. On a hill-side, not far away, he saw a boy tending a flock of geese.

So the King went to the goose-herd and said to him, "My boy, I left a book upon a bench by the gate in the park. I will give you a silver piece if you will get it for me."

The eyes of the boy sparkled as he saw the piece of money. "I would run to the park a dozen times for such a silver piece," he said. "It is more than I get in a month for tending geese. But what will become of my flock while I am gone?"

"The geese will be all right," answered the King. "I will take care of them."

"You!" cried the boy, laughing. "You are too fat and too slow to watch over geese. They would run away from you and get into the meadow by the lake. Do you see that big black gander? He would lead the whole flock away. No! I can not leave my geese, even for your piece of silver."

"My boy, I can keep men in order," said the King. "Surely I can take care of a few geese for a little while."

"You keep men in order!" the goose-herd cried in surprise. "Oh, you must be the school-master. But you would find that it is much easier to manage boys than geese!"

“That may be so,” said the King. “But get me the book, and I will pay for any harm the geese may do while you are gone.”

“Well then, take my whip,” answered the goose-herd, “and I will go. Be sure to keep your eyes on the black gander.”

So the King took the whip, and the boy started off toward the castle park. All at once he stopped and called back, “Crack the whip, School-master! Crack the whip!”

The King swung the whip, first to one side and then to the other, but it made no sound.

“You a school-master!” cried the boy, running back to the King. “And yet you can not crack a whip! Here, let me show you how to do it.”

Taking the whip from the King’s hand, the goose-herd swung it over his head and made it crack with a loud noise. At once the geese drew quickly together. Then the boy ran off for the book, as fast as his legs could carry him.



II

Soon the big black gander lifted up his head and looked about him. When he saw that a strange man held the whip, he flapped his wings and gave a shrill cry.

At once all the geese began to run toward the meadow by the lake. After them ran the King, shouting as loud as he could, "Stop! Stop! Come back to the hill-side!"

He tried to crack the whip, but no sound came, and soon the geese were feeding all over the meadow. The King worked harder and harder, but he could not drive even one goose back to the hill-side.

“The boy was right, after all,” he said to himself. “It is easier to manage thousands of men than one flock of geese.”

After a while the little goose-herd came back with the book. He looked for his geese, but they were running over the meadow, eating the long grass.

“There!” said the angry boy, turning to the King, “I knew how it would be! And I can never drive them together by myself. Come and help me!”

Without saying a word, the good King gave the whip to the boy.

“Stand at this corner of the meadow,” said the goose-herd. “Stretch out your arms! Now, move them up and down. When I give you the word, shout with all your might at the geese.”

Then the boy set out for the end of the field, where the big black gander was running about and feeding.

“Now, shout!” called out the goose-herd.

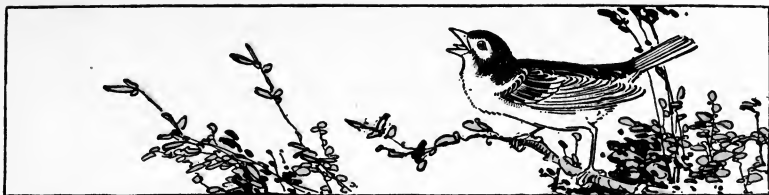
The King stretched out his arms, waved them up and down, and shouted with all his might. At the same time the goose-herd cracked his whip, and the whole flock of geese ran out of the meadow.

“Never again shall anyone get my whip away from me!” said the boy. “I would not give it to the King himself.”

The King laughed. “You are right,” he said, “for the King is as poor a goose-herd as I am. But here is another silver piece to pay for the harm that the geese have done. Do not be angry with me. I never tended geese before. You see, I am the King.”

“The King!” cried the boy in surprise. “Well, you are a kind man, anyway, and everyone says that you are a good King. But just the same, you are a very poor goose-herd.”

—*Old Persian Tale.*



A SONG OF JOY

The robin sings of willow-buds,
Of snow-flakes on the green;
The blue-bird sings of May-flowers,
The fallen leaves between;
The wee wren has a thousand tales
To tell to girl and boy;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, "Joy! joy! joy!"

The peewee calls his little mate,
When she is far away;
The warbler sings, "What fun, what fun,
To tilt upon the spray!"
The cuckoo has no song, but clucks,
Just like a wooden toy;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, "Joy! joy! joy!"

The grosbeak sings about the rose,
 And paints her on his breast;
The sparrow sings of speckled eggs,
 Within her soft-lined nest;
The wood-thrush sings of peace, "Sweet peace,
 Sweet peace," without alloy;
But the oriole, the oriole,
 Sings, "Joy! joy! joy!"

—*Laura E. Richards.*

HOW THE DAYS GOT THEIR NAMES

I never know what day it is
Unless I hear the name;
Today, tomorrow, yesterday,
To me seem all the same.

And so I'm glad they named the days,
A long, long time ago.
I'll tell you how it came about,
For every child should know.

In old times, folks had lots of gods,
The greatest was the sun;
Our Sunday got its name from him.
The week had now begun.

The "Moon-day" next was named, to please
The moon-god, so they say.
Its name is Monday now. I guess
That one "o" slipped away.

Our Tuesday's name comes from Tiu
(You spell it T-u-e)
Who was the old-time god of war.
A god to fear was he!

Old Woden was another god,
The god of wisdom bright.
Old Woden's day is Wednesday now;
Be sure you spell it right.

And Thursday gets its name from Thor,
The god of thunder, loud.
The old folks had no "lightning-day,"—
They feared the thunder-cloud!

Our Friday comes from Frigedaeg.
That may seem strange, I know.
It got its name from Woden's wife,
A long, long time ago.

Old Saturn was the god of plants,
The friend of girl and boy.
For Saturday was named for him,
The day of children's joy.

Those old-time folks had fifty gods
Almost, it seems to me.
If they had named a day for each,
How long the week would be!

WORD LIST

BOOK II

This list includes all the different words used in this book, except those found in the Elson-Runkel Primer and Elson Primary School Reader, Book One.

7 ready	he's	course	22 thief
everything	somehow	a-searching	stolen
	thousand		troubles
8 path	fairly	16 Hans	carrying
bath		heavy	
clear	13 I've	piece	23 rid
pump	chap	silver	pocket
cook	plain	lucky	answered
Chips	chair	handkerchief	scissors-grinder
wooden	hunt	shoulder	
farther	quite	17 ache	25 grindstone
orchard	table	rode	26 bank
wood-pile	wasted	riding	sliding
	fellow		leaned
9 straw	everywhere	18 Jip	pushed
Biddy	strength	lips	slipped
Top-knot	bright-eyed	lump	
new-laid		smack	27 goes
	14 Twinkle	change	use
11 bathed	diamond	19 brought	28 sort
dressed	blazing	driving	shame
	set	sunny	ought
12 even	dew	20 drop	shoots
print	spark	dust	hasn't
cap		drove	proper
snap	15 ago		notion
spy	among	21 beef	beside
whose	band	pork	nursie
finest	shone	killed	coward
squint	skies	butcher	India-rubber
though	minute	wheelbarrow	funniest
escape	fireflies		

29	arrant buttercup sleepy-head	38	frogs animal ox strange		danger gentle dreadful sound		bloomed Princess gatekeeper
30	toward naughty became	39	burst	47	chin wild stretched	54	share saved yesterday
31	Oho past seem grown candle	40	taking easier donkey ashamed surely	48	deeds fierce squee-hee-hee mind remember	55	swift agree climb monkey quarrel elephant
32	heath charmingly	41	able son badly women follow passed	49	blown cream lowing wanders stray showers friendly apple-tart	56	thick proudly trunk
33	paint sake least folks washed trodden terribly	42	untied nobody whoever everybody			57	neither quickness gathered
34	laid same worker grasshopper	43	else life touch starve growled anyone whipped manger	50	crowd Taro turtle teased teasing anybody anything fisherman	58	inn led tame gun left drum post march bear really trained pennies soldier upstairs inn-keeper rat-a-tat-tat rat-a-tat-too
35	harm stiff which			51	kindly stroked		
36	shop sold shawl spun herself silkworm	44	been strangers	52	palace saving clear		
37	webs wove finer spider	45	fur mine	53	wave sadly helpers	59	tramp snuffed
		46	most purr-r speak				

61	bleat teach sparrow taught		springtime willow-trees		nipped fought expecting rushed	84	war brave word unless wherever
62	afterward sheep-fold late	71	cup mud shape thrush magpie	79	witch fingers snipped	85	needs stable clapped
63	tapped breakfast	72	twigs suits lined lining alike higher	80	Atri John wrong tower judges treated bell-rope punish wrong	86	deer feast lakes months frozen murmur Ojeeg season Indian Summer-maker
64	o'er done pathway cloudy certain swallow	73	sty fed ram become struck mutton trough against tomorrow free	81	city chose rung rang noon wisp middle brightly ding-dong hurried robes thin	87	bow numb magic arrow wigwam
65	wore cape dough baking					88	fond tears smiled
66	oven myself	74	ourselves			89	Otter Beaver Badger journey
67	smaller woodpecker	75	moss gabbling kindness live	82	woke person		
68	secret cherry			83	ribs bare lame spoke blind castle belongs starving almost	90	jumper crouched
69	shan't whole	76	soup			91	fists breeze mighty
70	hum sleds we're pussies skates weather honey-bees	77	snug wolves wealthy neighbors				
		78	giant pecked				

92 ice bubble babble melted sparkled	105 larger	119 paid	126 who's here's that's coldest simply pale-faced
93 earn chinny living knocked	106 hoot	120 glow frost heat pod sail shrill June July posies scarlet silky colder daffodil January April August September October February dandelions leafy ripen golden-rod	127 few apart completely faithful
94 huff	107 peas youngest		128 Polly clothes vase broom plate napkins dollies Thanksgiving dining-room nursery violets
95 third bricks	108 older barley sheets bucket armful hearted		
96 o'clock	109 center servants ivory awoke pinched awake downstairs		
98 fair churn			
99 except			
100 lid visit	110 surprised		
101 jug lose eaten millet wife wood-cutter	112 lad sent pantry	121 chilly whirling November December trembling	129 seated knife velvet careful muslin Hannah teaspoon Susan Dora Jane
102 latch hearth sitting	113 since serve spread yourself		
103 stew dish feed meant kitchen	114 crust	123 earthy blanket content fluttering	130 pie squash carved celery delight nicest platter younger sauce
104 Bump cellar	115 true instead whenever believe	124 sigh matter colors	
	116 worth		
	118 bench	125 finished	

130	mashed smallest potato interested cranberry	138	wand trimming	protect ruffle beneath blare	152	stole robber	
131	odd raisins nibbled mistress visitors dessert eaten	139	faces	146	knit Betty coach drew leather curtains cushions George Wash- ington	153	dot lady she's arise sprang daisies overhead
132	front sofa parlor safely	140	faded lonely perhaps blossoms foxes	147	fife ahead Robert welcome	154	storms sheltered plenty
133	peek toys canary steady candies popcorn already locked trimmed cobwebs	141	dare timid tonight	148	porch shady curtsy stepped President United States	155	fold lawn dawns aside prayers
134	poke stairs attic single scrubbed	142	hippity- hop earliest bunny	149	rosy need fresh kettle nimble maid	156	Clytie chariot water-maiden sunflower sea-caves Apollo's
135	halls creepy everyone	143	tracks message	150	ham slices foaming	157	leads western
136	teeny crawl	144	rills noble native thrills swell music mortal prolong silence tongues breathe partake templd rapture	151	rainbow wiped gowns orange floating sunbeams	158	nor firmly tugged tasted neighed pranced
137	trumpet	145	flash hats God author loyal bugles holy	159		160	petals slender happened
						161	Elf pop

161	Tom softly tiptoe tricky hammer	173	stem crept spoiled toadstool	193	beanstalk	210	sparkled order manage school-master
162	stitch sooner tip-tap rip-rap tick-a-tack-too	175	hut Clara Laura unkind fretful hate	196	win Queen treasures nurse earth	211	swung
163	lap apron grassy wrinkles spectacles	176	cloak grapes twelve autumn wrapped	196	harp thunder	215	fallen tales oriole mate tilt
164	making sniffed snuff-box	178	tore bunch scowling strawberries	198	quickly		spray cuckoo warbler between peewee
165	ker-choo sneezed	179	crossly	200	joyful tune	201	crash moment
166	ditch	181	doesn't anything apronful	202	afternoon tailor fit	216	breast peace alloy grosbeak
167	sewn stool business	183	stupid	203	marry questions	217	Tiu lots Thor spell week begun fear
168	bog oats hedges stumbled	185	beets stored potatoes	205	courtiers		Woden Sunday Monday Tuesday Thursday Wednesday lightning wisdom
169	dig scarf pointing	186	bold crown pearl throne mermaid	206	pen ink paper eagerly		
170	gay	188	count	207	less		
171	beaten	189	caw	208	teeth	218	fifty those Saturn Saturday Friday Frigedaeg
172	belted thistle-down umbrella			209	park flock read books goose-herd		

MANUAL FOR THE
ELSON
PRIMARY SCHOOL READER
BOOK TWO

PRESENTING A DETAILED METHOD OF PROCEDURE
FOR THE TEACHING OF READING

By

WILLIAM H. ELSON

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AND

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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

In order to teach reading effectively, some systematic plan or method must be followed which will give beginners independent control of the mechanical problems involved. The plan should also ensure pupils the ability *to interpret the thought* of the printed page. Such a method, definite and detailed, is presented by the Manuals accompanying the Elson-Runkel Primer and the Elson Primary School Readers, Books I and II.

Vital Defects in Prevailing Methods

In the past, a number of elaborate systems or "methods" have been worked out, and used in the schools with greater or less degrees of success. Practically all of these methods have been based upon the plan of analyzing our entire spoken language into its various phonetic elements, and then supplying drill on each of these elements by means of type words. The reading material of texts which follow these methods consists largely of disjointed sentences, built up out of phonetically selected words, as they are from day to day developed.

In recent years, however, experimental psychology has been throwing new light on the reading process. After a careful study of public school practice, Dr. Edmund Burke Huey, Dr. John Dewey, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, and other scientific investigators have pointed out vital defects in the prevailing systems, and have urged a reconstruction of teaching methods, in harmony with the new psychology of reading. They call attention to two special faults in present-day methods:

(1) The stress is placed upon mechanical memory, to the neglect of the development of thought power. In the words of Dr. Huey, "The actual aim that has guided in the selection

and arrangement of most of the early reading-matter has been the development of the power to recognize and call words, making reading a matter of word-pronouncing, mainly." Indeed, by making word-mastery the end, these methods produce readers of words rather than of thoughts.

(2) The child's interest—his only motive for learning—is ignored, since no vital content is provided for him. Dr. Dewey, in speaking of what he terms the "utter triviality of the contents of our school primers and first readers," says they "lack the essential of any well-grounded method, viz.: *relevancy to the child's mental needs.*" It is to be remembered that a method which ignores interest is extremely wasteful of energy. For interest is the most powerful impelling force; when it is lacking, its place must be taken by external compulsion, resulting in laborious drill.

The Natural Method of Teaching Reading

In the light of the new psychology of reading, it would appear that the natural method of teaching the child to read provides him with material (stories) of such nature as will grip his interest and constantly develop his power for connected thinking, by means of incident and plot structure. Through the use of this *vital content*, the natural method develops the various phonetic elements of our language, one by one, as they are encountered in the story. A content of simple but vivid stories, expressed in a typical child vocabulary, will inevitably contain these phonetic elements, and will bring them to the child in the course of his reading needs quite as rapidly as he is capable of mastering them. Moreover, the type words selected from such material for drill purposes will come to him in interesting associations, as integral parts of real stories. Contrast the type words found in many primers and first readers,—doled out to the child in stiff, unnatural sentences, built up merely because some particular page is designed to exhibit, let us say the "in" family and therefore weaves an inane sentence to contain

the word "pin." In the nature of things, reading-material constructed on this artificial basis is certain to lack continuity of thought. Indeed, pages of such primers and first readers may be read almost as effectively by beginning with the last sentence and reading up to the top of the page, as by reading in the usual way from top to bottom.

The Elson-Runkel Method

The Elson-Runkel Primer and the Elson Primary School Readers, Books I and II, are the outgrowth of a deep conviction that the new approach to the reading problem, pointed out above, is pedagogically sound. The keynote of this approach is well stated by Dr. Huey: "The child loves a story, loves to get somewhither in what is said, wants an outcome to the discussion." This fundamental truth has been a guiding principle to the authors in the preparation of the Elson-Runkel Primer and the Elson Primary School Readers, Books I and II, which consist of a wide variety of interesting stories.

The Elson-Runkel method secures for the child a thorough familiarity with the plot of each story before he attempts to read the text. This foreknowledge offers five distinct advantages:

(1) It enables the child to follow intelligently the thread of the narrative, when he comes to the reading of the text. Without some foreknowledge of the plot action, the beginner is so engrossed in the effort to interpret individual words, that he is unable to see clearly the *movement* of the story.

(2) It makes the child thoroughly familiar with the sound and meaning of the words he will later find in reading the text. If the child has previously known (orally) a certain word used in the text, his memory of it is thus immediately refreshed; on the other hand, if he has never previously heard the word, he is now made familiar with it, as an integral part of an interesting incident.

(3) It enables the child to see the relationship of each printed word to the sentence-thought, instead of looking upon the word merely as an isolated symbol. This *complete* mastery of the word is ensured by the fact that the sentence-thought has already been unfolded to him orally in substantially the same form.

(4) It develops the power of connected thinking,—the ability to grasp the relationship which each sentence bears to the story-incident.

(5) It enables the teacher to enrich and illuminate the text narrative for the child, by adding a setting and interesting details.

This use of the told story is the *natural* point of departure in teaching the child to read, for he has acquired in the home the power to translate spoken words into meaning and to visualize situations described by them. The school thus begins its work where the home has left off, utilizing the capacities which the child brings with him, and building upon his previous experience. Moreover, in the use of the told story, the imaging power is active, and pictures situations as the oral words reveal them; while in reading, the attention is so centered upon the individual words that imaging is reduced to a minimum.

Prepared by the Elson-Runkel method, the child is eager to master the mechanical difficulties, in order that he may read more of the delightful stories provided for him. The important words in the story, rich in meaning to him, he quickly learns to recognize at sight in print or script,—a very different process from the memorizing of isolated words, merely to drill on some phonetic element. Soon a working vocabulary of printed words is at the child's command, acquired through interesting associations, instead of by painful drill on meaningless forms. Words in groups—phrases and sentences—also have come to him out of these relationships; and, lo! he is able to read the story he knows and loves. From this point forward, awakened interest and purposeful motive carry him over the formula—from the told story to the reading of the same story—with a joy and

a growing sense of power to get meaning from the printed page, unknown in a method which subordinates content to mere memory drill. Throughout, the child is eager to master words, phrases, and sentences, because they come to him as new forms of a content in which he already has abundant interest. This motive impels him to acquire control of all the mechanical problems involved in reading.

A feature of the Elson-Runkel method which is of great importance is that it economizes effort, not only by utilizing the spontaneous power of interest, but also by developing phonetic elements *as, one by one, they arise naturally in the child's reading*. In this way motive for mastering difficulties is constantly present, and the knowledge acquired is immediately applied, becoming a fixed equipment, without the painful drill necessary in the use of less vital methods.

Preparatory Development of Each Story

Preparatory work in word-control is given in connection with each story, before text reading is attempted. In this treatment, the new words are thoroughly developed, and old words are reviewed. It will be remembered that the teacher has already told the text story, thereby making these words orally familiar to the child. The transition, therefore, from oral to visual interpretation is natural and simple.

Word-Control Through Phonetics

The manner in which the Elson-Runkel method enables the child to read the interesting content of this book has already been made clear. The ability to read a given text, however, is not an end in itself, but merely a foundation for the larger power of controlling new words as they are encountered in more general reading, where the "background of familiarity" is wanting. This larger power, it is universally recognized, comes most easily through mastery of the various phonetic elements

of our language. The value of this training lies in the fact that it enables the child to control not only the particular type word chosen to illustrate a given phonetic element, but also all words of the same family wherever found in later reading. A detailed plan for establishing such mastery is carefully marked out by the Elson-Runkel method. This plan, however, differs from that of prevailing mechanical methods, in that the phonetic elements are taken up as, one by one, they appear in the printed story. Thus the child's *immediate reading needs*, not arbitrary adult conceptions, determine the order in which these elements are treated, and furnish the motive for their mastery.

Divisions of the Manual

For the sake of convenience, the Elson-Runkel method (which may well be termed the "natural method") is treated in the Manual under the following heads:

Part One—Practical Suggestions (pp. 235-240).

Part Two—Development of Text (pp. 241-369).

Part One discusses certain fundamental points in the teaching of reading which should be given special attention.

Part Two outlines the work in connection with the text. It contains a complete development of the selections in Book Two, as well as the phonetic elements taught through them.

PART ONE

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

Factors in Reading Ability

Good reading ability is made up of a number of factors, and the teacher should hold before her a clear perspective of the relative values of these factors, as a daily guide in her class work. Obviously, the power to control words comes first. The teacher, however, should remember that word-mastery is merely a means to an end,—the interpretation of the *thought* of the printed page. For reading is vastly more than mere word-getting. It is not sufficient that the child can recognize a given word at sight and call it correctly. He must also associate it with its appropriate meaning—it must suggest to him its full content. More than this, the child must intelligently fuse the individual words into phrases and sentences. Finally, reading includes the ability to interpret thoughts in their organized relation to the story, that is, the power of following the plot.

Since thought-interpretation is the ultimate goal of all reading lessons, the teacher should constantly test her pupils to make sure that they have a thorough appreciation of the story-unit.

The Oral Story

The fundamental importance of the oral story in the Elson-Runkel method has been explained on page 231. The text narrative should be told (not read) to the children, so that a “background of familiarity” may be well established for the story-plot. This is particularly helpful in the longer selections. In this oral presentation, the teacher should make each incident stand out clearly, having the pupils follow by means of the pictures in the book. A good plan for testing

the children's mastery of the plot is to ask them to give back the incidents of the story in their correct order. Children will be aided in this work by the fact that important steps in the story are accurately visualized in the illustrations. It should be noted, too, that in the longer selections the distinct incidents of the story-plot are indicated by Roman numerals. These units thus serve as a convenient basis for the retelling of a part of the narrative by individual pupils. They also form convenient lesson-units.

The Use of Illustrations

No feature of this Reader has been worked out with greater care than the illustrations. They are not mere decorations (as is the case in many texts), but have been so drawn as to accurately present in visual form the various steps of the narrative. They constitute, as it were, a panorama of the story, unfolding the action pictorially as the text unfolds it through the printed word. So intimate, indeed, is the connection between text and illustration, that pupils should be encouraged to study the pictures systematically before they begin to read. The teacher may well share with the children the enjoyment which comes from this study, directing their attention to points in the pictures which make the story-action vivid. In this way the illustrations will serve their full purpose, enriching the text and helping the children to gain the complete content of the story.

Dramatization

Acting or playing the story makes it *real* to the child and gives him vivid impressions. Thus, the several incidents are made to stand out distinctly, and the child is enabled to reproduce them in their order. For, when the child becomes an actor in a drama, he must hold the run of events in mind and do "team work" with others. The teacher should remember that entertainment and show are not the aims, but an accurate inter-

pretation of the story, a better seeing, and a keener appreciation.

The stories should be dramatized several times. This will call into action all the different children, offer opportunity for individual initiative, and strengthen the feeling of unity for the story-whole. It is well to give pupils a large part in planning and arranging the dramatic presentation.

Word, Sentence, and Phonetic Development

A complete system of phonetics is worked out in the Elson-Runkel method, based upon the vocabularies of the Primer and the Elson Primary School Readers, Books I and II. All of the fundamental phonetic elements are thoroughly developed.

Systematic drill should be given upon the words, phrases, and sentences listed for that purpose. It is well to take advantage of the phonetic cards to make this part of the work effective and enjoyable. The plan provides for two lessons in reading and one separate exercise in phonetics each day.

Reading from the Book

The teacher should make sure that the pupil has the *thought* of a sentence before he attempts to read it orally. Time should first be allowed for silent interpretation. This, in connection with the "background of familiarity" previously supplied by the told story, will enable the pupil to read orally with understanding.

It is well not to allow children to point to the words as they read, as such a habit tends to weaken the feeling for phrase-unity. When they have acquired some power, they should read more than one sentence at a time—a group of sentences, a page, even an entire story. In this way they learn to tell "what it's all about."

The teacher should not fail to show children by example how to read difficult sentences. Indeed, from time to time, she should

read entire paragraphs and pages for them. This presentation of a "model" by the teacher should not, however, precede the effort of the pupils to express the same passage.

The Personal Touch

In the use of oral stories, it is desirable to establish a vital connection between the pupils and the selection, for it is the personal touch of interest that counts with children. Recognizing this fact, the authors have chosen for the Elson-Runkel Primer and the Elson Primary School Readers, Books I and II, stories that largely center around characters and incidents which are significant to the normal child through his own experience. The teacher will utilize this basis of personal knowledge by reviving the experiences of the children. This gives a sense of reality to the story and enables pupils to picture in imagination the events read about.

Children's Limited Experience

It goes without saying, however, that no body of material can be chosen which is wholly based upon experiences common to *all* children. When the teacher finds a story, or an incident in a story, that deals with experiences foreign to some of the children, it must be made meaningful to them. There are many ways of giving such a passage significance and, therefore, vividness. The teacher recounts experiences of her own which are similar to those described in the story. She has seen what the characters in the narrative saw, or something quite like it; so she tells about it. She may directly, by means of objects, or indirectly, by means of pictures, supply the necessary concrete experience. Whatever method she employs, it is important that she should avoid the common mistake of assuming that the printed name of an object calls up to the children its appropriate mental picture, when in fact the word has no significance, whatever. A safe maxim for

the teacher, here, is "Be sure that the pupils have mental images corresponding to the words they read." City children are particularly limited in their sense training of objects in Nature, and the teacher is in danger of taking it for granted that such children have had an experience, which in reality is totally lacking.

Suggestions for Supplementary Work

In Part Two of this Manual, supplementary stories, verses, songs, games, etc., are suggested for use in connection with individual stories or story-groups of the text. For convenience, these suggestions have been placed immediately following the Manual treatment of the basic story or story-group which they are intended to supplement. This additional material gives variety and enrichment to the work, and offers enlarged exercise-ground for establishing the child in the mechanics of reading. At the same time it increases interest through new treatment of a theme that is already familiar.

Before taking up a new story or story-group, the teacher should consult the Manual treatment of both the basic and the supplementary stories. She will then be in a position to make her program in the light of all the data offered, drawing upon the supplementary material in the most advantageous way.

Card Devices

The following sets of cards, in addition to the Elson-Runkel Reading Chart, are provided for use in connection with the Elson-Runkel Primer and the Elson Primary School Readers, Books One and Two, for purposes of drill:

- Set I. (Primer) Outline Picture Cards.
- Set II. (Primer) Letter and Phonogram Cards.
- Set III. (Primer) Sight Word Cards.
- Set IV. (Primer) Seat Work Letter Cards (for building words).*

* Set IV is also adapted for use with Books I and II.

- Set V. (Primer) Seat Work Word Cards (for building sentences).
- Set VI. (Book I) Letter and Phonogram Cards.
- Set VII. (Book I) Sight Word Cards.
- Set VIII. (Book II) Letter and Phonogram Cards.

The Letter and Phonogram Cards (Set VIII) contain all the consonants, and all the phonograms developed in the Manual for Book II. These cards provide valuable drill in rapid recognition of phonetic elements and of words developed through a combination of these elements.

PART TWO

DEVELOPMENT OF TEXT

The lesson plans are developed under four* main steps, as follows:

First Step—THE ORAL STORY. (To be *told*, not read.)

The teacher tells the oral story. The pupils follow by means of the text pictures, which help them get the thought. Then the children tell the story-incidents in their correct order.

Second Step—DRAMATIZATION.

The children act out the events of the story, simply and naturally.

Third Step—WORD AND SENTENCE DEVELOPMENT: PHONETICS.

When the story-plot has been established, the teacher develops the "mechanics" of reading under the following topics:

(a) *Words.* These are listed in two groups, "Review" and "New." Under "Review" are included all words which have been previously taught and also words which the child can control by means of phonetic elements previously taught. All other words of the lesson are listed as "New," including those to be learned as sight words as well as those to be learned phonetically. The first time a phonetic word appears, it is treated as a "sight word." When, later, a word of the same phonetic family occurs, it is developed from, or associated with, the common phonogram, drawn from the original word. For example, *jump* appears, and is taught as a sight word. Later, *pump* occurs, and is developed from "ump" in *jump*. Other words developed in this connection from the "ump" phonogram, as *hump*, *lump*, etc., are treated as review words when they are met later in the book.

(b) *Group words.* Words in groups are listed for drill, to establish word relationship and phrase-unity in reading.

(c) *Sentences.* Complete sentences are listed for drill, to give skill in fusing the individual words of a sentence into a thought-unit.

(d) *Phonetics.* These include phonograms, blends, and consonants.

Fourth Step—READING LESSON.

The children read the text story.

* Two reading "lessons" and one phonetic "lesson" are provided for each day.

