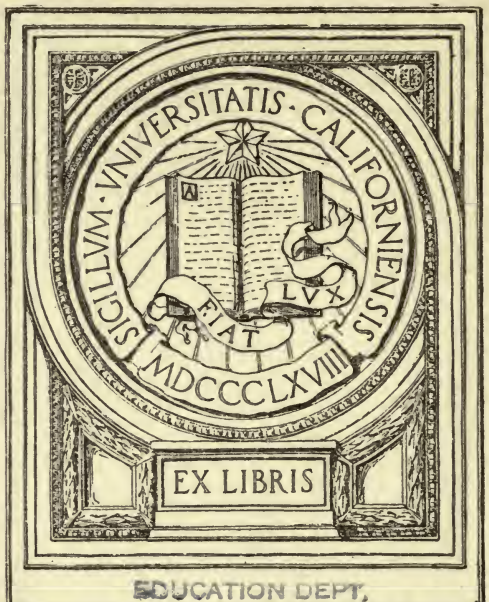
THE YOUNG AMERICAN READERS

JANE EAYRE FRYER

OUR HOME AND PERSONAL DUTY



YOUNG AMERICAN READERS

OUR HOME AND PERSONAL DUTY

BY

JANE EAYRE FRYER

AUTHOR OF "THE MARY FRANCES STORY-INSTRUCTION BOOKS"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDNA A. COOKE AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

In these vital tasks of acquiring a broader view of human possibilities the common school must have a large part. I urge that teachers and other school officers increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly on the problems of community and national life.—WOODROW WILSON.

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CIVICS FOR AMERICAN CHILDREN

The notion of what constitutes adequate civics teaching in our schools is rapidly changing. The older idea was based on the theory that children were not citizens—that only adults were citizens. Therefore, civics teaching was usually deferred to the eighth grade, or last year of the grammar school, and then was mostly confined to a memorizing of the federal constitution, with brief comments on each clause. Today we recognize that even young children are citizens, just as much as adults are, and that what is wanted is not training *for* citizenship but training *in* citizenship. Moreover, we believe that the "good citizen" is one who is good for something in all the relationships of life.

Habit Formation

Accordingly, a beginning is being made with the early school years, where an indispensable foundation is laid through a training in "morals and manners." This sounds rather old-fashioned, but nothing has been discovered to take its place. Obedience, cleanliness, orderliness, courtesy, helpfulness, punctuality, truthfulness, care of property, fair play, thoroughness, honesty, respect, courage, self-control, perseverance, thrift, kindness to animals, "safety first"—these are the fundamental civic virtues which make for good citizenship in the years to come. Of course, the object is to establish right habits of thought and action, and this takes time and patience and sympathy; but the end in view justifies the effort. The boy or girl who has become habitually orderly and courteous and helpful and punctual and truthful, and who has acquired

a fair degree of courageous self-control, is likely to become a citizen of whom any community may well be proud.

Dramatization

The best results are found to be secured through stories, poems, songs, games, and the dramatization of the stories found in books or told by the teacher. This last is of great value, for it sets up a sort of brief life-experience for the child that leaves a more lasting impression than would the story by itself. Most of the stories told in this reader, emphasizing certain of the civic virtues enumerated above, will be found to lend themselves admirably to simple dramatization by the pupils, the children's imagination supplying all deficiencies in costumes, scenery, and stage settings. Moreover, the questions following the text will help the teacher to "point the moral" without detracting in the slightest degree from the interest of the story.

Community Servants

The basis for good citizenship having been laid through habit-formation in the civic virtues, the next step is for the children to learn how these virtues are being embodied in the people round about them who are serving them and their families. The baker, the milkman, the grocer, the dressmaker, the shoemaker, the carpenter, the plumber, the painter, the physician, the druggist, the nurse—these are the community servants who come closest to the life-experience of the children.

How dependent each member of a community—especially an urban community—is on all the rest, and how important it is that each shall contribute what he can to the community's welfare, are illustrated by the stories of the Duwell family. Here a typical though somewhat ideal American

family is shown in its everyday relations, as a constant recipient of the services rendered by those community agents who supply the fundamental need of food, clothing, shelter, and medical attendance. The children in the class will learn, with the Duwell children, both the actual services that are rendered and the family's complete dependence on those services. Moreover, they will acquire the splendid working ideals of interdependence and coöperation. And, finally, they will discover that the adult citizens who are rendering them these services are embodying the very civic virtues in which they themselves have been so carefully trained.

Public Servants

The pupils are now ready to follow the services rendered by public servants such as the policeman, the fireman, the street cleaner, the ashes and garbage collector, the mail carrier; and by those who furnish water, gas, electricity, the telephone, the trolley, etc.; and these are presented in civics readers that follow this one. The civic virtues previously considered are again found exemplified to a marked degree; and the threefold idea of dependence, interdependence, and coöperation through community agencies finds ample illustration.

Training for Citizenship

But it is not enough for the pupils to stop with finding out what the community is doing for them. The essential thing in this citizenship-training is for the young citizens to find out what they can do to help things along. Civic activities are suggested both in the stories, poems, etc., in these books, and in the suggestive questions at the close of each chapter.

Like all texts or other helps in education, these civics readers cannot teach themselves or take the place of a live teacher. But it is believed that they can be of great assistance to sympathetic, civically minded instructors of youth who feel that the training of our children in the ideals and practices of good citizenship is the most imperative duty and at the same time the highest privilege that can come to any teacher.

J. LYNN BARNARD.

Philadelphia School of Pedagogy.
April 1, 1918.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PLAN OF THE YOUNG AMERICAN READERS

It may be said that a child's life and experience move forward in ever widening circles, beginning with the closest intimate home relations, and broadening out into knowledge of community, of city, and finally of national life.

A glance at the above diagram will show the working plan of the Young American Readers. This plan follows the natural growth and development of the child's mind, and aims by teaching the civic virtues and simplest community relations to lay the foundations of good citizenship. See Outline of Work on page 231.

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PART I

CIVIC VIRTUES

Stories Teaching Thoroughness, Honesty, Respect, Patriotism, Kindness to Animals

These stories also teach, incidentally, the co-ordinate virtues of obedience, cleanliness, orderliness, courtesy, helpfulness punctuality, truthfulness, care of property, and fair play.

THE LITTLE PRAIRIE DOGS AND OLD MR. WOLF

I.

Once upon a time, three fat little prairie dogs lived together in a nice deep burrow, where they were quite safe and warm and snug.

These little prairie dogs had very queer names. One was Jump, another was Bump, and another was Thump.

Well, they lived very happily together until one day Jump said, "I believe I would rather live up on top of the ground than in this burrow."

"I believe I would, too," said Bump.

"I believe I would!" said Thump. "I'll tell you what we can do! Let us each build a house!"

"Let us!" cried Jump and Bump, and away they all scampered up out of the burrow.

Each one ran in a different direction to hunt for something to use in building a house.

Jump gathered some straws.

"These will do," he thought. "I shall not bother to look for anything else. Besides, they are very light and easy to carry."

So Jump built a little straw house.

Bump gathered some sticks.

"These will make a nice house. They are quite good enough," he said.

So Bump built a little stick house.

Thump saw the straw and the sticks, but thought he might find something better.

Pretty soon he came to a pile of stones.

"My, what a fine strong house they would make!" he thought. "They are heavy to move, but I will try to use them."

So he carried and carried and worked and worked, but finally he had a stone house.

II.

The next morning when old Mr. Prairie Wolf awoke and stretched himself, he saw the three little houses in the distance.

"What can they be?" wondered old Mr. Wolf.

"Maybe I can get breakfast over there." So he started toward them.

The first house he came to was the straw one.

He peeped in the window and saw little Jump.

He knocked on the door. "Mr. Jump, let me come in," said he.

"Oh, no, by my bark—bark—bark! you cannot come in," barked little Jump, pushing with all his might against the door with his little paws.

"Then I'll blow your house over with one big breath!" growled old Mr. Prairie Wolf.

So he blew one mighty breath, and blew the house over, and ate up poor little Jump.

On his way home, old Mr. Wolf stopped to look in the window of the little stick house. He saw little Bump.

"My, what a good breakfast I shall have tomorrow!" he thought to himself.

The next morning he came early and knocked on the door of the little stick house.

"Mr. Bump, Mr. Bump," said he, "let me come in."

"Oh, no, by my bark—bark—bark! you cannot come in," barked little Bump, standing on his hind legs with his back braced against the door.

"Then I'll throw your house over with one blow of my paw," growled old Mr. Prairie Wolf.

And he did, and ate up poor little Bump.

III.

On his way home, he stopped to look in the window of the little stone house.

Thump sat by the fireplace toasting his feet.

"My, my!" chuckled old Mr. Wolf, smacking his lips, "he is the fattest one of all. What a fine breakfast I shall have to-morrow!"

The next morning he came earlier than ever, and knocked on the door of the little stone house.

"Mr. Thump, let me come in," said he.

"All right," called little Thump, "when my feet get warm."

So old Mr. Prairie Wolf sat down to wait.

By and by, old Mr. Wolf knocked on the door again. "Aren't your feet warm yet, Mr. Thump?" he growled.

"Only one," called Thump; "you will have to wait until the other one is warm."

So old Mr. Wolf sat down to wait.

After a few minutes had passed, he knocked on the door again.

"Isn't your other foot warm yet, Mr. Thump?" he growled.

"Yes," called Thump, "but the first one is cold now."

"See here, Mr. Thump," growled old Mr. Wolf, "do you intend to keep me waiting all day while you warm first one foot and then the other? I am tired of such foolishness. I want my breakfast. Open the door, or I'll knock your house over!"

"Oh, all right," barked little Thump, "and while you are doing it, I shall eat my breakfast."

That made old Mr. Prairie Wolf very angry, and he kicked at the little stone house with all his might; but little Thump knew he could not move a stone.

After a long while the noise stopped, and little Thump peeped out of the window. He saw old Mr. Wolf limping painfully off; and that was the way he always remembered him, for he never never saw him again.

This story, which is built on the framework of the old classic, "The Three Pigs," lends itself readily to dramatization. Let the four characters take their parts as they remember the story. By no means have them memorize the words.

QUESTIONS

Which little prairie dog worked hardest to build his house?
The others had an easy time, didn't they?
But which one was happiest in the end? Why?

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you!

—*Phœbe Cary.*

THE BRIDGE OF THE SHALLOW PIER

I.

Once upon a time, a mother loved her little boy so well that she made the mistake of offending one of his good fairies. This was the fairy of carefulness.

The mother made the mistake of trying to do everything for her little son. She even put his toys away when he was tired of playing.

After the boy grew older and went to school, she did many of his lessons for him. His daily

marks in arithmetic were good, for much of his work was done by his mother at home. Of course his teacher did not know this for the boy copied his mother's work.

Now, just as you would expect, this made the boy very careless. But he was really a bright boy, and even though he did not do well, he managed to pass his examinations.

"If you would only be more careful," his teachers would say, "you would have the highest marks."

When his mother saw his reports, she would say: "Oh, isn't this too bad, son; I know you will have better marks next time."

So, when the boy became a man he did everything in the same careless manner, forgetting that other people would not excuse him as his mother had done.

Now the good fairy of carefulness was very much offended at the way in which the mother spoiled her little son. So she said to herself, "I must, I must teach that boy a lesson!"

II.

When he was little, this boy was very fond of playing at building bridges. After he was grown up, he became a builder of real bridges.

At first, he built only small bridges over the brooks and little streams, but one day an order was given him to build an important bridge over a large river.

Just as you might guess, this pleased the man very much, and he was glad to begin the work at once.

Soon his men were busy, putting in the piers for the new bridge, and he was hurrying them as fast as he could, in order to get the bridge built on time.

Every day he sat in a rowboat calling to his men. They were about to begin work on the middle pier when the foreman of the workers came to him.

"Mr. Builder," he said, "I think we shall have to wait for more material if we go down to the right depth for this pier."

"Nonsense, man," said the builder, "we have no time to wait. There is a pretty good bottom under that place. Don't go so deep. Get along with the material you have."

"But, sir,—" began the man.

"Do as I tell you," ordered the builder.

"All right, sir," replied the foreman; "you may order that done, but one of the other men will have to do the job."

"Very well," was the angry reply of the builder, "Jim Nevermind will take your place."

The foreman slowly drew on his jacket. "Somebody will pay for such carelessness," he muttered. "I hope it will not be—" but the rest of the sentence was drowned by the orders of the new foreman.

III.

In a very short time the bridge was finished and the inspector came to look it over.

"It looks all right," he said. "Are you sure the piers are sound? I haven't time to examine them, but I know that a man who has built as many bridges as you, would make them right."

"I am glad you are pleased, sir," replied the builder.

"You have certainly made record time," continued the inspector, "and I shall carry back a good report."

"Thank you very much," said the builder; but his pleasure was somewhat spoiled because of the shallow pier.

"It is all nonsense," he thought, "to be so particular; besides, the current in that river is so slow that there is no danger." And it seemed true, for three years later, the bridge appeared

to be as firm and strong as when it was first built.

IV.

But one day in the early part of the fourth year there came a great flood. The slow-moving current became a raging torrent, sweeping everything in its way and blocking large timbers and trees against the bridge.

It so happened that a party of young people were riding along in a big hay wagon drawn by four beautiful bay horses. When they came to the bridge the driver stopped.

"Shall we cross?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," the children shouted, "it will be fun."

"It looks safe enough," said one of the two grown people who were with them. So with a "Gee-up, boys," to the horses, the driver started across the bridge.

Just—ah, you know, don't you? Just as they reached the middle pier, there came a creak and a rumble, a moment's swaying, and a crash. The bridge had caved in, and the hay wagon, full of terror-stricken children, together with the frightened horses, was swept into the water.

"Don't jump!" shouted the driver to the

children, trying to guide the swimming horses shoreward; but that was impossible.

For a full minute, which seemed like hours, they were swept onward. Then,—maybe the good fairy of carefulness had planned it—they rested on a little island the top of which was just covered with water.

The white-faced driver counted the children, "All here! Thank God!" he said.

The little folks cried and hugged each other and called aloud for their mothers and fathers.

They had to stay there all night, cold and frightened and hungry. That was dreadful enough, but it was nothing compared with the fear that the water might rise higher still.

But slowly and steadily it went down, and by early morning all of the little island was uncovered. All the party were then quickly rescued with boats.

V.

The builder started, as the heading in the evening paper caught his eye—"Terrible Bridge Accident—Who is to Blame?"

"Why, why, it's the bridge of the shallow pier!" he exclaimed. "People will find out that I am the one to blame!"

"Shall I run away?" he wondered, and sat for hours with his head in his hands.

Suddenly he threw back his shoulders and said aloud, "No, I will not run away. I will stay and do what I can to make the bridge right and never neglect my duty again!"

Do you wonder that the good fairy of carefulness, and thoroughness, smiled and whispered, "I wish he could have learned his lesson more easily!'

MEMORY GEM

If a task is once begun
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small
Do it well, or not at all.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

QUESTIONS

The careless little boy had a very easy time both at home and at school, didn't he?

But, what kind of man did he grow to be?

It did not seem as if just one shallow pier would matter, did it?

But if he had been honest and thorough in his work when he was little, do you think he would have been content to be paid for such a carelessly built bridge?

How do you suppose he felt when he heard about the accident?

Can you remember some time when you felt like being careless, but decided to do your very best?

THE THOUGHTFUL BOY

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ;
Learning a little every day,
Not spending all my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I'll do it well'."

"Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago,
And one of these days perhaps we'll see
The world made better for having me."
And do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

—*Selected.*

GRANDFATHER'S STORY

I.

Charles was fastening the lid on a box of Christmas presents which his little brothers were going to send to their cousins.

"If I were you, I'd put another nail on each side," said grandfather.

"Oh, I think these will hold," Charles replied, giving the box a little shake. "There are three on each side."

"Four would be better," grandfather said.

"Oh, grandpa, don't you think three will do?" asked the boy. "I—I haven't any more."

"So that is the trouble," said the old gentleman, laughing. "Very well, here is some money. When you get back from the store I will tell you how the history of a whole great nation was changed for want of a few horseshoe nails!"

"A few horseshoe nails!" exclaimed Charles. "Is it true, grandpa?"

"It is true," answered grandfather. "Now hurry up if you want to hear how it came about."

"Oh, thank you!" Charles cried, as he started out of the door.

He was so delighted with the promise of one of grandfather's stories that he was back in less time than if he had gone for candy!

"Well done!" grandfather greeted him. "Now sit down, and while you get your breath, I will tell you the story.

II.

"Many, many years ago, when King Richard was ruler of England, he owned a beautiful horse which he rode whenever he went into battle.

"One day word came that Henry, the Earl of Richmond, was on his way to attack the king's men.

"King Richard ordered his favorite horse

brought to him, and turned to talk to the officers of his army.

"Now the groom who had charge of the king's horses suddenly noticed that this horse needed shoeing.

"So he hurried to the nearest smithy.

"'Shoe this horse quickly,' he said to the blacksmith. 'His Majesty has called for him. The enemy is near!'

"The blacksmith worked with all his might, and soon had four horseshoes ready.

"When he had nailed on two shoes, he found he had not nails enough for the other two. Suddenly the bugles sounded.

"'Hurry!' cried the groom. 'The soldiers are gathering!'

"'Shall I make more nails?' asked the blacksmith.

"'How many have you?' asked the groom.

"'I have only eight,' replied the smith. 'It would not take very long to hammer out eight more.'

"'You will have to make eight do,' said the groom.

"'If you could only wait a little while,' urged the smith, working away.