THE WAKE-UP STORY

First Step—The Oral Story. (To be *told*, not read.)

Tell the text story, amplifying and enriching with details and personal experiences. The purpose of the oral story is to clear up difficulties in the way of understanding the printed narrative. It should give the child foreknowledge of the plot-action, familiarize him with the sound and meaning of the words, establish him in the habit of connected thinking, and illuminate the text with interesting incidents. The told story should arouse interest in the printed narrative and create a desire to read it. To this end, tell the story interestingly and dramatically. Use and repeat difficult phrases occurring in the text. A few examples are given in the early part of the Manual, as suggestive of the oral treatment:

I'm going to tell you a story about Baby Ray and his mother. It's a story about the morning, too. What's the very first thing you do in the morning? You wake up, don't you? This is a Wake-Up Story.

On this particular morning that I am going to tell you about, the sun was up. In the summer he gets up very, very early. Do you ever see him get up? The sun was up and Baby Ray's mother was up. Five chicks, four geese, three rabbits, two kittens, and one little dog were up, too. They were all watching for Baby Ray to come to the window. But Baby Ray was still fast asleep in his little white bed.

"Shall I wake him up?" asked his mother. "No, I'll let him sleep a little longer, while I get everything ready for his bath and his breakfast. I know just what he likes. First, I must get water for his bath." So she went along the orchard path. Does your mother go along the orchard path to get water for your bath? What could Mother be trying to find? The old wooden pump, of course. When she got to the pump she said, "Good Pump, will you give me nice clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump said, "I will."

Then what do you think Mother did next? This water from the old wooden pump was cold, much too cold, for Baby Ray's bath. This is what Mother did: She went on a little farther until she came to the wood-pile. On the ground were clean, white chips. Mother said, "Good Chips, the pump gave me nice, clear water for Baby Ray. Will you come and warm the water and cook the food?"

And the chips said, "We will."

"Now," said Mother to herself, "I have the water for the bath. These chips will make a fire to warm the water, and to cook the food. I know just what to get next." Do you know? Yes, the food. Perhaps you think Mother went back to the house for the food. No, indeed! She walked right on, along the orchard path, until she came to the cow.

She said, "Good Cow, the pump gave me nice, clear water. The wood-pile gave me clean, white chips for Baby Ray. Will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow said, "I will."

Then Mother went on a little farther. She was looking for something more for Baby Ray's breakfast. What could it be? She saw Top-knot Biddy scratching in the straw. Mother stopped again. Do you know why? She said: "Good Biddy, the pump gave me nice, clear water. The wood-pile gave me clean, white chips. The cow gave me warm, rich milk for Baby Ray. Will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen said, "I will."

Do you think Mother was ready to go back to Baby Ray? No; she wanted one thing more. She went on until she came to the orchard. It was full of trees, and the trees were full of pretty red apples. Mother stopped at one of the trees. She said: "Good Tree, the pump gave me nice, clear water. The wood-pile gave me clean, white chips. The cow gave me warm, rich milk. The hen gave me a new-laid egg. Will you give me"—what do you think?"—"a pretty, red apple for Baby Ray?"

And the tree said, "I will."

So Mother took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house. And there was Baby Ray looking out of the window! Then Mother kissed him and bathed him and dressed him. While she was doing this she told him the Wake-Up Story. Would you like to read the very story that Mother told Baby Ray?

Second Step—Dramatization.

Assign parts and act out the story.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	ready	asleep	wooden	top-knot	everything	
	clear	cook	geese	chips		
(New)	path	bath	straw	bathed	dressed	orchard
	pump	wood-pile	farther	Biddy	new-laid	

Group Words

to come to the window	looking out of the window
from the pile of wood	for the baby's bath

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ear, ook, ip, id, ew, ood, ot, op</i>					
	<i>ÿ</i> —Biddy	ready	steady	lucky		
(New)	<i>ump</i> —jump	hump	pump	lump	bump	trumpet
	<i>ile</i> — while	pile	mile	file		

*Pronunciation**

new (nū), white (hw), pretty (prī'tī), window (wīn'dō), fāst, pāth, bāth

Spelling

four	geese	were	come	white
mother	water	cook	food	clean

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 7-11.)

Good practice follows steps similar to the following:

- (a) *Questions relating to the thought of the sentence or paragraph to be read. The amount of development depends upon the ability and needs of the class.*
- (b) *Silent reading by whole class of this sentence or paragraph.*
- (c) *Difficulties in the way of this silent reading discovered and removed. Under "Third Step" new or difficult words and phrases are listed for preparatory study, in order that the reading lesson proper may find the pupils able to control the words. But if pupils in attempting silent reading still find words and phrases they do not know, these should be taught before going further.*
- (d) *Oral reading—a free, natural, and spirited expression of the thought, as little as possible dependent upon the book.*

Page 7. What is the very first thing you do in the morning? You wake up, don't you? What is the name of this story? Then what time of day do you think it tells about? Look at the picture and tell me whether you think it is a summer story or a winter story. In summer something very big and very bright gets up before we do. It gets up very, very early in the morning. Look at the first sentence and be ready to tell us what it is. The sun was not the only one up, this summer morning. The picture shows us—how many others? Look at the second sentence, and be ready to tell us who they were. Be ready to tell us what all these animals were doing. (In some such way as this require first the silent reading; discovering and removing difficulties found by pupils; calling then on one or more pupils, according to difficulty of sentence or paragraph, to read orally.) Can you think

* Under this head are listed words often mispronounced or requiring care to secure proper articulation. They are usually words which pupils of this grade are unable to get for themselves phonetically, owing to their limited knowledge of phonetic symbols. In all such cases, *tell* the pronunciation and give the necessary drill to fix it.

why they were all watching for Baby Ray? (Perhaps he was kind to them, fed them, played with them, etc.) Does any animal watch for you? Why? Look at the next sentence and be ready to tell us why Baby Ray did not see all these animals that were watching for him. Someone else was up that morning,—who was it? Mother was going to get something for Baby Ray. Be ready to tell us what it was. Be ready to read the first paragraph; the second; the third; all of p. 7.

Page 8. Does your mother do anything for you in the morning, while you are fast asleep? Let us see what Baby Ray's mother did first. Look to see why she went to the pump. Where does your mother get water for your bath? Be ready to tell what the pump said. Some words sound almost alike. They make a pleasant sound when we say one after the other. Listen! run, fun; stay, play; will, fill. We call them rhyming words. Can you think of some rhyming words? (Make list of simple ones.) Can you find rhyming words in the next two lines? (path, bath). Be ready to read these lines. Who can tell them to us, without the book. Now, Mother had water from the old wooden pump for Baby Ray's bath; but it was cold, much too cold, for a baby's bath. Be ready to tell what she did next. Be ready to tell how much farther she went, and what she said. In the picture show which are the chips. Why did Mother choose the chips instead of the logs? How does your mother make a fire, to cook your food? Be ready to read what the chips said. In the next two lines find the words that sound almost alike; in the next two. Be ready to read these lines. Who can repeat them without the book? Look to see if mother was all ready to go back to the house with the water and the chips.

Page 9. Be ready to tell what she said to the cow. (Note that the direction is to "tell," rather than to "read," the object being to gain a reading that shall be like a natural telling of the thought by the use of the words of the text, rather than a mere calling of those words.) Here are the rhyming lines again. Who can say two of them without the book? All of them? Mother had water and chips and milk; but she wanted something more. What did she see? ("Top-Knot Biddy," etc.) Why was Biddy scratching? Be ready to tell what Mother said to her.

Page 10. Find the rhyming words in the first two lines; the next two; the next two. Who can say two rhyming lines without the book? All of them? Still Mother was not ready to go back. Think how full her hands and arms were getting! Look to see what she did next. Be ready to tell all that she said to the tree. Name all the things Mother was carrying. What do you have for breakfast? Where does your mother get it for you? Look to see what Mother did with the things she had found. Be ready to tell us what pleasant sight she saw when she got to the house. Be ready to tell what she did when she went in. Find the rhyming words in the first two

lines of the story that Mother told to Baby Ray; the next two, etc. Be ready to read all of the Wake-Up Story. Who can tell part of it without the book? Read any part of the story that you like best. Choose children to take parts of Mother, Pump, Chips, etc., reading or reciting dialogue as given in book.*

THE BOY AND HIS CAP

First Step—The Oral Story.

Determine the difficult words, phrases, and sentences in the lesson. Then tell the story in a way to make these more easily understood when the reading lesson is reached. For example: "sharper than a cat's at night;" "never even has to squint;" "things that escape his mother's eye;" "his strength was wasted, quite."

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	finest	cap	snap	chap	sure
	spy	funny	quite	somehow	hunt
	fellow	bright-eyed	everywhere		
(New)	even	whose	though	escape	thousand
	fairly	plain	chair	wasted	strength
	print	squint	he's	I've	table

Group Words

than a cat's at night	his strength was wasted, quite
looking at the finest print	never even has to squint
hunt it everywhere	things that escape his mother's eye

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ap, unt, ite, ight</i>				
(New)	<i>int</i> —winter	print	squint	mint	
	<i>er</i> —taller	winter	nearer	singer	brighter lighter

Pronunciation

strength (g), fellow (ō), when (hw)

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 260.

Spelling

eyes night when sees here funny never

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 12-13.)

What is this poem about? (See title.)

Stanza 1. When can you see better, in the daytime or at night? Some little animals that you know can see better at night than you can; what are they? What kind of eyes must cats have, to see so well? (Sharp.) The first two lines tell us something about this boy's eyes. Be ready to tell us (read) what it is. (Always follow silent reading with oral expression.) Who can print a letter of the alphabet upon the board? Who can print one very small? We can say this first one is in big print, and this one is in small print; or this one is in coarse print, and this is what? (Fine.) Which is easier to see? It hurts the eye to read very fine print; there is a word in line 3 that tells you what people sometimes do when they try to read fine print; what is it? (Squint.) Be ready to tell us (read) whether this boy ever has to squint? Be ready to read all of the stanza. What are the rhyming words?

Stanza 2. Do you like to go for a walk? Why? Yes, there are so many things to see, if we use our eyes. This boy has bright, sharp eyes. Look at the first two lines to see if he uses them. He sees a thousand things, but there is one thing he never sees. Be ready to tell us what it is. Be ready to read the stanza; all of p. 12.

Stanza 3. Look at the pictures. Can you think what made the chair fall over? Do you think the boy's mother left the table as it is in the picture? Was the boy looking quietly and carefully for his cap? Look at the picture again. This boy looks strong and sturdy. We say people who are strong have (put word "strength" on board)—what? Yes, strength. Is this boy using his strength in the right way when he knocks chairs over, runs from room to room, misplaces all the things on the table, and makes the whole house untidy? Then we can say (write on board phrase "his strength is wasted")—what? Could his mother have told him where to find his cap? Why? Be ready to read the stanza.

Stanza 4. Do you ever lose your cap? Is it always because it is on your head? Do you lose anything else? How can you be sure to find cap, or hat, or mittens, or books, when you want them? Do you wear your cap in the schoolroom? Should you wear it at home? Can you tell how this boy or any boy can be sure to find his cap? Be ready to read the stanza; all of p. 13; all of the poem. Who can say a stanza without the book?

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

First Step—The Oral Story. (Poem to be memorized.)

Tell of interesting things about the stars that are within the comprehension of the children. Include in the story the things told in the poem, using difficult or unusual phrases and sentences found in the text.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	set wonder	dew tiny	through spark	above
(New)	diamond	blazing	twinkle	traveler

Group Words

through my window peep	bright and tiny spark
till the sun is in the sky	I know not what you are

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ink, et, ark, tw</i>				
(New)	<i>le</i> —twinkle	nibble	fiddle	middle	little
	<i>ew</i> (ū) mew	knew	dew	new	few stew

Pronunciation

what (hw), diamond (dī'a mūnd), grass (grās), dew (dū)

Spelling

little	dew	your	tiny	high
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 14.)

Stanza 1. The sun shines with a steady light; so does the moon. Have you ever watched the stars? Do they shine with a steady light? There is a word in line 1 that tells what the stars seem to do—what is it? (Twinkle.) Do you know of any other lights that seem to twinkle? Do you know what the stars are? Do you ever wonder what they are? What do you think they look like? Line 4 tells us what someone thinks a star is like; what is it? In what way is a star like a diamond? Be ready to read the stanza. (Require silent reading by whole class; follow with oral reading, calling upon one or more, according to difficulty of stanza.)

Stanza 2. What gives us light by day? Do you like to look directly at the sun? Why not? The sun is not only very bright, but very hot, too. Can you think of some things that show how hot it is? Look in line 1 to see what we can call this bright, hot sun ("the blazing sun"). When the sun is shining can you see the stars? When can you see them? Be ready to read stanza 2, stanza 3.

Stanza 4. Does the moon shine every night? Think how dark it would be, often, if it were not for the stars. Did you ever go far from home? What do we call one who goes far from home? (A traveler.) Do you see the traveler in the picture? Is he traveling by day, or by night? Is the moon shining? The night is very dark. What helps to show the traveler the way? Choose four children to read or recite the poem, each reading or reciting a stanza. (After a poem has been studied, memorizing it is easily done.)

WHAT LIGHTS THE STARS AT NIGHT?

First Step—The Oral Story. (Poem to be memorized.)

Second Step—Dramatization.

Recite the poem.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	ago	band	shone	skies
(New)	among	course	a-searching	minute
	fireflies			

Group Words

so many times	band of bright fireflies
what lights the stars	just a minute after that
half an hour ago	a-searching for the skies

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>and, one, ight</i>			
(New)	<i>ire—fire</i>	<i>wire</i>	<i>mire</i>	<i>tire</i>

Pronunciation

half (häf), many (mën'ī), minute (mīn'it), danced

Spelling

many found hour ago trees

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 15.)

Stanza 1. Sometimes you wonder what the stars are; sometimes you wonder how many there are; sometimes you wonder how far away they are. This poem tells us what one child wondered about the stars. Look at the first two lines and be ready to tell us (read) what it was. Did you ever wonder what lights the stars? Did you ever find out? Look at the next two lines and be ready to tell me whether this child found out. Are you pleased when you find out things that you want to know? Do you think this child was pleased? Be ready to read stanza 1 and to show, by your reading, that the child was pleased to find out what she wanted to know.

Stanza 2. On warm summer nights something, yes, many things, fly through the air looking like little flying, twinkling lights. Have you ever seen them? What are they? (Fireflies.) This child had seen fireflies, too. She thought they were hunting for something. This word (write "searching" upon the board) means hunting—what is it? Look over the stanza and be ready to tell us what this child thought the fireflies were hunting or searching for.

Stanza 3. Look at the next two lines, and be ready to tell us (i. e., to read) what the child saw next. This child had wondered, oh, so many times, what lighted the stars. She saw the fireflies; she thought they were searching for the skies. Then she saw the stars. She thought she had found out something. Look at the last two lines and be ready to tell us what it was. Be ready to read the whole stanza. Do you think the fireflies light the stars? Then, was the child right? Be ready to read stanza 1; 2; 3; the whole poem.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (STARS)

Basic Stories. Pages 14 and 15.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "The Stars in the Sky," Wiggin and Smith in *The Story Teller's Book*.
- (2) "The Legend of the Dipper," in *For the Children's Hour*.

II. Conversation. Stars.

III. Poem "The Sun and the Stars," Mary Mapes Dodge.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Lilts and Lyrics*.
- (2) "Dawnlight, Moonlight, Starlight," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

LUCKY HANS

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story, making clear and impressive the separate incidents.

Second Step—Dramatization.**Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.***Words*

(Review)	rid	stolen	drop	lucky	pocket
	silver	slipped	sunny	riding	lump
	grindstone	handkerchief	smack	killed	
	Jip	lips	leaned	sliding	
(New)	Hans	shoulder	change	pork	wheelbarrow
	troubles	answered	bank	heavy	piece
	ache	rode	butcher	thief	carrying
	dust	pushed	beef	brought	drove
	scissors-grinder				driving

Group Words

makes my shoulders ache	get you into trouble
smack your lips	looking for the thief
glad to change	money in his pocket
wanted to go faster	hungry and thirsty

Sentences

I ache everywhere.
 Hans clapped his hands for joy.
 She must be killed for beef.
 Now my troubles are over.
 Just then his hand slipped and pushed the stone.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ip, ack, un, ill, eel, id, ock, ind</i>		
	<i>an, en, in on, un, for comparison</i>		
(New)	<i>ust— must</i>	just	dust
	<i>ove— stove</i>	wove	drove
	<i>ean— clean</i>	lean	bean
	<i>ought— brought</i>	fought	thought

Pronunciation

seven (sěv'n), master (mās'ter), handkerchief (hǎn'ker chǐf),
 caught (kôt), butcher (bŏoch'er), wheelbarrow (bǎr'ō)

Spelling

seven	years	silver	head	lucky
tied	very	tired	coming	road
riding	horse	happy	rode	load

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 16-26.)

I

Page 16. Whom is this story about? Most of you live at home with father and mother. I know you help them, but do you work very hard—as hard as father and mother, or your older brothers and sisters? Do you ever work for anyone else? Yes, some of you run on errands for neighbors (etc.), but none of you have to work very hard. Look at the first two paragraphs to see if Hans was like you. You have been telling us of the work you do for others. Do any of you ever work for pay? How are you paid? Look at the next two paragraphs and be ready to tell us (*i. e.*, be ready to read) how Hans was paid. Have you anything at home that is made of silver? What else is silver used for? See how small a piece of silver is needed to make a dollar. Would you like to have a piece as big as your head? What would you do with it? If you sold it could you get much money for it? Let us see, as we read the story, what Hans did with his big piece of silver, and if he got what it was worth. Was he pleased to get it? Read what he said, trying to show that he was pleased. The silver was very heavy. Hans must get it home. Be ready to tell us how he carried it. Look at the picture on p. 17, to see what he used to help him carry it more easily. Be ready to tell us if Hans found it easy to carry the silver. Be ready to read the first two paragraphs; the next two; (etc.); all the page.

Page 17. Look to see who else was on the road. What sound did his horse's hoofs make? How did the man show that he was happy? I wonder if Hans was happy, too. He had many things to make him happy. Can you tell some of them? (He was going home to see his mother; his master had said he was a good boy; he had a piece of silver as big as his head.) Yes, and here was a man singing a song. When people sing because they are happy, it makes others happy, too. Look to see if Hans was thinking of all these pleasant things. Read what he said, and show us by your reading that Hans did not feel happy. Did Hans really need a horse? Do other boys and girls, too, sometimes want what they do not need? Is that a good thing to do? Which was worth more, the horse or the piece of silver? Be ready to read the first paragraph; the second; the third; all the page.

Page 18. Did the man hear what Hans said? Be ready to tell us what he asked, and how Hans answered him. The man saw that Hans did not care much for his big piece of silver. Do you think he knew better than Hans how much it was worth? He told Hans he would do something. Look to see what it was. See if Hans was ready to change.

Page 19. Was Hans pleased with the change? Read, trying to show by your reading that he was pleased. Hans had been working for his master for seven long years. Do you think he had ever had a horse before? Wouldn't it have been better to ride slowly until he had learned to ride well? Look to see if that is what he did. Choose two pupils to read the dialogue between Hans and the Horseman.

To Teacher: Thus far the lessons have been outlined in detail, to emphasize (1) that the thought of the sentence or paragraph immediately to be read should be mastered before reading is attempted; (2) that questions should be so put as to require silent reading by the whole class; and (3) that oral reading should follow silent reading, and should be a free, natural, spirited expression of the thought—not a word-calling, but, as it were, a "telling." In the remainder of the manual details are omitted, suggestions being given for developing the thought.

II and III (pp. 19-26)

A Suggestion

At first Hans was very glad to have the silver. Then he gave it away. He was very glad to have a horse; then he wanted to change the horse for a cow. What other changes did he make? Which did Hans like better—what he had himself, or what other people had? Is that the way to be happy? Each time Hans made a change he thought he was lucky—what do you think about it? He started with a piece of silver as big as his head; what did he take home to his mother? Do you think his mother called him Lucky Hans when he got home and told her all that he had done? Choose pupils to read the successive dialogues.

Language

The dialogues are admirable for dramatic reading. With the help of the pupils write on the board an introductory reading, giving suggestions and asking questions until some such result as the one below is obtained, using it then as the opening dialogue.

Hans: I have lived with you for seven years. I want to see my mother. May I go home?

Master: You have been a good boy. Yes, you may go home. Hans, you have worked hard, and I will pay you well. Here is a piece of silver.

Hans: What a big piece of silver! It is as large as my head. How lucky I am! I will tie it up in my handkerchief. Good-bye, master.

Master: Good-bye, Hans.

MY SHADOW

First Step—The Oral Story.

(Choose a sunny day on which to tell the story and read the lesson.)

Once there was a little boy who had many funny little thoughts. *He* didn't think they were funny, oh, no! But when he told them to his father and mother, and his big brothers and sisters, I am sure they often had to try hard not to smile; some of you have little brothers and sisters who tell you their funny little thoughts. They do not like to be laughed at, do they?

Listen! and by and by you shall hear some of this little boy's funny thoughts.

It's bright and sunshiny today. Did any of you come to school alone? Yes! And yet, I'm sure something came with you. It moved when you moved; it stopped when you stopped; and it ran when you ran. What was it? It was your shadow!

This little boy of my story had quick, bright eyes that saw everything, and he watched his shadow and wondered about it, but he did not know how it came to be there. Do you know? Does your shadow come to school with you on dark, stormy days, when the sky is all covered with clouds? What made it come with you today? Yes, the sunlight. Yet even on a dark, dark night I have seen my shadow, in my room at home. There was no sunlight; what made it? Yes, it was the lamplight. The light makes the shadow, sunlight, and starlight, and moonlight, and firelight, and lamplight.

This little boy had watched his shadow. He saw it go in and out with him. He saw it in his room at night at bedtime. The shadow about the room moved when he moved. And at last, when he jumped into bed, the shadow jumped too. So he said:

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

This little boy didn't know all about shadows, but are you sure that you know all about them? Do you know whether your shadow is always the same size and shape? Do you know what it looks like when the sun is rising? And do you know what it looks like at noon when the sun is

over your head? I will tell you, then you must look, when you can, and see if I am right. In the morning, when the sun rises, your shadow is big. It stretches away and away on the grass, or on the walk, or on the road. But at noon, when the sun is over your head, your shadow is small.

I told you this little boy had sharp eyes. He watched his shadow. Sometimes it was big; then it was little; then it was big again. Is that the way you grow? No, you grow very, very slowly, but you grow bigger all the time. The little boy knew that he grew very, very slowly, but grew bigger all the time, too, so he said:

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

This little boy loved to run and jump, but best of all he loved to play games. He had thought so much about his shadow, that he began to believe it must be a child like himself. Then, because he was such a very little boy, he tried to play with his shadow. He said to the shadow: "I'll go and get my toys. Stay here on the grass till I come back. Then we'll play." But do you think the shadow stayed on the grass while the little boy ran into the house? No! There was his shadow close beside him all the way; so he said:

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me!

Did you ever get up very early in the morning before the sun was up, so early that mother had to light the lamp while she got breakfast? Did you ever go outdoors on such a morning? If you did, there was no long shadow stretching beside you. Do you know why? Yes, of course you know. It was because there was not light enough. But this was a very little boy. He did not know so much as you. He could only wonder. One morning he got up very early, too. The sun was not up. The sky was gray; the grass was still wet with dew, and there was a drop of dew on every little buttercup. The little boy looked for his shadow, but he could not see it. Where do you think he thought his shadow must be? Listen, and you shall hear. This is what he said:

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Wasn't that a funny thought?

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	shame coward	goes funniest	proper buttercup	beside sleepy-head
(New)	use arrant	sort shoots	notion ought	nursie India-rubber hasn't

Group Words

jump before me	India-rubber ball
like proper children	in every sort of way
shoots up taller	like an arrant sleepy-head

Sentences

There's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play.

I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ame, ide, up, eep, ead</i>		
(New)	<i>ōōt—root</i>	shoot	hoot
	<i>ub—rubber</i>	bubble	scrub

Pronunciation

what (hw), when (hw), thăn, children (drĕn), dew (dū), fāst

Spelling

shadow	what	head	about
goes	heels	when	always

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 27-29.)

Stanza 1. Have you ever been in a place so dark that you could see no light at all—in the cellar, or in a dark closet, or in the woods at night? Do you think if you looked for your shadow in such a place you could find

it? To make a shadow what must there be? What makes this bright light that fills the room today? What other kinds of light do you know of? The boy is going to bed; what time of day must it be? Then what light makes the shadow in the picture?

Stanza 2. Do you grow much in one day? Do you think father and mother can see that you are taller at night than you were at noon? Does your shadow look just the same size all day? When is your shadow longest? When is it shortest?

Stanza 3. When does your shadow move? When does it stand still? Can you run away from it?

Stanza 4. Sometimes the day is very dark. The clouds hide the sun. Can you see your shadow then? Did you ever get up very, very early in the morning, before the sun was up? Could you see your shadow? Why not? Look at the picture. This little boy got up very early, before the sun was up. Is there any shadow on the grass? Why not? The boy looked for his shadow. He could not find it. He did not know it was because the sun was not up. What did he think was the reason?

THE NAUGHTY SHADOW

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Tell the text story, making the plot-action distinct and bringing out the humor of the selection.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	became	Oho	grown	candle
(New)	naughty	toward	seem	

Group Words

stood still	toward the shadow
the shadow got up, too	turned and ran away

Sentences

Then the little boy became angry.
I shall not ask you again to come to me.

Phonetics

- (Review) *ame, ill, est*
ame, ime, ome, for comparison
- (New) *ime*—time dime
ōme—home dome

Pronunciation

toward (tō'ērd), laſt, again (gēn')

Spelling

once said shadow then would know looked

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 30-31.)

When the sun is behind you where is your shadow? (Before you.) Then if you run away from the sun, and toward your shadow, what will the shadow seem to do? (Run away from you.) When the sun is in front of you where is your shadow? (Behind you.) Then if you run toward the sun, what will your shadow seem to do? (Run after you.)

BED IN SUMMER

First Step—The Oral Story.

Ask for the names of the seasons. Talk about the short winter days; the long summer days, illustrating by incidents with which the children are familiar. Which is east, west, north, south? North of us the days are longer in summer than they are here, until, far to the north, there is no night at all. We are going to read about a boy who lived farther north than we do. The summer days were very long. He was a little boy, so he had to go to bed early—while it was still light,—so light that even the birds were up. He could see them hopping about in the trees. The sky was still clear and blue, and as he lay in bed he could hear the older children playing outside, and grown-up people walking by. It seemed to him just as if he had to go to bed by day. You go to bed early, too. Your little brothers and sisters go even earlier than you do. Does it seem hard sometimes to go so early? But think whether it is really so. Father and mother have a good reason for your early bedtime; what is it?

Second Step—Dramatization.

Memorize and recite the poem.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review) candle

(New) past grown seem

*Group Words*yellow candle light
quite the other waygrown up people's feet
does it not seem hard*Phonetics*

(Review) ight, eet, and

(New) own—grown blown
eem—seem teem*Pronunciation*

yellow(ō), when (hw)

Spelling

summer birds street does clear blue

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 31.)

Stanza 1. Who was up first this morning—you or the sun? In summer the sun rises very early; does it rise so early in winter? Perhaps some of you get up early even in winter. Who gets up so early in winter that it is still dark? How do you see to dress? How did the child of the poem see to dress in winter? In summer the sun rises early. Does it set early, too? If you are to be strong and well you must go to bed early. Father and mother think of this. Are you always glad to go to bed? But they know it is not good for you to stay up as long as you like. So you have a bedtime. When that time comes you stop your play and get ready to sleep. This boy of the poem had a bedtime. It was very early, too, because he was a very little boy. Do you think he liked to go to bed so early in summer? What did he say about it?

Stanzas 2 and 3. When this boy's bedtime came what were the birds doing? As he lay in bed what could he hear? What color was the sky? Is the sky clear and blue when you go to bed in winter? When is it harder to go to bed early—in summer or in winter? When is it harder to get up early?

THE LOST DOLL

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review) least

(New)	charmingly	folks	washed	terribly
	trodden	sake	heath	paint

Group Words

charmingly	curled	terribly	changed
on the heath		yet for old	sakes' sake

Sentences

Her arm's trodden off by the cows.

Her hair's not the least bit curled.

Phonetics

(Review) *ake, east*

(New)	<i>od</i> —trodden	pod	God	odd
	<i>ost</i> —lost	cost	frost	

Pronunciation

prettiest (prĭt'ī), white (hw), where (hw), terribly (tĕr'ī), than

Spelling

sweet	doll	cheeks	hair	one	paint
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 32-33.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (CHILDREN)

Basic Stories. Pages 7-13, 16-26, 30-33.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "The Little Gray Grandmother," Elizabeth Harrison in *In Story Land*.
- (2) "Grandmother's Curtains," Mary L. Branch in *For the Children's Hour*.
- (3) "Hans and the Wonderful Flower," Carolyn S. Bailey in *For the Children's Hour*.

- (4) "Selling Timothy Titus," in *For the Children's Hour*.
 (5) "Soap-Bubble Story," Gertrude Smith in *The Story Teller's Book*.
 (6) "Sleepy-time Story," Gertrude Smith in *The Story Teller's Book*.

II. Conversation. Children.

III. Poems.

- (1) "A Certain Boy," Laura E. Richards in *Five Minute Stories*.
 (2) "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," Eugene Field.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "The Land of Nod," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World*, Part I.
 (2) "Blowing Bubbles," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World*, Part I.
 (3) "The Journeymen," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.
 (4) "The Boy and His Cap," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

THE BOY AND HIS CAP.

Rebecca B. Foresman.

A. E. J.

Allegro.



1. I know a boy whose eyes are bright, And sharp-er than a
 2. A thou-sand things he's sure to spy, That all es-cape his
 3. I've seen him hunt it ev-'ry-where, On ev-'ry ta-ble
 4. I won-der if there's some-one here Can make this fun-ny



cat's at night; He nev-er e-ven has to squint When
 moth-er's eye; But tho' his bright eyes fair-ly snap, He
 ev-'ry chair; And when his strength was wast-ed quite, His
 thing quite clear,—Can tell me why a bright-eyed chap Can



look-ing at the fin-est print, When looking at the fin-est print.
 nev-er, some-how, sees his cap, He nev-er, some-how, sees his cap.
 moth-er found it plain in sight, His moth-er found it plain in sight.
 nev-er, nev-er find his cap, Can nev-er, nev-er find his cap?

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

First Step—The Oral Story.

Talk about insects that make homes; that do not. Insects that lay up food; that do not. Habits of the grasshopper; of the ant. Who stores up food for us? What must someone do, that we may eat? Can we help?

Second Step—Dramatization.

ACT I

CHARACTERS

Ant *Grasshopper*

PLACE—*A path through a field.*

TIME—*Summer.*

(The Ant, hurrying along the path, with a bag of food over her shoulder, meets the Grasshopper.)

Grasshopper: Where are you going in such a hurry?

Ant: To take this food home.

Grasshopper: Home! I have no home. How did you get one?

Ant: I built it.

Grasshopper: Built it! What hard work! And what is the use of it? I live in the grass. I dance and sing and have a good time. Why do you work so hard, friend ant? Come and play with me.

Ant: If I play in summer, what shall I do for food in winter?

Grasshopper: Why do you think about winter? This is summer. Winter is a long way off.

(He goes off, dancing and singing.)

Ant *(looking after him, then going on)*: Poor grasshopper! He does not know what winter is like. He will live and learn.

ACT II

PLACE—*The Ant's home.*

TIME—*Winter.*

(The Grasshopper comes along.)

Grasshopper: I am so cold and hungry. There is not a leaf or a blade of grass to be seen.

(He stops before the house.)

Grasshopper: What place is this? Perhaps I can get food here.

(*He knocks at the door. The Ant opens it.*)

Grasshopper: Oh, is it you? Is this the house you built? I wish I had a house! I am hungry. Will you give me something to eat? And perhaps you will take me in; I am so cold.

Ant: Poor grasshopper! No one but an ant can eat the food I have stored up, and no one but an ant can live in these tiny rooms. If you want a winter home, summer is the time to build it and you must build it yourself. If you want food you must store it up in summer. But in the summer you danced and sang while I was hard at work. Those who dance all summer cannot eat in winter. Good-bye!

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	grasshopper	summer	same	lazy	friend	sang
(New)	worker	harm	which	worker	stiff	laid

Group Words

laid up food	live and learn
a great worker	could not harm
a long way off	stiff with cold

Sentences

I have had nothing to eat for two days.
 I can find no food.
 In summer you sang, while I was hard at work.

Phonetics

(Review)	ame, op		
(New)	aid—maid	laid	paid
	iff—stiff	sniffed	skiff

Pronunciation

dance, asked, grasshopper, why (hw), what (hw), which (hw), while (hw)

Spelling

ant lazy learn warm house which

(Keep a list of misspelled words. Review frequently.)

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 34-35.)

The ant lays up food for winter; what other insects do so? What is the bee's food called? Does the grasshopper lay up food? What other insects do not? What happens to them when winter comes? How does the farmer get ready for winter? Suppose everyone played all summer long—would that make any difference to you? Who works that you may eat? Do you want to play all the time? Is it fair to play all the time while others work for you? What can you do?

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (ANTS)

Basic Story. Pages 34 and 35. -

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "About an Ant," Blanche E. Wade in *Little Animal Stories*.
- (2) "The Ant and the Dove," Æsop.

II. Conversation. Ants.

III. Poems.

- (1) "The Ladybird and the Ant," Lydia Huntley Sigourney in *Heath Third Reader*.
- (2) "The Ants," Mary Mapes Dodge.

IV. Song.

THE TWO SHOPS

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell about the silkworm. If possible show the cocoons; the raw silk, various kinds of thread (as for sewing, knitting, etc.); bits of woven silk. What can be made from the silk? The spider spins a thread, too. Is it fine? Yes, but it is not strong like silk. It cannot be twisted to make a firm thread. It cannot be woven into a strong cloth. Suppose a silkworm should build a shop. What could she sell? Do you think anyone would go to her shop to buy her strong, beautiful thread? Yes, I'm sure many people would go. They would say: "We will weave it into silk. Then baby can have a silk cap, mother can have a silk dress, and grandmother can have a beautiful silk shawl." But suppose the spider built a shop and tried to sell her thread! Do you think people would hurry to her shop to buy? No! No one would buy her thread, because no one could use it. People would say: "What good is it? It is not warm and it will not wear."

Second Step—Dramatization. (A play and a language lesson.)

Today we will play Puzzle the Shopkeeper. I will choose the first shopkeeper. Paul may have this corner of the room for his shop; this table may be his counter. He may play that he is selling things that are made from silk, not only from silk cloth, but from any kind of silk thread. You may play that you come to buy. You may try to puzzle Paul; he shall be shopkeeper until he is puzzled. Suppose you think of a cap for baby. You must say to the shopkeeper: "Have you something for baby to wear on his head?" The shopkeeper must answer: "Yes, I have a silk cap." If he answers in that way you must go back to your seat; but if he cannot answer, you must answer for him. If you have made no mistake, you may take his place. Then someone else must try to puzzle the shopkeeper. When you puzzle the shopkeeper I will write on the board your question and your answer. Afterward we will read these questions and answers. Who is ready to try to puzzle the shopkeeper?

Illustrative Questions and Answers

Have you something for grandmother to wear over her shoulders? Yes, I have a silk shawl. Have you something for Mary to tie on her hair? Yes, I have silk ribbon. Have you something to make mittens with? Yes, I have knitting-silk. Have you something to wear on the hands? Yes, I have silk gloves (or mittens).

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	shop	sold	wove	dress	spun
	finer	spider	built	thread	
(New)	shawl	herself	webs	silkworm	

Group Words

built a little shop	many people
a beautiful silk shawl	to buy the beautiful thread

Sentences

She sold fine silk thread which she spun herself.
 Why do they buy from the silkworm who can only spin?
 Which is finer, the silkworm's thread, or my web?

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>op, old, un, ove</i>
	<i>ap, ip, op, up, for comparison</i>
(New)	<i>ilk—milk silk</i>

Pronunciation

why (hw), which (hw), what (hw)

Spelling

shop buy thread they spun wove

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 36-37.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (SPINNERS)

Basic Story. Pages 36 and 37.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "Arachne," Flora J. Cooke in *Nature Myths and Stories*.
- (2) "Mother Spider," in *For the Children's Hour*.

II. Conversation. Spiders and Silkworms.

III. Poem. "Little Miss Muffet," *Mother Goose*.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "Spinning the Yarn," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World*, Part I.
- (2) "Spin, Gretchen, Spin," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

THE FROG WHO TRIED TO BE AS BIG AS AN OX

First Step—The Oral Story.**Second Step**—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	bank	proud	ox	herself	foolish
(New)	animal	burst	frog	strange	

Group Words

very much frightened
this wonderful beast

with all her might
answered the little frogs

Phonetics

(New)	<i>ange</i> —strange	danger	manger	change
	<i>og</i> — frog	hog	bog	log
	<i>fr</i> — from	frog	frost	fright

Pronunciation

asked

Spelling

water some such much mother seen frog proud

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 38-39.)*Language*

(Oral reproduction)

By suggestion and question encourage pupils to tell the story. Point out mistakes in language and sequence. As each correct sentence is obtained write it upon the board as an aid in getting the next one.

A typical oral reproduction follows:

The little frogs saw an ox.

The ox was very big.

The little frogs were afraid.

They ran home.

They told their mother.

Their mother was proud.

She tried to be as big as the ox.

She puffed herself out.

She tried again and again.

At last she burst.

(According to the ability of class, require additional detail, and the combination of sentences, as of third and fourth in example above—"They were afraid and ran home.")

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (FROGS)

Basic Story. Pages 38 and 39.

I. Supplementary Story. "Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog," Carolyn S. Bailey in *Firelight Stories*.

II. Conversation. Frogs.

III. Poem. "The Well-Meaning Frog," Mary Mapes Dodge.

IV. Songs.

(1) "The Froggies' Swimming School," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World*, Part I.

(2) "The Little Green Frog," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs and Scissors*.

PLEASING EVERYBODY *

First Step—The Oral Story.

Before telling the story show pictures of donkeys. Talk of uses to which donkeys are put. Compare them in size with other animals that do the same kind of work.

Second Step—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	taking	untied	nobody	whoever		
	ashamed	able	badly	everybody		
(New)	easier	donkey	son	passed	surely	follow

Group Words

along the road	together	very	badly
toward the town		over	their shoulders
that selfish old man		carried	the donkey

Sentences

You two are better able to carry that poor little donkey than he is to carry you.

Now I shall do just what I thought best at first.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>all, ell, ill, oll,</i>	for comparison		
(New)	<i>öll—doll</i>	follow	hollow	Molly Polly

Pronunciation

donkey (dŏn'kĭ), where (hw), why (hw), laughed (läft)

Spelling

donkey	where	son	pole	what
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 40-42.)

Who knew better what was best to do with the donkey, the owners or the people they met? Is it easy to find fault? What fault did the first man

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

find? Is it kind to call another foolish? Show by your reading that the first man was finding fault; the second, etc. When others are doing the best they can, is it kind to find fault with them? Read something from the lesson that we ought to remember. ("He who tries to please," etc.) Who can tell this without the book? It is not kind to find fault with others. Is it a good thing to help them if we can?

THE DOG IN THE MANGER*

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	anyone	whipped	ought	manger	
(New)	else	life	touch	starve	growled

Group Words

shame on you	the rest of your life
ought to be whipped	growled at him

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ip, ange</i>		
(New)	<i>owl—owl</i>	growl	howl

Spelling

manger	growled	would	touch
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 43.)

What does the ox eat; the dog? Who needed the hay? How did the ox feel when the dog would not let him eat? Show this by your reading. Tell of some things you have that you might let others use when you do not need them. (Toys, sled, story book, etc.)

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

Language Lesson

(Oral Reproduction.)

The dog was lying in the hay. The ox wanted to eat the hay. The dog would not let him touch it. The ox said: "You ought to be whipped. You cannot eat the hay. I can eat it, but you will not let me." With what kind of letter should all sentences begin? How many sentences in the story? What should be placed at the end of these sentences?

LITTLE MOUSE AND THE STRANGERS *

First Step—The Oral Story.**Second Step**—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	strangers mind	danger deeds	speak sound	gentle squee-hee-hee	chin
(New)	purr wild	been most	stretched fur	fierce remember	dreadful mine

Group Words

such a fright	in great danger
a beautiful animal	just then a strange and dreadful
a little like me	animal

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ange, ine, eak, ead, ound, in, ind, eed</i>		
(New)	<i>ōst</i> —most	post	
	<i>ild</i> —wild	child	mild
	<i>ful</i> —dreadful	fretful	handful

Spelling

squeak	such	fright	mouse	been	child	who
--------	------	--------	-------	------	-------	-----

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 44-48.)

Where do mice make their homes? Why do they choose such places? Do you think the mother mouse cares for her little ones? In what ways are the cat and the mouse alike? How are they different? Why was Little Mouse's mother frightened when he told her about the cat? What was it that Little Mouse called a "long sharp nose?" A "red chin?" What has the cock on top of its head? What kind of food does the cock eat? Need the mouse fear the cock? Why did Mother Mouse laugh when Little Mouse told her about the cock? Read what she wanted Little Mouse to remember. (Good deeds, etc.) Who can tell it without the book? Is it a good thing for us to remember, too?

Language

Choice of words and emphasis of the lesson point. Choose the right word. (Write on board the words from which choice is to be made, also the sentences with blanks to be filled.)

Words: *strange, looks, deeds, harm, kind, fierce.*

How shall I tell what beasts will — me?

The cat looked so —, and the cock looked so —.

Do not speak to — beasts.

You can not tell by their — what they will do.

Good — are better than good —.

THE COW

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review) pleasant blown cream lowing stray showers

(New) wanders friendly apple-tart

Group Words

with all my heart
with all her might
the pleasant open air

blown by all the winds that pass
wet with all the showers
among the meadow grass

Phonetics

(Review) *own, eam, ay, ow*
ay, oy, for comparison

(New) *art—cart* start tart part dart

Pronunciation

páss gráss

Spelling

cream eat air

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 49.)

The cow is friendly; she will not harm us if we treat her kindly. What other friendly animals do you know? What did the cow do for the child of the poem? Have you ever seen a meadow? What grows there? Sometimes the cow is taken to the meadow to eat the grass. What must be around the meadow to keep the cow from straying, so that she can be found at milking-time? (Fence, wall.) Do you think the cow likes to go to the meadow? What makes it so pleasant there? Why do you like to go to the meadow? Friends are kind to each other, and help each other. The friendly cow gives us milk. What can we do for her? Find the rhyming words. Read the stanza you like best. Who can repeat a stanza without the book?

Language

(Oral Reproduction.)

By question and suggestion obtain simple oral statements in proper sequence. An example follows:

The cow is friendly.
She gives me cream for my apple-tart.

She likes to go to the meadow.
It is very pleasant there.
She eats the grass.

This may be written on the board as obtained, the story being read when finished. It may then be erased and volunteers called for to tell the whole story. How do the sentences begin? What must be placed after them?

TARO AND THE TURTLE

First Step—The Oral Story.

Today I am going to tell the kind of story that I believe you like the very best of all, a fairy story. And you are not the only children who like fairy stories. All children do—little Indian children, Eskimo boys and girls, Chinese children, Japanese children, all the children in all the world. This is to be a Japanese fairy story. Away on the other side of the world from us is the country of Japan, where the Japanese children live. (Show pictures of Japanese children.) The sea is all around this country of Japan, the big sea full of all kinds of fish. So, of course, there are many fishermen there. This story is about a Japanese fisherman. His name was Taro. Listen, and I will tell you the story just as the Japanese fathers and mothers tell it to their little boys and girls. (Tell the text story.)

Second Step—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	Taro	stroked	kindly	anybody	saving	clear
	share	saved	gatekeeper	anything	Princess	
(New)	crowd	turtle	palace	helpers	yesterday	
	fisherman	wave	teased	bloomed	teasing	

Group Words

long, long ago	saving my life
very tired and hungry	the Sea-King's palace
crowd of boys	through the clear water
were teasing it	the under side of a wave
a thousand years	the turtle you saved

Sentences

In all his life he never had teased or hurt anything.
Taro looked sadly at the turtle.
I will share everything with you.

Phonetics

(Review) *ind, ad, ate, eep*
ave, ove, for comparison

(New)	<i>ease</i> —tease	please			
	<i>ish</i> — fisherman	dish	wish	swish	
	<i>ave</i> — gave	wave	brave	cave	saved
	<i>oom</i> —bloom	broom	room	doom	loom
	<i>ly</i> — kindly	sadly	dearly	nearly	ugly

Pronunciation

catch (kăch), Princess (prĭn'sēs), shāre

Spelling

could	hurt	sea	heard	some
catch	turtle	money	boat	change

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 50-54.)

Who can tell the story of the boys and the turtle? Read the part of the story the picture tells about. What do you like about Taro? Why did he stroke the turtle's back? Read what he said to the turtle; what he did with it. Read lines which tell us how beautiful it was on the sea. What wish did Taro make? What kind of voice called to him? Read the call, trying to show that it was as clear as a bell. Read the dialogue between Taro and the turtle, trying to show that the turtle spoke in a clear, soft voice. Read how Taro reached the Sea-King's palace; then tell about it. Try to think how it looked in the land of summer. Shut your eyes and try to see it. Tell us what you see. (Flowers blooming, birds singing, soft green grass, fruit on trees, bees humming, children playing out-of-doors, etc.) What was so wonderful about this land of summer? (It was at the bottom of the sea.) Tell how Taro got into the palace. Read the part of the story the second picture tells about. Do you see the gatekeeper and his helpers? Why did the Princess give Taro his wish. (He was kind to the turtle.) What animals can we be kind to? Can they take us to a land of summer? What can they do for us? How does the dog repay kindness? The horse? This is a Japanese fairy story. Do you like it? Tell the part that you like best. What other fairy stories do you like?

Language

(Choice of words and emphasis of lesson-point.)

Words: *thousand, kind, palace, hurt, teased.*

Taro was always — to animals.

He never — them or — them.

The turtle took Taro to the Sea-King's —.

Taro and the Princess lived a — years.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE MONKEY

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

Elephant

Monkey

Owl

SCENE I

The Forest. The Elephant and the Monkey quarreling.

Elephant (*boastingly*): See how big I am! And I am very strong. Do you see that tree? I can pull it down. Can you do that?

Monkey (*boastingly*): You are strong, but I am quick. See how fast I can run. And I can climb, too. You can pull a tree down, but I can climb up to the very top of it. I can hang by my tail on a branch. I can swing from one tree to another. Can you do that?

Elephant: You are quick but I am strong.

Monkey: It is better to be quick.

Elephant: No! It is better to be strong.

Monkey: I'll tell you what to do. Let us go to the wise old Owl. We will ask him which is better. He knows everything.

SCENE II

The Owl's home in the forest.

Elephant (*to Owl*): We cannot agree. Tell us what you think about it. I am strong; the Monkey is quick. Which is better—to be strong or to be quick?

Owl: That is a hard question. Do just as I tell you, so that I may find out which is better.

Elephant and Monkey: We will do just as you tell us.

Owl: Very well! Do you see that great fruit tree across the river? Go pick the fruit and bring it to me. Then I will answer you.

(Monkey and Elephant go out.)

SCENE III

The River.

Monkey (*frightened*): This river is deep; we cannot cross.

Elephant: Oh, yes, we can. We must swim.

Monkey (*still afraid*): But it is very swift. I am afraid to swim.

Elephant (*proudly*): I am big and strong. I am not afraid to swim across the swiftest river. Get on my back. I will carry you across.

(Monkey gets on Elephant's back.)

SCENE IV

The Fruit Tree.

Elephant (*looking at the fruit, far above his head*): What a tall tree! I cannot reach that fruit with my trunk. I must pull the tree down. (*He tries to break the tree*) What a thick, strong tree! (*He tries again*) I cannot move it (*crossly*). We cannot get this fruit; come! Let us go back to that foolish old owl, and ask him what he means.

Monkey (*proudly*): Wait a minute. You forget that I am here. I am not strong, but I am quick. I can climb this tree. I will get the fruit and throw it down to you. (*He runs up the tree and throws down some of the fruit.*)

SCENE V

The Owl's home in the forest.

Elephant and Monkey: We did just as you told us. Here is the fruit. Now will you answer our question? Which is better—to be strong or to be quick?

Owl: Who can tell? (*To Monkey*): You are quick, but could you get the fruit alone?

Elephant (*laughing*): No, indeed! He cannot swim a swift river. I had to carry him across.

Owl (*to Elephant*): You are strong, but could you get the fruit alone?

Monkey (*laughing*): No, indeed! He could not reach the fruit with his trunk, and he could not bend such a thick, strong tree. I had to run up and throw the fruit down to him.

Owl: You see! It takes many things to make up the world. Some can do one thing well; some can do another. Neither of you could get the fruit alone. It took the Elephant's strength and the Monkey's quickness. Let me tell you something! Do not be proud about what you can do, and do not

quarrel. Work together and help each other. That is the way to cross the river. That is the way to get the fruit. And that is the way to be happy.

Elephant and Monkey: You are a wise old owl. We will remember what you have told us.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	agree	thick	proudly	branch	fruit	
(New)	climb	monkey	quarrel	elephant	neither	gathered
	swift	quickness	trunk			

Group Words

had a quarrel	on the elephant's back
that great fruit tree	high above them
across a swift river	to reach the fruit

Sentences

“We cannot agree,” they said.
 Tell us what you think about it.
 Which is better—to be strong, or to be quick?
 Then they crossed the stream as they had done before.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ee, ick, ound</i>			
(New)	<i>ift</i> — lift	swift	gift	shift
	<i>unk</i> — trunk	sunk	chunk	spunk
	<i>ness</i> —quickness	goodness	swiftness	thickness

Pronunciation

jüst

Spelling

proud climb tail owl river monkey threw alone

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 55-57.)

THE BEAR WHO PLAYED SOLDIER

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

<i>Hans</i>	<i>Peter</i>	<i>Christian</i>	<i>The Little Boys</i>	<i>The Lame Bear</i>
<i>Father</i>	<i>Mother</i>	<i>The Bear's Keeper</i>		<i>Servants</i>

SCENE

An upstairs room in an inn. The Three Little Boys are in the room; the Mother is at the door.

Mother: I am very busy. There are many strangers at the inn. Stay here and play with little Hans until I call you. Supper will soon be ready.

(She goes out.)

Peter: What shall we play?

Little Hans: Let us play soldier. *(Clapping his hands)* Oh, yes! do let us play soldier!

Christian *(laughing)*: Hans always wants to play soldier. Where are the guns?

Peter: Here they are. *(He goes to closet and brings out three wooden guns)* One for you, and one for me and one for little Hans. No! I do not need one. *(Puts one of the guns in a corner)* I will get my drum. *(Goes to closet and gets it)* I will be drummer. You must follow me. Listen to my drum and keep step. *(He beats drum)* Left! Right! Left! Right!

(They march around the room. A noise is heard outside—tramp! tramp!)

Little Hans *(frightened)*: What is that? I am afraid!

(The children stop their march to listen. The noise is still heard—tramp—tramp! tramp—tramp! Then the latch of the door rattles.)

Peter *(bravely)*: There is nothing to be afraid of. Perhaps it is father.

(The door opens and a big black bear comes in. The children cry out in fear. They drop drum and guns and run to hide behind chairs and table. The big bear goes from one to the other, snuffing at each. The children watch him in fear. The bear touches them gently with his great paws. By and by the children get bolder. They put out their hands cautiously and touch the bear's shaggy sides.)

Christian (*patting the bear*): This is only a big black dog.

(*The bear lies down.*)

Little Hans (*climbing upon the bear, pulling his ears, and putting an arm about his neck*): What a big dog! I will ask father to let us keep him. (*Peter picks up his drum and begins to beat it. The bear puts Hans down, gets up on his hind legs, and begins to dance.*) See! See! The big dog wants to play soldier! Let us play! (*Hans and Christian run to get their guns and put them over their shoulders. The bear holds out his paws toward Hans' gun.*) The big dog wants a gun, too!

Peter: He shall have my gun. (*Gets gun from corner*) Here it is.

(*The bear takes the gun. He puts it over his shoulder. Peter beats the drum. They march around the room, Peter first, then little Hans, then Christian, and last of all the big black bear. Peter calls Left! Right! Left! Right! They all keep step. The door opens. The mother comes in. She stares at the strange sight, then screams with fear.*)

Mother: A bear! Help! Help! Oh, my poor children! (*She turns to door and calls loudly*) Otto! Otto!

(*The children stop and look at their mother in wonder. The bear puts his paw on Christian gently urging him to march again.*)

Father (*running upstairs, and calling as he runs*): What is it? What has happened? (*He reaches the door, stares in fear, then turns and calls loudly*) Wilhelm! Heinrich! Help! My gun! Bring me my gun!

(*Servants rush upstairs and into the room. One carries the gun. They stare in fear. Then the bear's keeper runs in.*)

Keeper (*laughing*): Oh, it is my bear! (*To father and mother*): Do not be afraid. He is tame. He will not hurt the children. (*He goes to the bear and pats him*) Naughty fellow! How did you get away? I thought I had you safely tied. Come with me. You shall have your supper and go to bed. And this time I will tie you well, never fear.

(*Everyone laughs. The keeper leads the bear away. The children run to the door to look after them.*)

Little Hans (*calling after him*): I like to play soldier with the big dog. Let him come again! Oh, do let him come again!

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	post thought	gun tame	drum children	inn-keeper rat-a-tat-tat	fierce rat-a-tat-too	led
(New)	left tramp	march trained	bear upstairs	really pennies	soldier snuffed	

Group Words

from place to place	snuffed at them
bear who played	on his hind legs
looked very fierce	began to dance
were so frightened	the bear's master

Sentences

The bear had been trained to march.

He thought that the bear was tied fast to a post outside.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>in, ed, ame, un, en, uff</i>			
(New)	<i>ain</i> —rain	grain	plain	train
	<i>air</i> —hair	fairly	chair	stairs

Spelling

bear	march	two	they	who
place	dance	children	noise	door

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 58-60.)

THE NEW VOICES

First Step—The Oral Story.

The selection gives a fine opportunity for expressive reading. Children are imitative. A dramatic reading of the story by the teacher will aid in obtaining the desired result when the book is being used.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	sheep-fold	bleat	change	sorry	tapped	wolf	late
(New)	sparrow	teach	taught	afterward	breakfast		

Group Words

grew tired of their voices	must make good use
to chirp like the sparrow	soon afterward
to bleat like the sheep	cock-a-doodle-doo
know how to teach us	something nice for breakfast

Sentences

Then the Wise Man was sorry that he had taught them to get new voices. So he called them together and said, "This will never do."

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>eat, old, ap, ate</i>					
(New)	<i>each</i> —teach	each	reach	peach		
	<i>ast</i> —fast	master	last	past	breakfast	
	<i>sp</i> —spade	spin	spy	sparrow		

Pronunciation

afterward (ăft'ēr wěrd)

Spelling

voices crow hawk chirp sparrow bleat animal wolf

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 61-63.)

We all wish for things. What do you wish for? What did the birds and beasts of the story wish for? Who helped them to get their wish? What did the Wise Man tell them to do with their new voices? Read the part of the story that the picture tells about. Did the fox make good use of his new voice? Close the book and tell this part of the story. Read the story of the wolf and his new voice. Did he make good use of his new voice? Tell the story of the wolf. Read the story of the hawk. Did he make good use of his new voice? Tell the story. Did the other beasts and birds make good use of their new voices? What did the Wise Man do? There is something in the lesson that we ought to remember as well as the beasts and the birds. Who can read it? ("Everything you learn," etc.) Who can tell it without the book?

THE SWALLOW

First Step—The Oral Story.

What birds have you seen? What do they eat? How do they find food when summer is over? Name some birds that fly away to warmer countries. When will they come back? Show pictures of swallows. Tell about the swallow, using difficult phrases in the poem. Tell what he loves; where he goes; when he will come back; what will come with him. Then read or recite the poem.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Children are chosen to be the flying swallows. Five children are chosen to watch them. As the swallows fly the children call to them. The children who are the swallows run lightly about the room, imitating with arms the motion of wings.

First Child (*calling*): Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done.

Second Child (*calling*): Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

Third Child and Fourth Child: (*Second stanza.*)

Fifth Child: (*First half of third stanza.*)

(At close of fifth child's call, swallows fly out of sight [back to seats]. Children watch till all are gone, then call together.)

Children: Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	pathway	cloudy		
(New)	o'er	done	swallow	certain

Group Words

sun-loving swallow	we are certain
bringing the summer	winter is past

Sentences

Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

Phonetics(Review) *oud, ack**Pronunciation*

again (à gën'), pâst, pâthway, fâst

Spelling

away over done again winter cloudy

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 64.)

Stanza 1. What birds are here in summer? Are they all here in winter, too? Where do they go when summer is done? Some birds can stand more cold than others; they stay with us all winter. What birds are they? Does the swallow like the cold? What does he love? Because he loves the summer and the sun what do we call him? (Sun-loving swallow.) Where does he go when summer is done? When will he come back? What will he bring with him? Tell some of the things that come back when the swallow comes "bringing the summer." (Encourage the recall of the various sights, sounds, and smells of spring.)

Stanza 2. When the birds fly away, then we are certain that something is coming soon; what is it? (Winter.) When the birds come back what are we certain of? Look at the stanza to see. ("Then we are certain that winter is past.") When summer comes are all the days warm and bright? Tell of other kinds of days. (Cloudy, cold, etc.) So when the swallow comes back it is often cloudy and cold, but something is sure to come soon. Look to see what it is. ("Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.")

Find the rhyming words.

Read the stanza you like best.

Who can repeat a stanza? The poem?

Oral Language

Topic: Birds in Winter.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| (a) Why do the birds fly away when summer is done? | (c) How do they find food? |
| (b) What birds stay here all winter? | (d) Do they ever get cold? |
| | (e) How can we help them? |

(The questions are suggestive, merely. The method should be conversational. Require complete statements. Let as many as time permits tell all they can on the subject. Encourage pupils who are slow in oral expression.)