"'I suppose I might,—but it would be a

risk! Won't four nails hold a horseshoe?'

"'Well, that depends on how hard the horse is ridden,' answered the blacksmith, driving the last of the eight nails in place.

"The horse reached the king in good time, for it took quite a long while for the officers to make their plans.

III.

"Soon King Richard was riding among his men, cheering them on in the battle.

"'No other horse could carry a man as surely and swiftly,' whispered the king, patting the horse's neck.

"He had not noticed that the horse had lost one shoe. Onward he urged him over a rocky hill. Another shoe flew off.

"Suddenly the horse stumbled and fell, and the king was thrown to the ground.

"Before he could rise, the horse, although lamed, had struggled to his feet and galloped away, dreadfully frightened.

"Then the king shouted, 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'

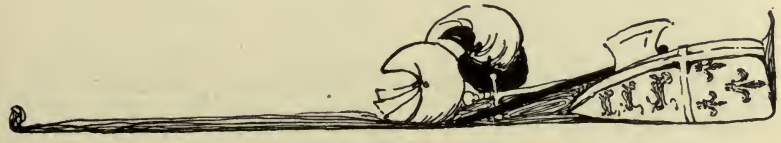
"But there was no horse for him. When his men had seen him thrown, they had all turned and fled.

"And so the battle was lost, and King Richard was killed, and the history of the great nation of England was changed, for Henry, Earl of Richmond, became king."

"And all for the want of a few horseshoe nails!" finished Charles, as grandfather stopped speaking. "I will put two more nails into each side of the box lid, grandpa!"

"While you are doing that, I will teach you a few lines that I learned when I was a boy," said grandfather. "Try to remember them."

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost;
For want of a rider the battle was lost;
For loss of a battle a kingdom was lost;—
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."



QUESTIONS

How might the battle have ended if the groom had waited until the blacksmith had put the right number of nails in the horse's shoes?

Which do you think King Richard would rather have lost—a little time or his kingdom?

How do you suppose the groom and the blacksmith felt when they learned the result of the battle?

Do you know any careless people?

What do you think of them?

Can you remember ever doing something carelessly in order to finish more quickly?

Tell about it.

If you're told to do a thing,
  And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
  Do it fully, freely!

—*Phœbe Cary.*

He liveth long who liveth well;
  All else in life is thrown away;
He liveth longest who can tell
  Of true things truly done each day.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

HONEST ABE

As a boy, Abraham Lincoln was known as "Honest Abe." Like other boys he sometimes did wrong, but never did he try to hide his wrong-doing. He was always ready to own up and tell the truth. So his neighbors called him "Honest Abe."

In this way he was like young George Washington. The American people are fond of that kind of boy. That is one of the reasons why Lincoln and Washington were each twice elected President of the United States.

I. The Broken Buck-horn

When he was fourteen years old, young Abra-

ham attended a log cabin school during the winter.

Nailed to one of the logs in the schoolhouse was a large buck's head, high above the children's reach.

A hunter had shot a deer in the forest, and presented the head, when mounted, to the school. It had two unusually fine horns.

One day the teacher noticed that one of the horns was broken off short.

Calling the school to order he asked who had broken the horn.

"I did it," answered young Lincoln promptly. "I reached up and hung on the horn and it broke. I should not have done so if I had thought it would break."

He did not wait until he was obliged to own up, but did so at once.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
—*Herbert.*

II. The Rain-soaked Book

There were no libraries on the frontier in those early days. When the boy Lincoln heard of

anyone who had a book, he tried to borrow it, often walking many miles to do so. He said later that he had read through every book he had heard of within fifty miles of the place where he lived.

When living in Indiana he often worked as a hired boy for a well-to-do farmer named Josiah Crawford. Mr. Crawford owned a "Life of George Washington," a very precious book at that time. The book-hungry boy borrowed it to read.

One night he lay by the wood fire reading until he could no longer see, and then he climbed the ladder into the attic and went to bed under the eaves. Before going to sleep he placed the book between two logs of the walls of the cabin for safe-keeping.

During the night a heavy rain-storm came up. When young Lincoln examined the book in the morning it was water soaked. The leaves were wet through and the binding warped.

He dried the book as best he could by the fire and then in fear and trembling took it home to Mr. Crawford. After telling the story he asked what he might do to make good the damaged property.

To his relief, Mr. Crawford replied: "Being

as it's you, Abe, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn for three days and the book is yours."

Shuck corn for three days for such a book as that! It was nothing! He felt as if Mr. Crawford was making him a wonderful present.

After reading the book he often talked about what he was going to do when he grew up.

Mrs. Crawford, who was very fond of him, would ask, "Well, Abe, what do you want to be now?"

"I'll be president," he would declare.

She would laugh at him, and say, "You would make a pretty president with all your tricks and jokes, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I'll study and get ready, then the chance will come," he would reply.

Truth is the highest thing a man may keep.
—*Cervantes.*

III. The Young Storekeeper

At the age of twenty-one Abraham Lincoln became a store clerk for a short time. He was then six feet four inches tall and very strong. He could out-run, out-jump, out-wrestle, and

out-fight any man in the rough pioneer country where he lived.

While the people respected his great strength, they liked him still more for his honesty in little things.

One evening, on reckoning up his accounts, he found that in making change he had taken six cents too much from a customer. On closing the store he immediately walked three miles to the farmhouse where the customer lived and returned the six cents. Then he walked the three miles back.

On opening the store one morning, he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He remembered that his last customer the evening before had purchased half a pound of tea. He saw at once that he had given her short weight. He measured out the four ounces still due, locked the store, took a long walk to the customer's house, and explained the shortage.

These were little things, but Honest Abe could not rest until he had made them right.

This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

DRY RAIN AND THE HATCHET

I. How Dry Rain Got His Name

In the Indian country there was once a great drought. The land was very dry. No rain had fallen for many weeks. The crops and cattle were suffering from thirst.

Now, in one of the tribes there was a young Indian who had a very high opinion of himself. He pretended that he could foretell what was about to happen, long before it really did happen.

So he foretold that on a certain day a high wind would blow up, bringing with it a

great rain-storm with plenty of water for everybody.

The day came. Sure enough a high wind did blow up, but it brought only a violent sand-storm without a drop of rain, and it left the land drier than before.

So the Indians laughed at the young man who foretold before he knew and called him "Dry Rain."

Although he afterwards became a noted chief, he never lost his name.

II. Dry Rain Goes Trading

One day, when he was an old man, Dry Rain rode in from his village to the white man's trading post.

The old chief purchased a number of articles, among them some jack-knives and six hatchets. The hatchets were for his six grandsons.

The trader packed all the purchases in a big bundle. Dry Rain paid for them, mounted his pony, and rode home to his village.

When he opened his package, he noticed that the trader by mistake had put in seven hatchets.

But Dry Rain said nothing. "That extra one will do for me," he thought. "The white

men stole the Indian's land and never gave it back; I will keep the hatchet."

At the same time he did not feel that this would be doing just right.

In his wigwam that night he lay half-asleep and half-awake, thinking about the hatchet.

He seemed to hear two voices talking, in a tone so earnest that it sounded almost quarrelsome.

"Take back the hatchet," said one voice. "It belongs to the white man."

"No! do not take it back," said the other voice. "It is right for you to keep it."

Back and forth the voices argued and argued, for hours it seemed to the old chief.

"Take it back!" "Keep it!" "Take it back!" "Keep it!" "Take it back!"

At last he could stand the dispute no longer, and sat up in bed wide awake.

"Stop talking, both of you," he commanded. "Dry Rain will take back the hatchet in the morning."

Then he lay down again, pulled the blanket over his head, and was soon fast asleep.

At daylight he arose, mounted his pony, rode back to the trading post, and returned the hatchet to the trader.

"Why did you bring it back?" asked the

trader. "I had not missed it, and perhaps never should have known you had it."

"But Dry Rain would know," replied the old chief. "The two men inside of him talked and quarreled about it all night. One said, 'Take it back!' the other said, 'No, keep it.' Now they will keep still and let him sleep."

QUESTIONS

Do you think that most white men set the Indians a good example in being honest?

Dry Rain wanted very much to have the extra hatchet, didn't he?

But was he comfortable when he decided to keep it?

Do you think the white trader would ever have found out?

But who would have known?

Did two voices inside of you ever talk when you were tempted to keep something which didn't belong to you?

MEMORY GEMS

Truth will ever rise above falsehood, like oil above water.

For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth!

THE SEVEN CRANBERRIES

Mr. Dingle was not looking toward Helen. He was busy grinding coffee in another part of the store.

How pretty the bright red cranberries looked! Helen wished she had some.

Her little hand crept over the edge of the barrel, and very quickly seven bright shining cranberries were in Helen's pocket.

"What can I get for you, little girl?" asked the storekeeper.

"A pound of butter, please," Helen answered. She did not look him in the eye; instead, she looked out of the window.

It took Helen but a short time to reach home.

She laid the butter on the table and put the seven cranberries in a cup.

"Aren't they pretty!" she whispered. "I think I'll play they are marbles."

She found a piece of chalk and drew a circle on the floor. Then she began the game.

"What pretty bright cranberries!" exclaimed her mother coming into the room. "Where did you get them, dear?"

How Helen wished that her mother had not asked that question.

"Did Mr. Dingle give them to you?" her mother asked.

How Helen wished she could say yes! "But after all," she thought, "that was not stealing, so I'll just tell mother. She knows I would not steal."

"No, mother," she answered, shaking her head. "I took them out of the barrel."

"You did!" exclaimed her mother. "Why, my dear, did you not know that was wrong?"

"I didn't take many—only seven," Helen said; "and Mr. Dingle had thousands and thousands of them!"

"Come here, dear, and sit on my knee," said her mother. "I want to ask you something."

When Helen came she asked, "When you took

the cranberries, was Mr. Dingle looking toward you?"

"No, he was busy," answered Helen.

"Would you have taken them if he had been looking at you?"

Helen hung her head.

"I do not think you would, dear," said her mother. "Of course, you did not think for a moment of stealing from Mr. Dingle."

"I will never do such a thing again, mother," promised the little girl. "I am sorry."

"Are you sorry enough to take those berries back, and tell Mr. Dingle what you did?" asked her mother.

That was quite different from being sorry in their own kitchen.

"Oh, mother, I don't want to do that!" said Helen, tears coming into her eyes.

"That is because you are ashamed, Helen," said her mother; "but I hope you will always be brave enough to do the right thing."

"Will you go with me to the store, mother?" asked Helen.

"No," said her mother, "I want you to go by yourself. But I can help you this much: I can telephone Mr. Dingle that you are coming."

Helen sighed. "I wish I had been, and was

back again," she said, picking up the pretty berries.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Dingle, when Helen handed him the berries, "it takes a pretty brave girl to own up. If you were a boy, little girl, I would ask you to come and work for me this next vacation."

QUESTIONS

Why do you think Helen felt so uncomfortable when she was asking for the butter, and later when her mother asked her where she got the cranberries?

Do you suppose Mr. Dingle would ever have known about the seven cranberries?

But who would always have known?

Why was it that Helen did not think taking the cranberries was really "stealing"?

What did Helen's mother think about it?

What do you think about taking even the smallest thing that doesn't belong to you?

We sow a thought and reap an act;
We sow an act and reap a habit;
We sow a habit and reap a character;
We sow a character and reap a destiny.

—*Thackeray.*

THE DONKEY'S TAIL

"Can you see?" asked Hilda Wells, as she tied the handkerchief over Fred Warren's eyes.

"You might make it a little tighter," answered Fred.

So Hilda tightened the blindfolder.

"Now, we'll turn you around three times, start you straight,—and you pin the tail on the donkey," she said.

The "donkey" was a large picture of that animal fastened to the wall at the opposite side

of the room. It was minus its paper tail, which Fred held in his hand.

"Don't you peep!" cried all the children.

"We'll see if he can do better than I did!" declared Frank Bennett. So far the prize belonged to Frank. Fred's turn came last.

After being turned around three times, Fred walked straight up to the picture and pinned the tail exactly in place.

"Oh, Frank, that is better than you did by two inches!" said Hilda.

"Fred gets the prize!" cried the excited children, as Fred pulled off the handkerchief.

Then little Marie, Hilda's sister, handed him a pearl-handled penknife.

Fred made little of his prize, and as soon as the children stopped examining it, slipped it into his pocket.

After that, Mrs. Wells served ice-cream and cakes.

On the way home Frank asked Fred to let him see the prize. "It is a beauty of a knife, Fred," said he. "Until you tried, I thought I should be the winner."

Fred muttered something about having too many knives already.

Frank opened his eyes wide in surprise. "Too

many!" he exclaimed. "I wish I had too many! I've never had more than one, and that was father's when he was a boy."

"Good night, Frank," said Fred, suddenly swinging into a side street. "I am going to take a short cut home."

"Good night, Fred," called Frank.

"That's a queer way for a fellow to act," he thought, as he walked on alone. "I wonder what is the matter with him."

Suddenly he heard footsteps, and in a moment Fred had caught up with him. "Here, take it, I don't want another knife," he said, thrusting the prize into Frank's hand.

"Oh—oh, I don't want your knife!" exclaimed Frank.

"Well, I don't want it, either!" said Fred. "It belongs to you, anyway; and I believe you know it! I am almost certain you could see me peeping from under that handkerchief!"

"I was not quite sure," said Frank; "not sure enough to say anything about it, anyway."

"Well, if you don't keep the knife I'll throw it into the river," said Fred, running away as fast as he could.

HURTING A GOOD FRIEND

This is the story of a boy who ruined a good book. A good book is always a good friend.

He did not mean to—oh, no! But what of that—he did it, as you may read.

His name was Max Green. One day Max borrowed a book from Tom Brown, a fine new book with a picture of a submarine on the cover. Tom had just received it as a birthday present from his uncle.

That night Max sat down in a corner to read it.

Soon he came to the place where the submarine was getting ready to fire a torpedo.

"Squeak!" went the book, as Max gave it a twist in his excitement. He did not hear the sound; he only saw the torpedo skimming through the water.

"Crack!" went the book, as Max gave it a heavier twist. He did not notice that he was bending the covers farther back. He only knew that the torpedo was striking the bow of a big man-of-war.

"Rip!" went the book down the middle, as Max gave it a harder twist with his hand.

But Max read right on, for just then the man-of-war lurched over on its side as if it was getting ready to sink.

In his excitement Max forgot all about what he was doing and twisted and bent the book back, cover to cover.

"Stop—quick—oh! oh! It hurts! You have broken my back—broken my back! Oh!—oh!" cried the book.

Suddenly Max woke up and saw what he had done—but it was too late. He had broken the glue and stitches apart and the covers hung limp.

Just then his mother came in.

"Look, mother—see what I have done to Tom

Brown's book," he confessed. "I am so sorry. It is such a good book. Can't we glue it together again?"

"No," said his mother, "it is ruined. Glue may help, but it will never be the same book."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Max.

"Yes, Max, but being sorry will not make this book as good as it was when you borrowed it."

"I will make it right with Tom, mother. I will take my birthday money to buy him a new one."

"That is the right thing to do, Max," answered his mother.

QUESTIONS

How is a good book a good friend?

Suppose it had been his own book that Max ruined, would he have been treating it fairly?

If you were a book, how would you want to be treated?

Do you know what holds a book together? Tell what you know about the way a book is made.

Why should we be so careful of books?

MEMORY GEM

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

A SCHOOL WITHOUT A TEACHER

What Might Happen if Books and Bells Could Talk

The little schoolhouse was painted white, with green shutters. Over the front gable was a little old-fashioned belfry. In it swung a little old-fashioned school bell, for this was a country district school, with scarcely a house in sight.

One bright September morning, the opening day of school, forty or fifty noisy children were drawn up in line, waiting for the bell to stop ringing.

When the bell stopped, the children marched

inside and took their seats facing the teacher's desk.

"Order!" tapped the desk bell, and the room was suddenly still.

The pupils looked to see who had tapped the bell, for the teacher was nowhere to be seen.

They saw the new school-books piled on the platform and on the teacher's desk—but where was the teacher?

"I am the new Spelling Book, full of hard words," said the top book of the pile of spellers on the right-hand side of the platform.

"I am the new Reader, full of good stories," announced the top one of a stack of readers on the left-hand side of the platform.

The pupils were startled. It was so quiet you could hear the clock tick.

"I am the new Arithmetic, full of problems harder to crack than the hickory nuts in the woods," spoke up a book on the teacher's desk; "but why don't you find your teacher?"

No one answered. The children only sat half-frightened, wondering what would happen next.

"I am the new Language Book," declared another book in the row on the teacher's desk; "but who will teach you your mother tongue?"

Everyone was still. Only the clock ticked on.

"I am the Geography; in my pages are maps of all countries. Who will give you permission to look?" It was the largest book of all that asked this question.

The pupils stared opened-eyed over the desk at the teacher's empty chair. They saw nothing but a sunbeam coming in through the window—full of particles of shining dust.

"There must be somebody hiding," spoke up one boy who could stand the strain no longer.

"I am going to see," said another boy braver than the rest.

Getting up, he looked behind the desk and in the closet, but nothing was to be seen, not even a mouse.

"Let us go out and look for the teacher," he cried. With one accord they ran pell-mell out the door into the playground.

An automobile was coming up the road at top speed.

"Good morning, boys and girls," the new teacher called, as the machine pulled up.

"Good morning, teacher," they answered crowding about her.

"I am sorry to be late the first day of school. There was some trouble at Rockland and the train was delayed. Mr. Jones drove me over."