THE OLD WOMAN WHO WANTED ALL THE CAKES

First Step—The Oral Story.

Children are imitative. The oral story should set an example that will aid greatly in securing expressive reading. Obviously, its value in giving the children foreknowledge of the plot-action will be measured by the way in which the incidents are set out, and this in turn will determine how well the children are able to follow the run of events when they come to read the text. This narrative offers opportunity for a dramatic rendition intensely interesting to children. Note the opportunity for expressing surprise, amazement, and fear, when the point in the story is reached where "she began to grow smaller;" for suiting action to word when "she felt her nose—it was a beak! She looked at her hands—they were wings!" She looked at her feet—they were claws!" for a pause more dramatic than words, after the mystifying statement, "You will see the little old woman some day," etc. Tell the text story, utilizing all the possibilities for dramatic impressiveness.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Assign parts and dramatize the story.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	baking	smaller	dress	woman	piece	hungry	began
	myself	grain					
(New)	wore	cape	dough	oven		woodpecker	

Group Words

was baking cakes	began to grow
a little white cape	into the oven
a little red cap	hunting for food
a little old woman	has to work hard
a small piece of dough	as small as a grain of wheat

Sentences

Then she tried again with a tiny, tiny bit of dough as small as a grain of wheat.

As she was eating, she began to grow smaller.

For the old woman was changed to a woodpecker.

Phonetics

(Review) *ack, eck, ick, ock, uck*, for comparison

(New)	<i>ape</i> —cape	escape	shape	grape
	<i>eck</i> —neck	woodpecker	pecked	deck

Pronunciation

See note, p. 244. white (hw), wheat (hw), when (hw)

Spelling

cakes	cape	grow	too	nose	feet
dress	head	bigger	much	beak	claws

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 65-67.)

Read the part of the story which the first picture tells about. How many things told of in the story do you see in the picture? What kind of cake does a hungry man need? What kind of cake did the old woman want to give him? Do you think she spoke kindly to him, when he asked for a cake? (Show by your reading how you think she spoke.) What happened to the first cake? Read silently the story of the first cake, then tell it. Which was bigger, the first piece of dough or the second? What happened to the second piece? Did the old woman give the second cake away? Why not? Read (silently) and then tell the story of the second cake. How big was the third piece? What happened to it? Did the old woman give the third cake away? What did she say? How did she say it? (Show by your reading.) Read (silently) then tell the story of the third cake. What are people called who want all the best things for themselves? (Greedy, selfish, etc.) Do you think the old woman was selfish? Because she was so selfish, what happened to her? How were the old woman and the bird alike? How were they different? What bird has "a black dress, a white cape, and a red cap?" Have you ever seen a red-headed woodpecker? Where was it? How does the woodpecker get its food? What does the second picture show you? What do you like about the story? Read the part you like best. Who can tell the part that he likes best?

ROBIN'S SECRET

First Step—The Oral Story. (Poem to be memorized.)

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

Ralph *Mary* *Anne* *John* *George*

SCENE

A garden near a tree. Ralph, a small boy, is standing near the tree. Mary, Anne, John, and George, running in their play, stop at sight of him.

Ralph: We have a secret, just we three!

Mary: Three? But there was no one here except you.

Ralph: Oh, yes! The robin is here. He knows the secret, and the cherry tree knows it, too.

Anne: How can that be? You are just joking. How can a tree know a secret?

Ralph: But it does! The robin told the tree, and the tree told me! Nobody knows it but just us three.

John: What a funny secret! Tell us what it is.

Ralph: Oh, no! Secrets are not to tell. Secrets are to keep. Of course the robin knows this secret best, because he built the—*(Puts his hand over his mouth quickly, vexed with himself because he has almost told the secret, then takes his hand away to speak)*—I shan't tell the rest; but the robin laid the four little—*(Puts hand over mouth, vexed again, then takes it away to speak)*—*some things* in it. I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

George *(clapping hands, and laughing)*: Oh, you're telling! You're telling!

Ralph: Oh, no! I mustn't tell. If the tree and the robin don't tell, I'll try my best to keep the secret. But when the little birds fly out of the nest, then the whole secret will be out.

All the Others *(laughing)*: Oh, now we know! We know the secret!

(Ralph hangs his head, ashamed that he has told the secret.)

John: It's a robin's nest in this tree. It has four eggs in it.

George: Show it to us, Ralph!

(Ralph shakes his head.)

Mary: Do show it to us!

Anne *(soothingly)*: Never mind, Ralph! You tried hard not to tell. We will not harm the nest.

John, George, Mary: We'll keep the secret.

(Ralph looks up and smiles. All run to the tree.)

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	secret	three	nobody	minute	afraid
(New)	cherry	shan't	whole		

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>et, aid, an</i>				
(New)	<i>ole—hole</i>	stole	whole	mole	

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 68-69.)

Oral Language

Topic: Helping the birds.

- (a) The care birds take to hide their nests and eggs.
- (b) Why they do this; bird enemies.
- (c) How we can help the birds keep their secrets.

LITTLE BIRD BLUE

First Step—The Oral Story.

Select a day in late winter for this lesson, if possible. Talk of winter, its cold, the snow and ice, winter fun, etc. Do you ever get tired of winter and watch for spring? If you watch, what will tell you when spring is coming? What birds come very early? When we hear them we know that other things will come very soon. Can you tell what some of them are? (Warm weather, other spring birds, pussy-willows, flowers, honey-bees, etc.) After this introductory talk read, or better, recite the poem to the children.

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

All in the class can take part.

SCENE

Outdoors in winter. All the children come in wearing winter wraps, and with sleds, skates, etc. As each speaks, all look upward and seem to be watching for Little Bird Blue.

First Child: Little Bird Blue, come sing us your song.

Second Child: The cold winter weather has lasted so long.

Third Child: We're tired of skates, and we're tired of sleds.

Fourth Child: We're tired of snow-banks as high as our heads.

All: Now we're watching for you, Little Bird Blue.

Fifth Child: Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come.

Sixth Child: The robins will call and the honey-bees hum.

Seventh Child: And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray, will sit in the willow-trees over the way.

All: So hurry; please do, Little Bird Blue!

(All begin to play.)

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	willow-trees	hum	sleds	skates	
(New)	weather	honey-bees	springtime	we're	pussies

Group Words

cold winter weather	dear little pussies
we're watching for you	over the way

Sentences

We're tired of snow-banks as high as our heads.
Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>um, ed, ate, ing, ill</i>		
(New)	<i>spr—spring</i>	<i>sprang</i>	<i>spray sprain</i>

Pronunciation

lăsted blue (ōō)

Spelling

tried skates snow watching robins dear hurry please

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 70.)

THE MAGPIE'S LESSON

First Step—The Oral Story.

Talk about birds' nests. Some birds build low, on the ground; others build high in the tree-tops. Some nests are built of coarse sticks and weeds, while others are soft, with a lining of downy feathers. How many ever saw a bird's nest? How did the different birds ever learn to build their nests? Would you like to hear a story that tells how this happened? (Tell the text story of the "Magpie's Lesson.")

Second Step—Dramatization.

Assign parts and dramatize the story, using the text dialogue.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	alike	higher	cup	shape	twig	lined	lining
(New)	thrush		suits	magpie		mud	

Group Words

wanted to build	around the nest
the best nest	to make a lining
like a mud-cup	none of the birds
nothing but mud and sticks	to build the nest higher

Sentences

“Now I take soft feathers to make a lining for the nest,” said the magpie.

So the swallows all have warm nests lined with soft feathers.

“Last, I take more mud and sticks,” said the magpie, “to build the nest higher.”

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>up, ape, ag, ig, ine</i>		
	<i>ad, ed, id, od, ud,</i>	for comparison	
(New)	<i>ud—bud</i>	<i>ud</i>	<i>mud</i>
	<i>ie—pie</i>	<i>tie</i>	<i>die</i>

Pronunciation

ask last

Spelling

wanted	nest	makes	first	soft
build	show	watch	flew	still

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 71-72.)

What is the name of this story? What is a magpie? Have you ever seen one? What did the birds want to do? Why did they ask the magpie to help them? In the picture, which is the magpie? Read the part of the story which the picture tells about. Did the thrush stay till the nest was finished? What is the thrush's nest like? Read about the magpie and the

thrush. Can you tell this part of the story? What did the magpie do, after she had shaped the mud like a cup? Did the blackbird stay until the nest was finished? Which is stronger, a nest of mud alone, or one of mud with sticks in it? Read about the magpie and the blackbird. Tell this part of the story. What did the magpie use next? Where did she put the twigs? Can you think why she used them? Read about the sparrow. What was the fourth thing the magpie used? Where did she put the feathers? Of what use were they? Who stayed to learn how to use them? Read about the swallow. Name all the things the magpie had used. (Mud, sticks, twigs, feathers.) Tell why each was used. Was the nest finished? What was the last thing the magpie did? Did any of the birds learn how to build the nest higher? Why not? Who still makes the best nest? Why? Have you ever seen any of these nests? How can you help the birds care for their nests? What do you like about this story? Read the part you like best. Choose five pupils to read the dialogue as given in the story.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (BIRDS)

Basic Stories. Pages 64-72.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "The Swallows' Good-bye," Josephine Jarvis in *A Half a Hundred Stories*.
- (2) "How the Robin's Breast Became Red," Flora J. Cooke in *Nature Myths and Stories*.
- (3) "The Legend of the Woodpecker," Carolyn S. Bailey in *For the Children's Hour*.
- (4) "The Blue Robin," Mary Wilkins Freeman in *For the Story Teller*.

II. Conversation. Birds.

III. Poems.

- (1) "Robin," Anne Schütze in *Little Animal Stories*.
- (2) "The Bluebird," Emily Huntington Miller.
- (3) "Concerts," Annie Willis McCullough in *Little Animal Stories*.
- (4) "The Child and the Bird," Margaret Sangster.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "The Bluebird," Walker and Jenks in *Songs and Games for Little Ones*.
- (2) "Robin Redbreast," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World, Part I*.

- (3) "The Woodpecker," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World*, Part II.
 (4) "The Bluebird," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.
 (5) "Swing, Little Bird," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

THE ANIMALS THAT FOUND A HOME *

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story of "The Animals that Found a Home," keeping in mind that its value is to be measured in terms of better imaging on the part of the children when they come to read the text; that it furnishes a "background of familiarity" with the plot-action which enables them to follow intelligently the thread of the narrative, grasping the relationship which each sentence bears to the story-incident, thereby developing the power of connected thinking. Make the incidents stand out distinctly in the oral story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

Ram *Pig* *Goose* *Cock* *First Wolf* *Second Wolf*

ACT I

PLACE

The road. The Ram meets the Pig.

Ram: Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met.

Pig: Good-day, and thanks to you. I am very glad to see you.

Ram: You are very fat. Do you know why they feed you so well?

Pig (*surprised*): No, can you tell me?

(Ram (*sadly*): Well, eat all you want now, poor pig. You will not be here long. Soon you will be pork.

Pig (*in great fright*): I think I will have something to say about that. I would rather be pig than pork.

Ram: Then come with me. I was getting fat, too. I was to be mutton tomorrow, so I ran away. Now I am free. We will go to the woods and build a house, and live by ourselves. There is nothing like having a home of your own.

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

Pig (*joyfully*): Very well; this is a good time to start.

(*They go on together until they meet the Goose.*)

Ram: Good-day, and thanks for you kindness last time we met.

Goose: Good-day, and thanks to you.

Ram: You are fat. Do you know why they feed you so well?

Goose (*surprised*): No, can you tell me?

Ram (*sadly*): Well, eat all you want now, poor goose. Soon you will be a roasted goose.

Goose (*in great fright*): I think I will have something to say about that. I would rather be a live goose than a roasted goose. Where are you going?

Ram: We are going to the woods to build a house.

Goose (*eagerly*): Let me go with you. I will help you.

Pig: Gabbling and quacking will not build a house. What can you do?

Goose: I can gather moss and fill the cracks.

Pig: Well, you may come with us. I like to be warm.

(*All go on together until they meet the Cock.*)

Ram: Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met.

Cock: Good-day, and thanks to you.

Ram: You are fat. Do you know why they feed you so well?

Cock (*surprised*): No, can you tell me?

Ram (*sadly*): Well, eat all you want now, poor cock. Soon you will be soup.

Cock (*in great fright*): I think I will have something to say about that. I would rather be a cock than soup. Where are you and the pig and the goose going?

Ram: We are going to the woods to build a house.

Cock (*eagerly*): May I go with you? I will help you build your house.

Pig: Flapping and crowing will not build a house. What can you do?

Cock: I am early to rise and early to crow. I can wake you in the morning.

Pig: Early to rise makes you wealthy and wise. It is hard for me to wake up. You may come and crow for us.

(*All go on together.*)

ACT II

PLACE

The Little House in the Woods. Two wolves come along and stop at sight of the house.

First Wolf: We have neighbors! This is their house. I wonder what they are like?

Second Wolf: I will go to see. Maybe (*Laughing*) I can get some breakfast.

(He goes softly to the door, opens it, and walks in. In a moment a great noise is heard,—bleating, grunting, hissing, howling, and the shifting of feet. Loud above it all is heard the crowing of the cock. The door opens and the wolf runs out.)

First Wolf (*in wonder*): What is it? Where is your breakfast? How do you like our neighbors?

Second Wolf (*panting with fright and anger*): Neighbors! Nice neighbors they are! A great giant came and fought me with his head. Then a Troll tried to eat me up. A witch with scissors snipped off bits of my fingers. Someone on the roof called out, "Throw him up to me! Throw him up to me!" Neighbors! I'll never go to that house again!

First Wolf (*frightened*): Hurry! Hurry! Let's run home! They may come here.

(The two wolves run off. The Ram, Pig, Goose, and Cock put their heads out of the door, and look around cautiously; then they come out, laughing.)

Ram: He is gone! We gave him a good fright. I ran at him and struck him with my horns.

Pig: I snapped at him and bit him.

Goose: I nipped him and pecked him.

Cock: I flew up to the housetop and crowed. I made as much noise as I could.

Ram: He won't come here again, looking for breakfast.

Goose: No one will harm us now.

Cock: We can eat all we want.

Pig: And get as fat as we please.

(They all run back into the little house.)

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	become	against	fingers	ourselves	pecked
	kindness	shy	fed	free	mutton
	tomorrow	struck	nipped	fought	snipped

(New)	ram	trough	moss	gabbling	live
	soup	wealthy	neighbors	giant	expecting
	witch	snug	rushed	wolves	

Group Words

something to say about that
ran against the door
having a home of your own
as fast as she could

running about the barnyard
wake you in the morning
had been expecting the wolf
flew up to the housetop

Sentences

The pig was in the sty, eating from a trough full of corn.

We will go to the woods and build a house, and live by ourselves.

Now a little farther in the woods lived two hungry wolves.

The minute he came in the ram rushed at him and struck him with his strong horns.

Phonetics

(Review) *uck, ness, ant, eek, ip, ought*
ag, ig, og, ug, for comparison

(New)	<i>ug— dug</i>	<i>snug</i>	<i>jug</i>	<i>tugged</i>
	<i>ush— thrush</i>	<i>brush</i>	<i>rushed</i>	<i>mush</i>
	<i>thr— thrush</i>	<i>three</i>	<i>throw</i>	<i>threw</i>

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 73-79.)

THE BELL OF ATRI*

First Step—The Oral Story.

A talk on bells; what they are for. They tell us many things. What bells have you heard? (School, church, fire, street-car, dinner, sleigh, telephone, alarm, locomotive, etc.) What does each of these bells tell you? Would you like to hear the story of a bell of long, long ago? This bell had something to tell, too, but I am sure you cannot guess what it was. It did not ring to say, "It is time for school!" It never rang to tell of fire. It did not call anyone to church. It did not tell any of the things you have named. We have no bell anywhere that tells what this bell told. Listen, and you shall hear about the bell of Atri. (Tell the text story of "The Bell of Atri," in a way to realize the maximum results of which the oral story is susceptible.)

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

The Horse *The Judge* *The People of Atri* *The Horse's Master*

(Any number may take part as townspeople.)

ACT I

PLACE

The street. A bell is heard, ringing loudly. People run into the street.

First Townsman: What bell is that?

Second Townsman: It must be King John's bell!

Third Townsman: Someone is in trouble. He is ringing the bell to call the Judge.

Fourth Townsman: Look! (*Pointing*) There is the Judge. He is going to the bell-tower.

Fifth Townsman: He will soon see who is in trouble.

Sixth Townsman: Yes, and he will find out who has done wrong.

All: Let us hurry to the tower.

(*All run out.*)

ACT II

PLACE

The bell-tower. A Horse pulls at the rope, on which a wisp of hay is tied. The bell rings loudly. From every side people run in. They stare in surprise at the Horse, then turn to look at one another. The Judge in his rich robes comes in.

Judge (*staring in surprise and anger*): I have lost my noon-day nap. I have hurried here to see what poor person is in trouble and I find only a horse, eating the bell-rope. (*He goes nearer the tower*) Who put that wisp of hay on the rope? (*He turns to the people*) Find the man who did it, and bring him to me. I will punish him. Take this horse away. What right has he to be here? (*He goes nearer to the horse and looks at him carefully*) This poor horse is very hungry. He is almost starving; that is why he is so thin; that is why he is eating this wisp of hay. (*Turning to the people*) Who owns this horse?

(*From the crowd, townspeople call out to the Judge. They are sorry for the Horse and angry at his Master's cruelty, and they show this by words and manner.*)

Seventh Townsman: This horse belongs to a rich man.

Eighth Townsman: See! (*Pointing*) He lives in that beautiful castle.

Ninth Townsman: More than once this horse has saved his master's life.

Tenth Townsman: When the horse got too old to work, his master turned him out:

Eleventh Townsman: Now the poor old beast goes around and picks up his food wherever he can get it.

Twelfth Townsman: He has nothing to eat unless he finds it himself. So he is hungry most of the time.

(As they speak, the Judge gets more and more angry.)

Judge: This poor horse is in trouble. He did well to ring King John's bell. Bring his master to me.

Thirteenth Townsman: I see him! (*Pointing*) There he is! He is coming to see why the bell is ringing.

(Some of the townspeople run out and return with the Master.)

Judge (*sternly*): Why have you left this poor horse to starve? Did he not work for you as long as he could? Did he not save your life many times? (*The Master hangs his head.*) You must care for this poor beast as long as he lives. You must let him go back to his stable and you must give him all the food he needs.

(All the people clap their hands.)

Fourteenth Townsman: The poor horse will never be hungry again! How glad we are!

(They lead the Horse out, all the people following, the Master last.)

Judge (*looking at the bell in the tower*): There is no bell like the bell of Atri. It helps all who are in trouble. Even a horse may ring it.

(He goes out.)

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	tower	middle	brave	unless	rang	
	bell-rope	brightly	ding-dong	treated	wrong	
	clapped	lame	punish	belongs	noon	
	almost	wherever	stable	needs	Atri	
(New)	John	woke	spoke	wisp	hurried	castle
	person	ribs	city	starving	war	word
	chose	robes	rung	blind	judge	

Group Words

shall be long	in the middle of the city
can reach it	a great bell-tower
little children	to make it stronger
one of my judges	in that beautiful castle
to each other	such a brave horse
to do no wrong	almost starving

Sentences

He must hear what the one who rings the bell has to say.

His bones were sharp, and his ribs were almost bare.

He has nothing to eat unless he finds it for himself, and so he is hungry almost all the time.

Phonetics

(Review) *eat, ell, ong, un, oon, ight, in, ind, ave, eed, ap
ang, ing, ong, ung, for comparison*

(New)	<i>ose</i> —nose	close	those	rose	chose
	<i>ung</i> —hungry	rung	swung	stung	flung

Pronunciation

Atri (ä'trê), sorry (sör'î), hurried (hür'îd), bare (bâr), mâster

Spelling

wrong	reach	hear	eating	judge	John
bell	ring	around	rope	king	work

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 80-85.)

King John's Plan (p. 80)

Paragraph 1. What is the name of the story? Whom does this paragraph tell about? Where did King John live? When? He wished something—what was it? What made him sorry?

Paragraph 2. The king made a plan—what for? (To help his people.) What did he plan to build? Tell about the bell rope.

Paragraph 3. Bells tell many things. What does the school bell tell? The church bell? Who was to ring King John's bell? What would the bell tell those who heard it? (That someone was in trouble.) What did the judge do when he heard the bell?

Paragraph 4. After the judge had heard what the one who rang the bell had to say, what did he do?

Paragraph 5. What did King John wish to teach his people? Do you think he was a good king? Do you think he wanted to help his people who were in trouble? Suppose a man were robbed; what could he do? Can you think of other troubles? Tell the story of King John and his plan.

The Bell (pp. 81-82)

Paragraph 1. Where was the tower built? Was that a good place for it? Tell about the bell-rope.

Paragraph 2. When a poor man was in trouble, what did he do?

Paragraph 3. When he heard the bell, what did the judge do?

Paragraph 4. Was the bell used often? What happened to the bell-rope? What was done to make it stronger?

Paragraph 5. What time of day does this paragraph tell us about? Where were all the people? Why? It was very still in Atri; could the bell be heard plainly?

Paragraph 6. Try to read so that we will seem to hear the bell calling loudly.

Paragraph 7. Did the judge hear the bell? What did he say? What did he do? What did the people do?

Paragraphs 8 and 9. What did they see? What was the horse eating? Do you think the horse knew he was ringing the bell? Try to make us hear the call of the bell. Tell the story of what happened one summer day in Atri.

The Judge (pp. 83-85)

Paragraph 1. When the judge heard the bell, what did he think? (That someone was in trouble.) How did he feel when he saw only a horse? Read, trying to show that the judge was angry.

Paragraph 2. Do you think he was angry when he saw the wisp of hay? Why? What did he tell the people to do? Read to show how angry he was.

Paragraph 3. When the judge looked at the horse, what did he notice?

Paragraph 4. Why was the horse so thin? Do you think the judge felt sorry for the horse? What question did he ask? Read to show that he was sorry.

Paragraphs 5 and 6. Who owned the horse? What had the horse done for his master? Do you think he deserved to be cared for?

Paragraphs 7 and 8. How did the master treat the horse? How did the horse get food? Do you see why he wanted even the wisp of hay on the bell-rope?

Paragraphs 9 and 10. How did the judge feel when he heard about the horse's troubles? What did he tell the people to do? Read to show that he was angry.

Paragraphs 11 to 14. What questions did the judge ask the master? Read to show how you think he asked them? What did the master do? How did he feel? What did the judge tell him he must do for the horse? Do you think he was a good judge?

Paragraphs 15 to 18. Did the people think so? How did they show that they thought he was right? (Clapped their hands.) What did they say and do? When the hungry horse rang it, did the bell really tell of wrong? Who did the wrong? How did the judge help the horse? What do you like about this story? Read the part you like best. Read the part the first picture tells about; the second picture. Tell the story of King John; of the summer day in Atri; of the poor old horse; of the judge and the master.

THE SUMMER-MAKER

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell about the Indians; that long ago they lived here, where we now live; how they got their food; how hard it was to hunt and fish in winter. They believed that once it was always winter; that there was no spring, no summer, no fall, nothing but winter all the year. But at last summer came, and a very little boy helped it to come; and this is the story of how it happened. Would you like to hear this Indian fairy story? (Tell the text story of "The Summer-maker.")

Second Step—Dramatization.

Dramatize the story, one child taking the part of Ojeeg, one Big Hunter, one Grandmother, one Otter, one Beaver, and one Badger. Several boys can take the part of the "big boys" who laugh at Ojeeg.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	season	Indian	Summer-maker	jumper	wigwam
	babble	mighty	Otter	ice	Beaver
	sparkled	Badger	crouched	breeze	bubble
	arrow	feast	lake	bow	tears
(New)	month	frozen	murmur	Ojeeg	fond
	journey	magic	fists	melted	numb
		deer	wigwam		

Group Words

only one season
 in the whole year
 no brooks to murmur
 to make a feast
 always got numb
 all about summer

to bring home food
 on the snow of the mountain-top
 upon your shoulders
 through the great hole
 to bubble and babble
 crouched like a cat

Sentences

She says father can use magic and can make summer if he will.

Big Hunter and his three friends, Otter, Beaver, and Badger, made ready and started on their long journey.

Once more he gave a great jump and struck such a mighty blow that the sky opened.

Phonetics

(Review) *east, ake, um, ōw, ear, ile, ump, ight*

(New) *eer*—cheer deer queer
ab—rabbit crab babble gabbling

Pronunciation

whole (hōl), dānce, laughed (läft), always (wāz), ask, arrow (ār'ō)

Spelling

always	father	cried	wait	jump	stood
cold	hunt	laughed	asked	touch	strong
flowers	fingers	hold	three	rolled	sky

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 86-92.)

How many seasons are there? Which one do you like best? Would you like to have that one all the time? Look at the first paragraph to see what the Indians believed about the year. What things could they never see? Who was Ojeeg? Big Hunter? Why could not Ojeeg go on a long hunt? Why did the big boys laugh at him? Did he like to be laughed at? Is it kind to laugh at others for what they cannot help? Who told Ojeeg about summer? Who could make summer? How did Ojeeg feel as he talked to his father? Was his father kind? Choose pupils to read the dialogue between Ojeeg and his father; they will try to show by their reading that Ojeeg was sad and his father was kind. Read the part you like. Tell the story of the year, of Ojeeg and his hunting, of Ojeeg and his father.

Who came to the feast? What did Big Hunter ask the three friends to do? What were their names? Where did they go? When they reached the mountain what were they to do? Tell about Otter's jump; Beaver's. How did Big Hunter get ready for his jump? Tell the story of his first jump. How many times did he jump? What did he do as he jumped? ("Beat at the sky with his fists.") What happened at the third jump? Where did the warm winds go? What happened when they reached the land of snow? What could Ojeeg do then? How do you think he felt? What did he do for his father and the hunters? What came every year after that? Do you like this story? What part of it can you tell? Read the part which the last picture tells about.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (SUMMER)

Basic Story. Pages 86-93.

- I. Supplementary Story. "Mabel on a Midsummer's Day," Mary Howlitt in *The Story Teller's Book*.
- II. Conversation. Summer.
- III. Poem.
 - (1) "Summer," Christina G. Rossetti.
 - (2) "Summer Woods," Mary Howlitt in *Three Years with the Poets*.
- IV. Songs.
 - (1) "Summer Eve," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.
 - (2) "A Woodland Song," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

THE THREE PIGS *

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story, making impressive the incidents and bringing out the dramatic possibilities of the narrative.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Assign the parts and dramatize the story, using the dialogue found in the text.

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	o'clock	straw	lid	wolf	brick	fair
	window	huff	knocked	climbed	visit	chimney
(New)	earn	except	living	third	churn	

Group Words

to their mother
to earn our own living
with some straw
to build a house
chiny chin chin

fine juicy turnips
answered the wolf
very much frightened
nice yellow butter
what strange beast

Sentences

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in.

So the man gave him some bricks, and the little pig built a brick house.

But the little pig went to the garden at four o'clock and climbed the apple tree.

He was so frightened that he turned and ran home, and the little pig was safe.

Phonetics

(Review) *in, ock, uff, ick, id, it, air*

(New)	<i>ive</i> —live	give	
	<i>urn</i> —turn	churn	burn
	<i>ird</i> —bird	third	

Spelling

straw	door	chin	ate	sticks	field	apple	butter
knocked	window	blow	second	bricks	dinner	filled	round

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 93-100.)

Make use of the dialogue to secure expressive reading. Encourage pupils to choose and read the parts they particularly like. Call for volunteers to tell about the first pig, the second, etc. Choose children to read Part I, assigning parts. Similarly have Parts II and III read.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS*

First Step—The Oral Story.

Interest pupils in the German children who love this story. Tell where they live, how they dress, their wooden shoes, etc. Show pictures to illustrate. Tell them about the great forests in Germany, for this is a story of a German forest. German fathers and mothers tell this story to their little boys and girls. Tell the text story to the children.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Assign parts and dramatize the story. This will help the children to follow the thread of the narrative when they come to read the text.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	sitting	stew	feed	bump	bucket
	awoke	awake	jug	wood-cutter	wife
	downstairs	dish	millet	latch	cellar
	older	center	pinched	eaten	hoot
(New)	hearth	ivory	barley	youngest	servants
	larger	surprised	lose	kitchen	wife
	armful	hearted	meant	peas	

Group Words

a poor wood-cutter	lifted the latch
a bag of millet with me	the old woman's breakfast
toward the light	a bright fire on the hearth
fell down into the cellar	went together to the wood-cutter's
drop the peas to show the way	house

Sentences

She looked for the millet seed to show the way, but the blackbirds had eaten it all up.

Then she saw the same light shining through the trees that her older sister had seen and she found the same tiny house.

Then she went upstairs and made her bed but she was like her sister, and forgot to make the old woman's bed.

The old woman opened the door as she had done for the two older sisters.

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

Phonetics

(Review) *eat, ill, ug, it, ew, eed, ump, eet, uck*
ake, oke, for comparison

(New) *ife*—wife life knife fife strife
oke—broke joke woke spoke poke stroke

Pronunciation

princess (prīn'sēs)

Spelling

girls	bread	afraid	woman	went	forgot
drop	dark	lost	room	made	asleep

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 101-111.)

What does a wood-cutter use in cutting down trees? Is it easy to use the ax? Do you think a wood-cutter needs a warm dinner? Is it easy to find the way through the thick woods? How did the father show the way for the oldest girl? What happened to the millet seed? Read the part of the story the first picture tells about. Was the oldest girl kind? Did she like to work? What unkind things did she do? Read the part of the story the second picture tells about. Was the second girl kind? Tell all the kind things the youngest girl did. Read the part of the story the third picture tells about. How was the room changed? The old woman? Into what were the animals changed? Tell how the Princess and her servants came to be in the house in the woods. Why could not the oldest girl help them? The second girl? How did the youngest girl help them? What did the Princess promise to do for the youngest girl? Why did she want to make the youngest girl happy? Read the part of the story the last picture tells about. Look at the first and last pictures, and tell what changes you see. Do you see why the little German boys and girls like this story? What part of it can you tell?

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND.

First Step—The Oral Story.

Children, point to the North; to the South; to the East; to the West; then show me where the North Wind comes from. Far, far to the North is the land of ice and snow. No wonder the North Wind is so cold. I know a story about a boy and the North Wind. Little children who live far to the North love this story. At night when the North Wind blows, and they

hear him roaring in the chimney, they gather around the warm fire and beg father or mother to tell them this story—the story of the Lad Who Went to the North Wind. (Tell the story to the children as given in the text, making clear and impressive the several incidents as you unfold the story.)

Second Step—Dramatization.

Assign the parts and have the children act the story.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	believe	lad	yourself	whenever
	true	third	caught	hungry
	evening	crust	cloth	wonderful
	surprised	spread	instead	paid
(New)	since	serve	work	sent
	pantry	believe	bench	

Group Words

along came North Wind, puffing and blowing	looked just like this one except that old stick
went back to the pantry for some more meal	was so surprised that he could not say a word
caught up the meal with a puff to the North Wind's house	a very close watch jumped over tables and benches
to an inn to stay all night	has paid me well for my meal

Sentences

But since you are poor, I will give you this cloth.

“Where have you been, and what is that cloth which you are bringing home with you?” said his mother.

But the cloth did not serve up even a dry crust and the lad was so surprised that he could not say a word.

He said to himself, “I will keep so still that I shall seem to be asleep.”

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ad, ead, ust, spr</i>			
	<i>ent, ant, int,</i> for comparison			
(New)	<i>ent</i> —went	center	sent	gentle
	<i>ant</i> —plant	arrant	giant	plenty
	<i>ue</i> (ōō)—blue	true	flue	

Pronunciation

laughed (läft), fellow (fēl'ō).

Spelling

meal	blowing	poor	table	keep
north	caught	need	took	think

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 112-119.)

The North Wind and the Meal

Where does the North Wind come from? What kind of wind is he? How do you think he was blowing when he caught up the meal? How did the boy feel when the North Wind blew away the meal for the third time? Read what he said, trying to show by your reading that he was angry. Choose five pupils: Read the story of the North Wind and the Meal, each reading a paragraph. Now *tell* the story, each telling a paragraph. Choose a pupil to read all the story.

The North Wind's House

What kind of voice had the North Wind? Did he treat the boy kindly? Was the boy pleased? Choose two pupils to read the dialogue between the lad and the North Wind. Try to show in your reading that the boy was at first angry, then pleased, and that the North Wind had a gruff voice.

The Inn

Why did the lad go to the inn? Read the part of the story the first picture tells about. Do you see the cloth? What good things did the cloth serve up? How did the people at the inn feel when they saw the fine supper? Can you tell, in the picture, that they are surprised? How did the innkeeper feel? Is it right to want things that belong to others? What did the innkeeper do? Was this honest? Who can read all the story of the boy at the inn? Who can tell it?

The Lad and His Mother

Did the lad know the cloth had been changed? Do you think he must have been in a hurry to get home and show his mother the wonderful cloth? Do you think his mother had ever seen such a cloth? Could she believe it would do as the lad said? What happened when the lad spoke to the cloth? How did the lad feel? Do you think he looked as much surprised as the men in the first picture look? Choose two pupils to read the dialogue between the lad and his mother. Who can *tell* this part of the story?

The Second Journey to the North Wind's House

Read the dialogue between the boy and the North Wind, remembering that the North Wind had a gruff voice. Where did the boy go with the ram?

What did the innkeeper do? Was this honest? Did the boy know his ram had been taken? Tell the story of the boy and his mother. How do you think he felt, when he saw that the ram could not make money? Did he give up, or did he try again? What did the North Wind give him? Do you think the lad had been wondering what had happened to the cloth and the ram? What did he think about it? What did he want to do? ("Get them back.") Did he really go to sleep this time? Who was it that he was going to watch? What did he see? What did he say? What did the stick do? What did the innkeeper do? Choose pupils to read to the class the story of the stick, each reading a paragraph. Tell the story, each telling the part he has read. Who can tell all the story of the stick? Do you like the lad? What do you like about him?

Oral Language

Topic: The North Wind

- (a) Where he comes from and why he is cold.
- (b) His gruff voice; what he seems to say when we hear him in the chimney or around the corner of the house. (Oo-oo! Oo-oo!)
- (c) What he brings with him. (Frost and snow and ice; sleds and skates; games, snowmen, forts, etc.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (WIND)

Basic Story. Page 121.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "Odysseus and the Bag of Wind," in *In the Child's World*.
- (2) "The Little Old Woman Who Went to the North Wind," Carolyn S. Bailey in *Firelight Stories*.

II. Conversation. Winds.

III. Poems.

- (1) "The Four Winds," Frank Dempster Sherman.
- (2) "The Wind," Edna Foster in *Story Telling Time*.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "The Wind," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World, Part I*
- (2) "Wind," *Lyric Music Reader, Book II*.

THE MONTHS

First Step—The Oral Story. (Rhyme to be memorized.)

Talk about the year; when it begins; when it ends; how many months in it; their names; write these upon the board in their order. All the months bring us something; May brings something that December cannot bring; December brings something that no other month can bring. Do you know what it is? I am going to begin with January, at the very beginning of the year, and tell you what each month brings to us. (In giving the rhymes, refer to the board list, to aid in fixing the month-names.)

Second Step—Dramatization.

Choose twelve children to read to the class the rhymes of the months. Repeat, using different pupils.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	frost	silky	chilly	September	posies
	July	heat	daffodil	January	leafy
	dandelions	ripen	golden-rod	glow	pod
	shrill	colder	bolder		
(New)	June	April	August	October	February
	whirling	November	December	sail	scarlet

Group Words

loud and shrill
the sleeping daffodil
the flowers sweet
in leafy trees
the children's hands
the chilly rain

cooling showers
thirsty fields
silky milkweed
scarlet leaves
whirling winds
Christmas cheer

Phonetics

(Review) *ow, eat, od, ill, ilk, old*

(New) *ail—sail tails pail mail rail*

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 120-121.)

How many months in the year? Read their names, beginning with the first month. Which is the first month? Read its rhyme. Which is the last month? Read its rhyme. In which month is your birthday? Read its rhyme. Read a rhyme about a summer month; a winter month; a spring

month. Read about the month that brings dandelions. Read about the month that brings golden-rod. Read about the month of roses, etc. Read the rhyme of the month you love best. Have twelve pupils read the rhymes of the months to the class. Can you repeat from memory what you have read?

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (TIME)

Basic Stories. Pages 120, 175-185, 216.

- I. Supplementary Story, "The Months," Edward Laboulaye in *Heath Third Reader*.
- II. Conversation. Time.
- III. Poem. "The Months," Richard Sheridan in *Three Years with the Poets*.
- IV. Songs.
 - (1) "Signs of the Seasons," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Lilts and Lyrics*.
 - (2) "The Seasons," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

First Step—The Oral Story. (Poem to be memorized.)

Introduction: Can we hear the wind? Can we feel it? Can we see it? Can we see anything that tells us the wind is blowing?

Second Step—Dramatization.

A Play: Choose pupils to be the wind, others to be trees—their arms extended for branches, their fingers for leaves. The wind blows very gently—oo-ooooo! The leaves tremble but the branches do not move. The wind blows harder, oo-oooooo! The branches wave, the leaves move. The wind blows very hard, OO-OOOOOO! OO-OOOOOO! The leaves shake, the branches toss, the trees bow their heads.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	passing	through	heads	down	when
(New)	neither	trembling			

Group Words

neither I nor you
the leaves hang trembling

bow down their heads
who has seen the wind

Phonetics

(Review) *ang, ow, own*

Spelling

seen leaves bow their passing

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 121.)

Find a question in the first stanza, and ask it. Find the answer and give it. How do the leaves show that there is a wind? There are three things in the picture that tell us there is a wind?—what are they? (Dashing waves, bending trees, hurrying clouds.) Choose three pupils to read the stanza, the first to ask the question; the second to answer it; the third to tell about the leaves. In the same way, study and read the second stanza. Choose six pupils to read the poem, each taking a part, as indicated above. Who can read it all? Who can repeat it without the book? Call upon backward pupils to read the whole poem. The preliminary dramatic renditions will aid them in giving a spirited reading.

Oral Language

Topic: What the Wind Does

- (a) To the clothes upon the line; to our hats and caps.
- (b) To the leaves—the branches—the birds in the nest.
- (c) To the brook—the river—the lake.
- (d) To the sailboat; to the clouds; to the flowers, etc.

Attempt, through spirited conversation, to interest children in the subject. When, as a result of this, a thought is comprehended, require its *expression* in a complete statement. Typical statements follow:

The wind swings (moves, shakes) the clothes upon the line.

It blows off our hats and caps.

It makes the leaves tremble (rustle, fall from the tree, fly through the air, dance, whirl, quiver).

It shakes the branches.

It rocks (swings) the birds in the nest.

It makes ripples on the brook.

It makes waves upon the river,

It makes big waves upon the lake.
 It moves the sailboat.
 It makes the clouds hurry by (move).
 It makes the flowers nod (bow) their heads.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

First Step—The Oral Story.

Choose an autumn day for this lesson, if possible. Talk about the leaves in spring, their color; do they always wear this pretty green dress? When they change it; what colors they wear. Show branches with autumn leaves. Do the leaves stay on these branches all winter? When the day is very still they drop quietly down one by one. Have you ever seen them drop? Something can make them hurry down; can you tell what it is? This is a little poem about the wind and the leaves. Listen! then tell me what you like about it.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics

Words

(Review)	leaves	meadows	heard	fluttering	dancing
	whirling	asleep	content		
(New)	earthy	blanket			

Group Words

o'er the meadows	the glad little songs
your dresses of red and gold	dancing and whirling

Sentences

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
 Down they came fluttering one and all.
 The snow laid a white blanket over their heads.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ank, ink, unk</i> , for comparison
(New)	<i>ank</i> —drank thank bank blanket

Pronunciation

fâst, dânced, knew (nū), drêsses

Spelling

wind with play gone

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 122-123.)

I. What did the wind tell the leaves to do? Where do you suppose the leaves were when the wind said this? Where did the wind want them to be? When do the leaves put on "dresses of red and gold"? Have you seen these dresses?

II. What did the leaves do when they heard the wind? What color were the fields? When are fields brown? As the leaves danced and flew, what else did they do? Have you ever heard the song the leaves sing? Maybe when you heard it you did not call it a song; what did you call it? (The rustling of the leaves.) Do you like to hear the leaves rustle? What do you sometimes do to make them rustle? What was it that made these leaves dance and fly and sing? Do you like to play with the leaves? How do you play? How are the children in the picture, p. 122, playing?

III. The leaves were dancing and flying and singing; what else were they doing? (Whirling.) What made them whirl? Can you show how they whirled? The wind had called the leaves; what else had called them? (Winter.) When the leaves went to sleep in winter, what was their blanket? What else sleeps under the snow?

THE LEAF THAT WAS AFRAID

First Step—The Oral Story.

Relate this story to the poem, p. 122. Recall the points developed in the introduction to that poem. Show leaves; point out their beauties. Leaves are beautiful—we all love them. Do you remember how glad you were in the spring when at last the trees were covered with them? But the leaves are also useful. They do something for you—what is it? (They give you shade from the heat of the sun.) We love their cool shade in hot summer days. But the leaves have other useful work to do. They work for the tree all summer long. See how thin they are. The tree can carry hundreds and hundreds of them—so many that you cannot count them. And see how flat they are. Every leaf spreads out so flat to get all the sunlight it can,

because the tree must have sunlight to make it grow. Did you ever think before that leaves must work? This is a story about a leaf, and what it did when its work was done. (Tell the text story, amplifying as may seem desirable.)

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	talking	laughed	yellow	finished	again	matter
(New)	colors	sigh				

Group Words

the wind was talking	at the other leaves
the twig on which the leaf grew	ready to fly away
the leaf stopped crying	with many other leaves
to keep them warm all winter	to cover up some little seeds

Sentences

He made her sigh and cry as leaves sometimes do when the wind is about. "They have finished their work," said the tree, "and are so happy that they dress in beautiful colors."

Then the leaf wanted to go too, and while she was thinking about it, she, too, grew very beautiful.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ish, in</i>	
	<i>at, et, it, ot, ut,</i>	for comparison
(New)	<i>igh—higher</i>	sigh

Pronunciation

when (hw), laughed (läft), asked, why (hw), yellow (yél'ö), branch

Spelling

wind	talking	leaf	why	you
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 124-125.)

What was the wind doing? What did the little leaf do when the wind talked to her? Have you ever heard leaves "sigh and cry?" What did

you call the sound? What is a "twig?" What question did the twig ask? Do you think the twig was sorry that the leaf was sighing and crying? Read the question to show this. Read the leaf's answer, trying to show that she was sad. Whom did the twig tell? Did it make the tree feel sad? (The tree laughed.) What good news did the tree tell the leaf? Read, trying to show that the tree had good news to tell. How did the leaf feel when she heard the good news? What did she do all summer? What did she see in the fall? Have you ever seen such leaves? What question did she ask the tree? What did the tree tell her? Do you know what work the leaves do for the tree? (See oral story.) What do they do for you? When the leaf saw the beautiful colors of the other leaves, and heard that they were ready to fly away what did she want to do? What happened while she was thinking about it? (She grew very beautiful.) Tell how you think the leaf looked when she grew beautiful. When the wind talked to the leaf again what question did he ask? Was the leaf ready? When do leaves spread out to get sunlight for the tree? When is their work done? At first the leaf sighed and cried, when she thought of leaving the tree; why was she ready now? (Her work was done.) What happened next? (The wind blew, etc.) Who went with the little leaf? Their work for the tree was done, but there was something else they could do—what was it? ("Cover up some little seeds, etc.") When do the leaves come out on the trees? (Spring.) When do they work for the tree? (In spring and summer.) When do they fall from the tree? (Autumn.) When do they sleep? (Winter.) Are the leaves in the picture, p. 125, ready to work or to sleep? (This lesson gives opportunity for spirited reading. Choose six pupils to read the first six paragraphs, each reading one. Call upon one of the six to read all,—let this be the slowest pupil. In this way choose several groups, until all backward pupils have had aid and practice. Treat the next seven paragraphs similarly.)

Oral Language

Topic: What the Leaves Do.

- (a) How they grow; their numbers; what they get for the tree.
- (b) What the sunlight does for the tree.
- (c) When the leaves work; when their work is done.
- (d) What the leaves do when their work is done; where they go; what they do in winter.

Typical statements obtained as a result of conversation:

Leaves grow very thin and flat.

There are hundreds and hundreds on a tree.

We cannot count them all.

They get sunlight for the tree.
 The sunlight helps the tree to grow.
 The leaves work in spring and summer.
 In the fall, their work is done.
 They put on beautiful dresses.
 Some are yellow and some are red.
 Then they fall to the ground.
 In winter they sleep.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (TREES)

Basic Stories. Pages 122-125.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "Why the Evergreen Trees Keep Their Leaves All Winter," Florence Holbrook in *Book of Nature Myths*.
- (2) "Philemon and Baucis," Flora J. Cooke in *Nature Myths and Stories*.

II. Conversation. Trees.

III. Poems.

- (1) "Leaves at Play," Frank Dempster Sherman.
- (2) "Jack Frost," Celia Thaxter.
- (3) "Autumn Fires," Robert Louis Stevenson.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "The Leaves' Party," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World*, Part I.
- (2) "Autumn," *The Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.
- (3) "Autumn Leaves," *The Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

THE SNOW MAN

First Step—The Oral Story.

Choose a day when there is snow. In outdoor playtime direct the children in making a snow man. Let him be as much as possible like the one in the picture.

Talk about the snow man they have made. What kind of weather does he like? What would happen to him if a hot day should come? What kind of wind does he like? (A cold wind.) North Wind is a cold wind; is he a good friend to the snow man? Who is it that makes pictures on the win-

dow, and pinches your nose, and ears, and toes? Is Jack Frost a good friend to the snow man? Suppose his friend Jack Frost goes away—can the snow man stay? You see Jack Frost and the snow man must be together—they can not live apart. What very good friends they must be! Read or recite the poem to the children.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	coldest	few	apart	
(New)	simply	who's*	completely	faithful
	that's	pale-faced	here's	

Group Words

so fond of cold	that's why he stays with us
can not stand the heat	can no longer stay
the breezes of a summer day	this pale-faced man who's made
the coldest winds that blow	of snow

Sentences

He's far too cold for me or you.

And he would be completely lost without his faithful friend, Jack Frost.

Together they must always be.

They cannot live apart, you see.

Phonetics

(Review) *ale, ole, ile*, for comparison; also *ace, ice*

(New)	<i>ale</i> —pale	tales	bale
	<i>ace</i> —place	race	faced

Spelling

melt	loves	goes	snow
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 126-127.)

Picture Study

Recall the snow man children made in playtime. How is the one in the picture like him? See how tall and straight this one is. Which is taller,

* Teach the use of the apostrophe here.

the snow man or the children? What covers the ground? Can you tell how deep it is? (It is over the children's shoe-tops.) Why does one child hold his fingers to his mouth? (Blowing upon them to warm them.) How are the children playing? Is it a warm day or a cold day? Look at the second picture: Is the snow man straight and tall? In the first picture he is taller than the children—is he so here? What has happened to him? Is the snow as deep as in the other picture? (The feet of the children do not sink into it.) What has happened to it? Do you see any water in the picture? How does it happen to be there? What kind of day do you think it is? Which is better for a snow man, heat or cold?

The Poem

I. Look at the first line to see what the snow man is fond of. Look at the second line, to see what he does not like. Look at the next two lines to see what would make him melt away. Read the stanza.

II. What winds does the snow man like? When you go out in the cold wind, it makes your cheeks red,—has the snow man red cheeks? What color is his face? When your face is white your mother says you are pale. Can we call the snow man pale? Read the line that calls him pale. Can the snow man stay with us always? What kind of weather does he like? Look to see why he stays. Read the stanza.

III. Has the snow man many friends? Who is his best friend?

IV. Can the snow man live without Jack Frost? What do you think happens to him when Jack Frost goes away? In which picture is Jack Frost with the snow man? In which picture has he gone away? Who can read the whole poem? Who can recite it?

Oral Language

Topic: What Jack Frost Does.

(a) What Jack Frost does to the window-panes; to the brook, the river, the lake; to us; to the snow man.

(b) What we play when Jack Frost comes.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (SNOW)

Basic Story. Pages 126 and 127.

I. Supplementary Story. "Silvercap, King of the Frost Fairies," Alice

J. Patterson in *For the Children's Hour*.

II. Conversation. Snow.

III. Poem, "Winter-time," Robert Louis Stevenson.

IV. Song. "Winter Sports," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

THE DOLLS' THANKSGIVING DINNER

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text narrative of "The Dolls' Thanksgiving Dinner," amplifying details to increase its value as a told story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

Mother

Polly Pine

Father

Friends

ACT I

PLACE: The kitchen.

Mother goes about busily from pantry to table, from table to oven, getting ready the Thanksgiving dinner. Polly Pine follows her about.

Polly: How good the dinner smells! Oh, mother, I love Thanksgiving dinner! I wish every one in the world could have a good Thanksgiving dinner, like ours. How long will it be before it is ready?

Mother: A long time, Polly; you know what a big turkey father brought; and you know how many are coming to dinner.

Polly: What shall I do? It is so hard to wait!

Mother: Why don't you play with your dolls?

(Polly starts toward the door; then stops and thinks; then comes back.)

Polly: Mother, why can't dollies have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as little girls?

Mother *(laughing)*: I don't know why. Go and dress them in their best clothes. Get the doll house swept and dusted, and the table ready. Then I'll see about a dinner.

Polly *(clapping her hands)*: Oh, how nice!

(She runs out.)

ACT II

PLACE: The Dolls' House in the Nursery

(Polly comes running in.)

Polly: Let me see! First, I'll get the house ready. *(She sweeps and dusts)* Now, I'll set the table with the very best dishes, and the finest silver. *(She does so)* Oh, I must have a vase! Here it is; and here are

two violets to put in it. (*She puts vase in middle of table*) And here are the wee napkins. (*She puts one at each plate*) Now I must get the dolls ready. (*She speaks to the dolls*) Susan and Dora Jane and Hannah! Do you know you are going to have a Thanksgiving dinner just like other people? Susan, you are to wear your pink muslin (*Gets it and puts it on the doll*), Dora Jane, you must put on your gray velvet (*Dresses her*), and Hannah, here is your pretty yellow silk (*Puts it on her*). Now, you must come to the table (*Seats each doll*). Be very careful, Susan! (*Shakes her finger gently at the doll.*) Remember not to eat with your knife. Dora Jane! Do not leave your teaspoon in your cup when you drink your tea.

(*Mother comes in with dolls' dinner on a tray. Polly runs to meet her. She hops up and down with delight, as she sees what her mother has brought.*)

Mother: Here is a chicken-leg.

Polly: I'll put that on the platter, before Hannah (*takes it off the tray and places it*). Hannah is the oldest doll. She always carves the meat.

Mother: Here are little dishes of mashed potato.

Polly: Oh! and cranberry sauce! And celery in this dear little glass!

(*She puts them on the table.*)

Mother: There is something else you haven't seen.

Polly (*hopping up and down again*): Oh, what is it?

Mother (*lifting up the pie*): See!

Polly: A dear little pie! A squash pie! Oh, mother! This is the smallest squash pie in the world. Oh, thank you, mother!

(*She puts it on the table.*)

Mother: Now you must leave the dolls, Polly, and put on your nicest muslin dress, and come downstairs.

Polly (*to dolls*): Good-bye! Hannah. Be sure you carve the chicken nicely. Good-bye, Susan, remember what I told you about your knife! Good-bye, Dora Jane, don't forget your teaspoon! Oh, I'm so glad you have such a good Thanksgiving dinner!

(*She runs out.*)

ACT III

PLACE: At the Table

Father, Polly, in her muslin dress, and the friends who have come to Thanksgiving dinner are seated about the table. Mother is bringing in the nuts and raisins. Suddenly, Polly jumps down from her chair.

Mother: What is it, Polly?

Polly: Oh, mother! I've just remembered about the dolls. May I go to see how they liked their dinner?

Father (*to friends*): Polly thought it would be nice to give the dolls a Thanksgiving dinner.

(The friends smile.)

Polly (*eagerly*): Mother made them a dinner—chicken and mashed potato and cranberry sauce and celery! Oh, and the smallest squash pie in the world! Oh, I must see how they liked their dinner!

First Friend: Take me with you, Polly.

Second Friend: We'll all go.

Third Friend: I want to see that squash pie.

(They all go out, laughing.)

ACT IV

PLACE: The Doll House in the Nursery

(Polly runs to the doll house, the others follow. Polly looks at the table, then turns in great surprise.)

Polly: Why, it's gone! The dolls have eaten nearly all the dinner!

Mother: Oh, no, Polly! They couldn't.

(She goes up close to the table; the others follow.)

Polly (*excitedly*): Everything is gone except the potato and the cranberry sauce!

Mother: So it is! How can it be! The chicken-leg is picked bare!

Third Friend: What about that squash pie?

Polly (*holding it up*): It is eaten all around!

Mother: And the bread is nibbled!

Father: This is very strange!

(A scratching noise is heard. It comes from the doll house.)

Fourth Friend: Listen! What is that?

(All listen. The scratching is heard plainly.)

Polly: Oh, it's a mouse! It's a mouse! See. It jumped out. It was under the table. There! *(She points)* It ran out of the doll house door. Where is it?

(Everyone laughs and looks about to find the mouse.)

Mother (*standing by the doll house*): Here's another under the parlor table, Polly!

Father (*standing at doll house door*): And here's one under the bed with a poor frightened gray tail sticking out. There they go! They are both running away.

Fifth Friend (*pointing*): There they go!

Sixth Friend (*laughing*): They look as if they had eaten a big dinner!

Mother: Mice in the house! That will never do! Shall I get the cat?

Polly: Oh, no, mother!

Father: No, no! Why can't a poor little mouse have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as we?

Third Friend (*to Polly*): Even the smallest squash pie in the world, Polly?

(*All go out, laughing.*)

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	eaten	Polly	nibbled	broom	
	Thanksgiving	delight	napkins	platter	
	dollies	odd	younger	mashed	
	cranberry	eaten	potato	dining-room	
	muslin	violets	careful	teaspoon	
	napkin	seated	nursery	Hannah	
	velvet	mistress	plate	knife	
	safely	nicest	celery	sofa	
	seated	interested	pie	smallest	
(New)	clothes	vase	Susan	squash	carved
	sauce	raisins	dessert	front	Dora Jane
	visitors	safely	parlor		

Group Words

in their best clothes
stood in the nursery
swept the rooms
with her tiny broom
in the little dining-room

in her gray velvet
in her yellow silk
each one in her own chair
little dishes of mashed potato
and cranberry sauce

very fond of them
for the dessert
just as their little mistress had
left them

an odd scratching sound
nobody knew where
another tiny mouse
under the parlor sofa

Sentences

She put a tiny vase, with two little violets in it, in the middle of the table, and she placed wee napkins at each plate.

Hannah was the oldest and always carved the meat for the younger dolls.

One of the gentlemen could change his big napkin into a white rabbit.

This interested Polly so much that she forgot all about the dolls' Thanksgiving dinner.

The chicken-leg was picked bare, the bread was nibbled, and the little pie was eaten all around.

A third one was under the bed, with a poor frightened gray tail sticking out.

Phonetics

(Review) *ate, ap, oom, oll, eat, ife, an, ie, at, ight, od, are*

ead, eaf, eam, ean, eap, eak, east, ease, each, for comparison

(New) *ane—Jane lane crane pane mane*

Spelling

best	plate	own	knife	meat	pie
dishes	her	chair	drink	dolls	mouse

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 128-132.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (THANKSGIVING)

Basic Story. Pages 128-132.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "The Story of the Best Corn," Carolyn S. Bailey in *For the Children's Hour*.
- (2) "Who Ate the Dolly's Dinner?" Isabel Gordon Curtis in *For the Children's Hour*.

II. Conversation. Thanksgiving.

III. Poem. "November," Alice Cary.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "Thanksgiving Song," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World, Part I*.
- (2) "A Hymn of Thanks," *Lyric Music Reader, Book I*.

A HYMN OF THANKS.

Charles Ellerton.
*Moderato.*Ludwig van Beethoven.
From the Ninth Symphony.

1. Lord, that made the earth and air, We
2. Fa - ther dear, we sing to Thee, Who



thank Thee for the morn - ing light, Thank Thee for the
taught the wood-land birds their song; God, who made the



lov - ing care That guards Thy chil-dren thro' the night.
sky and sea, Pray keep Thy chil-dren all from wrong.

THE GOLDEN COBWEBS

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story in a way to realize all the dramatic possibilities of the narrative. In your introduction make children realize as fully as you can what spiders are and the kind of webs they weave. Some illustrative material will be helpful.

Second Step—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	canary	stairs	candies	steady	already	locked
	toys	popcorn	trumpet	attic	poke	halls
	teeny	single	scrubbed	creepy	everyone	cobwebs
(New)	peek	crawly	wand	trimming	trimmed	

Group Words

just before Christmas
 a pretty room of a pleasant home
 the house-mother
 many other little people
 with his steady brown eyes
 the little gray spider

in the warm corners of the summer
 attic
 in the dark corners of the nice cellar
 not a single spider
 all the other little
 house-people

all the little teeny, tiny, curly, baby
 spiders
 at every single thing
 over every branch and twig

in the still dark night
 all covered with cobwebs
 with her fairy wand
 and turned them all to gold

Sentences

The tree was trimmed with popcorn, silver nuts, gay candies, and little candles.

And ever since that time the Christmas Tree is always trimmed with golden cobwebs.

Phonetics

(Review) *oy, ead, op, ock, oke, all, eep, een, ump*

(New) *eek—cheek* peek week
im—him swim trim

Spelling

toys	kitty	eyes	bright	corners	told
black	green	brown	spider	webs	baby

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 133-138.)