"We are glad you are here," said an older girl as the machine drove off. "We went in and took our seats at nine o'clock, thinking you would come at any minute. All at once something began to talk. 'I am the Speller full of hard words; I am the Arithmetic; I am the Reader; I am the Geography; where is your teacher?' the voices said. At first we thought somebody was hiding, but we could not find anyone. Then we got frightened and ran out."

"Well, isn't that strange?" said the teacher laughing. "We will go in and see."

Together they trooped into the schoolroom. They looked everywhere; nothing had been moved; everything was just as usual.

The teacher tapped the bell and everyone took a seat.

"Well, children," she said smiling, "we have already learned a very important lesson this morning, and that is that every school must have a teacher!"

QUESTIONS

What should a school have?
- Teachers
- Pupils
- Books
- Schoolhouse

What other persons or things should a school have?

Can you have a school without a teacher?
Why is the teacher so important?

What should the pupils be?
- Obedient
- Clean
- Orderly
- Courteous
- Helpful
- Punctual
- Anxious to learn.

What else should the pupils be?
- Respectful to all connected with school.
- Respectful to principal, to teacher, to janitor, to other children.

MEMORY GEMS

One rule to guide us in our life
  Is always good and true;
'Tis, do to others as you would
  That they should do to you.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
  Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom to speak,
  And how, and when, and where.

Prize your friend for her own true heart,
  Though her dress be poor and mean;
The years, like a fairy wand, may change
  Cinderella to a queen.

OUR FLAG

'Tis the Star-Spangled
Banner, oh, long
may it wave
O'er the land of the
free, and the home
of the brave.

As you came to school this morning, did you look up at your flag floating from the top of the flag pole? Didn't it look beautiful, waving and rippling in the sunshine against the blue sky? I wonder if you have ever thought about what it means?

You know flags are signs or emblems, and they all have a meaning.

There is no reading on our American flag, yet everyone knows what it means as certainly as if there were letters all over it.

Our flag means that the United States of America is the Land of the Free, and our government stands for:

Liberty and justice for everybody;
Education for all children;

Protection to all Americans at home or abroad.

That is the reason so many people come to this country from countries where they do not have such help from the government.

We Americans are very thankful for what our flag means.

If we are good Americans we shall live up to every one of the following duties:

To be true and faithful citizens;

To do our part to carry out the laws of the government;

To give, if necessary, our lives to protect our flag.

SCOUTS' PLEDGE

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

MY GIFT

I give my head, my heart, my hand to God and my country; one country, one language, one flag.*

FLAG DAY

June 14 is the anniversary of the adoption of the flag, and that date is celebrated in many states as Flag Day.

We can honor our flag
By living for it;
By keeping our own honor bright;
By being brave; (Red stands for valor.)
By being clean; (White stands for purity.)
By being just; (Blue stands for justice.)
By being loyal;
By being ready to die for it, if we are called upon.

Our state has one star in the blue of the flag.

How shall we honor our star?

How shall we show respect for our country and our flag?

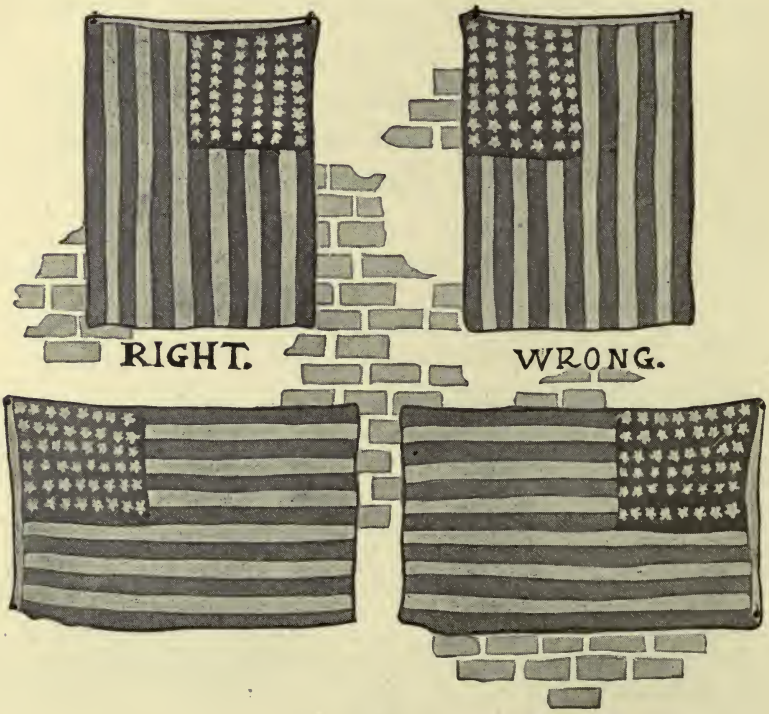
Since our flag means so much to us, we should respect it and love it with all our hearts.

---

* At the word flag give the salute by raising the right hand to the forehead.

When the flag passes in a parade, people should, if walking, halt; or if sitting, rise and stand at attention and uncover.

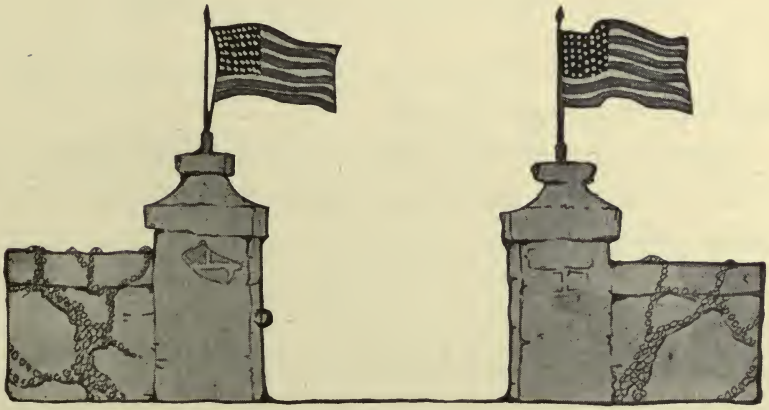
The flag should never be allowed to drag on the ground nor be left out after dark. Did you know that it must never be used as an old rag? You see no matter how old or torn a flag becomes, it is



still our flag and must be loved and honored always.

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!

"America is another name for Opportunity." What do you understand by that?



WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE OF AN OPEN GATEWAY BRING TO YOUR MIND?

HOW OUR FLAG DEVELOPED

The thirteen stripes in our flag represent the thirteen original colonies.

Every star in the field of blue represents a state—"A star for every state, and a state for every star."

The flag brings a picture to our minds of all the things we are grateful for in our history, and of all the things we want our country and ourselves to be.

QUESTIONS

What does our flag mean?

Are you not glad that you live in a country where all the people rule, instead of any one person or just a few people?

Can you repeat the Scouts' Pledge? (Standing.)

Who was Betsy Ross?

Can you form a tableau like the picture of Betsy Ross sewing the American Flag?

Isn't it almost as brave to live up to the red, white, and blue as to die for our colors?

Why is our nation's flag always hung higher in this country than the flag of any other nation?

Will you bring pictures of the flags of some other countries to class?

Do you think any other flag more beautiful than ours?

Will you try to do all you can to honor our flag, and never to let the star of your state grow dimmer because of any act of yours?

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!

—H. H. Bennett.

THE FLAG OF THE U. S. A.

I belong to this flag;
This flag belongs to me,
Because brave men have lived and died
To set its people free;
There are other flags in other lands,
And more upon the sea,
But the flag to-day of the U. S. A.
Is the flag for you and me.

If I belong to this flag,
And this flag belongs to me,
I'll live or die, if there is need,
To keep its people free;
No other flag has braver men,
Either on land or sea,
Than the flag to-day of the U. S. A.—
The flag for you and me.

—*J. E. F.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with her gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

STORIES
TEACHING
KINDNESS
TO
ANIMALS

THE TRUE STORY OF CHEESEY

I. The Dog and the Policeman

One snowy day shortly after Christmas, when carefully picking my way over the crossing at Market Street Ferry in Philadelphia, I almost ran into a big policeman.

Just back of the big policeman was a little dog, and just back of the little dog was a little dog-house, and just back of the dog-house was a beautiful Christmas tree.

Wouldn't it have made you stop in surprise to see a dog-house in the middle of the busiest street in your city or town? Wouldn't you have wondered why the big policeman had the little dog, and why the little dog had such a nice house there? And wouldn't you have wondered and wondered whether the Christmas tree belonged to the dog or to the big policeman? It made me so curious that I did just as you would have liked to do—I asked the policeman to tell me the story.

II. The Policeman's Story

"Good morning, Mr. Burke," I said, for I knew the officer's name. "Will you tell me about the little dog?"

"Why," answered the policeman with a smile, "don't you know about Cheesey? Come here, Cheesey, the lady wants to see you!"

Cheesey looked up at the speaker and wagged his tail.

"Cheesey was born on Race Street pier," went on the policeman. "Nobody knows how he got his living after his mother died; but one thing is sure, he was not treated very kindly by the men who loaded the boats and swept the wharves. To this day Cheesey growls at the sight of one of those men.

"After a while Cheesey found a little playmate, but the playmate was run over by a fire engine. All night long Cheesey lay in the spot where his little mate had been killed.

"Weary and lonely and hungry, he crept back to the old cheerless corner of Race Street pier, which was the only place he knew as home.

"There he lay with his head on his paws, not noticing anything until one of the men kicked him out of the way.

"Cheesey ran out of the pier and down Delaware Avenue, not knowing where he was going; but he went just the right way, for he ran into Officer Weigner, one of the four of us who watch this crossing.

"He spoke kindly to the little fellow, and gave him something to eat.

"From that time, Cheesey seemed to think he belonged to the policemen on this crossing. Then we gave him his name."

III. Cheesey's Christmas Presents

"Cheesey had no place to sleep," went on the policeman after seeing some people safely across the street, "except on a pile of bags in the ferry house. He seemed so cold that I asked Charley, one of the workmen in the ferry, if he

could not knock together some packing boxes for the little fellow.

"Charley did the best he could, but I must say he made a sorry looking dog-house.

"One day, just before Christmas while I was on duty, Mr. Sheip, of the Sheip Box Factory, happened to notice the box Charley had knocked together.

"'Well, well,' he said, 'is that the best you fellows can do?'

"'Why, Mr. Sheip,' I replied, 'we are not box-makers, you know.'

"'That's so!' he said. 'I'll have a dog-house made in the factory!' and on Christmas day this beauty of a dog-house came. Have you noticed the label on it?"

I read the painted black letters on the large white label:

Merry Christmas
to
Cheesey
from
Officers Burke, Dougherty,
Kunzig, and Weigner.

"It pleased us so," went on the officer, "that we bought a Christmas tree and many people helped us trim it.

"A good many people brought presents for Cheesey. One lady from Camden brought a feather pillow; another lady brought a piece of meat. That dog could have seventeen meals a day if he could hold them—couldn't you, Cheesey?"

The little dog wagged his tail, turned around twice, then went into his house. After thanking the officer I went on my way, made happier for all my life because of the true story of Cheesey.

THE CHAINED DOG

'Twas only a dog in a kennel,
And little the noise he made,
But it seemed to me, as I heard it,
I knew what that old dog said:
"Another long day to get over!
Will nobody loosen my chain,
Just for a run in the meadow,
Then fasten me up again?"

—Selected.

Through life it's been a comfort to me—
My little dog's loving sympathy.

QUESTIONS

Do you think the officers were repaid by knowing they had made Cheesey happy?

Does Cheesey remind you a little of Cinderella? Who were the fairies in Cheesey's life?

What might have happened to Cheesey if the officers had not been kind?

Did you ever own a dog?

Can you tell some story showing your dog's intelligence or bravery?

What is the kindest thing to do for an animal which is suffering if you cannot take care of it or feed it?

Do you know the address of the S. P. C. A. in your city?

Did you know that sometimes dogs are thought to be mad when they are only very thirsty?

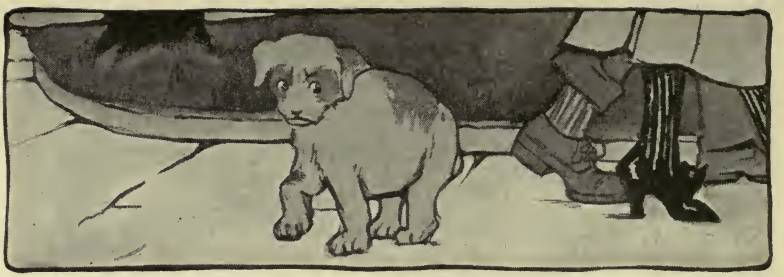
Sometimes dogs have been treated unfairly and are cross; so it is best not to pat a strange dog's head.

Do you realize that a dog is the only animal which makes people its companions and playmates?

How should we treat dogs?

MEMORY GEM

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching, or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin to its nest again,
I shall not live in vain.



LITTLE LOST PUP

He was lost!—not a shade of doubt of that;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw,
With drooping ear and a trembling paw,
And a mournful look in his pleading eye,
And a plaintive sniff at the passerby,
That begged as plain as tongue could sue,
"Oh, mister, please may I follow you?"
A lorn wee waif of tawny brown
Adrift in the roar of a heedless town.
Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in.

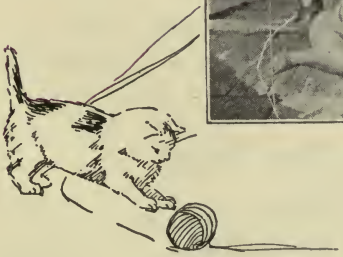
Well, he won my heart (for I set great store
On my own red Brute—who is here no more),
So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,
And who so glad as that small pup?

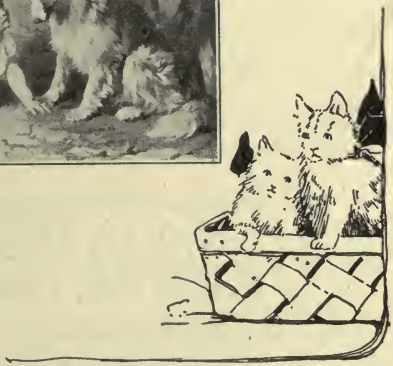
Now he shares my board, and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread.
Then, if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,
And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his rights to assuage my woes
With a warm red tongue and a nice cold nose,
And a silky head on my arm or knee,
And a paw as soft as a paw can be.
When we rove the woods for a league about,
He's as full of pranks as a school let out;
For he romps and frisks like a three-months' colt
And he runs me down like a thunder bolt.
Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair
Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

PICTURE OF RED CROSS ARMY DOGS—WONDERFUL DOGS OF MERCY. SUCH DOGS HAVE RESCUED THOUSANDS OF WOUNDED AND HELPLESS SOLDIERS. HOW SHOULD INTELLIGENT ANIMALS LIKE THESE BE TREATED?

CAN YOU TELL A STORY ABOUT THIS BRAVE DOG?





WHAT WOULD THE BIG DOG SAY IF HE COULD TALK?
WRITE A STORY ABOUT THIS PICTURE.

THE HUNTING PARTY

Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,
With her kittens four,
Went to sleep upon a mat
By the kitchen door.

Mrs. Pussy heard a noise;
Up she sprang in glee.
"Kittens, maybe it's a mouse—
Let us go and see."

Creeping, creeping, soft and low,
Silently they stole,
But the little mouse had crept
Back into its hole.

"Well," said Mrs. Pussy then,
"Homeward let us go;
We shall find our supper there,
That I surely know."

Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
With her kittens four,
Found their supper on a plate
By the kitchen door.

—*Selected.*

QUESTIONS

What do you think of people who do not care for and feed the cats they own?

Do you know that a cat that is well cared for, and kept in the house at night is not likely to catch birds, because cats catch birds in the early morning and at twilight?

What do you think of people who move away from a place and leave their cats behind? What will become of the cats?

What should people do with cats they do not care to take away? Do you know where the nearest S. P. C. A. office is?

What good service does the cat do for people?

Why are rats and mice dangerous to our health?

How many toes has a cat on front paws? On back paws?

Which way does the fur lie on the under side of the legs?

THE LOST KITTY

Stealing to an open door, craving food and meat,
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed
into the street;
Tortured, teased, and chased by dogs, through
the lonely night,
Homeless little beggar cat, sorry is your plight.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

QUESTIONS

If you cannot care for or feed a stray cat, what is the kindest thing to do?

How does it save the birds to see that stray cats either are given a home or are taken to a cat refuge?

MY PECULIAR KITTY

I have a little kitty,
  Just as cute as she can be;
But my! she is peculiar!
  For she *eats* her catnip tea!

After every meal she eats
  She tidies up her head,
And washes carefully enough;—
  But she never makes her bed!

I'm told a kitty cannot talk,
  But my kitty every day
Tells me that she loves me
  When we are at our play!

Yes, she tells me very plainly
  And I will tell you how,—
I ask, "Who thinks a lot of me?"
  She answers, "Me! Me—ow!"

—*J. E. F.*

POOR LITTLE JOCKO

I.

On the porch of a comfortable old house, shaded by fine trees, a group of young girls were gathered around a small table, sewing.

Suddenly the harsh notes of a hand-organ came to their ears, disturbing the peaceful stillness of the summer afternoon.

Marion Johnson, who was visiting her cousins, laid aside her work and listened.

"Why, I do believe it is the very same man that came to our town a week ago," she exclaimed. "He had with him a poor, miserable looking monkey, which he called Jocko."

Just then they saw the organ-grinder, with the monkey perched on the organ, coming up the village street. Seeing the girls on the porch, he turned up the walk.

"I think I shall call Aunt Kate," remarked Marion, rising and going into the house.

Aunt Kate could always be depended upon to help any dumb creature needing a friend.