Page 133. What time does the story tell about? What kind of tree? Where was this Christmas tree? How was it trimmed? What did it have on its branches? Whom do you think these toys were for? Why were the doors locked? When could the children see the tree? What do you think would be done with the toys then? Were the children the only little people in the house? Had these other little people seen the tree? Tell how each one saw it? Why did the mice choose a time when no one was by? (They were afraid.) Choose six pupils to read this page to the class, each reading a

paragraph. Choose one child to read it all. Repeat with other groups. Call upon slow pupils often, but remember that the ready reader should not be neglected.

Page 134. Had everyone but the children seen the Christmas tree? Who had not? Where do spiders live? What did they want? Tell all that the house-mother did just before Christmas. What went into the corners where the spiders lived? What did the spiders do when the broom came? Where did they run? Choose groups to read the page to the class.

Page 135. Do the spiders like to see things? How did they feel? What did they do? Read what they said to the Christmas Fairy, trying to show by your reading that they were sad. What did the Christmas Fairy tell the spiders? Do you think the Christmas Fairy wanted to be kind to the spiders? Read the page. Read all of Part I.

Page 135. When did the Christmas Fairy tell the spiders they could look at the tree? Do you think the spiders could run into the room as quickly as the pussy, or the kitty, or the dog, or the mice? How did they come down the attic stairs, up the cellar stairs, etc.? (Creepy, creepy.) Read to show how long it took them to get to the Christmas tree.

Page 136. Tell about the mother spiders ("They were fat"); the father spiders; the baby spiders. What did they do when they got to the room? How did they go around the tree? ("Creepy, crawley.") What did the father spiders say? The mother spiders? The baby spiders? Who do you think liked the tree best of all? Read the paragraph, trying to show that they all liked the tree, and that the baby spiders liked it best. When they had seen the tree from the floor, where did they go? Tell all the things they did while they were on the tree.

Page 137. How long did they stay? How did they feel when they had seen everything? Read all about the spiders' visit. Who can tell all about it? When did the Christmas Fairy go to the tree again? What did she want to see? Why did she not wait until morning? ("The children will be up very early.") Do you get up very early on Christmas morning? Why? What did the Christmas Fairy see when she looked at the tree? How do you think she felt? The Fairy thought of a wonderful plan; what was it? What was on the Fairy's wand? (A shining star.) How is the Christmas Tree always trimmed, since then? Have you ever seen golden cobwebs on the Christmas Tree? Can you see them in the picture? Read the part of the story that the picture tells about. Read the part that you like best. Read the part that tells how the big black pussy saw the tree; the little gray kitty, etc. Read how the spiders came from the corners to see the tree.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (CHRISTMAS)

Basic Story. Pages 133-138.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "Paulina's Christmas," Anna Robinson in *Story Telling in School and Home*.
- (2) "Dorothy's Christmas Eve," Bertha Coler in *A Half a Hundred Stories*.
- (3) "How the Fir Tree Became the Christmas Tree," Lucy Wheelock in *For the Children's Hour*.

II. Conversation. Christmas.

III. Poems.

- (1) "Christmas," Mary Mapes Dodge.
- (2) "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Phillips Brooks.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "Around the Christmas Tree," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Lilts and Lyrics*.
- (2) "Christmas Angels," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

 THE EASTER RABBIT
First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story, keeping in mind the particular service it is to render the child when he comes to the reading of the narrative,—the foreknowledge of plot-action, familiarity with the sound and meaning of the words, practice in connected thinking, and the illumination of the text. The imaging power is active in children when listening to an oral story vividly presented. This stimulates the activity of the imagination when children are interpreting the printed page.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Have the children act out the story, under the following division of incidents: The children go to the woods; spring and the animals; the rabbit's journey; the children find the nests. Any number of children may be employed,—preferably the whole school.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	tonight	faces	lonely	foxes	timid	tonight
	hippity-hop	bunny	tracks	building	dare	
(New)	faded	perhaps	blossoms	earliest	message	

Group Words

once upon a time, many years ago	our beautiful songs
with sad hearts and faces	baby rabbits and squirrels and
they waved good-bye	foxes
it is lonely without them	too busy building a nest
every other year	I would frighten the children
<hr/>	
a big basket of twigs and leaves	on the door step
lined it with soft green grass	how strange and quiet it was
crying with happy voices	hurrah for Bunny

Sentences

Now, the rabbit is very timid, but he felt so proud to hear that all the children loved him that, at first, he said he would go.

Then they covered the eggs over with the earliest spring flowers and tied the basket on bunny's back.

He must have brought us the message.

Phonetics

(Review) *ace, one, ox, im, ip, un, ack, ly, are*
ade, ide, for comparison

(New) *ade—shade* made spade faded

Spelling

playing spring songs hide rabbit fox love egg

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 139-143.)

Page 139. Do you ever get tired of Winter and want Spring to come? (Recall the poem, Little Bird Blue, p. 70, if it has been studied previously. Let it be read or recited.) Did the children of the story want Spring to come? Where can we tell better that Spring is coming, in the city or in the woods? What can we find in the woods to tell us? (Birds, pussy-willows, early flowers, buds bursting, etc.) In the city, where can we go to find these signs of Spring? (To the parks.) Where did the children of the story go? Did they find signs of Spring? What are Jack Frost and North Wind signs of? How did the children feel? Where did they go? After the children had gone home what happened in the woods? Could Jack Frost and North Wind stay when Spring came? Did the children know Spring had come?

Page 140. What question did Spring ask? Do you think she likes chil-

dren? Find Spring in the picture, p. 140. Find the Christmas Fairy's wand, p. 138; it has a shining star on it. Has Spring a wand? What is on it? (Little leaves—young leaves.) Does Spring bring the leaves to us? Are they on the trees in the picture? What animals do you see in the picture? At whom are they looking? Did the birds want the children? Why? The flowers? The animals? What did Spring want the robin to do?

Page 141. Could the robin go? Could the fox go? The bear? To be timid is to be easily frightened; what animal in the story is timid? What animals in the story of the Golden Cobwebs were timid? (The mice.) Do you know of any other timid animals? When we are kind to the rabbit, is it timid? What did the rabbit think of, that frightened him? (The dogs.) When did Spring say he could go safely? Did the rabbit say he would go?

Choose groups of children to read this story by paragraph. Let them face the class. As an aid to expressive reading, make much of the point that they are reading to the class. (Children in class close books and listen.) Choose other groups and other story-units: the children's visit to the woods; what happened when they had gone home; what Spring and the flowers and the animals said about the children; what they said about going to tell the children; the part the picture tells about, etc.

Page 142. Whom does "they" mean? What are "twigs"? What was the basket made of? How was it lined? What was put into the basket? Of what use was the soft lining? (To keep the eggs from breaking.) Were the eggs all of one color? How were they covered? What was done with the basket? Does the rabbit run like other four-footed animals that you know? What word tells us how he moves? ("Hippity-hop") Tell what he did in town.

Page 143. When the children saw the nests what did they say? How do you think they felt? What did they do? Does your mother color Easter eggs for you and hide them? Do you play that the Easter rabbit brings them? When you find pretty, colored Easter eggs what may you be sure of? (That Spring is here.) Read how the basket was made and filled. Read what the rabbit did in town. Read what the children said and did when they found the nests.

Oral Language

Topic: When Spring Comes.

- (a) What Jack Frost and North Wind do.
- (b) What the birds do.
- (c) What the grass does.
- (d) What the flowers do; the buds.
- (e) What the children do.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (EASTER)

Basic Story. Pages 139-142.

- I. Supplementary Story. "An Easter Surprise," Louise M. Oglevee in *Story Telling Time*.
- II. Conversation. Easter.
- III. Poems.
- (1) "April," in *Three Years with the Poets*.
 - (2) "Spring," Celia Thaxter.
- IV. Songs.
- (1) "Easter Hymn," Walker and Jenks in *Songs and Games for Little Ones*.
 - (2) "April," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.

 AMERICA

Children should know and love this poem, even though they may not understand all its meaning. Talk of our country—how great it is; its woods and hills and mountains; tell how the Pilgrims came to find a home; why they wanted a home; tell how others come here to find a free home; our country is free to all who wish to do right.

Teach the song; sing it on appropriate occasions, using the book in singing, to familiarize children with the form of the words. The selection should be memorized rather than studied as a reading lesson.

Words

(Review)	noble	native	prolong	rills	thrills	swell	templed
(New)	music	silence	tongues	breathe	partake		
	mortal	rapture					

Phonetics

(Review) *ill, ell, at, od*

THE FLAG

Use this selection on occasions that appeal to love of country. Arouse interest in the flag,—our flag,—and love for it. Show that it is made up of stars and stripes—how many of each? Talk about its colors, how bright and beautiful they are as the flag waves in the air. Other countries have flags, but no country has a flag just like this one. So, when we see this flag we think of our country—that is what the flag is intended to cause us to do. We love our country, and so we love our flag. As we see it coming along the street—wherever we see it—how can we show our love for the flag? (By cheering, hand-clapping, by "hats off.")

This selection, like "America," is rather for memorizing than for study as a reading lesson.

Words

(Review)	hats	God	loyal	holy	blare	ruffle
(New)	flash	author	bugles	protect	beneath	

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ect, uff, ash, ish, ush</i> , for comparison					
(New)	<i>ash</i> —splash	mashed	flash	crash		
	<i>spl</i> —splash	splint	split	splice		

THE LITTLE COOK

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story to the children, setting out the incidents clearly and making full use of the dramatic quality of the narrative.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Conversation between Father, Mother, Robert, and Betty, in which the facts given on pp. 146-147 are disclosed. The other members of the family go, leaving Betty lonely on a bench of the shady porch. She wishes she could see Washington, too; she hears a sound; she jumps up and looks down the road; exclaims about what she sees. (The horseman, the coach, the stop at the gate, the tall man who steps from the coach.) The tall man comes up to the porch. Betty makes a curtsy. From this point, the story gives all the hints needed and the text dialogue may well be used.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	Robert	knit	Betty	drew	fife
	need	kettle	maid	ahead	welcome
	President	shady	stepped	rosy	fresh
	nimble	slices	Robert		
(New)	coach	leather	curtains	cushions	George Washington
	porch	curtsy	United States	foaming	ham

Group Words

the great George Washington
 a great white coach trimmed
 with shining gold
 leather curtains and soft cushions
 great crowds of people

the first President of the United
 States
 felt very sad and lonely
 hung a kettle of water over it
 he leaned over and kissed Betty

Phonetics

(Review) *it, et, ew, ife, ead, ate, et, aid, ice, ain*
aid, ail, for comparison

(New) *am—ram swam slam ham hammer*

Spelling

help brother sang marched milk coach great honey

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 146-150.)

Page 146. Our country is very large. There is a part called the North; another called the South; the East; the West. Do you know in which part you live? Where did Betty live? When? What could Betty do? Can you do any of these things? Why was Betty alone? What was the "wonderful sight"? What do you know about George Washington? Do you like to hear about him?

Page 147. Did the people long ago like him? How did they show it? ("Waited at every town"; "clapped hands"; "sang songs of welcome," etc.) What was Robert going to do? Why could not Betty go, too? Do you think she wanted to go? Was she cross and selfish about it? How did she feel after everyone had gone?

Page 148. What did she hear? What did she see? A curtsy is made by bending the knees; try to make a curtsy. You are taught to bow, but long ago girls were taught to curtsy, instead. Do you think Betty was polite?

Page 149. Was the "tall man" polite? Read lines that tell you. What did Betty do before she answered his question? ("Made another curtsy.") Could you make a breakfast for a stranger without help? How do you think Betty felt about doing so? What did the "tall man" say to make her feel better? ("You do not need any help," etc.) Do you think the "tall man" was kind? What wonderful promise did he make? How did Betty feel when she heard it? ("Her heart beat fast.") What did she say? Read just the words spoken by Betty and the "tall man." Call upon two pupils to dramatize this part of the story. Repeat, using other children. Choose six children. Call upon each to tell one thing that Betty did in getting the breakfast ready.

Page 150. What did the stranger do when he left the table? What did he say? What did he call Betty? ("My dear little cook.") Who was he? How do you think Betty felt when she found that the "tall man" was Washington? Does the picture show how she felt? Read the part of the story the picture tells about.

THE RAINBOW

First Step—The Oral Story. (Poem to be memorized.)

Read the poem to the children, introducing it with a talk about clouds and the rainbow.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	rainbow	floating	sunbeams	gowns
(New)	wiped	orange		

Group Words

went floating through the sky	to dry your falling tears
they bumped their heads	upon a line the sunbeams made
never mind, my dears	they hung their gowns

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ow, own, oat, eam</i>		
	<i>ape, ipe, for comparison</i>		
(New)	<i>ipe—ripe</i>	wipe	stripe

Spelling

clouds	day	fast	bumped	began	cry	send	hung
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 151.)

Look at the first stanza; what does it tell about? What happened to the clouds? What does the second stanza tell about? What did "Old Father Sun" say? What were the "fairy folks" to do? What does the third stanza tell about? How many fairies were there? What tells you? How was each fairy dressed? What did the fairies do for the clouds? How did they dry their gowns? (Show or draw a picture of a rainbow, better still produce the prismatic colors.) This is what the line looked like when all the gowns were hung to dry. Do you know what it is called? Do you like the story of the rainbow? Find the red fairy's dress; the blue fairy's dress, etc. Have you ever seen a rainbow? Where was it? Do you know when the rainbow comes? Look at this picture; notice the shape of the rainbow. What have you seen that is like it? (Draw a bow upon the board.) Then is "rainbow" a good name? How many colors in the rainbow? What are they? What do you think the "cloud tears" really were?

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (RAIN)

Basic Stories. Pages 151, 172-174.

- I. Supplementary Story. "The End of the Rainbow," Grace Greenwood.
- II. Conversation. Rain and Rainbow.
- III. Poem. "The Rainbow," Frederick Schiller in *Three Years with the Poets*.
- IV. Songs.
- (1) "Rainbow Song," Walker and Jenks in *Songs and Games for Little Ones*.
- (2) "The Rainbow," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World*, Part I.

 HOW BUTTERCUPS CAME
First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story, giving an introductory talk about spring flowers and particularly about buttercups. Make sure that the children know the flower; the picture on page 152 will help.

Second Step—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review) stole while money morning
 (New) robber

Group Words

who lived by himself into golden flowers
 in which the money had been kept the beautiful golden Buttercups

Phonetics

(Review) *ub, ob, ab*, for comparison
 (New) *ob*—Bobbie gobble hobble cobweb robber

Spelling

lived gold kept pick
 shining stole fell hole

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp.152-153.)

What does the first paragraph tell about? What did the old man have? Did he want anyone else to have any of the gold? What good things might he have used the gold for? What happened to the bag of gold? How did the gold fall out of the bag? Who saw it on the ground? What did the fairy say? Do you think she wanted the old man to have the gold again? Why not? (He hid it away in a bag. He did not put it to good uses.) What did the fairy do to the pieces of gold? What wonderful thing happened? Which are better—gold pieces hidden away in a bag, or golden buttercups that everyone may see and enjoy? Which do the most good? Tell of some good the buttercups do. (Make the earth beautiful; make children happy; sick people are glad to have them, etc.)

THE DAISIES**First Step**—The Oral Story.

Once there was a child who had very strange thoughts. Do you remember the little boy who had funny thoughts about his shadow (p. 27)? Tell me some of his thoughts.

At evening, when this child went to bed, he loved to look out through the window in his room and see the sky and the stars, and, sometimes,—what else? Yes, the moon.

Have you ever seen daisies? (Show picture or the flower.) Does it look something like a star? This child loved daisies. He loved to play in the meadows where the daisies grew. So at night when he watched the stars shine overhead he thought that they must be daisies, too, and that the sky was a meadow full of daisies. (Repeat the first stanza.)

And sometimes, as you told me, he could see the moon, the big beautiful moon moving across the sky, and what do you think he thought the moon was? A lady! And can you guess what he thought the moon was doing? Gathering daisies! (Repeat the second stanza.)

Then, when this little boy got up in the morning and ran outside to play, he was quite sure he must be right. For when he looked up he couldn't see a star. Not one was left in the sky! And when he looked at the meadow—it was full of daisies looking just like stars in the grass. And so he said to himself, "The Moon-lady has picked all the star-daisies and dropped them down into the meadows." (Repeat the third stanza.)

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	lady	she's	sprang	overhead	dot
(New)	arise	daisies			

Group Words

I see the stars shine overhead	a lady sweet and fair
the little daisies white	to gather daisies there
that dot the meadow of the night	when at morning I arise
while I'm dreaming so	not a star left in the skies

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ot, ang</i>	
	<i>ose, ise, for comparison</i>	
(New)	<i>ise—wise</i>	rise

Spelling

stars	shine	daisies	across	moon	morning
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Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 153.)

The study of the text is suggested by the treatment of the oral story.

THE KIND OLD OAK

First Step—The Oral Story.

Recall the story of "The Leaf that Was Afraid" (p. 124), and especially, that the leaf went, "with many other leaves, to cover up some little seeds and keep them warm all winter." This is a story of some violets that were afraid of winter and of how a kind old oak tree helped them to keep warm. (Tell the text story of "The Kind Old Oak.")

Second Step—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	plenty	afraid	leaves	violets
(New)	storms	sheltered		

Group Words

almost time for winter to come	a nice warm covering
where there was plenty to eat	close your yellow eyes
all the pretty flowers in the gardens	dreamed happy dreams until
cold winter with its ice and snow	Spring came
near the foot of an old oak tree	the warm rains and the sunshine

Sentences

They loved the old tree for it had often sheltered them from the storms.

The great tree dropped its leaves one by one upon them until they had a nice warm covering.

Soon Jack Frost came with ice and snow, but he could not harm the little violets because the kind old oak tree had taken care of them with a warm coat of leaves.

Phonetics

(New) *elt*—felt melted sheltered belted

Spelling

grass	dropped	ice	loved
sleep	leaves	snow	coat

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 154-155.)

What season is it when it is "almost time for winter to come?" Why do the birds go away in the fall? Do you know in which direction they go? What do they find in the south? When it is "almost time for winter," what about the grass? The trees? What does cold winter bring to the woods? ("Ice and snow.") Sometimes in warm corners, where the cold winds cannot reach them little flowers bloom until winter is almost here. Did you ever find such flowers? What ones does the story tell us of? What sheltered them from the cold winds and storms? (The oak tree.) What did they ask the oak? What were they afraid of? Read what they said, trying to show by your reading that the violets were afraid. Did the oak try to help them? What did he promise? Read, trying to show that the oak was kind. What did the violets do? How did the oak take care of them? ("Dropped its leaves, etc.") In the picture, what are the leaves doing? When Jack Frost came, could he harm the violets? Why not? How long did they sleep? What waked them up? What else do the warm rains and the sunshine wake up? Do you remember the story of "The Leaf that Was Afraid?" (P. 124.) What did that little leaf do in winter? (Covered up some little seeds to keep them warm.) When did the seeds wake up?

THE CLOVERS

First Step—The Oral Story. (Poem to be memorized.)

Second Step—Dramatization.

Recite the poem.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	aside	prayers	climbs	through	fold
(New)	lawn	dawns			

Group Words

they lay aside their cares	in clover beds
and fold their hands to say their prayers	when the day dawns clear and blue
and bow their tired little heads	to work the livelong day
	have no time to play

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>old, ide</i>		
(New)	<i>awn—lawn</i>	dawn	drawn

Spelling

have time feed cows help bees shines wash

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 156.)

I. Can you guess how the clovers feed the cows? How they make hay? How they trim the lawn? How they help the bees?

II. What do they do when evening comes? Did you ever see them bow their heads? Did you ever see "clover beds"?

III. What do they do in the morning? How do they wash their hands? How do they dry them? Does it make you laugh to think that clovers have no time for play, Do you think the little poem was meant to make you laugh? In the picture, p. 156, what are the clovers doing? Find words that rhyme.

THE GIRL WHO WAS CHANGED TO A SUNFLOWER

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	Clytie	water-maiden	Apollo's	leads
	western	tasted	tugged	happened
	sunflower	sea-caves	petals	
(New)	chariot	firmly	neighed	pranced
			nor	slender

Group Words

far down in the deep sea-caves	she tasted neither food nor drink
Apollo's golden chariot	as it climbed high in the heavens
when he begins his journey	a strange thing happened
in a beautiful meadow by the sea	a tall and slender plant
pranced and neighed and tugged	for Clytie was changed to a sun-
at the reins	flower

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ow, ave, est, ug, aid, awn</i>
	<i>and, end, ind, for comparison</i>
(New)	<i>end—send tender slender</i>

Spelling

was	hair	shells	drives	brings	into
deep	gold	floor	that	sun	rest

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 157-160.)

What does the first paragraph tell about? Where did Clytie live? What was the color of her hair? What did Clytie's mother say about her hair? Clytie lived in the sea; where did the sun-god live? What did he do every day? Look at the picture to see what his chariot was like? Tell all you can about it. How was it like Clytie's hair? What question did Clytie ask? ("Why does he do that?") How did her mother answer it? ("He brings," etc.) What time was it when Apollo began his journey? When he was high up in the heavens? When he drove down the western sky? What did Apollo do with his horses at night? When Clytie heard of this

wonderful chariot what did she want to do? When did she go to the sun-land? Did she see Apollo? Do you think it was easy to drive the horses of the sun? What did they do? ("Pranced and tugged at the reins.") Could they get away from Apollo? In the picture what is Clytie doing? How many days did she watch? What do you think was the reason she tasted neither food nor drink? (She loved to watch the golden chariot; she could not bear to leave for food and drink.) Tell how she watched. Can you show how? Then what strange thing happened to Clytie? What did her body change to? Her pretty face? Her golden hair? Tell how the flower watched the sun. What can we watch through the sky as Clytie watched the golden chariot? What do you like about this story? Read the part you like.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (FLOWERS)

Basic Stories. Pages 152-160.

I. Supplementary Stories.

- (1) "The Daisy," Andersen.
- (2) "The Dandelion," in *For the Children's Hour*.
- (3) "The Pink Rose," Sara Cone Bryant in *Best Stories to Tell to Children*.
- (4) "Goldenrod and Aster," Flora J. Cooke in *Nature Myths and Stories*.
- (5) "A Legend of the Goldenrod," Frances Delano in *Story Telling Time*.

II. Conversation. Flowers.

III. Poems.

- (1) "Buttercup Gold," Laura E. Richards.
- (2) "The City Garden," Hannah G. Fernald in *Story Telling Time*.
- (3) "Clover," Kate L. Brown in *Complete Holiday Programs*.
- (4) "September," Helen Hunt Jackson.

IV. Songs.

- (1) "Song of the Sunflower," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Lilts and Lyrics*.
- (2) "Household Hints," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Lilts and Lyrics*.
- (3) "Buttercups," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World, Part II*.
- (4) "Daisies," Jessie L. Gaynor in *Songs of the Child World, Part II*.
- (5) "The Month of Roses," *Lyric Music Reader, Book II*.

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

First Step—The Oral Story.

This story is based on Celtic fairy tales concerning the leprechaun or goblin, who is usually described as a little wrinkled old man, very sly, and with more than a bit of malicious mischief in his make-up. The rhymes used in this story are from William Allingham's poem, "The Leprechaun" (lĕp rĕ kôn').

Pupils will be interested to know that the little children of Ireland are particularly fond of hearing stories like this one about "The Fairy Shoemaker" and his pranks. Tell the text story, making full use of the dramatic qualities, in which the narrative is exceptionally rich.

Second Step—Dramatization.

CHARACTERS

Tom *His Mother* *The Fairy Shoemaker* *Fairies* *Elves*

ACT I

PLACE: The Interior of Tom's Home

A poor but neat little cottage, in which the Mother hurries about at her work of sweeping. Tom comes to the door. He has a stout stick in one hand, in the other a little bundle tied up in a bright handkerchief.

Mother (*stopping at the sight of Tom*): Where are you going, Tom? There is plenty of work to do. And what have you tied up in that handkerchief?

Tom (*crossly*): Work! work! There is always work to do! But I do not want to work, Mother. (*He holds up the bundle*). I have food here. I am going out on the hill. I want to catch the Fairy Shoemaker. Then I shall never have to work again.

Mother (*surprised*): Catch the Fairy Shoemaker? Do not try it! He is a tricky Elf!

Tom: Oh, but I must try! The Fairy Shoemaker knows where there is a pot of gold. I want him to tell me where it is. He can make me rich.

Mother: But how can you find him? Do you know what he looks like?

Tom: Of course I know, Mother! Everybody knows what the Fairy Shoemaker looks like! He is a little old man, oh, such a tiny man! His face is full of wrinkles and he has spectacles on his nose. He wears a little leather apron and he makes little bits of shoes. His hammer goes .

Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!

(As he describes the sound of the hammer, he beats the tune softly with his staff, and looks far away, as if he were listening to the Fairy Shoemaker. Then remembering where he is, and turning to his mother):

Of course I shall know him.

Mother: But can you keep your eyes on him all the time? You know, you *must* keep your eyes on him. If you look away just once—pop! he is gone!

Tom (*boastfully*): Oh, Mother! Of course I can keep my eyes on him. I *know* I can catch him. I'm going every day to look on the hill and in the wood. I will look and listen. Some day I shall hear his hammer

Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!

(He taps the tune softly with his staff.)

Mother: Yes! But remember he is looking and listening, too. He'll hear you first.

Tom (*eagerly*): He shan't hear me. Listen! I'll tip-toe softly, like this. *(He tiptoes noiselessly about the room)* When I see him, I'll keep my eyes on him all the time. *(He stares as if at the Fairy Shoemaker)* I will not look away once. Then I'll make him tell me where the pot of gold is. We shall all be rich!

Mother (*shaking her finger at Tom, in warning*): When you hear his hammer you'd better turn and run home as fast as you can. Many people have tried to catch the Fairy Shoemaker, but no one ever got his pot of gold. He is a tricky Elf.

Tom (*boastfully*): I'm not afraid of him! I want the pot of gold. I'm going, Mother. Good-bye!

Mother: Well, good-bye, and good luck to you! But I think you will get a pot of gold sooner if you earn it.

(Tom goes off, whistling. The Mother finishes sweeping the room, and hurries off, as if to sweep another one.)

ACT II

PLACE: The Hill

A little wrinkled old man sits on a stone beside some bushes. He wears a leather apron. In his lap, sole upward, is the little shoe he is making. His hammer beats a tune as he works:

Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!

Sometimes he holds the shoe up to see his work. Then he sings in a shrill voice:

This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-a-tack-too.

Tom comes along. The bushes are between him and the Fairy Shoemaker, so at first Tom does not see him, but it is plain that he hears the shoemaker's hammer and his song. Tom shows his joy; he turns this way and that, very softly, trying to be sure just where the Fairy Shoemaker is. Then he tiptoes noiselessly around the bushes. He sees the Fairy Shoemaker. As he talks to him, he keeps his eyes fixed upon him. (A shield of potted plants, their bases hidden by little branches and grass, may serve for bushes; or branches may be heaped up instead. Bits of yellow paper, torn up fine, may serve for the snuff.)

Tom: Good-morning!

(The Fairy Shoemaker starts a little. It is plain that he had not heard a sound until Tom spoke. He looks up, but he does not speak. Then he goes on beating a tune on the little shoe):

Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!

Tom (*going closer*): That is a fine shoe you are making.

(Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!)

Tom (*going still closer and speaking sternly*): Show me the pot of gold! Where is it?

Fairy Shoemaker (*in a tiny shrill voice*): Wait a minute! Let me take a pinch of snuff first.

(He gets out his snuff-box and takes a big pinch. He sniffs it up his nose. Then he holds out the box to Tom.)

Take a pinch yourself!

Tom (*softly to himself, and staring very hard at the Fairy Shoemaker*): He thinks I will look away. But I will not look at the box, oh, no! I will not take my eyes off his face. *(He puts out his hands to feel for the box. As he does so the Fairy Shoemaker throws snuff into Tom's face. Tom stands for a minute with open mouth, then begins to sneeze.)* Ker-choo!

Ker-choo! (*As he sneezes he stares harder than ever at the Fairy Shoemaker.*) KER-CHOO! KER-CHOO! KER-CHOO! (*The Fairy Shoemaker watches him closely.*) KER-CHOO! (*His eyes shut up tight. The Fairy Shoemaker runs off quickly. After a little Tom opens his eyes and looks around for the Fairy Shoemaker.*) He is gone! I closed my eyes! But how could I help it, sneezing such a big sneeze? Mother was right; he is a tricky Elf. But I will never give up. I have seen him once—I may see him again. I must have that pot of gold.

(*He goes off slowly, sneezing as he goes, and rubbing his eyes.*)

ACT III

PLACE: The Woods

The Fairy Shoemaker sits beside a tree, making a little red shoe. He beats a tune with his hammer, as before. When he lifts up the shoe to look at it, he sings in his shrill voice:

Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch
Tick-a-tack-too.

Tom comes along softly as before. He is wearing a long yellow scarf. The tree hides the Fairy Shoemaker from him. Tom listens and tiptoes, and finds the Fairy Shoemaker as before. All through the act, until he tells the Fairy Shoemaker that he may go, he keeps his eyes fixed upon him. Small chairs, with branches tied upon them, may serve for trees. There should be a number of them, otherwise the desks may be used. There should be as many Elves and Fairies as there are trees.

Tom: That is a fine shoe!

Fairy Shoemaker (*starting and looking up*): Thank you kindly.