Aunt Kate's face lost its usual look of quiet good humor, as she glanced over the porch railing and saw a tall swarthy man at the foot of the

steps, carelessly turning the handle of a small squeaky organ.

Keeping time to the music, a weak little monkey danced very wearily. When his steps dragged he was brought up quickly with a sharp jerking of the chain which was fastened to his collar.

A cap was held on his head by a tight rubber band which passed under the chin. His gaudy dress was heavy and warm and seemed to weigh down his tired limbs.

Now and then, when he dared, Jocko laid a tiny brown hand on the tugging chain in an effort to ease it. With an appealing look he glanced up at his master, as if trying to make him understand how painfully the collar was cutting his thin neck.

II.

Aunt Kate's mild blue eyes almost flashed as she motioned to the organ-grinder to stop playing.

"You no lika music?" he asked brokenly, glancing up at her in some surprise.

"Yes, that is right," she answered, speaking very slowly and distinctly.

"We do not like the music; and we do not like to see that poor monkey dance; and, above

all, we do not like to see you hurting his neck by pulling that chain."

The look of sullen anger which came over the man's face quickly disappeared when he saw the coin in Aunt Kate's hand.

"I will give you this," she said, holding up the piece of money, "if you will stay here and let Jocko rest for one hour."

The organ-grinder smiled and sat down on the steps as a sign of agreement.

At first, Jocko could scarcely believe that he might rest his weary little legs and feet. After a while, however, he threw himself at full length upon the porch floor as some worn out child might have done.

Marion was left on guard to see that he was not disturbed when the others went to get food.

When they returned they found Jocko resting on a soft cushion, a comfort his little body had never known before.

Only after being promised more money did the organ-grinder permit Marion to take off Jocko's hard leather collar, underneath which she had discovered sores.

She bandaged the tiny neck with soft linen spread with salve. She took off his cap, too, with its tight-cutting band.

When water was brought, Jocko drank with pitiful eagerness. Many hours had passed since he had had a drink, and his throat and lips were parched. He ate the food they offered him like a wild creature, for he was very hungry.

Every once in a while he would glance at the organ-grinder as though he feared punishment.

When the hour was up, the organ-grinder would stay no longer. As his master led him away, Jocko lifted his hat, just as if he wanted to thank Aunt Kate and the girls for their kindness.

"I never knew before," said Marion, "how cruel it is to expect little monkeys to live such unnatural lives. I do hope the man will be more kind to Jocko after this."

—Mary Craige Yarrow—Adapted.

QUESTIONS

Why didn't the girls and their aunt like to see the little monkey dance?

What did they enjoy seeing it do?

Have you ever been very, very tired?

Can you imagine how you would feel if some giant would not let you rest?

What kind of life is natural for monkeys?

Did you ever give a penny to an organ-grinder with a monkey?

If everyone stopped giving money to men who use monkeys for begging, how would it help the little monkeys?

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" sings Robin Redbreast every morning. "Listen to me! Listen to me! Oh, excuse me! I see, I see a feast!" and down he hops, hops, hops to the spot where he sees a nice fat worm wiggling out of the ground.

Perhaps it is an earthworm, perhaps it is a worse worm; but if it is an earthworm, you will have fun watching Robin.

He seizes the worm with his bill, then braces his feet against the earth, and pulls and pulls with all his might.

Out comes the worm with such a jerk that Robin almost topples over; but he doesn't. He either eats the worm or flies away with it to his hungry little birdies.

Down he drops it into one of the wide open mouths in the nest.

Do you know how many earthworms one baby robin can eat in one day?

A man who loves birds once counted the worms that one pair of robins fed to their little ones, and found that each little robin ate sixty-eight earthworms in one day.

Sixty-eight earthworms if placed end to end would measure about fourteen feet. Just think

what busy lives Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast live, and how they love their little ones.

Robins eat many other kinds of worms besides earthworms, and they eat insects, too. They work hard to feed their babies, and in this way they do a wonderful thing for us, for the insects they eat would destroy the plants which we need.

You know bread really grows on tall grasses called wheat and rye, and oatmeal grows on a grass called oats.

There are millions of insects which like wheat and rye and oats as much as we do, and they would eat up all the crops if it were not for the birds that eat the insects. Now you can see why we call the birds our friends.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed Cock Robin?

No; it was not the sparrow with a bow and arrow. No—more likely a boy with an air rifle killed him, or a man with a gun who did not know what a wicked thing he was doing.

He did not know that he had killed one of his best friends.

He did not know that without the work of beautiful Robin Redbreast and other birds the world might go hungry.

What if robins do eat a few cherries? They like mulberries better. A wise farmer plants a Russian mulberry tree for the robins, and the mulberries save the cherries.

QUESTIONS

Do you know that millions of men and boys hunt and kill birds "for fun" every year?

Do you know that millions of birds are killed each year to be used in trimming women's hats?

How many different birds can you name?

Can you tell the kinds of food each of them eats?

Do you know what kinds of nests they build?

What do you think of people who kill robins?

Have you ever placed food in a sheltered place for birds in winter when it is hard for them to find a living?

MY FRIEND, MR. ROBIN

When I was only about six years of age, a Robin Redbreast that we used to feed got so tame that he would fly in through the window to our breakfast table.

In the spring he delighted us by bringing a small family of Roblings to the window sill of the room as if to introduce them to the people who had helped him through the hard winter!

Another special bird that I remember was a one-legged sparrow that used to be among the birds that came when we were living in Buck-ing-ham-shire. We always called him "Timber-toes."

He came to us for two or three winters, so that, even with but one leg, he must have picked up a living somehow.

—*Little Folks.*

A WINTER MENU FOR BIRDS

Crumbs of bread swept off the breakfast table.
Morsels of fish and meat.
Bones hung on strings from tree branches.
Strips of bacon rind cut up into small bits.
Small seeds of any kind. (These may be gathered in summer and saved.)

QUESTIONS

Did you ever make a house for a little house wren?

Little Jenny Wren is looking for a house every spring. She is a very friendly neighbor. Why not make her a house with a doorway too small for Mrs. Sparrow to squeeze through? Make the opening only one inch wide.

The meadow lark is one of our very helpful birds. Do you know the colors of the meadow lark's feathers?

IF ALL THE BIRDS SHOULD DIE

Now, I want to tell you something that is worth knowing. It is this. If all the birds in the world should die, all the boys and girls in the world would have to die also. There would not be one boy or girl left alive; they would all die of starvation.

And the reason is this. Most small birds live on insects; they eat millions and millions of insects. If there were no birds, the insects would increase so that they would eat up all vegetation. The cattle, and horses, and sheep, and swine, and poultry would all die, and we should have to die also.

Now, what I want all of you to remember, is that every time you kill one of these little insect-eating birds, it means that thousands of insects the bird would have eaten are going to

live to torment us; and every time you take an egg from one of these little birds' nests, that means one less bird to eat the insects. I do not like mosquitoes and insects. I think it is better that the birds should live and eat the insects, than that the birds should die and the insects eat us.

—*George T. Angell.*

QUESTIONS

If a bird in a cage could speak, what do you think it would say?

Can it tell you when it has no drinking water?

Do you know that thirst is worse than hunger?

Do you know that a person can do without food much longer than without water?

What do birds do for farmers?

What do they do for you? Don't you think it would be foolish to destroy them?

Do you think it right to keep wild birds in cages? Why not?

Did you ever notice the beautiful doves or pigeons in the city?

Why are they so tame?

Don't rob the birds of their eggs, boys,
'Tis cruel and heartless and wrong;
And remember, by breaking an egg, boys,
We may lose a bird with a song.

FURRY

My house is in a little grove of oak trees.

Every winter I feed several gray squirrels with nuts.

Every day about noon a big father squirrel comes and scratches on my kitchen window.

There he sits on the sill, watching with bright eyes until I open the window and throw out some nuts.

The more timid squirrels are seated on the ground looking up at the window. They catch the nuts and scamper away with them up to the tops of the trees. But not Furry. He takes nuts from my hands, and holding them in his little finger-claws, gnaws away the shell faster

than I can count ten. He acts quite like a little pig sometimes, for he asks for more than he needs.

What do you think he does with them?

He jumps down with one in his mouth and starts to dig. As soon as the hole is deep enough to suit him he buries the nut, packing the earth carefully over it to make it look as though the ground had not been disturbed.

Then back he comes for another nut.

If all the nuts he plants were acorns and he should forget to come and find half of them when he is hungry—how big my oak forest would be!

QUESTIONS

I.

Have you ever fed a squirrel?
Where have you seen the largest number together?
Why were they not afraid?

How do mother squirrels carry their babies from one place to another?

How do mother cats carry their babies?

If mothers did not love their babies so much, what would happen to all animals and people?

Do we have to thank squirrels for some of our trees? Why?

II.

Did you ever wish your doll or rocking horse were alive?

Could anyone make them live?

Isn't being alive the most wonderful thing you can think of?

Doesn't it make you glad to think of the little wild things living in the out-of-doors?

Name some of the animals living in the woods.

Would the country be as pleasant without them?

Why should you dislike to hurt any of them?

III.

Do you know that if people do not stop hunting wild ducks, mountain sheep, deer, and other animals they may all be killed?

Did you ever see a reindeer?

Did you notice its beautiful eyes?

Would it be fun to fight a baby?

Are not many animals as helpless as babies when they are hunted?

Don't you think it is cowardly to shoot little helpless animals "for fun"?

THE GROCER'S HORSE

I. The Careless Driver

It was the week before Christmas. Everybody was ordering all sorts of good things to be sent home "just as soon as possible."

The grocer's boy, John, was on duty early. Soon many baskets were filled with orders to be delivered.

The horse was hurried out of the stable before he had quite finished his breakfast, and John soon had the baskets piled into the wagon.

"Be lively, now," the grocer said. "Get back as soon as you can."

John jumped on the wagon, seized the whip and gave the horse a sharp cut to begin the day with.

John kept the whip in his hand. If the horse held up his pace a minute to give himself a chance to breathe, another snap of the whip kept him on the run.

At the different houses where he left the groceries John rushed in and out as quickly as possible. In several places he was given fresh orders for articles that were needed.

So the morning passed, and dinner time arrived. As John put the horse in the stable he could not help seeing that his breath came hard and fast, and that he was wet with sweat.

"I guess it won't do to give him any water, he is so hot," John said, as he hurriedly put a scanty allowance of dry feed into the manger.

The worn-out horse, trembling in every nerve with the fatigue of going hard all the morning, was almost choking with thirst.

When John hurried in to his dinner, the first thing he asked for was something warm to drink. His mother gave him a cup of hot cocoa, and a good dinner, which he ate rapidly. Then off he started for the afternoon's work.

"Hurry up," said the grocer as soon as John appeared. "Get out the horse and take these baskets; they are all rush orders."

"I went to Mrs. Bell's twice this morning,"

said John. "I should think she might give all her order at one time and not keep us running there all day."

"I can't help it. She is a good customer. Hurry up," answered the grocer.

John ran out to the barn. He certainly had meant to give the horse water before he started out again, but being hurried, he forgot it. In a few minutes, whip in hand, he was urging the tired, thirsty horse again over the road.

Toward the close of the afternoon the horse began to hang his head. When John touched him up with the whip he did not go any faster. When he stopped for the third time at Mrs. Bell's house his legs were trembling and he closed his eyes as if he were going to sleep.

Mrs. Bell looked out of the window and said to her Aunt Sarah, who was visiting her, "I think it is a shame for Mr. Rush to let that boy race his horse so all day. Every time he comes here the horse is in a sweat, and now he looks as if he would drop. It is wicked to work a horse so!"

Her aunt replied, "Yes, the horses have to suffer for man's thoughtlessness, and woman's, too. He's been here three times to-day, hasn't he?" But Mrs. Bell did not see the point of the reply.

It was seven o'clock before John put the horse in the stable. He remembered then that he had given him no water all day. As he did not want to be obliged to go out to the barn again he gave him a pail of ice-cold water, which the horse drank greedily. Then he put his supper before him and left him.

He did not stop to rub down the aching legs or to give the faithful, exhausted creature any further attention. He just threw a blanket over him and closed the barn for the night.

When John came to the store the next morning a very angry looking grocer met him at the door. "You can go home as soon as you like. I won't have a boy that drives my horse to death," he said.

"Is the horse dead?" asked John, turning pale.

"It is not your fault if he is not dead. I have been up nearly all night with him, and I must get another horse to take his place until he is well."

"You told me to hurry every time I went out," answered John.

"Well, if you had any sense, you would know when a horse is used up and rest him," replied the grocer.

The horse died that day; and the grocer, the boy driver, and Mrs. Bell were all to blame.

The grocer ought not to have trusted a boy who had no sympathy for animals. Such a boy is not fit to drive and care for a horse.

John was too selfish to give the horse time to breathe or to eat, and he did not care whether he was made comfortable in the stable or not.

Mrs. Bell was thoughtless in giving her orders; so she made the horse take many unnecessary trips to her house.

So a willing, patient animal was neglected and worked to death, when with good care he might have lived many years and done faithful work. This all happened because the man, the boy, and the woman had never learned to be thoughtful and kind.

—*Mrs. Huntington Smith—Adapted.*

QUESTIONS

What do you think of a man who is cruel to horses?

Do you think people respect such a person?

Did you ever hear that "cruelty is the meanest crime"?

How would you treat a pony? A horse?

Did you ever read "Black Beauty"?

Which should you like better for a friend—a man who is kind to animals or a man who does not care how they are treated, just so that he gets his work done?

When you are hurt, or sick, what do you do?

Can a horse or any animal tell a friend when he is sick?

A LETTER FROM A HORSE

To the Lady of the House:

Please order your supplies for the day early in the morning and all in one order. One daily trip to your door is enough. Two trips will wear me out twice as fast.

Telephoning in an extra order doubles the work for the sales clerk and bookkeeper as well as for the driver and horse. This adds to the cost of all you buy.

Hurry up orders make whippings for me.

Please think of those who serve you, both people and horses.

Your obedient servant,

The Delivery Horse.

P. S. Some boys play with a whip over my back, not meaning to hurt me, but I cannot see the fun. It makes me nervous, and I get so tired by night from being worried that I tremble all over. I know boys do not think about that part.

T. D. Horse.

A PLEA FOR THE HORSE

Every horse will work longer and better if given three ample meals daily; plenty of clean, fresh water; proper shoes, sharpened in slippery weather; a blanket in cold weather; a stall six feet by nine feet or room enough to lie down; a fly net in summer and two weeks' vacation each year. Do not use the cruel, tight check rein, or closely fitting blinders which cause blindness.

SPARE THE WHIP

QUESTIONS

I.

Wouldn't you have much more work to do if there were no horses?

Have you ever been very tired?

Have you ever been very thirsty?

Could you ask for a drink of water?

Can a horse ask?

Don't you suppose animals suffer terribly with thirst?

What would a horse say if he could talk?

Can you drive?

Did you ever stop to think that it is because a horse's mouth is so tender that the great strong animal does what the driver wishes?

What do you think about jerking the reins?

Should we have as nice and comfortable houses or food or clothing if we had no horses?

II.

Is the horse a laborer?

Has he a right to wages? What should they be?

How many meals a day should a horse have?

Can you imagine how it would seem if you were very, very hungry to be taken into a place where tables were spread with tempting food, and be driven past them without a bite?

How do hungry horses feel when they see and smell apples and grass?

Can you run as fast when you carry a heavy load as you can with a light load?

Can a horse?

Did you ever burn your mouth?

Did you know that the steel bit, if put very cold in the horse's mouth, will burn off the skin of the tongue and make the mouth sore—and perhaps prevent the horse from eating?

Could the bit be easily warmed by dipping it into hot water, or breathing on it to take out the frost?

Did you ever stop to think that every creature that is alive can suffer?

III.

Did you ever see a driver stop on a cold day and go into a restaurant for a bowl of warm soup or a cup of coffee?

Did he put a blanket on the horse?

Did you ever see a horse taken into a stable and given a warm meal on a cold day?

Did you ever see non-skid chain-shoes for horses?

Do you know that burlap tied on the horses' hoofs answers the same purpose, and costs only a little time and forethought?

The driver can best help this horse to get up by spreading a blanket or carpet over the icy roadway under his feet.

PART II

COMMUNITY OCCUPATIONS

Stories About People Who Minister to Our Daily Needs

These stories develop very simply, the fundamental ideas of service, dependence and interdependence, and reciprocal duties. They also teach incidentally the civic virtues of thoroughness, honesty, respect, etc., which form the subject matter of Part I of this book.

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO PROVIDE US WITH FOOD

THE BAKER

I. An Early Call

"Good morning, children," said Mrs. Duwell, with a bright smile—so bright that it seemed as if the oatmeal she was stirring smiled too.

"Good morning, mother," said Ruth. "My, but we are early this morning; it is only seven o'clock."

"Good morning, mother," said Wallace, sleepily. "May I go back to bed again?"

"Yes—after supper to-night," replied his mother. "But I am glad you are up, for I am expecting a caller to knock at the door any moment."

"Who is it?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, he is a very important man," said her mother. "The strange part of it is that he never rings the front door bell, but always comes to the kitchen door and knocks."

"Please tell us who he is!" cried both the children.

TELL A STORY
ABOUT THIS
PICTURE

THE NEXT TIME A LOAF OF BREAD COMES TO YOUR HOUSE, WILL YOU LOOK INTO IT AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND PICTURES LIKE THE ONES IN THE LOAF ON THIS PAGE?

HERE YOU WILL FIND PICTURES OF HARVESTING, GRAIN ELEVATOR, BAKERS AT WORK, AND BAKER WAGON.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Duwell, "he is going to bring us the most useful and wonderful article sold in any store in this city."

"Oh, mother, tell us what it is," begged the children.

Just then there came a heavy knock at the kitchen door.

"There he comes with it now, I believe," whispered Mrs. Duwell. "Wallace, you may open the door."

Wallace ran quickly to the door and opened it, and there stood—the bread man.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Wallace, "it's only the bread man!"

"Wallace," said his mother, "speak more politely. Say 'good morning,' and take a loaf of bread and a dozen rolls."

"Now, mother, tell us who it is you expect, and what he is going to bring," coaxed Ruth as soon as the door was closed.

"Sit down and eat your breakfast, children, and I will tell you all about it."

When the children had been served, she went on: "The man I spoke about has just gone—he is the bread man. Isn't a loaf of bread the most useful and wonderful article sold in any store in the city?"

"Why, mother, you are joking!" exclaimed Wallace.

"No, indeed, I am not. Tell me, children, what must you have in order to live?"

"Food," replied Ruth.

"Correct; and what article of food do we most need?"

"Bread," replied Ruth.

"I believe that is so," said Wallace, after thinking a moment. "I am going to talk with father about it when he comes home to-night."

"That is right; I think he will tell you something about wheat fields and bake ovens," said Mrs. Duwell. "Now run along to school or you will be late."

II. The Staff of Life

"Father," said Wallace, as the family sat about the supper table that evening, "a very important man called at the door this morning before we went to school."

"He did! Who was he?" asked Mr. Duwell.

"Guess who," said Ruth. "He left us the most wonderful and useful article sold in any store in this city."

"Who was he? What was it?" Mr. Duwell pretended to be very curious.

"Guess! See if you can guess!"

"Let me see—oh, yes, it must have been the mayor with a pound of butter."

"Guess again," shouted the children.

"A policeman, with a bottle of ink."

"No, guess again!"

"I give it up."

"The bread man with that loaf of bread," cried the children, pointing to the loaf on the table.

"Well, well, I believe you are right, children," said their father. "I certainly ought to have guessed, although I never thought of the bread man as a very important man before."

"Mother explained it to us this morning and said that you would tell us about the wheat fields and bake ovens," spoke up Ruth.

"I certainly will, children," said their father, looking pleased. "Let me see; what is this made of?" he asked, picking up a piece of bread.

"Flour."

"Yes, what kind?"

"Wheat flour."

"Correct; so this is wheat bread. What other kinds of bread are there?"

"Rye bread, bran bread, graham bread."

"Yes; and in Europe bread is often made of oats and barley."

"Bread is sometimes called by another name," said their mother; "did you ever hear of it? The staff——"

"The staff of life," finished the children.

"I have an idea," cried their father suddenly. "The Spotless Bakery is about three squares up the street. It is open in the evening. I know the manager. Let us go up there to see how they make bread."

"Hurrah for dad! Fine, come on!" cried Wallace.

"I wish mother could go," Ruth said.

Her mother shook her head; "No, dear, I'll not go this time, but thank you for thinking of it."

"We won't be long, mother, and we'll tell you about everything when we get home," said Wallace, as the three left the house.

III. A Visit to the Bakery

Soon they came to a big square building that seemed to be all windows, blazing with light. Over the door was a sign which read:

THE SPOTLESS BAKERY

The children had often seen the building before but had never been inside.

They entered and their father asked to see the manager. Soon he came bustling in—a round smiling little man, dressed in a spotless white suit.

"Good evening, Mr. Duwell," he said, shaking hands.

"Good evening, Mr. Baker," replied Mr. Duwell. "This is Ruth, and this is Wallace. They want to see how bread is baked, if you are not too busy for visitors."

"I shall be delighted to show you," said Mr. Baker, smiling and shaking hands with both children; "this way, please."

Up a narrow winding stair they climbed to the sifting room on the fourth floor.

"Every bit of flour starts on its journey through these sifters," said the manager, pointing to a row of box-like sifting machines.

On the floor stood a huge pile of bags of flour. "Each one of these bags holds one hundred and forty pounds," he explained.

Passing down the stairway they saw the storeroom piled high with more bags of flour. "There are more than a thousand of them," said the manager.

Then they came to the mixing room. Everything was white—the huge mixers were white; the walls were white; the bakers were dressed in white with odd round white caps; the dough trays were white—everything was white and spotless.

"The flour from the sifters above comes through an opening in the floor into the mixers. Then the yeast and other things are added. The electric power is started. The great iron arms of the mixers turn, and twist, and mix until the whole mass becomes dough," Mr. Baker explained.

Along the wall were the dough trays in which the dough is set to rise. These trays remind one of huge white bath tubs on wheels, a little wider and deeper and about twice as long as the ones in our houses.

"How much will each one of those hold?" asked Wallace, pointing to the trays full of creamy dough.

"Enough to make eleven hundred loaves," answered the manager.

"Why, there must be over forty of them," said Wallace, looking down the long line. "How many loaves do you bake in a day?"

"We have two more bakeries like this, and

in the three we bake about one hundred thousand loaves a day—besides rolls and cakes."

"Why, I didn't know there was so much bread in the world," said Wallace.

"Yes, my boy, there are bakeries almost everywhere. We supply only a small part of the bread needed in our large city."

As they went down the next stairway to the baking room, the pleasant odor of fresh-baked bread came up to meet them.

"Here they are!" cried Ruth. "Look, Wallace, here are the bake ovens!"

All that could be seen on one side of the room was a long row of black oven doors, set in a low white-tiled wall.

On the other side of the room were large oblong tables, around which the white-uniformed bakers were busily working.

The dough was piled high on the tables. One baker cut it into lumps. Another made the lumps into pound loaves, weighing them on a scale. Another shaped the loaves and put them into rows of pans, which were slipped into large racks and wheeled to the oven door.

"Look," said Wallace, "they are going to put them in!"

A baker put four loaves on a long-handled

flat shovel; then quickly opened the oven door and slipped them inside.

"Look at the loaves!" cried Wallace, peeping into the open door. "Hundreds of them. How many will that oven hold?"

"Six hundred," said the baker, closing the door.

"Look," cried Ruth, "they are taking them out of that other oven. There comes our loaf for breakfast, Wallace."

Farther down the room a baker was lifting out of an oven the nut-brown loaves, bringing with them the sweet smell of fresh bread.

"Isn't it wonderful!" said Mr. Duwell, who was almost as excited as the children. "Notice how all the men work together, everyone doing his part to help the others."

"What are the baking hours?" he asked the manager.

"From twelve o'clock, noon, till midnight, the ovens are kept going as you see them now," said the manager.

"We will go down one more flight to the shipping room," he added, leading the way.

There the finished loaves were coming down from the floor above on great racks to wait for shipping time. The space in front of the

shipping platform was crowded with wagons and automobiles.

"Why, look!" said Wallace, "there are more wagons than automobiles. I should think you would use automobiles entirely."

"No," replied the manager, "the automobiles are better for long distances; but for short distances, where the driver has to start and stop, horses are much better. When the driver serves bread along a street he calls, 'Come

Dolly,' or whatever the horse's name is, and the horse follows. The horse is alive; the automobile isn't."

"When does the delivery start?" asked Mr. Duwell.

"Soon after midnight."

After thanking the manager for his kindness, shaking hands all around, and bidding him good-night, the little party hurried home.

All that night Wallace dreamed that he was putting loaves of bread into a big oven and lifting them out, brown and crisp, on the end of a long-handled shovel, loading them into a delivery wagon, and driving all over the city, so that the people could have fresh bread for breakfast.

IV. Where the Wheat Comes From

At the table the next evening the children were still talking about their visit to the bakery.

"Well, children," said their father, "we followed the flour through the bakery to the loaf on our table. What do you say if we take a little journey to the place where the wheat comes from."

"Fine!" cried Wallace. "When can we start?"

"Right now, son, but it will be a stay-at-home journey," said Mr. Duwell; and everybody laughed.

"Let us see," Mr. Duwell went on; "where did the thousand bags of flour we saw in the bakery come from?"

"I know," said Ruth. "I read 'Minn.' on one of the bags."

"Good, Ruth," said her father. "That is what I call using your eyes. What does 'Minn.' stand for?"

"Min-ne-so-ta," answered Wallace quickly.

"Correct! Minnesota has great wheat fields, and so have North and South Dakota, Kansas, and many other states; but the wheat in our loaf grew in Minnesota.

"Wallace, step over to the bookcase and bring me the large book marked 'W.'"

Wallace brought it in a moment.

Mr. Duwell opened the book and found some colored pictures.

"Here we are," said he. "What does it say under the first picture, Ruth?"

"'Reaping and Binding Wheat,'" read Ruth, bending over the book.

"Right! There is our loaf growing, and there is the machine cutting the wheat and tying it

into bundles. What does it say under this picture, Wallace?"

"'Threshing by Steam,'" read Wallace.

"Yes—taking the wheat from the straw and chaff. What comes next, Ruth?"

"'Grain El-e-va-tor,'" read Ruth.

"What is a grain elevator?" asked Mr. Duwell.

"Why, the place where the wheat is stored until needed."

"Yes," said Mr. Duwell, "some elevators are so large that they will hold nearly two million bushels of wheat."

"Plenty large enough to hold our loaf," added Mrs. Duwell.

"Now read again, Wallace."

"'In-te-ri-or of Flour Mill,'" read Wallace.

"Yes, that is where they grind the wheat into white flour and remove the bran."

"Bran is the outside coat, isn't it?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, that's it! Now read again."

"'Train Being Loaded with Flour,'" read Ruth.

"Yes, that must be a picture of the fifteen car loads of flour used every week by the Spotless Bakery."

"I never would have believed it took so many people to make a loaf of bread," exclaimed Mrs.

Duwell. "Let me see: the plowman, the sower, the reaper,—go on, Wallace."

"The thresher, the miller, the train-men, the baker—" added Wallace.

"And the baker's horses," finished Ruth.

QUESTIONS

Have you ever visited a bakery? Tell about it.

The Duwell family had a splendid time finding out things about their bread and rolls, didn't they?

Why don't you try it with some of the other things you eat?

Can you think of some ways of helping this very useful man, the baker?

Suppose company had come unexpectedly to see your great-grandmother when she did not have bread enough baked. How would she have gotten bread for her guests?

What would your mother do if the same thing happened to her?

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet,
Of which we make our bread!
Praise God for yellow corn, with which
His waiting world is fed!

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

BAKING THE JOHNNY-CAKE

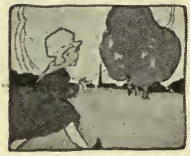
Little Sarah stood by her grandmother's bed,
"Now what shall I get for your breakfast?" she said.
"You may get me a johnny-cake. Quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

So Sarah went to the closet to see
If yet any meal in the barrel might be.
The barrel had long been as empty as wind,

And not a speck of corn meal could she find.
But grandmother's johnny-cake, still she must make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

She ran to the store, but the storekeeper said,
"I have none. You must go to the miller, fair maid,
For he has a mill, and he'll put the corn in it,
And grind you some nice yellow meal in a minute.
Now run, or the johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"

Then Sarah she ran every step of the way,
But the miller said, "No, I have no meal to-day.
Run, quick, to the cornfield, just over the hill,
And if any corn's there, you may fetch it to mill.
Run, run, or the johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"



She ran to the cornfield—the corn had not grown,
Though the sun in the blue sky pleasantly shone.

"Pretty sun," cried the maiden, "please make the corn grow."
"Pretty maid," the sun answered, "I cannot do so."
"Then grandmother's johnny-cake, how shall I make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"

But Sarah looked round, and she saw what was wanted;
The corn could not grow, for no corn had been planted.
She asked of the farmer to sow her some grain,
But the farmer laughed till his sides ached again.
"Ho! ho! for the johnny-cake, how can you make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it?"

The farmer he laughed, and he laughed very loud—
"And how can I plant till the land has been plowed?
Run, run, to the plowman, and bring him with speed;
He'll plow up the ground and I'll fill it with seed."
Away, then, ran Sarah, still hoping to make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it.

The plowman he plowed, and the grain it was sown,
And the sun shed his rays till the corn was all grown.
It was ground at the mill, and again at her bed
These words to kind Sarah the grandmother said,
"Please get me a johnny-cake—quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, in two minutes bake it."

From "Child Life: A Collection of Poems," Edited by John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MILKMAN

I. Before the Sun Rises

"What do you think one of our lessons was about to-day, mother?" asked Ruth, coming in from school one afternoon.

"I couldn't guess," said her mother. "What was it about?"

"The milkman."

"The milkman," repeated Mrs. Duwell in surprise; "that must have been interesting."

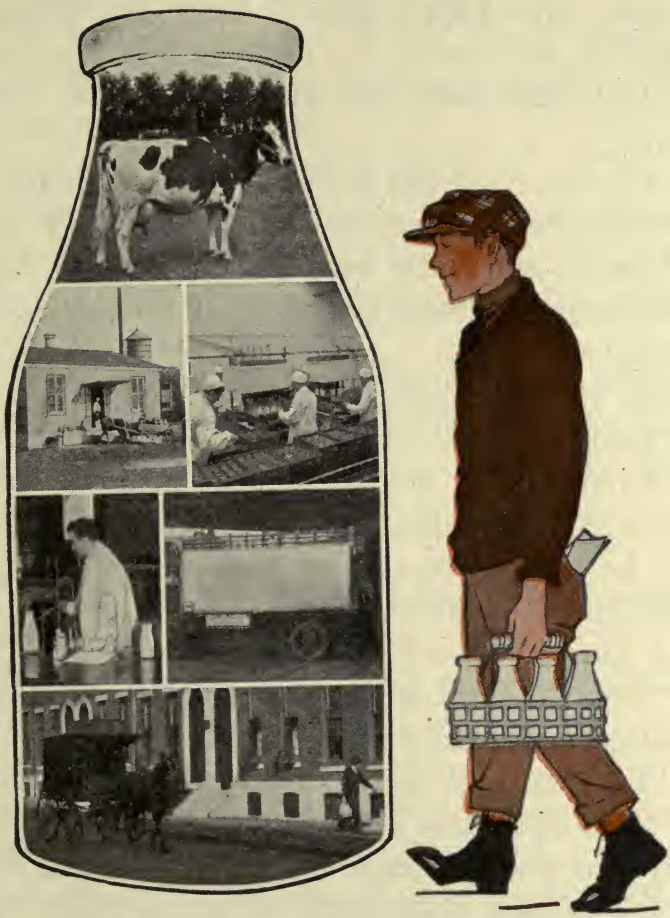
"Yes, we just talked. Teacher asked questions; she asked if we liked bread and milk or cereal and milk, and said that they made an excellent breakfast.

"What do you think, mother," Ruth went on; "teacher told us that not many years ago the milkman came around with big cans of milk and measured whatever you wanted, a pint or a quart, into your pitcher or milk pail."

"Yes, that is true," said Mrs. Duwell. "That is the way they did when I was a little girl. How did they come to change? Did your teacher tell you?"

"People found that it was not san-i-ta-ry, teacher said. The milk was not always kept clean; so the milkmen put it into pint and quart

TELL A STORY ABOUT THIS PICTURE.



The next time you drink a glass of milk think about what a long journey it has taken.

The milk in the bottle in this picture came in a big can from the cow to the railroad station, on the train to the city dairy where it was bottled and tested. It was then sent out in a large auto truck to the delivery wagon which took it to the Duwell family.

Does the milk which you use take as long a journey as that?

bottles, with paper caps to keep out flies and germs."

"Did you find out where the milk comes from?"

"Oh yes, from the farms. Teacher showed us pictures of cows; some with tan and white coats —Jerseys; and some with black and white coats —Holsteins, I think she said. I should love to see real cows."

"So you shall, dear, the next time we go into the country.

"I remember," continued Mrs. Duwell, "hearing your grandfather say that when he was a boy he had to be out of bed before daylight, sometimes as early as three o'clock, and go out into the cold barn to milk the cows."

"Three o'clock in the morning!" exclaimed Wallace, who had just come in.

"Yes; then he had to hurry into the kitchen for breakfast, then out again, hitch up old Dobbin, load the milk cans on the wagon and drive to the nearest station to catch the milk train. He had to do all this by six o'clock—before most people in the city think of getting up."

"My, there wasn't much fun in that," said Wallace.

"No, indeed. You remember the deep snow

in March last winter. I asked our milkman what time he started on his rounds. What do you think he said?"

"Six o'clock," replied Wallace.

"Earlier than that, son," said Mrs. Duwell. "He laughed and said, 'I have to load up and start by three o'clock to serve all my customers before breakfast.'"

"Yes," added Ruth, "teacher told us about that and asked what would happen if the driver overslept and did not get over the route before breakfast."

"What did you answer?"

"Why, that we might have to do without milk for breakfast."

"Or we might have to wait for breakfast until eleven o'clock," said Wallace.

"Oh, Wallace," cried Ruth, "I didn't say that! If we waited for breakfast until eleven o'clock we would be dreadfully late for school."

"And dreadfully hungry, too," said Wallace. "I'm glad our milkman gets up on time."

II. Milk, from Farm to Family

"Well, what I want to know is, where the Clover Leaf Dairy gets our milk from," said Wallace.

"It is this way. The dairy wagon meets the milk train and takes the cans of milk to the dairy. There they test the milk to see if it is pure and fresh.

"Next they empty the milk into a big white tank and heat it to kill the disease germs. After quickly cooling the milk, they put it into bottles, and it saves the babies' lives," said Ruth almost without stopping to take breath.

Her mother smiled and asked, "Did your teacher tell you the name of that work?"