Tom (*going nearer*): Whose shoe is it?

Fairy Shoemaker (*in a little shrill voice*): That is my business.

Tom (*going still nearer*): Why do you work so hard?

Fairy Shoemaker: That is my business, too. You ought to work a little harder yourself. (*He points behind Tom*) See what those cows are doing! They are breaking into the oats.

Tom (*so surprised that he almost turns to look, then speaking softly to himself*): Oho! That is just a trick to make me turn away. But I didn't take my eyes from his face. (*He goes nearer and nearer*) Where is the pot of gold? Tell me!

Fairy Shoemaker (*in a shrill, angry voice*): Well, then, I will tell you! Then maybe you will let me alone. Come on! (*He points to the woods*)

It's right here in this woods. (*He moves into the woods. Tom follows with his eyes fixed upon him. The Fairy Shoemaker touches a tree.*) Here it is, under this tree. Dig under the roots and you will find a great pot of gold.

Tom (*surprised and angry*): Dig under the roots! But I have no spade.

Fairy Shoemaker: Go home and get one.

Tom (*after thinking a moment*): I will do that. Let me see! How can I tell which tree it is? Oh, I know! I will tie my yellow neck scarf around the tree. Then I can find it when I come back.

Fairy Shoemaker: May I go now?

Tom: Wait a minute! You must promise something first. You must promise not to touch the scarf while I am away.

Fairy Shoemaker (*with a sly smile*): I promise. I will not touch it, and no one shall touch it.

Tom: Then you may go. I will look away. Good-bye. Thank you for the pot of gold.

Fairy Shoemaker (*smiling again*): Good-bye! Much good may the pot of gold do you when you get it!

(Tom looks away and the Fairy Shoemaker runs off very quickly.)

Tom (*rubbing his neck*): I'm glad I don't have to keep my eyes on him any longer. Now I'll mark this tree. (*He takes off his yellow scarf and ties it around the tree.*) Now for the spade. I must hurry. I want that pot of gold before dark.

(He runs off. After a time the Fairy Shoemaker comes in very softly, his little shoe and his hammer in his hand. He looks and listens, then turns and calls.)

Fairy Shoemaker (*in a shrill voice*): Come Elves! Come Fairies! (*Elves and Fairies come dancing in, each waving a long yellow scarf just like the one on the tree. The Fairy Shoemaker points to Tom's scarf.*) Be sure not to touch that scarf. No one must touch it! Do you hear? (*The Elves and Fairies look at Tom's scarf. They nod and smile.*) Now hurry! (*The Elves and Fairies run among the trees, each one tying his scarf upon a tree.*) Now you may go. Some day you may need me—then I'll help you. (*The Elves and Fairies dance out. The Fairy Shoemaker looks at the trees and scarfs and smiles his sly smile.*) No one has touched his scarf. I've kept my promise.

(He runs out. After a time Tom comes along with a spade over his shoulder.)

Tom: Now for the pot of gold. (*He sees the scarfs and stops and stares in surprise. The spade falls out of his hands.*) A yellow scarf on every tree! (*He goes nearer and looks at them.*) They are all just like my scarf! Why, I cannot tell which is my scarf! (*He looks at the trees one after the other*) I cannot find my tree. Where is my pot of gold? Oh, I can never dig under all these trees! (*He picks up the spade and puts it over his shoulder*) The Fairy Shoemaker has beaten me again. Mother is right. He is a tricky elf. I'm going to let the Fairy Shoemaker alone. I shall get a pot of gold sooner if I earn it for myself.

(*He walks off slowly.*)

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	sooner	dig	wrinkles	oats	iap
	sniffed	snuff-box	bog	tick-a-tack-too	tip-top
	rip-rap	tiptoe	pop	tricky	hammer
	stumbled	making	gay	ker-choo	beaten
(New)	elf	Tom	softly	apron	spectacles
	sewn	business	hedges	pointing	scarf
	ditch	stitch	sneezed	stool	grassy

Group Words

who wanted to catch the Fairy Shoemaker	getting rich every stitch
Tip-tap, rip-rap, Tick-a-tack-too	in a little grassy spot
a shrill voice singing	he wore a little leather apron
	a pinch of snuff

by the ditch in the meadow	across hedges and ditches and bog
scarlet leather sewn together	he slipped and stumbled
you ought to work a little harder	my yellow neck scarf
yourself	if you will promise

Phonetics

(Review) *oe, ick, am, ap, ink, iff, uff, ox, og, ay, eat*
op, ip, for comparison; also atch, itch

(New)	<i>itch</i> —witch	stitch	ditch		
	<i>ool</i> —cool	foolish		stool	school
	<i>eeze</i> —breeze	sneeze			

Spelling

must	will	singing	tall	yes
try	shall	old	full	month
tell	hammer	only	nose	shut
rich	hill	foot	shoe	tight
—				
day	sitting	fine	why	held
this	putting	face	hard	hand

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 161-171.)

Page 161. What did Tom want to do? Did his mother want him to try to catch the Fairy Shoemaker? Why did Tom want to catch him? Suppose Tom should see the Fairy Shoemaker and look away—what would happen? Do you think it would be hard for Tom to keep his eyes on the elf all the time? Did Tom think it would be hard? Where was he going to look for him? What else was he going to do? (“Listen.”) What did he expect to hear? (“His hammer.”) What would he do then? What would be make the elf do?

Page 162. What did his mother think was the best way to get a pot of gold? Tell how you think he could earn it. Choose two pupils to read the dialogue between Tom and his mother. Where did he look for the elf? Read the part of the story the picture tells about. Why has Tom a staff? What do you think may be in the bundle? What happened one day? What was it that Tom heard? What else could he hear?

Page 163. What made Tom’s heart beat fast? (He was full of joy at the thought of catching the elf and getting the gold.) What must he do when he saw the elf? (Keep his eyes on him.) How did he find him? What did the elf look like? Can you beat the tune that he was beating with his hammer?

Page 164. Read the part of the story the picture tells about.

Page 165. Why did the elf ask Tom to take a pinch of snuff? (He thought Tom would look at the box.) What would have happened if Tom had looked at the box? How did Tom try to get the snuff? (He kept his eyes on the elf’s face and put out his hands to feel for the box.) Choose two pupils to show how this was done. What did the Fairy Shoemaker do while Tom was feeling for the box? What did the snuff make Tom do? Is it easy to keep your eyes open when you sneeze?

Page 166. What happened when Tom gave a big sneeze? Choose two pupils to read the dialogue between Tom and the elf. Do you think the elf was tricky? What did he make Tom believe? (That he would show him the

pot of gold after he had taken a pinch of snuff.) Did he really mean to show him? What did Tom's mother say?

Was Tom ready to give up? What did he say? What did he do? What did he hear?

Page 167. Did the elf sing the same song as before? Did he answer Tom's questions?

Page 168. Were there any cows there? Why did the elf ask Tom to see what they were doing? (He wanted Tom to turn around.) Did Tom turn? Did he know it was a trick? What did he do instead? What did he ask the elf? Where did the elf say they must go? What did they cross to get to the woods? Have you ever seen hedges? ditches? bogs? Tell what they are. Tom knew he had to keep his eyes on the elf. What else did he do, so that he could be sure the elf would not get away. ("Held the elf in his hand.") Do you think walking over hedges, ditches, and bog, in this way would be pleasant? What did Tom do? ("Slipped and stumbled and fell.") Why? (He could not see his steps.) Choose pupils to read this part of the story; others to read the dialogue, only.

Page 169. Where was the gold? How did the elf say Tom could get it? Did Tom have anything to dig with? How do you think he felt when he was told to dig? Read to show that he was surprised and angry. Where did the elf tell him to go? How did Tom mark the tree so that he would know it again?

Page 170. What did the elf ask him to do? ("Put me down.") Tom knew the elf was tricky. What was he afraid the elf might do while he was getting the spade? (Take the scarf off the tree.) What did he make the elf promise? Choose pupils to read this part of the story; choose others to read the dialogue only. Read the part of the story the picture tells about. When Tom got back what did he see?

Page 171. How many trees were there in the woods? If every tree had a yellow scarf on it could Tom tell which tree had the pot of gold under it? Could he dig under all the trees to find it? Who do you think had tied the scarfs on the other trees? He had promised not to touch Tom's scarf. Had he kept his promise? Was he a tricky elf? What did Tom do? How did he decide to get a pot of gold? Do you think this was the better way? Read the part of the story you like best.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA *

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	belted	kite	umbrella	until
	enough	beast	something	thought
(New)	thistle-down	spoiled	stem	crept
				toadstool

Group Words

an odd little fellow	the elf crept under the toadstool
who wore a little belted coat	this great beast
and blew the trumpet-flowers	the first umbrella

Sentences

Then he tied a spider's thread to a bit of thistle-down and made a kite.

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>am, em, im, um</i> , for comparison		
(New)	<i>ept</i> —swept	kept	slept
	<i>em</i> —them	stem	hem
	<i>oad</i> —toad	load	road

Spelling

sharp	cap	kite	home	new
points	ears	from	rain	hide

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 172-174.)

Tell all the things about the elf-child that were pointed. What did he use for a bell? What for a trumpet? How did he make a kite? Do you think such a kite would fly? Could you make it fly? Would the Elf's tiny fingers be so likely to break the thread? Read words that show he could fly his kite. (He ran after his kite, etc.) What happened when he

* For supplementary suggestions see p. 335.

got far from home? How did he take care of his new cap and coat? Who else was keeping dry under the toadstool? Was the elf glad to see the mouse? Why did he not want to go away? What did he do? Was it easy to pull up the toadstool? Would it be easy for you to pull one up? Think how small the elf must have been. What did he do with the toadstool when he got it up? Could the rain harm him? When the mouse felt the rain what did he do? What did he say? Could he get the toadstool again? What have we that keeps off the rain? The story tells us what the first umbrella was; what was it? (This toadstool.) Tell all you see in the first picture. Read the part of the story this picture tells about. Tell all you see in the second picture. Read the part of the story this picture tells about.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY WORK (FAIRIES)

Basic Stories. Pages 161-174.

- I. Supplementary Story. "The Fairies of Caldon Low," Mary Howlitt in *The Story Teller's Book*.
 - II. Conversation. Fairies and Fairy Tales.
 - III. Poem. "To Mother Fairy," Alice Cary.
 - IV. Songs.
 - (1) "The Fairy," W. L. Tomlins in *A Child's Garden of Verse*.
 - (2) "A Fairy Song," *Lyric Music Reader*, Book II.
-

THE TWELVE MONTHS

First Step—The Oral Story.

Recall the rhymes of the months (p. 120). How many months are there? What are the parts (seasons) of the year? How many months in spring? What are they? In summer? etc. In what part of the year do the leaves come out on the trees? In what part does the grain get ripe and yellow? The grapes purple? The snow fall? Tell the story of "The Twelve Months."

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	Clara	cloak	potatoes	beets	hut
	unkind	fretful	hate	wrapped	scowling
	strawberries	grapes	anything	stupid	
(New)	Laura	crossly	twelve	autumn	tore
	stored	bunch	doesn't	apronful	

Group Words

near the great forest	that looked like the leaves of
kind and gentle	spring
cross and fretful	like the golden grain of summer
each was wrapped in a great cloak	tore the pretty flowers to pieces

as scowling and cross as ever	to go back without them
some ripe, red strawberries	in the golden cloaks
warm and rosy	she was just as cross as ever

she took her old place	I dare not go home without them
a whole apronful	for their kindness

dressed themselves warmly	how stupid you are
they reached the place	the wind blew fiercely

Sentences

They waved their wands over the fire and the air became soft and warm.
The grass grew green and violets peeped out from it, for spring had come.

Many little plants grew among the thick grass.
White flowers covered the plants and turned to bright red berries.

You know that your sister doesn't like snow.
She shook it again but no more came down, so she gathered the apples
into her apron.

Clara and the old woman dressed themselves warmly and went into the forest.

The three men in cloaks like grapes stored her cellar with apples and potatoes and turnips and beets to last through the long winter.

Then all the people said, "The Twelve Months love our dear Laura, for when she has winter at the door, she has summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in her heart."

Phonetics

(Review) *ut, ind, et, ate, ap, eet*

(New)	<i>ore</i> —more	wore	tore	store
	<i>aw</i> —saw	claw	straw	caw

Spelling

sisters	near	cross	fire	under
lived	kind	do	hate	very
wish	beds	long	throw	ripe
find	washed	grew	apples	fast
our	swept	thick	talk	tore

Pronunciation

violets (vī'ō lēts), laugh (lāf), stupid (stū')

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 175-185.)

The Sisters

What does the first paragraph tell about? Were the sisters like each other? Which one did the old woman like best, and why? Who had to do the work? What else did she have to do? ("Wait upon Clara and the old woman.") Do you think this was right? Read this part of the story to show the difference between the sisters.

The Violets

Did Clara like winter? Would you like winter if you did nothing but sit by the fire? What do you like to do in winter? What two things did Clara want? Which one did she tell Laura to get for her? Do you think she spoke pleasantly? Read to show that she was cross. Is it an easy

thing to find violets in winter? Are there violets in the forest in winter? Are they blooming? Where did Laura say they were? ("Asleep under the snow.") Did she speak pleasantly? Read to show this. What did the old woman say? What did she do? How do you think she spoke? Read to show this. Read this part of the story trying to show that Clara and the old woman spoke crossly, and that Laura was kind. Choose three pupils to read the dialogue.

The Twelve Old Men

Did the old woman see that Clara was dressed warmly before she sent her away? What kind of day was it? Where did she go to look for the violets? ("Into the forest.") Do you think she expected to find them? What strange sight did she see? What did the old men wear? Were all the cloaks alike? In the picture point out the cloaks like the golden grain of summer; those like the snow of winter. How many can you see like the grapes of autumn? What hides the others from you? (The fire.) What had the old men in their hands? In the picture point out the wands. What question did one of them ask? How did Laura answer? How do you think the old man felt when he heard that Laura was looking for violets? Read to show that he was surprised. How do you think Laura felt when she was told to go home? What did she ask the old men to do? (To help her.) Read to show that she was sad and afraid. Whose work was it to help Laura get the violets? (The old men in cloaks like the leaves of spring.) What did they do? What wonderful thing happened then? Did Laura get her violets? What did she remember to do? (To thank the old men.) After Laura got the violets what happened? ("The men in white waved their wands," etc.) Was Clara glad to get the violets? Did she take care of them? Did she thank Laura for all her trouble? Read the dialogue between Laura and the old men. Read all this part of the story. Read all of Part I. What part of it do you like? What is the strangest and most wonderful part of it? Which sister do you like best? Why?

The Strawberries

What did Clara want the next day? Did she want to try to find the strawberries herself? Read to show that she was cross. Was Laura kind to her? What did she want Clara to do? Do you like to run and jump about in the snow? Does it make you warm and rosy? Instead of telling Clara to go out what did the old woman do? (Sent Laura for the berries.) Read this part of the story, trying to show how each one spoke. Read the dialogue only.

The Twelve Old Men

Whose work was it to help Laura find strawberries? What happened when the old men in golden cloaks waved their wands? What were the little plants with white flowers on them? Did Laura remember to thank the old men? Did Clara thank Laura? Read the dialogue between Laura and the old men. Read the part of the story the picture tells about. In the picture can you see Laura's tracks in the snow? Is she warmly dressed? Read all of Part II.

The Apples

Tell of all the work Laura did next morning. Read a line that shows she loved to work. ("She sang as she worked.") Do you think Clara was working? Was she happy because Laura had brought her violets and strawberries in winter? Did she know what she wanted? What did Laura ask her to do? Is it fun to make snowballs and see how far you can throw them? Is not that better than sitting by the fire and thinking how much you hate the snow? Would Clara go out to play? What did the old woman do? What ought she to have done? (Sent Clara out to play. Taught her to help Laura with the work, etc.) Read this part of the story, trying to show how each one spoke. Read the dialogue only.

The Twelve Old Men

How many times before this had Laura been sent into the forest? How did she feel this time? Why did she cry? (She did not like to ask for anything more.) Were the old men angry because she had come again? Do you suppose they knew she could not help it? What did they call her? ("Dear child.") Who helped her get the apples? How many apples had Clara told her to get? Could she get an apronful? Did she remember to thank the old men? Did Clara thank her? What did she say? What did Laura tell her? How would you tell the story Laura told Clara? When Clara heard the story what did she want to do?

Had Laura been warmly dressed when she went into the forest?

How did Clara and the old woman dress? What do we call people who think so much of themselves and so little of others? (Selfish, unkind, etc.) Did they find the fire and the twelve old men. Did Clara remember that they were old and speak to them kindly? Read to show how she spoke. Did the old woman speak pleasantly to them? Read to show how she spoke? How did the old men feel when they were spoken to so rudely? What did

they do? What happened to Clara and the old woman? Who were the twelve old men? Then who were the three men in white? (Winter months.) Can you name them? The three in green; the three in yellow; the three in cloaks like grapes? What did they do for Laura when she was alone? At what time of year is hay made? does grain ripen? At what time of year are apples, potatoes, turnips, and beets stored away? How can anyone have summer in the barn? (They can have the hay and grain that summer brings.) How can they have autumn in the cellar? Spring days are bright, with sunshine; how was Laura's face like a day in spring? How could it be said that she had spring in her heart? (Because she was always bright and cheerful like spring.) Why did the old men help her? Why did they not help Clara and the old woman? Read the part of the story the picture tells about? Read the dialogue. Best liked parts. The whole of this part.

THE MERMAN AND THE MERMAID

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the pupils of the old fables of wonderful sea-creatures—having bodies like men and women, and tails like fishes, and living in the sea. They were said to come to the top of the sea sometimes. People thought they heard the mermen singing, and saw the mermaids combing their shining hair. Study the pictures in the reader and let pupils tell what they see. A great poet has written a song about the merman and the mermaid; would you like to hear it?

Second Step—Dramatization.

Recite the poem.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics

Words

(Review) throne crown curl combing sitting bold singing
 (New) pearl mermaid

Group Words

a merman bold
 with a crown of gold
 on a throne

a mermaid fair
 combing her hair
 with a comb of pearl

Phonetics

(Review) *ouse, ound, oud, out*, for comparison

Spelling

alone

curl

comb

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, p. 186.)

Picture Study

What is very strange about the man and woman sitting in the chairs? (They have tails like fishes.) On what are these chairs resting? (On the bottom of the sea.) Long ago people believed that men and women with tails like fishes lived in the sea. They called them mermen and mermaids. In the picture what else is on the bottom of the sea? (Shells, etc.) What is swimming? (A fish.) What story of a king have you read? Of a princess? The chair of a king and queen, and sometimes of a prince and princess, is called a throne. Find the throne of the princess on page 110; of the king on page 215. Are the chairs of the merman and mermaid like thrones? Sometimes kings and queens, princes and princesses wear crowns on their heads. Is the princess in the picture on page 110 wearing a crown? Is the king in the picture on page 205 wearing one? Is the merman wearing one? Do you think he may be the king of the mermen? Is the mermaid wearing one? What is she doing? (Combing her hair.) Could she wear a crown while combing her hair? Perhaps she has taken off her crown to comb her hair. She is sitting on a throne; do you think she may be a mermaid princess or a mermaid queen? What color is the merman's crown? What do you think it is made of? What color is the mermaid's hair? What do we sometimes call yellow hair? (Golden.) Who is with the merman? (He is alone.) The mermaid?

THE FOOLISH GOOSE*

First Step—The Oral Story.

It will add to the enjoyment of the story if it is told after lessons on seeds, their germination and growth; farmer, wheat, corn, etc.

Second Step—Dramatization.

For supplementary suggestions see p. 282.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review) caw heavy pearls single spread
 (New) count

Group Words

very proud and happy	the bottom of the lake
without any help	beautiful pearls and diamonds
to help you as a friend	Brownie Hen and her ten chicks
one, two, three, four, five, six,	and see what happens
seven, eight, nine	the chicks run toward it
as he flies far away, laughing	a noise like a hawk
you carry it with such care	instead of smaller and smaller

Phonetics

(Review) oon, ool
 (New) oose—goose loose noose

Spelling

good carry corn way count rock

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 187-192.)

What is the name of the story? What time was it when these things happened? ("One bright morning.") In what place did they happen? ("A big road.") Whom does the story tell about? ("Gray Goose," etc.) When the story begins what is Gray Goose doing? Whom does he meet? Who speaks first? Do you think Wise Old Crow really wanted to help? What was it that he wanted? (Some of the corn.) Do crows like corn? What was his plan? As he counts what does the crow do? How did he make the corn go a long way? (He flew far away with what he had eaten.) Read the part of the story the first picture tells about. Choose two pupils to read the dialogue; two others, etc. Call for volunteers to give it without the book.

How did White Crane get Gray Goose to leave the corn? Were there really pearls and diamonds in the lake? Do you think White Crane did right to tell Gray Goose so? Do you think Gray Goose was wise to leave his bag of corn? What did White Crane promise? (I will keep your corn for you.) How did he keep it? (He flew away with it.) Read the part of the story the second picture tells about.

What did Brownie Hen want Gray Goose to do with the corn? By **this**

time Gray Goose was getting a little wiser; did he want to throw the corn on the road? Why not? (He was afraid the chicks would eat it.) What did Brownie Hen promise? What did she do to frighten the chicks? Are chickens afraid of hawks? When they heard the noise what did the chicks do? Did they eat any of the corn? Who did eat it? Did Gray Goose have much corn left? Had he been wise or foolish? Tell what foolish things he had done. What did he wish now? Who told him how to make the bag of corn grow bigger? Can you tell how? Tell all you see in the last picture. Read the part of the story it tells about. Choose pupils to take parts and give dialogue, with and without the book.

Oral Language

Topic: A Bag of Corn

(For illustration, use grains of corn, corn on the ear, a stalk—or a picture of growing corn.)

What the farmer does with the grains of corn; what comes up from one grain; what the plant looks like at first; how big it grows; its thick stalk; what grows out from the stalk; how small the ear is at first; how big it grows; how many grains; would it be easy to count so many? What all these grains on one ear come from; would the farmer need to plant very many grains to grow a bagful?

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

First Step—The Oral Story.

Tell the text story, setting out the incidents distinctly and utilizing the dramatic quality of the narrative.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	nurse	win	queen	quickly
	joyful	crash	thunder	moment
(New)	treasures	beanstalk	harp	tune
				earth

Group Words

no money for bread
some very wonderful beans

plenty of food
at the top of the beanstalk

his poor hungry mother
what a beautiful country

as he lay asleep
when the giant had finished eating

the castle horn
soft sweet music
play a more joyful tune

now play a lullaby
the giant stumbles over a stone
with a loud crash

Sentences

In the night the beans had grown so high that the stalks were as big as trees, and the tops reached far into the clouds.

Once upon a time a noble King lived in the castle with his Queen and their little son.

Not far away lived a great giant who wanted the King's rich treasures.

Now the Queen had taken the little boy to visit her old nurse, who lived far below upon the earth.

Are you brave enough to try to win back these treasures?

For Jack had grown to be very tall in the time that had passed.

At once the harp played so sweet a lullaby that the giant fell fast asleep.

Then with a few quick strokes he cut the wonderful beanstalk close to its roots.

Phonetics

(Review) *in, een, ick, oy, ash*
ane, ine, one, une, for comparison

(New) *arp*—sharp harp

Spelling

sell beans are plant

stopped boy brave lays gate smell

same hid sheep strings arms called shout

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 193-201.)

Why was the cow to be sold? (To get money for bread.) Where was she to be taken? What happened on the way to market? How did Jack's mother feel when she saw the beans? The picture shows how the man felt—tell about it. Why does he try to hide that he is laughing? (He is afraid Jack may turn and see him.) Does it seem that a handful of beans is enough to pay for a cow? Do you think the man thought Jack was foolish? Do you think he should have taken the cow? What did Jack do with the beans? Have you ever planted seeds? Do they grow up into plants in one night? What happened to the beans Jack planted? How big were the stalks? What did their tops touch? (The clouds.) Did Jack remember that his mother needed food? Where did he think he could find it? Choose pupils to read the story to the class, each reading a paragraph. Who can tell this part of the story?

What does the second picture show? (Jack climbing the beanstalk.) How high is it? (Higher than the houses and trees.) What did he find at the top of the beanstalk? What story did the fairy tell him? Where were the Queen and the boy when the giant went to the castle? (On the earth below.) Did they go back to the castle? Who was the Queen? How did Jack feel when the fairy told him his mother was the Queen? Read to show his surprise. Then who owned the castle? (Jack and his mother since his father was dead.) What did the fairy want Jack to do? The giant was in the castle—what must Jack be to go there? (Brave.) What did the fairy tell him to get? How did he get in? How do you think the giant's wife felt when she saw Jack and heard the giant coming? Read to show that she was frightened. How could the giant tell some one was in the castle? Read what the giant said, trying to show what kind of voice he had. Tell the story of the magic hen. How could the hen make Jack and his mother rich? (They could sell the golden eggs.)

What else had the fairy told Jack to get from the castle? (The "harp that talks.") How was it that the giant's wife did not know Jack? (He had grown so tall.) Read what the giant said, trying to show what kind of voice he had. Tell the story of the harp. What kind of tunes did it play? When did it talk? How did the giant run? How was it that he could not catch Jack? Why did he not climb down the beanstalk after Jack? Read this part of the story. What was wonderful about the beans? About the beanstalk? About the hen? About the harp? What kind of boy was Jack? (Brave.) What do you like about the story? Read parts you like.

THE LITTLE TAILOR

First Step—The Oral Story.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	paper	eagerly	afternoon	tailor
	fit	pen	teeth	ink
(New)	marry	questions	courtiers	less

Group Words

to marry the beautiful Princess
until he answers three questions
upon my scissors and thread
and hurries toward the door

a foolish tailor boy is outside
the very easiest question
as old as his tongue
a little older than his teeth

Phonetics

(Review)	<i>ail, it, en</i>			
(New)	<i>ess—dress</i>	guess	message	less

Spelling

sewing	opens	fit	sick
pen	ink	paper	thing
			teeth

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 202-208.)

When did the things happen that this part of the story tells about? ("One afternoon," etc.) Where did they happen? (In "a room in the tailor's shop.") What persons does it tell about? What is a tailor? Where was Little Tailor when the story begins? Look at the picture and tell how he was sitting. What was he doing? Who came in just as the story begins? Where had Master Tailor been? What did he take to the King's palace? Why did he shake his head sadly? (The King would not see him.) Why was the King sad? Does it seem an easy thing to answer three questions? How many questions did Little Tailor say he would answer, to marry a Princess? Why did not the King answer the questions? What did the King do all day? Was he pleased to see his new

coat? What did Little Tailor want to know? (What the questions were.) Why did he want to know? (He thought he could answer them.) Did Master Tailor think so? What was the first question? the second? the third? Can you answer them? When he heard the questions, what did Little Tailor do? How did Master Tailor feel when he saw Little Tailor going off with the King's coat? What does the first picture tell about? the second?

Question as to time, place, and persons, as before. When this part of the story begins, where was the King? Who were in the room with him? What picture shows this? In the picture, how does the King look? What is he doing? What do you think he is thinking about? (The questions.) How do the courtiers look? Do you think any of them can answer the questions? What noise did they hear? Why did the King want the boy brought in? Who was this boy? What did he have with him? What did the King promise to Little Tailor, if he could answer the questions? Tell how he answered the first question; the second; the third. Do you think these are good answers? Can you think of any better ones? Little Tailor had answered the questions, now he could have anything he wished. Can you think of some beautiful or wonderful or splendid things he might have asked for? What *did* he ask for? Do you think Little Tailor liked to help Master Tailor make coats and fit them? Do you think he liked to work? What did the King say he could do? Do you think Little Tailor was pleased that the King thought him a good tailor? Do you think he would work hard to make good coats to please the King? What part of this story do you like?

THE KING AND THE GOOSE-HERD

First Step—The Oral Story.

Preface the telling of the text story by a talk on herding animals—sheep, cows, horses, geese, etc.; what the herdsman is called; then tell the story of "The King and the Goose-Herd."

Second Step -Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	manage	park	flock	goose-herd	read
	books	sparkled	swung	school-master	
(New)	order				

Group Words

who loved books more than any-
 thing else
 upon a bench in the castle park
 he saw a boy tending a flock of
 geese

what will become of my flock
 into the meadow by the lake
 that big black gander
 crack the whip, School-master
 the geese drew quickly together

he flapped his wings and gave a
 shrill cry

without saying a word

Sentences

But you would find that it is much easier to manage boys than geese!
 The King stretched out his arms, waved them up and down, and shouted
 with all his might.

Phonetics

(Review) *ock, ook, ark, ung*
ood, oon, ool, ook, oot, for comparison

Spelling

books
 more

bench
 park

read
 walk

lake
 thought

right
 flock

lifted

saw

wings

running

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 209-214.)