"Yes; but it was a long word, and I have forgotten it," answered Ruth.

"Pas-teur-i-zing." Her mother said it for her.

"Yes, that's it—pasteurizing. I could not

think. It kills all the bad germs so that the milk is safe for even the weakest babies.

"Teacher told us about a good man in New York," Ruth went on, "named Mr. Straus, who was sorry because so many babies died from drinking impure milk. He made it so that poor babies in New York could have pasteurized milk; and then less than half as many died as before."

"Wasn't that a noble thing to do," said her mother.

"Yes; our teacher says that almost everybody uses pasteurized milk now, and in this way thousands of babies' lives have been saved. She says that we ought to be grateful."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Duwell; "we ought to be grateful to the milkman, the farmer, and everybody that helps to bring us pure milk."

QUESTIONS

Would you like to get up long before daylight, on cold winter mornings to deliver milk for people's breakfast?

Tell some of the things you like that you could not have to eat if the milkman did not come.

Have you ever visited a big dairy?

Tell about it.

Imagine you own a herd of cows in the country, and tell some of the things you would do in order to be sure to send good, pure, clean milk to the dairy.

THE GROCER

I. The Old-time Grocer

"Wallace, light another candle, please. I cannot see very well," said Mr. Duwell as he sat smiling at the head of the dining table, with carving knife lifted ready to carve the roast.

Wallace turned on another electric light, and everybody laughed.

"That's a good guess, son," said his mother. "On my grandfather's farm they always burned candles, and grandmother made them herself."

"Made them herself!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Yes," replied her mother. "I have often seen the candle moulds. They looked like a row of tin tubes fastened together. The wicks were hung in the middle of the tubes, and the melted tallow was poured in around them. When the candles were hard and cold, they were slipped out ready for use."

"Your grandmother must have been smart. What relation was she to me?" asked Ruth.

"Your great-grandmother, dear. She was 'smart,' indeed. She made not only candles, but soap."

"Soap!" said Ruth in surprise.

"Yes, and butter," said Mrs. Duwell

"Your great-grandfather was 'smart,' too," said Mr. Duwell. "Why, Wallace, he butchered a pig or two, and sometimes a cow in the fall for the winter's meat."

"Weren't there any grocers or butchers?" asked Wallace.

"Yes, indeed; your great-grandmother was the grocer, and your great-grandfather was the butcher for the family."

"But weren't there any stores?"

"Yes, the stores were in the big kitchen pantry, the cellar, and the ice-house."

"I mean grocery stores like Parker's, and Wiggin's," explained Wallace.

"No, until the towns and villages sprang up there were no stores such as we have now," said Mr. Duwell. "You see, there were not many people to buy things in the early days, and they lived on farms many miles apart, so it did not pay anyone to keep a store.

"Why is the grocery so useful to everybody?" he asked.

"Because it sells food."

"That is it. You see, when enough people lived in one place to make a village or town, some one opened a store. Now, how did he get flour to sell?"

"From the miller."

"Right—and potatoes?"

"From the farmer."

"Yes, the miller brought flour and the farmer brought potatoes to the grocer for him to sell."

"And when grandma made more butter than she could use she sent it to the grocer," added Mrs. Duwell.

"Where did the grocer get his stock of brooms, Ruth?" asked her father.

"From the broom-maker."

"That is the idea. All who grew or made

more things than they could use brought them to the grocer to be sold. So the grocer helped them and they helped him, and the people went to the store for their supplies.

"You must remember, children," went on Mr. Duwell, "the old-fashioned country store was very different from Parker's grocery around the corner. Besides groceries, it sold harness, horse blankets, hardware, shoes, and everything people needed."

II. The Modern Grocer

"Suppose Wallace were a grocer, Ruth, how would you like his store to be kept?" asked her mother.

"Clean—oh, so clean!" replied Ruth.

"Yes, what else?"

"Full of shelves with all the packages and bottles and other things in their places."

"How would you treat the people, Wallace?" asked Mrs. Duwell.

"I would be very polite, and try to have every article they wanted fresh and good."

"That is right, and I know you would be honest and truthful."

"If you were that kind of grocer, Wallace," said Mr. Duwell, "you would be of real service to the people."

"What kind of customers would you like to have, Wallace?" asked Mrs. Duwell.

"Oh, people who paid their bills on time and didn't find too much fault," answered Wallace.

"Well," said Ruth, "if you were anything like that, your customers would certainly call you The Spotless Grocer."

QUESTIONS

Think of all the extra work your mother and father would have to do if there were no grocery stores. Is there one near your house? Are you glad?

What kind of grocery store do you like?

What kind of grocer do you like to deal with?

Try playing store, and pretend that your customers will not pay their bills and that the men from whom you buy come to insist on your paying them. What will happen?

If you were a real grocer, would you like that to happen?

Can you think of some other ways you can help the grocer besides paying your bills promptly?

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO HELP CLOTHE US

THE TAILOR

I. The Accident

Wallace was very proud of the new suit of clothes his father had just bought him. He wanted to wear it to school the first day after it came home.

"If I were you I should keep it for best for a while, Wallace," said his mother. "Your old suit is good enough for school for some time."

"But Tom Dolittle is going to wear his new suit to-day; he told me so."

"It doesn't seem wise to me, Wallace—but wear it if you think best."

"All right, mother," said Wallace as he skipped away to put it on.

A few minutes later his mother stood watching a very happy boy running down the street.

"Mother!" called Wallace, walking slowly upstairs when he came in from school.

"Here I am, boy, in the sitting room," answered his mother.

"Just see what has happened to my new suit!"

"Have you torn your jacket?"

"No, it's not torn," he said, coming into the room. "It is worse than that. I'm afraid it is ruined. Look! Look!"

"Why, child," exclaimed Mrs. Duwell, "how did this happen? Let us go into the bathroom to wipe off a little of the mud. That may prevent stains."

She hardly knew the mud-splashed boy who stood before her, so very unlike the spick and span Wallace of the morning.

"Well, dear, don't worry too much," she said. "We will see what the tailor can do for us."

"Do you suppose he can make it clean enough for me to wear?" asked the boy eagerly.

"I think that he can make it look very well," said his mother. "Put on your other suit and we will take this one around to the tailor's shop. But you haven't told me what happened."

"Why, it was this way: I was chasing some of the boys, and just as I reached the corner an automobile came speeding out of West Street. It skidded into the curb, and splashed the mud over me from head to foot. The whole thing happened in less than a minute. You ought to have heard the boys laugh!"

"I am thankful you were not hurt," said his mother. "I will put on my wraps and we will go at once."

II. At the Tailor Shop

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Duwell to the tailor as they entered the shop.

"Good afternoon," said the tailor. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"We want to see if you can make this suit of clothes look like new," said Mrs. Duwell.

"Let me look at it," said the man, untying the parcel, and examining the mud-splashed clothing.

"Well, that is pretty bad, but I guess we can do a good job."

"How much will you charge?" asked Wallace anxiously.

"Seventy-five cents, if you call for it," said the tailor, taking out a tag. "What name, please?"

"Give your name, son," said Mrs. Duwell.

"Wallace Duwell," said the boy. "When may I come?"

"Day after to-morrow," replied the tailor. "We will do our best to make it look like new."

"Thank you," answered Wallace, smiling for the first time since the accident.

Tell the story of this picture.

If you look at your coat carefully you will find a story about sheep shearing, spinning, weaving, and tailoring just like the story shown in the pictures in the coat on the opposite page.

DO YOU EVER THINK OF THE MANY PEOPLE WE HAVE TO THANK FOR OUR NICE WARM CLOTHING?

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Duwell, as they left the shop.

"Good-by," answered the tailor; "come again."

"Mother," said Wallace, after they had walked a few minutes, "it was my fault that this accident happened, and I want to pay for having the suit cleaned. I have the money Aunt Mary gave me for Christmas."

"That will please your father, Wallace. We will tell him the whole story this evening."

III. What the Tailor Saved the Duwell Family

When Wallace finished telling about the accident his father said, "I wonder how much money the tailor is saving us by doing this work?"

"I never thought about that," admitted Wallace.

"Let me see. We paid seven dollars and a half for that suit, didn't we, mother?" asked Mr. Duwell.

"Yes, I think that was the amount," answered Mrs. Duwell.

"Well, if the suit couldn't be cleaned it would mean that we should have to buy another in its place. Mother can clean a suit well, but even she could not make as sorry a looking suit as

yours look like new. Now do a little problem in arithmetic."

Wallace promptly pulled pad and pencil from his pocket, and wrote:

Cost of suit - - -	$7.50
Tailor's charge for cleaning,	.75
Saved - - - -	$6.75

"Six dollars and seventy-five cents! I didn't think it would be that much!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Be sure to thank the tailor when you go after your suit," said Mr. Duwell.

"I certainly will," said Wallace.

QUESTIONS

Do you ever visit the tailor's?

Tell about his shop.

Do you think his work is easy? Could you do it?

If you were a tailor and had worked hard to do good, prompt work, how would you like to be treated in return?

If your suit could talk about all the things that happened to it before it came to you, it would tell a very interesting story. Pretend you are a suit and tell all about yourself.

THE DRESSMAKER

I. An Invitation to a Party

"Mother," said Ruth, coming in from school a few days later, "Mildred Maydole has invited me to her birthday party. She wrote the invitations herself on the prettiest little note paper. Here is mine."

Mrs. Duwell read:

Dear Ruth,

It will give my mother and me much pleasure if you will come to my birthday party from three to six o'clock, Saturday afternoon, January twenty-eighth.

Your friend,
Mildred Maydole.

"Oh, mother, please say I may go!" cried Ruth excitedly, jumping up and down on tiptoe. "Mildred wants an answer soon, so that her mother can make her plans."

"Why, my dear, I think you may go," said her mother, "if I can get your new dress made by the twenty-eighth. You have grown so fast that I have not been able to keep up with you in sewing."

"I am so happy with the thought of going," exclaimed Ruth, "that I can scarcely wait for

the day. You know, mother, Mildred is older than I, and it is a great honor to be invited to her party."

"Yes, indeed, it is," agreed her mother. "Naturally Mildred could not invite all the children in your grade at school; so if I were you I would not talk about the party before the other children. You see, it might hurt the feelings of some who were not invited."

"That's just what Mildred said, mother; she asked us to keep it a secret for that reason."

"Well, dear, if you do keep it secret, do not make a mystery of it, whispering among the fortunate ones and letting the others wonder why you all say, 'Hush,' when they happen to come near."

"Why, mother! how did you know?" asked Ruth flushing. "Now that I think of it, that is just what we did do."

"Instead of just telling Mildred that you will come," said her mother, "I think it would be better to write a note accepting the invitation."

"I'll do it right away!" exclaimed Ruth, running to her little desk. "Will you help me with the words?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Duwell. "How would it do to say this:

Dear Mildred,

My mother is very much pleased with the kind invitation to your birthday party, and says that I may come on Saturday afternoon.

Your friend,
Ruth Duwell."

When Ruth had finished writing, she sealed the envelope.

"I shall hand this to Mildred after school is dismissed at noon," she said. "Thank you for helping me, mother."

II. A Disappointment

Mrs. Duwell had been unusually busy for several days after the conversation about the party.

One day she said, "Ruth, dear child, I cannot seem to find time to make your new dress. I wonder if Miss Fells could make it before the twenty-eighth. Why not run over and ask her?"

"Yes, mother, why not? I think that is a good idea," agreed Ruth.

"I do, too," said her mother. "Here is the material that grandma sent you. Run along, and do not forget to thank Miss Fells if she will agree to make your dress."

"No, indeed, mother, I won't," said Ruth.

III. At the Dressmaker's

"Good afternoon, Miss Fells," said Ruth, when she entered the door of the dressmaker's house.

"Good afternoon, Ruth," said Miss Fells, who knew the little girl. Then, noticing the package, she added, "Oh, I hope you are not going to ask me to make you a dress any time soon."

Ruth's heart sank. "I was going to, Miss Fells," she admitted.

"How soon?" asked the dressmaker.

"By January the twenty-eighth." Then she told about the party and her mother's disappointment.

"I don't see how I can do it—" began Miss Fells. Then seeing the tears in Ruth's eyes, she said, "But let me look at the goods, Ruth."

The little girl spread the material out on the table.

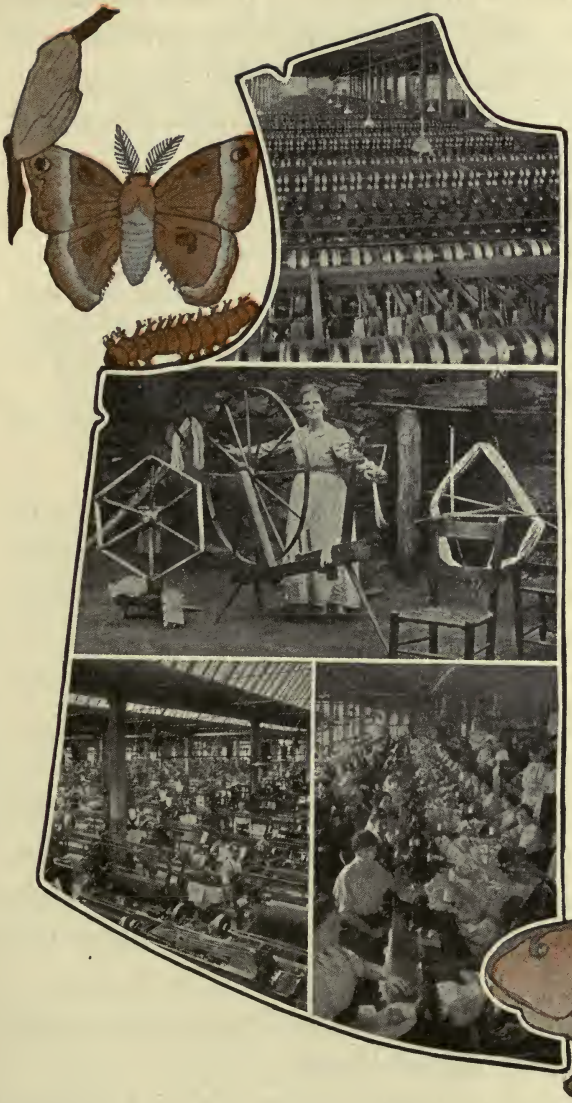
"Isn't it pretty!" exclaimed Miss Fells. "Perhaps I can get some extra help. Come for a fitting to-morrow at four o'clock, and we'll see what can be done."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Miss Fells!" Ruth exclaimed.

Then she ran all the way home to tell the good news.

"Now we see, Ruth," said her mother, "how

What is Ruth asking the dressmaker?



THE "BUTTERFLIES" ON THIS PAGE ARE THE MOTHS OF TWO OF OUR AMERICAN SILKWORMS.

IN OLDEN DAYS, SPINNING WAS DONE AT HOME. TODAY WE HAVE GREAT SPINNING AND WEAVING MACHINES, AND MUCH OF OUR CLOTHING IS MADE IN FACTORIES.

glad we should be that different people do different things for us. A person who studies and works in one special line must do better than one who works at it only once in a while—the way I do dressmaking."

"Why, that is true, mother," exclaimed Ruth, "I never thought of it before, though."

"There are many more things to be learned about dressmakers," went on her mother. "Let us talk about some of them this evening."

"Mother, I suppose father will ask a lot of questions—just as he did about the tailor."

"I don't doubt that," said Mrs. Duwell, "and I am glad that you are interested. I have heard my grandmother say that when she was young, there were no ready-made paper patterns."

"Why, mother, how could people make dresses then?" asked Ruth.

"It was done in this way. A seamstress or some one who liked to make dresses would cut out and fit a dress for somebody in her family or neighborhood. If the dress was pretty, the pattern would be borrowed and used by almost the entire village."

"Didn't people mind if other dresses were made just like theirs?" asked Ruth.

"No," said her mother, "styles did not change

quickly in those days. Indeed, the getting of a new dress was a great event in the life of a girl, and it was chosen most carefully.

"You see, it served first as a best dress; then, being turned, it often served as second best. After that, perhaps it would be handed down to a younger child to be worn as long as it had been by its first owner."

"My," cried Ruth. "I am glad I didn't live in the days when new dresses were so scarce."

Mrs. Duwell smiled. "Children to-day have more of everything than children ever had before. They have more clothes and playthings, and better chances for ed-u-ca-tion—but here comes your father, Ruth. You may run and tell him of our plan for the evening."

Mr. Duwell was very much pleased with the plan. When the evening came he asked and answered many questions. He then showed the children pictures of silkworms in a large book marked "S."

"By the way," he asked, "do you know that we have silkworms right here in America? The American silkworms spin silk as strong and beautiful as that of the Chinese silkworms. But the people here do not have the time or patience to grow silkworms."

IV. The Party

Ruth's dress was not finished until an hour before the party began.

As soon as the last stitch was taken, Miss Fells herself carried it to the Duwell home.

Ruth was "on pins and needles" for fear it would not be done in time, and she was delighted to see the dressmaker.

"Oh, Miss Fells, I cannot thank you enough for getting it done!" she cried.

"Hurry and put your dress on," said Miss Fells. "I want to see how it fits."

In less time than it takes to tell, Ruth was dressed.

"It fits perfectly," said Miss Fells, who was almost as happy as Ruth herself.

"It certainly does," said Mrs. Duwell. "It is just right."

Mildred was very glad when Ruth arrived at the party, for she knew of her worry about the dress.

"It is beautiful, Ruth," she said, looking with sparkling eyes at the pretty smocking on the waist and skirt. "Miss Fells told me she was going to surprise you," she added.

"She surely did surprise me. Wasn't she kind!" replied Ruth.

The party was a delight. One of the games was a contest in needle threading. Ruth threaded her needle in the shortest time and won the prize, a pretty silver thimble.

"Perhaps the new dress helped you to win," said Mildred.

"Won't Miss Fells be pleased when she hears about it," said Ruth.

QUESTIONS

Does your mother ever sew for a long time without resting?

How does her back feel when she stops?

Do you think dressmaking is easy work?

Can you tell some of the things dressmakers need in their work?

If you have ever visited a silk or woolen or cotton mill, tell about it.

Where do the mill owners get their materials?

Where do the stores get ready-made clothing?

Could you or the shoemaker or the baker make as beautiful and comfortable clothing as the dressmaker?

Why can she do it so well?

How can we make her work easier?

THE SILK DRESS

"My dress is pretty," a little girl said.
"Did you make it?" I asked. She shook her head.
"No, I didn't make it," she laughed in glee.
"It took lots of people to make it," said she.
"I'll tell you about it, because I know
What my mother told me is truly so.

"The silkworms grew it, and after a while
Men unraveled it into a pile;
Girls spun it and wove it and sent it away,
And my mother bought it for me one day;
And the dressmaker cut it and sewed it for me—
These are the reasons I love it," said she.

THE SHOEMAKER

I. The Worn Shoes

"Where now, Wallace?" asked Mr. Duwell as he met his son one bright afternoon.

The boy was carrying a bundle under his arm.

"Mother sent me over to the shoemaker's," replied the boy.

"I am glad I ran across you," said Mr. Duwell; "I have an errand over in that direction; I'll walk along with you."

"Oh, all right, father. Mother said she wished she could ask you about my shoes. We could not make up our minds whether they were worth half-soling or not."

"Why not talk the matter over with the shoemaker?" said Mr. Duwell.

"I suppose I shouldn't have let them get so worn before taking them to Mr. Shoemaker's," remarked Wallace.

"As mother says, 'A stitch in time saves nine,'" remarked Mr. Duwell.

"By the way, father," continued Wallace, "isn't Mr. Shoemaker's name a good one for a cobbler?"

Mr. Duwell smiled. "Very good, indeed; but really it isn't so strange as it seems. Many years

ago, when people did not have two names, they became known by the names of the trades they followed. For instance, John the baker became John Baker, and later Mr. Baker; so also the tailor became Mr. Taylor; the mason, Mr. Mason; the carpenter, Mr. Carpenter."

"And the blacksmith, Mr. Smith; and the cook, Mr. Cook," added Wallace.

"Yes," said his father, "and we could think of many more such names; but here we are at Mr. Shoemaker's. Suppose you attend to this little matter of business by yourself, while I do my errand."

This made Wallace look pleased and important as he stepped into the shop.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Shoemaker," he said.

"Good afternoon," replied the shoemaker; "what can I do for you to-day?"

Wallace handed him the parcel, which he opened.

"Do you think it would pay to put half-soles and new heels on these shoes?" asked the boy.

"Pretty good uppers," replied the shoemaker, examining them carefully. "I think it would almost double the length of life of these shoes to mend them, but I would not wear the next pair quite so long before having them mended."

"I think you are right," said Wallace. "How much will you charge?"

"A dollar and a quarter for soles and heels," replied the man.

"Isn't that a good deal?" asked Wallace.

"Not too much if we use the best quality of leather, and it doesn't pay to use any other."

"All right, Mr. Shoemaker," agreed Wallace. "When shall I call for them?"

"On Saturday," he replied, writing Wallace's name on a tag.

"Very well, good afternoon."

"Good-by," said the shoemaker.

Outside the door Wallace was joined by his father.

"I do not know whether I did right to leave my shoes, father," said Wallace. "Mr. Shoemaker said the charge would be a dollar and a quarter. Doesn't that seem a big price?"

"It does," replied Mr. Duwell, "but I think you did right. A new pair of such shoes would cost three dollars and seventy-five cents."

"And three dollars and seventy-five cents, less one dollar and a quarter, equals two dollars and a half saved," finished Wallace.

"That is true, my boy," said Mr. Duwell, "if they last as long as a new pair."

TELL THE STORY OF THIS PICTURE.

CAN YOU TELL SOMETHING ABOUT TANNING AND FINISHING LEATHER? HAVE YOU EVER VISITED A SHOE FACTORY?

IT SEEMS STRANGE TO THINK THAT THE LEATHER IN OUR SHOES WAS ONCE WORN BY ANIMALS, DOESN'T IT?

"I suppose we ought to be very much obliged to the shoemaker, even though we do pay him for his work," mused the boy aloud.

"So we should," said his father. "Everyone who does good work helps the world along, whether he is paid for it or not."

"But I shouldn't want to be a shoemaker," went on Wallace.

"Why not, Wallace?"

"Oh, I hardly know, father."

"Shoemaking is very interesting, and it requires skill, my boy. Of course, the making of new shoes does not require the skill it did years ago because so much of the work is done by machines."

"Did you ever hear of a shoemaker who became a great man?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, that is the question, is it?" said Mr. Duwell with a smile. "I have heard of several, and this evening I shall be glad to talk about them."

II. Shoemakers Who Became Famous

That evening, when the family was seated around the library table, Mr. Duwell brought out a book and took up Wallace's question.

"Here is a book," he said, "that tells many

facts about shoemakers who became noted men. Let me read about some of them.

"'One of our most famous American poets, John Greenleaf Whittier, in early life, was a shoemaker. Whittier never forgot the lessons he learned while working at the shoemaker's bench. His book of poems, called Songs of Labor, printed in 1850, contains a stirring poem about shoemakers.'

"Here are two other famous men," said Mr. Duwell, turning the page he was reading.

"'Among noted Americans who were shoemakers was Roger Sherman, of Con-nec-ti-cut. He was a member of the Congress of 1774. Sherman was one of the brave men who signed the Dec-lar-a-tion of In-de-pen-dence.

"'At least one vice-president of the United States was a shoemaker—Henry Wilson, who was made vice-president when General Grant became president in 1872. He was often called "the Na-tick Cobbler," because he was once a shoemaker in the town of Natick.'

"So you see, Wallace," Mr. Duwell went on after a little pause, "the kind of work you do

doesn't matter so much. It is how well you do it that makes the difference."

"I think I do see, father," said Wallace. "Maybe, after all, I'll be a shoemaker. Then, perhaps, I'll become a poet or vice-president of the United States."

Everybody laughed.

"Wouldn't you rather be a tailor?" asked Ruth.

"I don't believe I should stand as good a chance then," replied Wallace.

"I am not so sure," said Mr. Duwell laughing. "Andrew Johnson was a tailor, and he became President of the United States; but all mother and I hope for, son, is that you will become a useful, well-educated man."

III. At the Shoemaker's Shop

When he called for his shoes on Saturday, Wallace looked at the shoemaker with new respect.

"Good morning, Mr. Shoemaker," said Wallace. "Are my shoes ready?"

"Good morning," replied the shoemaker. "Yes, here they are."

"They look fine!" exclaimed the boy. "Thank you for doing such a good job. Here is the money—a dollar and a quarter—is that right?"

"Yes, thank you," replied the shoemaker. "It isn't every day that a customer thanks me for doing a good job. Most people don't give a thought to anything but finding fault if the work isn't right—especially boys."

QUESTIONS

Is there a shoemaker's shop near your home?

Did the shoemaker ever save you or your family any money?

Can you tell about him and his shop?

What kind of customers do you think he likes?

See if you can make a list of the people whom you have to thank for a new pair of shoes.

Rap-tap! rap-tap-tap!
  Rings the shoemaker's hammer;
He's making old shoes look quite new
  With swift and merry clamor.

Rap-tap! rap-tap-tap!
  List to the shoemaker's song;
By mending shoes he does his part
  To help the world along.

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO SUPPLY US WITH SHELTER

THE CARPENTER

I. A Trip into the Country

"It's just possible that I may be home very early, perhaps in time for twelve o'clock lunch," remarked Mr. Duwell, one Saturday morning as he was starting for business.

"Oh, wouldn't that be fine!" exclaimed the children. "We'll be looking for you."

Even before the noon whistles had ceased blowing, three eager faces were peering out of the windows, for Mrs. Duwell was as interested as Ruth and Wallace.

"Oh, I do hope father will come soon!" exclaimed Ruth.

"I am sure to see him first," said Wallace with a superior air. "I can see farther than you!"

"You can't see father any better than I can," replied Ruth, "for I see him this minute."

"You do? Where?" asked Wallace.

"I certainly do—may I run to meet him, mother?"

"Oh, I see him!" cried Wallace. "I am going, too!"

"Yes, run!" said Mrs. Duwell. "You both have better eyes than I have." Almost before she had finished speaking, the children were racing toward a carriage. As the driver drew rein, they climbed in.

"Well, here we are!" Mr. Duwell sang out, as they drove up in front of the door. "What does the Duwell family say to a ride this pleasant afternoon?"

"What a grand surprise!" called Mrs. Duwell, who was now standing on the top step.

"I am going to get an apple for the horse," cried Wallace, and away he ran. In a moment he returned.

"How does that taste, old fellow?" he asked,

rubbing the horse's soft nose as he munched the apple.

"He isn't really hungry," said Mr. Duwell. "He had his dinner just before we left the livery stable, and the stable man gave me a bag of grain for his supper; but I guess he doesn't often get apples."

It didn't take long to eat lunch that day, the family were so excited.

"Where are we going, father?" asked Wallace.

"Just into the country," said Mr. Duwell. "It has been so long since we have seen the green fields that I thought a trip would do us all good."

Soon they left the city streets behind, and came to a beautiful country road, along which they drove for several miles.

"Oh, see that funny-looking house!" exclaimed Ruth suddenly. "It looks like a cage!"

"That isn't a house, yet," said Mr. Duwell; "it is only the frame-work."

"Oh," exclaimed Wallace, "is that the way wooden houses are built?"

"It is, little city people," replied Mr. Duwell. "No wonder you are not familiar with such a sight. City houses are not built of wood, because of the danger of fire."

"I should like to see that house closer," said Wallace.

"We'll drive over there," his father agreed, turning the horse's head.

As they drew near, Wallace exclaimed, "Why, there's Mr. Emerson on the porch; he is my teacher. I wonder what he is doing here."

At that moment Mr. Emerson saw the boy. "Good afternoon, Wallace," he said, lifting his hat and bowing to the party as he came toward the carriage.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Emerson," said Wallace, lifting his cap; "I should like to have you meet my mother and father."

Mr. Emerson bowed, and shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Duwell.

"And this is Wallace's sister, Ruth," said Mr. Duwell.

"I am glad to know you, Ruth," Mr. Emerson said. "Are you thinking of moving into the country?" he asked after a minute. "If so, I hope you will be my neighbors."

"Do you live here, Mr. Emerson?" asked Wallace.

"Not yet," replied Mr. Emerson, smiling; "but we hope to when the new house is finished.

"What a comfortable home it will be." said Mr. Duwell.

Mr. Emerson looked pleased. "Won't you come in and see the plan?" he asked.

"Thank you, we shall be delighted to," said Mr. Duwell.

II. The Sawmill

After they had gone all over the house, they bade Mr. Emerson good-by and drove away.

"Won't it be fine! How I should love to live there!" The children were still talking about the new house.

"Where do you suppose Mr. Emerson got the wood?" questioned Ruth.

"I know," answered Wallace; "at the lumber yard."

"Did he, father? Couldn't he have just chopped down some of those trees over there?" asked Ruth, pointing to a wooded hill to the right.

"I hardly think so," replied Mr. Duwell. "Before trees can be used in building they have to be—"

"Sawed into boards and planks," finished Wallace.

"Good!" said his father. "And where is that done?"

"At the sawmill," said the boy.

"That reminds me—" said Mrs. Duwell; "there is a sawmill over at the bottom of that hill. Mr. Emerson told me about it. Some of his lumber came from there."

"Then this road must lead to it," said Mr. Duwell, pulling up at a cross-road that ran through the woods towards the hill.

"What does that sign-post say, Wallace?"

Wallace jumped out and examined the dingy sign, which was hardly readable.

"Sawmill Road; this is the right way!" he cried.

They had not driven far along the shady road when a peculiar whistling sound met their ears.

"There's the saw, now, I believe!" exclaimed Mrs. Duwell.

"So it is," said Mr. Duwell. "Trot along, boy!" he urged the horse.

At a turn in the road they came upon the old sawmill, nestling at the foot of the hill. The smooth mill pond shone brightly in the sun. As the water fell over the dam, it tumbled into a noisy little brook which ran under a bridge and away down the valley. The refreshing odor of pine and cedar filled the air.

Several men were busy sawing the trunk of a pine tree into long, clean planks. The children watched the circular saw with wonder as its sharp teeth ate into the sweet-smelling wood. Its shrill music delighted them.

"Yes, sir," the foreman replied to a question of Mr. Duwell's, "most sawmills are run by steam power. Very few old-fashioned water wheels are left in this part of the country. Let me show you our wheel."

"This is the sluice-way," he explained, pointing to a long narrow canal full of flowing water. "The sluice-way leads the water from the pond to the top of the wheel."

Going down a flight of steps on the outside of the building, they stood right beside the old moss-covered wheel. It was a huge wooden frame-

work with shelves or buckets all around the wide rim to catch the water.

The water poured out of the sluice-way over the wheel, turning it slowly and steadily. As the wheel turned, the water kept falling with noisy splashes into the stream below.

"What makes it go round?" asked Wallace eagerly.

"The force and weight of the water pouring over it," replied the foreman. "That is what we call water power."

"Think of it, children!" said Mr. Duwell. "That old wheel helped to build Mr. Emerson's house."

"Yes," said the foreman, "it has helped to build many houses besides Mr. Emerson's. That old water wheel has been sawing wood just as you see it now for over a hundred years."

III. The Carpenter

On the way home the little party talked about their adventures.

"Mr. Emerson must have had help to build a house like that," remarked Ruth after a pause.

"Oh, he didn't build it, goosey," said Wallace.

"Who did, then, Mr. Know-it-all?"

"Why, the carpenter, of course," Wallace replied.

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Ruth. "The carpenter builds the house for Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Emerson has time to teach you boys."

"That is exactly right, little girl," said her father.

"Besides, no one person can do many things well. Perhaps Mr. Emerson is a better teacher for not trying to do too many things," Mrs. Duwell added.

"I think a carpenter is wonderful, don't you?" said Wallace.

"The greatest man that ever lived was a carpenter," said his mother.

"Whoa, boy!" exclaimed Mr. Duwell, drawing up the reins sharply. "Don't get frightened at a piece of paper, when you've done so well. Whoa, there, boy!"

The horse seemed to understand the quiet gentle voice, and settled down to an even trot.

"He will go well enough now," said Mrs. Duwell. "He knows we are headed for home."

"So we are! I wish we were headed the other way," said Wallace. "What makes a good time so short?" he asked, so seriously that everybody laughed.

"Mother, I may be late in getting home from school this afternoon," said Wallace on Monday at noon. "Mr. Emerson said he was going to take us for a walk after school to-day. He told us to ask if it would be all right. Will it, mother?"

"Yes, Wallace, but try to be home before dark."

"I'll tell you all about our trip at supper time," said Wallace. "Good-by."

Wallace bounded in just as supper was being put on the table.

"Good evening, everybody. Oh, it was fine!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Emerson took us for a long walk in the park—to a part I have never seen before."

"That was splendid," said his mother.

"Now, tell us all about your trip," said his father, when Wallace had partly satisfied his hunger.

Wallace began: "We walked until we reached the wild part of the park. Soon we came to a steep hill and a great pile of high rocks covered with trees and bushes.

"'How many of you boys have ever been in a

real cave?' Mr. Emerson asked. Only three of us had, and we were very much excited.

"'Well,' he said, 'right above that big granite rock there is a natural cave. It was found only a few days ago. The opening was covered with bushes, so nobody knew it was there. It must have been the den of some wild animal years ago. The opening is so small that only one boy can go in at a time.'

"He divided us into four sections and made me the leader of section one.

"One at a time we climbed up until all five boys of my section were on top of the rock. There was the cave, a dark opening in the rocks about as big around as a barrel. Being the leader, I had to go in first."

"Weren't you scared?" asked Ruth.

"Well—it was exciting," admitted her brother. "I got down on my hands and knees and looked in, but could see nothing. Then I crawled in. It was as dark as a pocket. I tried to stand up and bumped my head, the ceiling was so low.

"In a minute or two I could see better. The walls of the cave were nothing but rocks. The floor was covered with sand and dry leaves. There was just room enough to turn around in, so I turned around and crawled out."

"Well, I call that pretty brave, Wallace, to go in first," his mother said.

"There wasn't anything to be afraid of, mother," said Wallace. After a moment he continued, "Well, after the boys in my group had all been in, we climbed down, and the other sections went up and did the same thing. Every boy went in, although some of the little fellows looked pretty white when they came out. Then we sat on the rocks, and Mr. Emerson talked about the homes of wild animals and the early savages.

"'What animal do you suppose lived in this cave?' Mr. Emerson asked us. Some guessed wolves and some, bears. We finally decided to name it The Wolf's Den.

V. The Cave Dwellers

"Mr. Emerson said that wild animals live in just the same way to-day as they always did. They live in caves and holes in the ground or in hollow trees, where they can hide and keep warm.

"One boy spoke up, 'How about dogs, Mr. Emerson?'

"'Well,' Mr. Emerson said, 'dogs are tame animals now, although they used to be wild. But

even the dog's house is a wooden cave which his master builds for him.'