What is the name of the story? Where did the King live? What did he love? Where did he leave one of his books? Whom did he find to send back for it? What was the boy doing? What is one who tends geese called? (A "goose-herd.") What did the King say he would give the boy? What "silver pieces" do you know of? Why did the boy's eyes sparkle? (He did not often see silver pieces. He did not get so much in a month.) Were the geese his own or was he paid for tending them? He had a chance to earn more than he could get in a whole month tending geese—was he willing to leave the geese? Do you think this shows he was

a boy who could be trusted? Why did he laugh when the King said he would care for the geese? (He thought the King was too fat and too slow.) Why does a goose-herd need to be quick? Which one of the flock did the boy need to watch most? Did the King think it would be very hard to tend geese? What did he say he could keep in order? Did the boy know this man was the King? What did he say he must be? (A school-master.) What promise did the King make before the boy would leave his flock? (To pay for any harm the geese might do.) What did the boy give the King? What one of the flock did he tell the King to watch? What did he ask the King to do with the whip? Can you crack a whip? Did the King know how to swing and jerk it so that it would crack? Who had to show him how? Did the boy think he could be a very good school-master when a little boy knew something he did not know? What did the geese do when they heard the noise? Do you see, then, why the boy wanted the King to learn how to crack the whip? Read the dialogue; how the King left the book; how he got the boy to go for it; the story of the whip; all of Part I.

Did the black gander know the boy had gone? What did he do? What did the rest of the flock do? What do you think the boy would have done if he had been there, when the black gander flapped his wings and cried? (He would have cracked the whip at once.) Was the King quick enough? Could he crack the whip? Could he get the flock back? What did he say? How did the boy feel when he got back and saw his flock? Read what he said, trying to show that he was angry. What did he tell the King to do, to help him get the flock back? Do you suppose the King had ever been told before to do such a thing? Did he do it? Do you think he wanted to help the boy? Do you think he was a kind man? What did the boy do while the King waved his arms and shouted? What did the geese do when they heard this noise? Do you think the boy knew they would run out? Was the boy sorry he had left his flock? What did he say that showed this? ("Never again," etc.) Why did the King laugh when the boy said he would not give his whip to the King himself? (Because the boy had already given his whip to the King.) Did the boy know what he meant when he said, "The King is as poor a goose-herd as I am?" How did he feel when he learned that this was the King? What did he say? Was he afraid to tell the King the truth about himself? Did this make the King angry, do you think? What do you like about the boy? About the King? Read the part of the story you like best. Read the dialogue between the boy and the King after the boy returned. Read the part of the story the picture tells about.

A SONG OF JOY

First Step—The Oral Story. (Poem to be memorized.)

This is an excellent selection to read, following talks on birds, their characteristics,—color, habits, song, etc. The aim should be to arouse love of birds and a thoughtful care of them.

Second Step—Dramatization.

Third Step—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.

Words

(Review)	tales	oriole	cuckoo	fallen	spray
	mate	peewee	between	peace	
(New)	tilt	breast	warbler	grosbeak	peace alloy

Group Words

of snow-flakes on the green	and paints her on his breast
the fallen leaves between	within her soft-lined nest
to tilt upon the spray	sweet peace, without alloy

Phonetics

(Review) *all, ate, ay, een*
ee, eep, eed, een, eel, eet, for comparison

Spelling

joy toy calls mate about rose eggs

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 215-216.)

Stanza 1. What birds do you know? This little poem tells about many birds, and about the songs they sing. What is the first bird it tells about? (If possible show pictures of the birds mentioned in the poem.) The robin comes very early before the leaves are on the trees. What does he find to sing about? Read the lines that tell us about him. What is the next bird? The blue-bird comes very early, too. What early flowers does he sing about? Where do the Mayflowers (*Arbutus*) grow? ("The fallen leaves between.") Have you ever pushed aside the dead leaves to find the beau-

tiful pink blossoms? Think about the stories of the "Leaf That Was Afraid," and "The Kind Old Oak," and tell what the leaves did for the Mayflowers all winter. Read the lines that tell us about the blue-bird. What is the next bird? What word tells us whether the wren is large or small? ("Wee.") How many tales or stories can the wee wren tell? Can you think what these stories may be about? (The sunshine, spring, the buds, leaves, grass, flowers, etc.) Read the lines that tell about the wren. What is the next bird? What does the oriole sing? Do you think it must be a happy bird to sing such a song? Do you think it must make people happy to hear it? Have you ever heard it? Read the whole stanza. Read about the bird in this stanza that you like best. Read the part of the stanza you like best. Find the rhyming words.

Stanza 2. What is the next bird? What does the peewee seem to do when his mate is away? Have you ever heard this call? (The bird is named from the call.) Read the lines that tell us about the peewee. What is the next bird? A spray is a little branch. When a bird flies upon the end of a little branch or spray, what does the spray do? (Tips or slants, or "tilts.") Read lines that tell what the warbler sings. What is the next bird? Has the cuckoo a song to sing? What does it do? (Some of the pupils may have heard a cuckoo clock, which is made to imitate the call of this bird.) Read the lines that tell about it. Read the stanza. Read about the bird you know best. Find the rhyming words.

Stanza 3. What does the grosbeak sing about? The grosbeak's breast is rose-red. Then do you see how it can be said that he paints the rose on his breast. Read the lines. What does the sparrow sing about. What kind of nest has she? What does she line it with to make it soft? (Feathers.) Read the lines. What does the wood-thrush sing of? The wood-thrush is very shy. It likes to live deep in the woods. Do you think that is why it likes to sing of peace? Read the lines. Find the rhyming words. Of all the birds whose song is most joyful? Choose three pupils to read the first stanza; the first to read about the robin, the second about the bluebird; the third, the wren; all three, the oriole. Try to show how full of joy the oriole is. Treat the other stanzas in the same way.

Oral Language

Topic: A Bird that I Know

(Choose some bird or birds, as the robin, the bluebird, etc., which the children know and can watch.)

When they come; how we tell them from other birds; odd or funny, or wise things they do; what they eat; when they build their nests; how we can help them; what they do for us.

HOW THE DAYS GOT THEIR NAMES

First Step—The Oral Story.

What day is it today? What day was yesterday? What day will it be tomorrow? How many days in the week? Who can name them all? Would you like to know how the days got their names? (Tell as simply as possible the facts as given in the rhymes, adding any details within comprehension of pupils; then repeat the rhymes. Give pupils correct pronunciation of the new words, as Tiu (Tē'ōō) etc.)

Second Step—Dramatization.**Third Step**—Word and Sentence Development: Phonetics.*Words*

(Review)	Woden	Sunday	lightning	those	lots
	spell	week	begun	fear	fifty
	wisdom	fifty	Saturn	Saturday	Friday

Group Words

today, tomorrow, yesterday
the day of children's joy

if they had named a day for each
the god of wisdom bright

Sentences

I guess that one "o" slipped away.

Our Tuesday's name comes from Tiu

(You spell it T-u-e)

Who was the old-time god of war.

The old folks had no "lightning-day,"

They feared the thunder-cloud!

Our Friday comes from Frigedaeg.

Phonetics

(Review) *ot, ell, eek, un, ear*

Spelling

know	time	moon	Sunday	Tuesday	Thursday	Saturday
hear	week	right	Monday	Wednesday	Friday	

Fourth Step—Reading Lesson. (Book Two, pp. 216-218.)

Do you know what day it is today? How did you find out? How does the child of the poem find out? What makes this child glad? ("That they named the days," etc.) What is he going to tell us? (How the days got their names.) Tell how Sunday got its name; Monday, "Moon" has two "o's". How many has Monday? What does the child think happened to the other "o"? For what was Tuesday named? Who was Tiu? (The old time god of war.) How is it spelled in Tuesday? For whom was Wednesday named? Do you see the change in the spelling? Is Wednesday an easy name to spell? How did Thursday get its name? Who was Thor? Which can do harm—thunder or lightning? Which of them did people fear long ago? For whom was Friday named? Saturday? On which day have you most time for play? Can you see then why Saturn is called the friend of girl and boy? How many gods does the child say people had long ago? Suppose they had named a day for every god? Name all the days of the week. Which is the first day of the week? the last? How many in all?

SUMMARY OF PART TWO

PHONETICS

The phonetic elements developed in the Elson-Runkel Primer and in the Elson Primary School Reader, Book One, are printed in italics.

1. All consonants, including *c*, *ç*, *ġ*, *ĝ*, *s*, and *ŝ*.

2. Vowels.

<i>ă</i>	<i>ĕ</i>	<i>ĩ</i>	<i>õ</i>	<i>ũ</i>	<i>ÿ</i>
<i>ā</i>	<i>ē</i>	<i>ī</i>	<i>ō</i>	<i>ū</i>	<i>ÿ</i>

3. Blends.

a. Beginnings.

<i>br</i>	<i>gr</i>	<i>scr</i>	<i>bl</i>	<i>sl</i>	<i>sh</i>	<i>sm</i>	<i>kn</i>
<i>cr</i>	<i>pr</i>	<i>spr</i>	<i>cl</i>	<i>spl</i>	<i>th</i>	<i>sp</i>	<i>sn</i>
<i>dr</i>	<i>tr</i>	<i>str</i>	<i>fl</i>	<i>qu</i>	<i>th</i>	<i>squ</i>	<i>sw</i>
<i>fr</i>	<i>wr</i>	<i>thr</i>	<i>pl</i>	<i>ch</i>	<i>wh</i>	<i>st</i>	<i>tw</i>

b. Endings.

<i>ab</i>	<i>ad</i>	<i>am</i>	<i>an</i>	<i>ag</i>	<i>at</i>	<i>ang</i>	<i>ap</i>
—	<i>ed</i>	<i>em</i>	<i>en</i>	—	<i>et</i>	—	—
—	<i>id</i>	<i>im</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>ig</i>	<i>it</i>	<i>ing</i>	<i>ip</i>
<i>ob</i>	<i>od</i>	—	—	<i>og</i>	<i>ot</i>	<i>ong</i>	<i>op</i>
<i>ub</i>	<i>ud</i>	<i>um</i>	<i>un</i>	<i>ug</i>	<i>ut</i>	<i>ung</i>	<i>up</i>

ace	each	ess	ite	öst
ack	ead	est	ive	other
ade	eaf	ew (\bar{o})	le	oud
aid	eak	ew (\bar{u})	ly	ought
ail	eam	ful	ness	ould
ain	ean	ice	-oad	ound
air	eap	ick	oat	our
ake	ear	ide	ock	ouse
ale	ease	ie	oe	out
all	east	ife	oke	ove
ame	eat	iff	old	öve
and	eek	ift	ole	ow
ane	ee	igh	öll	öw
ange	eed	ight	öll	owl
ank	eek	ild	ome	own
ant	eel	ile	öme	öwn
ape	eem	ilk	öne	ox
are	een	ill	öö	oy
ark	eep	ime	ood	uch
arp	eer	ind	ook	uck
art	eet	ine	ool	ue
ash	eeze	ink	oom	uff
ast	ell	int	oon	ump
atch	elt	ipe	oose	unk
ate	end	ird	oot	unt
ave	ent	ire	ore	urn
aw	ept	ise	orn	ush
awn	er	ish	ose	ust
ay	ere	itch	öst	

PHONOGRAM WORD LIST

The following list contains all the words developed in the text, together with additional words, which are included for the purpose of enlarging the material for drill upon the various phonetic elements.

<i>ump</i>	<i>er</i>	<i>ust</i>	<i>oot</i>	<i>ōwn</i>
bump	taller	dust	boot	grown
dump	caller	gust	hoot	shown
hump	winter	just	loot	thrown
jump	printer	must	root	
lump	singer	rust	toot	<i>eem</i>
pump	nearer	crust	shoot	deem
clump	brighter	trust		seem
plump	lighter		<i>ub</i>	teem
slump		<i>ove</i>	cub	
stump	<i>le</i>	cove	hub	<i>od</i>
thump	little	rove	rub	cod
trump	middle	wove	tub	God
	fiddle	clove	stub	hod
<i>ile</i>	nibble	drove	scrub	nod
file	sparkle	grove	rubber	odd
mile	twinkle	stove	bubble	pod
pile	<i>ew</i> (ū)	strove		rod
rile	mew	throve	<i>ime</i>	sod
tile	knew		dime	clod
vile	dew	<i>ean</i>	lime	plod
wile	few	bean	time	trod
while	new	lean	chime	
smile	stew	mean	clime	<i>ōst</i>
		clean		cost
<i>int</i>	<i>ire</i>		<i>ōme</i>	lost
dint	dire		dome	frost
hint	fire	<i>ought</i>	home	
lint	hire	ought		<i>aīd</i>
mint	hire	bought	<i>ōwn</i>	maid
tint	sire	fought	own	laid
print	tire	sought	mown	paid
squint	wire	brought	sown	raid
winter	spire	thought	blown	braid

<i>iff</i>	<i>owl</i>	<i>ave</i>	<i>unk</i>	<i>each</i>
cliff	growl	pave	sunk	each
skiff	prowl	rave	spunk	beach
sniff		save	trunk	peach
stiff	<i>ōst</i>	wave		reach
whiff	most	brave		teach
	post	crave	<i>ness</i>	bleach
		grave	boldness	preach
<i>ilk</i>	<i>ild</i>	shave	coldness	
milk	wild	slave	goodness	
silk	child		nearness	<i>ast</i>
	mild	<i>oom</i>	quickness	east
<i>ange</i>		boom	swiftness	fast
range	<i>ful</i>	doom	thickness	last
change	fretful	room		mast
danger	handful	bloom	<i>ain</i>	past
manger	dreadful	broom	gain	
stranger	watchful	groom	lain	<i>ape</i>
		loom	main	cape
<i>og</i>	<i>art</i>		pain	nape
bog	cart	<i>ly</i>	rain	tape
cog	dart	badly	vain	drape
fog	tart	sadly	chain	grape
hog	part	dearly	brain	shape
jog	chart	nearly	drain	
log	smart	kindly	grain	
clog	start	ugly	plain	<i>eck</i>
flog			rain	deck
frog	<i>ease</i>	<i>ift</i>	slain	neck
	tease	gift	train	peck
	please	lift	sprain	check
<i>oll</i>		rift	strain	fleck
doll	<i>ish</i>	sift		speck
follow	dish	drift	<i>air</i>	
hollow	fish	shift	air	
Polly	wish	swift	fair	<i>ole</i>
Molly	finish	thrift	hair	hole
	swish		lair	mole
<i>owl</i>		<i>unk</i>	pair	sole
owl	<i>ave</i>	bunk	chair	stole
fowl	cave	chunk	stair	whole
howl	gave			

<i>ud</i>	<i>ose</i>	<i>ive</i>	<i>ant</i>	<i>ank</i>
bud	pose	live	ant	crank
cud	rose	give	pant	drank
mud	chose		rant	frank
	close	<i>urn</i>	arrant	flank
<i>ie</i>	prose	urn	giant	plank
die	those	burn	plant	prank
lie		turn	pantry	spank
pie	<i>ring</i>	churn		thank
tie	bring		ue (oo)	
	ring	<i>ird</i>	blue	<i>igh</i>
	sing	bird	true	high
<i>ug</i>	sting	third	glue	sigh
bug	string			
dug		<i>ife</i>		<i>ale</i>
jug	<i>ung</i>	five	<i>ail</i>	bale
lug	hung	life	bail	dale
mug	lung	wife	fail	gale
pug	rung	knife	hail	hale
rug	sung	strife	mail	tale
tug	flung		nail	male
drug	stung	<i>oke</i>	pail	pale
plug	swung	coke	rail	sale
shrug		joke	sail	scale
snug	<i>eer</i>	poke	tail	stale
	deer	woke	vail	whale
<i>ush</i>	jeer	yoke	wail	
gush	peer	broke	flail	
hush	cheer	choke	frail	<i>ace</i>
mush	queer	smoke	quail	face
rush	steer	spoke	snail	lace
brush		stroke	trail	pace
blush	<i>ab</i>			race
crush	cab	<i>ent</i>	<i>ank</i>	brace
plush	nab	bent	bank	grace
slush	tab	dent	hank	place
thrush	babble	lent	lank	space
	crab	sent	rank	trace
	grab	tent	sank	
<i>ose</i>	rabbit	went	tank	<i>ane</i>
hose	slab	center	blank	cane
nose	stab	gentle	clank	Jane

<i>ane</i>	<i>ash</i>	<i>ob</i>	<i>itch</i>	<i>ore</i>
lane	ash	hob	ditch	ore
mane	cash	job	pitch	bore
pane	dash	mob	hitch	core
wane	gash	rob	kitchen	lore
crane	hash	sob	witch	more
plane	lash	knob	stitch	tore
	mash			shore
	rash	<i>ise</i>	<i>ool</i>	snore
<i>eek</i>	sash	rise	cool	store
meek	clash	wise	fool	
peek	flash		pool	<i>aw</i>
seek	crash		tool	caw.
week	smash	<i>elt</i>	spool	jaw
cheek	splash	belt	stool	law
creek	trash	felt	school	raw
Greek		melt		saw
sleek	<i>am</i>	knelt	<i>eeze</i>	claw
	am	spelt	breeze	straw
	dam	skelter	sneeze	
<i>im</i>	ham		squeeze	<i>oose</i>
dim	jam	<i>awn</i>		goose
him	ram	dawn		loose
rim	Sam	fawn	<i>ept</i>	moose
brim	clam	lawn	kept	noose
prim	cram	pawn	crept	
skim	sham	drawn	slept	
slim	slam		swept	<i>arp</i>
swim	swam	<i>end</i>		carp
trim		end	<i>em</i>	harp
	<i>ipe</i>	bend	hem	sharp
<i>ade</i>	ripe	lend	stem	
fade	wipe	mend	them	
made	gripe	rend		<i>ess</i>
wade	stripe	send		less
blade		tend	<i>oad</i>	mess
grade	<i>ob</i>	wend	goad	bless
shade	bob	blend	load	dress
spade	cob	spend	road	press
trade	fob	trend	toad	guess

PHONOGRAM WORD LIST

(Elson-Runkel Primer)

For purposes of review, the phonogram word lists contained in the Elson-Runkel Primer and the Elson Primary School Reader, Book One, are repeated here.

<i>at</i>	<i>en</i>	<i>ay</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>eep</i>
at	men	jay	win	deep
bat	pen	lay	chin	keep
cat	ten	may	grin	peep
fat	then	nay	spin	weep
hat	when	pay	thin	creep
mat	wren	Ray	twin	sheep
pat		say		sleep
rat	<i>ome</i>	way	<i>ee</i>	steep
sat	come	bray	bee	sweep
vat	some	clay	fee	
chat	<i>ouse</i>	dray	see	<i>ove</i>
flat	house	gray	wee	above
plat	mouse	play	chee	glove
slat		pray	flee	dove
that	<i>ot</i>	slay	tree	love
cattle	dot	stay		shove
	got	stray	<i>oo</i>	<i>ow</i>
<i>an</i>	hot	sway	coo	bow
an	jot	tray	moo	cow
can	lot	<i>ē</i>	too	how
Dan	not	be	who	mow
fan	pot	he		now
man	rot	me	<i>ad</i>	brow
pan	tot	we	bad	plow
ran	blot	ye	fad	bow-wow
tan	plot		had	
clan	shot	<i>in</i>	lad	<i>orn</i>
plan	spot	in	mad	born
span	trot	bin	pad	corn
than		din	sad	horn
began	<i>ay</i>	fin	brad	morn
	bay	pin	clad	torn
<i>en</i>	day	sin	glad	scorn
den	gay	tin	shadow	thorn
hen	hay			

<i>o</i>	<i>ag</i>	<i>ut</i>	<i>ear</i>	<i>ound</i>
Bo-peep	tag	shut	near	sound
go	wag	butter	rear	ground
ho	brag	flutter	tear	
no	crag		year	<i>own</i>
so	drag	<i>ack</i>	clear	down
	flag	back	shear	gown
<i>ind</i>	stag	hack	spear	town
bind		Jack		brown
find	<i>y</i>	lack	<i>un</i>	clown
hind	by	pack	bun	crown
kind	my	rack	dun	drown
mind	cry	sack	fun	
rind	dry	tack	gun	<i>and</i>
wind	fly	black	nun	and
blind	ply	clack	run	band
grind	pry	crack	sun	hand
	shy	quack	shun	land
<i>ake</i>	sly	stack	spun	sand
bake	spy	track	stun	brand
cake	sty	whack		grand
lake	try		<i>it</i>	stand
make	wry	<i>ell</i>	it	
rake		bell	bit	<i>ed</i>
sake	<i>ig</i>	cell	fit	bed
take	big	dell	hit	fed
wake	dig	fell	lit	led
brake	fig	sell	pit	Ned
drake	jig	tell	sit	red
flake	pig	well	wit	wed
quake	rig	yell	grit	bled
shake	wig	shell	spit	fled
	brig	spell	kittens	shed
<i>ag</i>	twig	swell		sled
bag			<i>ound</i>	
fag	<i>ut</i>	<i>ear</i>	bound	<i>ook</i>
gag	but	ear	found	book
lag	cut	dear	hound	cook
nag	hut	fear	mound	hook
rag	nut	gear	pound	look
sag	rut	hear	round	nook

<i>ook</i>	<i>ing</i>	<i>ili</i>	<i>out</i>	<i>up</i>
rook	ring	will	out	up
took	sing	chill	rout	cup
brook	ting	drill	about	pup
crook	wing	grill	snout	sip
shook	bring	quill	shout	
	cling	spill	spout	<i>ame</i>
<i>ould</i>	fling	still	stout	came
could	sling	trill	gout	dame
would	sting			fame
should	string		<i>other</i>	game
	swing	<i>ow</i>	other	lame
<i>ight</i>	thing	bow	mother	name
fight	wring	low	another	same
light		mow	brother	tame
might		row	smother	blame
night	<i>ill</i>	sow		flame
right	ill	tow	<i>et</i>	shame
sight	bill	blow	get	
tight	fill	crow	let	<i>id</i>
blight	gill	flow	met	bid
bright	hill	glow	net	did
flight	kill	grow	pet	hid
slight	mill	show	set	lid
	pill	slow	wet	rid
<i>ing</i>	rill	snow	whet	slid
ding	sill	stow	yet	Niddy
ling	till	throw		

PHONOGRAM WORD LIST

(ELSON PRIMARY SCHOOL READER, BOOK ONE)

<i>eat</i>	<i>ide</i>	<i>all</i>	<i>ap</i>	<i>oud</i>
eat	chide	cáll	tap	loud
beat	bride	fall	cháp	cloud
heat	slide	hall	cláp	
meat		tall	fláp	
neat		wall	trap	<i>ood</i>
seat	<i>oy</i>	small	wrap	good
cheat	boy	stall		hood
bleat	coy	squall	<i>eaf</i>	wood
pleat	hoy		leaf	stood
treat	joy		sheaf	
wheat	toy	<i>unt</i>		
		bunt		<i>een</i>
	<i>oon</i>	hunt	<i>op</i>	seen
<i>ink</i>	coon	punt	stop	green
ink	loon	blunt	drop	queen
kink	moon	grunt	hop	screen
link	noon		shop	
mink	soon		top	
pink	spoon	<i>ead</i>	flop	<i>ere</i>
rink		dead	mop	there
sink		head		where
wink	<i>est</i>	lead	<i>eel</i>	
blink	best	read	feel	<i>atch</i>
clink	jest	bread	heel	catch
brink	lest	dread	keel	hatch
drink	nest	stead	peel	latch
slink	rest	tread	reel	match
think	test		steel	patch
	vest		wheel	scratch
	west	<i>ap</i>		
<i>ide</i>	chest	cap		
hide	crest	gap	<i>ew</i> (ōō)	
ride		lap	chew	<i>ong</i>
side		map	blew	dong
tide	<i>all</i>	nap	drew	gong
wide	all	rap	flew	long
slide	ball	sap	grew	song

<i>ong</i>	<i>ite</i>	<i>old</i>	<i>ine</i>	<i>ate</i>
strong	bite	mold	wine	late
wrong	kite	sold	spine	mate
along	site	told	swine	rate
	quite			crate
<i>eak</i>	white	<i>ick</i>	<i>uck</i>	grate
beak	write	Dick	duck	plate
leak		kick	luck	slate
peak	<i>eap</i>	lick	suck	
weak	heap	pick	tuck	<i>uff</i>
bleak	leap	sick	cluck	buff
creak	reap	tick	pluck	cuff
squeak		wick	stuck	huff
streak	<i>ark</i>	brick	struck	muff
	bark	chick	truck	puff
	dark	click	bucket	bluff
<i>ock</i>	hark	slick		gruff
cock	lark	stick	<i>are</i>	stuff
dock	mark	quick	bare	
lock	park	trick	care	<i>uch</i>
mock	shark	thick	dare	much
rock	spark		fare	such
sock		<i>eam</i>	hare	
block		beam	pare	<i>ip</i>
clock	<i>one</i>	ream	mare	dip
flock	bone	seam	rare	hip
crock	cone	team	ware	Jip
stock	lone	cream	blare	lip
	tone	dream	flare	nip
	zone	stream	scare	rip
<i>east</i>	drone		share	sip
east	shone	<i>ine</i>	spare	tip
beast	stone	dine	stare	zip
feast		fine		chip
least	<i>old</i>	kine	<i>ate</i>	grip
yeast	old	line	ate	slip
	bold	mine	date	ship
<i>our</i>	cold	nine	fate	trip
our	fold	pine	gate	strip
hour	gold	tine	hate	whip
flour	hold	vine	Kate	snip

<i>eed</i>	<i>eet</i>	<i>ang</i>	<i>ice</i>	<i>um</i>
deed	greet	hang	ice	gum
feed	sheet	pang	dice	hum
heed	sleet	rang	mice	sum
need	sweet	sang	nice	chum
reed	street	clang	rice	plum
seed	tweet	twang	vice	drum
weed			price	
bleed		<i>oll</i>	slice	
greed	<i>oe</i>	roll	splice	<i>oat</i>
speed	doe	troll	splice	oats
	foe	stroll	trice	boat
	hoe	droll	twice	coat
	toe			float
<i>eet</i>		<i>ox</i>		goat
beet		ox		goat
feet	<i>ang</i>	box		bloat
meet	bang	box		
fleet	gang	fox		

SPELLING WORD LIST

<i>a</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>g</i>
ago	black	coat	fur	grass
ant	brown	cows	food	grew
air	bright	cross	funny	gate
alone	baby	corn	found	good
away	bees	count	fright	
again	brings	called	feet	<i>h</i>
around	beds	calls	first	here
always	boy		few	high
asked	brave	<i>d</i>	flowers	hour
ate	books	dew	father	horse
apple	bench	does	fingers	happy
asleep		doll	field	head
across	<i>o</i>	donkey	filled	hair
apples	cook	dance	forgot	house
are	come	done	fox	heart
arms	clean	dress	fell	hurt
about	coming	dear	feed	heard
	clear	door	floor	hawk
<i>b</i>	cheeks	dinner	foot	hurry
birds	child	dark	full	hear
blue	cream	down	fine	hunt
buy	could	dresses	face	hold
been	catch	dishes	from	have
boat	climb	drink	fire	help
bear	crow	dolls	find	hill
blest	chirp	dropped	fast	hard
bigger	cloudy	deep	fit	held
beak	cape	drives	flock	hand
build	cakes	day	<i>g</i>	home
bell	claws	do	geese	hide
blow	cold		growled	hate
bricks	cried	<i>e</i>	grow	hid
butter	chin	eyes	girls	
bread	caught	eat	give	<i>i</i>
blowing	cloth	eating	gone	ice
bow	chair	ears	green	into
best	coach	eggs	gold	ink

<i>j</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>
judge	monkey	proud	sees	sun
jump	much	place	seven	shall
joy	makes	please	said	singing
	made	puffing	silver	shoe
<i>k</i>	meal	poor	shadow	shut
know	meat	penny	summer	sitting
king	moon	passing	street	sharp
knocked	morning	play	sweet	sisters
keep	must	plate	shop	swept
knife	month	pie	spun	sell
kitty	more	pick	son	stopped
kept	mate	putting	such	smell
kite		points	squeak	same
kind	<i>n</i>	pen	sea	sheep
	night	paper	some	strings
<i>l</i>	never	park	stairs	shout
little	noise		sparrow	sewing
lucky	nose	<i>r</i>	skates	saw
load	nest	rode	snow	
looked	north	road	show	<i>t</i>
lazy	need	riding	soft	tiny
learn	new	river	still	trees
laughed	near	robins	stood	tied
lost		reach	strong	tired
leaf	<i>o</i>	ring	sky	then
leaves	one	rope	straw	they
love	once	rolled	second	thread
lived	owl	round	sticks	touch
lays	over	room	seeds	turtle
long	own	rabbits	stay	tail
lake	old	rest	supper	threw
lifted	only	rich	seen	two
	our	rain	spider	too
<i>m</i>	out	ripe	spring	tried
mother	opens	rock	song	three
many		read	shining	table
manger	<i>p</i>	right	stole	took
mouse	pole	running	stars	think
money	paint	rose	shine	take
			sleep	their
			shells	

<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>w</i>	<i>w</i>	<i>w</i>
toys	teeth	white	wanted	why
told	thing	when	wrong	wished
time		would	work	wash
that	<i>u</i>	warm	wait	way
try	under	which	window	walk
tell		wove	woods	wings
tall		where	woman	
tight	<i>v</i>	what	went	
this	very	world	with	<i>y</i>
thick		who	wind	you
throw	<i>w</i>	wolf	webs	your
talk	were	winter	was	years
tore	water	watching	will	yes

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