"He told us that a long time ago people lived in caves which they dug in the earth like animals. They were cave dwellers or cave men. The reason we have better homes now is that we have greater minds than animals and have learned to use our hands and brains to build houses.

"He said that the cave men must have thought it wonderful when they found they could make stone hatchets sharp enough to cut down small trees. With them they learned to make huts out of wood, which were larger and more comfortable than caves and just as safe from storms.

"As time went on, men paid more attention to building. They learned to make houses of stone and clay and brick. They kept on studying and improving until they were able to build great cities such as we have to-day."

"Listen!" exclaimed Ruth, clapping her hands as Wallace finished his story. "Wouldn't Wallace make a good teacher! That sounded exactly like the way Mr. Emerson talks."

"Nothing like so interesting, though," said Wallace. "He promised to show us his new house when it is finished."

"Wouldn't I like to go with you!" said Ruth.

QUESTIONS

Are there any houses being built near you?

Have you ever watched the carpenter at work?

Tell about some of his tools.

In the early days in this country men had to build their own houses. Were these log cabins as comfortable and well built as our houses are to-day?

How is it that the carpenter can do so much better work than you could?

Where does the carpenter get his lumber?

Have you ever visited a sawmill?

Wouldn't you like to ask at the library for some books that tell about cave men and cliff dwellers? about lumbering?

THE BRICKLAYER

I. The Fallen Chimney

All day long the rain came pouring down. By night the wind rose with a shriek and a roar, banging unfastened shutters and rattling windows in their casings.

"Oh, dear, what an awful night!" exclaimed Ruth. "How glad I am that Fluffy is safe indoors!" and she stroked the little cat lying on a cushion on the sewing machine.

"And how glad I am that Harry Teelow found that lost puppy to-day," said Wallace.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" Mr. Duwell said, looking up from his paper. "I don't suppose the bricklayer came to mend the chimney to-day. He couldn't have worked in such a storm."

"No, he did not come," replied Mrs. Duwell with a troubled look. "Do you suppose there is any danger of its tumbling down?"

"Well, I can't say," replied Mr. Duwell, shaking his head doubtfully. "I wish I had stopped to see Mr. Bricklayer a week ago when I first discovered how loose the bricks were, instead of waiting until—"

But he did not finish the sentence, for bang! even above the terrific noise of the storm

came the sound of falling bricks and broken glass.

The family rushed into the little kitchen, which was built on the end of the house.

What a sight met their eyes!

Water was pouring through a hole in the ceiling where the roof had given way. Rain splashed in great gusty dashes through the window where the bricks had broken through.

Already there was a little lake on the floor.

Ruth was the first to speak. "If it keeps on," she said, half laughing and half crying, "it will be quite deep enough for Alice and the mouse and the Dodo to swim in!" She was thinking of Alice in Wonderland, you know.

That made everybody laugh, and all began to work. They placed tubs and pails where they would catch the water and stuffed old cloths into the broken window panes.

It was fully an hour before the family were settled down again in the living room.

"Well, children, you can now understand the saying, 'Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day,'" remarked Mr. Duwell.

"It is a lesson none of us will soon forget," added Mrs. Duwell.

THIS PICTURE SHOWS A CLAY PIT, A KILN, BRICKMAKERS, BRICK ROADWAY, CULVERT, CHIMNEY, BRIDGE, MEN LAYING BRICKS.

"Could you and I have mended the broken chimney, father?" asked Wallace.

"Not very well, my boy," replied Mr. Duwell. "'Every man to his trade,' you know. By the way, I hope Mr. Bricklayer will be here before you children start to school in the morning. Run to bed now so that you can be up early to see him begin his work."

II. The Bricklayer

The next day dawned bright and sunny, with only a merry little breeze to remind one of yesterday's storm.

The bricklayer did not come before the children started to school in the morning, but just after lunch. They had only time to watch him and his helper climb to the roof.

"I am going to get home from school early," said Wallace; "maybe they will not be through by that time."

"I am, too," Ruth chimed in. "I wonder what bricks are," she added.

"Bricks? Why, don't you know?" asked Wallace. "Our manual training teacher told us that bricks are a sort of imitation stone made of moistened clay and sand mixed together, and shaped as we see them. They are baked in an

oven-like place, called a kiln, or dried in the sun."

"Oh, I didn't know that. I wonder who first thought of making them. They are something like sun-baked mud-pies," said Ruth.

"Our teacher said that bricks three thousand years old have been found in Egypt, some with writing on them."

"Oh, I remember that the Bible tells about bricks. Why, Wallace, men must have been bricklayers for thousands of years!"

"It is lucky for us they haven't forgotten how to make them, for what could we do without a chimney?" said Wallace. "Hello, there is Harry! I want to see him about the ball game;" and away he ran.

III. After School

Wallace brought Harry, and Ruth brought Mildred Maydole home after school to watch the bricklayer work.

"Why, how straight and true the bricks must be!" exclaimed Harry. "A bricklayer has to be very careful, doesn't he?"

"Indeed he does," replied Wallace. "Do you know what the mortar is made of?"

"Yes; I think I do. It is lime and sand and—

something else," Harry said. That made them all laugh.

"I think the most wonderful brick work I ever saw," said Mildred, "was in the arch of a big sewer. I couldn't tell why the bricks didn't all fall down. My father said the mortar held them."

"Why, if it weren't for bricklayers, and cement workers, and stone masons, we should be without lots of things!" exclaimed Harry. "Just imagine it, if you can."

"That's so," said Wallace. "Let's count what we know of that they build for us—sewers, bridge piers,—go on, Mildred."

"Pavements," added Mildred.

"Houses and chimneys," said Ruth.

"Foundations for houses," said Harry.

"Here comes father!" cried Ruth suddenly; and all the children ran to meet him.

"We've been talking about how it would be if there were no bricklayers, or stone masons, or cement workers, father," said Wallace.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mr. Duwell. "I was thinking very much the same thing as I walked home so soon after such a heavy rain without getting my feet wet.

"I remember what Benjamin Franklin wrote," he went on, "about the streets of Philadelphia in his day. He said the mud after a storm was so deep that it came above the people's shoetops. It was Benjamin Franklin himself who first talked of paving the streets."

"I'm glad they aren't as bad as they were in Benjamin Franklin's time," said Mildred.

QUESTIONS

Have you ever watched a bricklayer working?
What was he doing?
Could you have done it?
Where do you suppose he got his bricks?
Have you ever seen bricks being made?
Are bricklayers, cement workers, and stone masons more needed in the city or in the country? Why?

Do you know how our city grew,
  Its lofty buildings raising?
Its pavements, parks, and bridges, too—
  Whose labors are they praising?
Just the workmen who every day
Did their work in the very best way.

THE PLUMBER, THE PLASTERER, THE PAINTER

I. A Visit to a Little Town

"I have an errand to do just outside the city limits," said Mr. Duwell one pleasant Saturday morning. "Would you like to go with me, Wallace?"

"I certainly should," said the boy.

In a few minutes father and son were on the electric car, speeding toward Oldtown.

When there, they walked up the main street, which was lined with rows of shabby houses, badly in need of paint. Little pools of standing water lay in the gutters.

"What an awful smell! I should think it would

make people sick! And look at the flies!" exclaimed Wallace.

"I have no doubt it does make people sick," said Mr. Duwell. "Flies and mosquitoes breed very rapidly in such places."

"Flies and mosquitoes carry disease germs, Mr. Emerson says," observed Wallace.

"So they do; they are more dangerous to health than poi-son-ous snakes," his father said.

"Why don't the people clean their gutters?" asked Wallace.

"I suppose they do sometimes," replied his father; "but Oldtown will never be clean and healthy while the dirty water from the houses is drained into the streets and alleys. Waste water must be carried off by means of pipes into a sewer. That is the work of the plumber. A good plumber is a health officer."

"What a lot of people it takes to keep things going right, father! This town certainly does need a plumber," remarked Wallace.

This remark seemed to please Mr. Duwell very much.

"How would you like to move to Oldtown, Wallace?" asked his father when their errand was finished and they were riding home.

"I shouldn't mind," said Wallace, "if I were a plumber."

II. At Home

When Ruth saw them coming, she ran to meet them.

"What do you think, father!" she exclaimed; "the plasterer came while you were gone, and mended the kitchen ceiling. Mother is so pleased! Come and look at it!"

"That's very well done," said Mr. Duwell, examining the neat patch over the large hole which the falling chimney had made. "But it makes the whole room look as if it needed a new coat of paint. What do you think, mother?"

"I think it would make me a better cook to have a nice clean kitchen," said Mrs. Duwell. smiling.

"You couldn't be a better cook, mother!" Wallace said, eyeing the good meal which was ready to be put on the dining table.

"That is what we all think, Wallace," said his father; "and we think, too, that such a good cook deserves a better kitchen. So on Monday I will ask the painter to see about doing the walls and woodwork."

III. The New Kitchen

When the men had finished their work the kitchen was so changed that it scarcely knew itself, as Wallace said.

Instead of dim walls and dull-gray paint, everything was white and blue. A shining white sink with two bright nickel spigots was standing proudly in one corner of the room.

Mrs. Duwell had just finished hanging a white dotted muslin curtain at the window over the sink when Ruth entered.

"Oh, mother, doesn't that look lovely!" she exclaimed.

"I thought such a bright clean kitchen deserved a clean new curtain," said her mother.

"Isn't the kitchen beautiful!" Ruth went on. "It seems like living in a fairy tale—as though we had wakened up to find things changed by magic."

"It does, in a way," agreed her mother; "but, really, they were every-day fairies who brought about these changes and turned ugliness into beauty."

"I think I know their names," Ruth said, laughing; "Mr. Plumber, Mr. Plasterer, and Mr. Painter."

"Why, how did you guess?" said her mother.

QUESTIONS

Did the plumber ever come to your house?

What did he do?

What would have happened if you could not have found a plumber?

None of us would like to live in a town where there are no plumbers. Why not?

Shut your eyes and try to imagine how the Duwell family's kitchen looked before the workmen began to work; now imagine that they have finished their work. Tell how different it looks.

Have workmen ever made such changes in your home?

Can you name some other people besides the carpenter, the bricklayer, the plumber, the plasterer, and the painter who help give us shelter?

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO SUPPLY US WITH FUEL

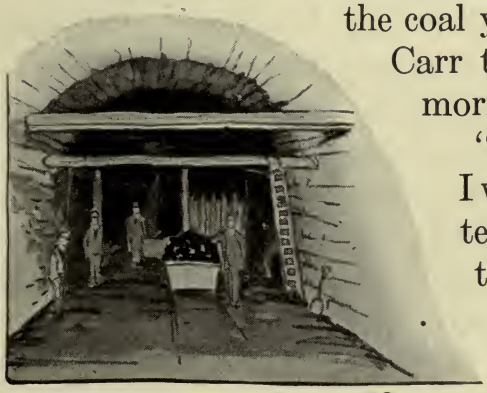
THE COAL MAN AND THE MINER

I. Black Diamonds

"How are the black diamonds holding out, Wallace?" asked Mrs. Duwell. Wallace had just brought up coal from the cellar.

"Only a few more scuttlefuls in the bin, mother," answered Wallace.

"On your way from school you may stop at the coal yard and ask Mr. Carr to send a ton to-morrow."



"All right, mother, I won't forget. But tell me, why do they call coal black diamonds?"

"I haven't time

to talk about it now. Perhaps Mr. Carr will tell you. You have just ten minutes to get to school."

On his way home Wallace stepped into the little office of the big coal yard.

"How are you, my boy; what can I do for you to-day?" asked Mr. Carr, who was a rather tall man with a bent back and one shoulder higher than the other.

"How do you do, Mr. Carr?" replied Wallace. "Mother wants you to send a ton of coal to-morrow—the same kind as the last you sent."

Wallace waited until the coal man entered the order in the book and then asked, "Mr. Carr, will you tell me why they call coal black diamonds?"

Mr. Carr smiled pleasantly. "Certainly, son, certainly. You see, coal shines like diamonds, and then, it's worth more."

"Worth more? Why, I thought diamonds were worth more than anything else."

"No, indeed! If there weren't any coal in the ground, all the diamonds in the world wouldn't heat a house, cook a meal, pull a railway train, or run a machine."

"Well, I never thought of that," said Wallace. "You certainly could not burn diamonds in a cook-stove."

"No, indeed!" said Mr. Carr, who seemed much pleased at Wallace's interest.

II. In a Coal Mine

"Were you ever down in a coal mine, Mr. Carr?" asked Wallace.

"Was I ever down in a coal mine?" repeated Mr. Carr. "Yes, sir, I was a miner for years in the coal regions, and would have been in a mine yet, probably, if it hadn't been for this," pointing to his shoulder and bent back.

"Is it very dangerous work?" asked Wallace, with wide-open eyes.

"Well, if the roof doesn't fall on you, and if the mine doesn't catch fire, and if the gas doesn't choke you, or explode and blow you up, it isn't dangerous; it is perfectly safe."

"But how did it get hurt—your shoulder, I mean?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, that! I'll tell you. One day we were getting out coal at the far end of a tunnel. Suddenly, before we had time to run, the roof came tumbling down and buried us. When they pulled us out, my helper was dead, and my back was as you see it now."

"What makes mining so dangerous?" asked Wallace, in surprise.

"Well, you see, it's this way. When you step into the cage, that is the elevator, you leave the sunlight behind. The cage sinks down, down into pitch darkness, sometimes hundreds of feet. At the bottom of the shaft it is like an under-ground city. Street-like tunnels, with car tracks laid on them, run out in every direction. The coal cars are drawn by mules or by electricity.

"As you go up the tracks you see cross tunnels and the miners' little lamps shining in dark holes that look like black caves. Here the miners work, blasting out the coal, and loading it on cars to be drawn to the mouth of the mine and hoisted up into daylight.

"Sometimes the walls and roof are not properly braced. Then they cave in and great lumps of coal fall down on the men. Sometimes gas or fire-damp collects. Then there is danger of choking or of being blown up. Sometimes, in blasting, the coal catches fire, so that the whole mine burns."

"Why, miners must be as brave as soldiers," said Wallace.

"Yes, I suppose they are brave. People do not know how much they owe to the miners. They risk their lives every time they go down into

CAN YOU TELL A STORY ABOUT THE JOURNEY OF A TON OF COAL FROM THE TIME THE MINER DIGS IT OUT OF THE MINE, AND BOYS SORT OUT THE SLATE, UNTIL IT IS PUT INTO THE FURNACE IN A HOUSE?

the mines. But they don't think much about the danger. That is part of their work."

"Thank you for telling me about it," said Wallace.

"You are welcome, my boy; good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Carr."

Wallace hurried home with a new respect for Mr. Carr and the men who work in the dark mines under the ground.

QUESTIONS

How does the coal man bring the coal to your house?

From whom does he buy it?

Pretend you are a piece of coal and tell the story of your life.

Name some of the things which we would have to do without if there were no miners or coal men.

Do you burn anything else at your house besides coal?

Are the men who supply us with these things our helpers too?

Where does the wood man get kindling and firewood?

Where does the oil man get oil?

Will you ask for a book about pē̇-trō′lē̇-u̇m, or coal oil, when you go to the library next time?

Can you think of any other people who supply us with fuel?

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO CARE FOR OUR HEALTH

THE DENTIST

I. Why Ruth Was Afraid

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Ruth. "O—h, dear!" She was sitting in her little rocking-chair in the living-room.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Wallace, coming in to look for his books. "Are you hurt?"

"No;" Ruth shook her head.

"Well, then, what is it?"

"Oh, Wallace, I am so afraid I'm going to be hurt. Mother says there is a dark spot on one of my teeth. She is getting ready to take me to Doctor Harrison's. I have never had a tooth filled."

"Well, of all the silly things I ever heard of," exclaimed Wallace, "that's the silliest! What makes you think the dentist will hurt you?"

Ruth looked up in surprise.

"Haven't you ever heard the boys and girls talk of how they were hurt when they had teeth filled?" she asked.

"Oh, I have heard some boys talk," Wallace admitted; "but they were boys who never cleaned their teeth—"

"And who did not see a dentist until they had a toothache," added Mrs. Duwell, overhearing Wallace's remark as she entered the room.

"What, crying?" she asked, noticing Ruth's swollen eye-lids. "Why, my dear little girl, the dentist is one of your best friends."

"I guess some of the girls and boys would like him better if he didn't hurt them so much, mother," said Ruth.

"That isn't the dentist's fault, children," said Mrs. Duwell. "If boys and girls had their teeth

examined once or twice a year, the dentist would catch the trouble in time and save them much pain."

"I don't suppose dentists ever want to hurt anyone," Ruth said.

"No, indeed. I think they are very kind to be willing to do so in order to save teeth. It is dreadful to have bad teeth. Nothing tastes just right; and worse than that, bad teeth mean bad health. Good teeth are a grist mill to grind our food. Without good teeth we cannot have good health."

"That is so," said Wallace. "Even horses aren't worth much after their teeth are gone."

"Why can't they wear false ones?" asked Ruth with such seriousness that Wallace burst out laughing.

"I wish they could, poor things," said her mother; "but come, dear, we must start."

II. At the Dentist's

"Ah, here is a little girl whose mouth looks as though she brushed her teeth regularly," said Doctor Harrison, as he raised the big comfortable arm chair in which Ruth was sitting.

"She certainly is good about that, doctor," said Mrs. Duwell.

"Even so," said the doctor, "I think I shall give her one of my little picture cards."

Ruth looked so pleased that he handed her two.

"One is for Wallace," Ruth said.

"That picture is to remind forgetful children," said the doctor. "Now let us look at the twenty-odd pearls in your mouth, little girl."

"Oh, Wallace, Doctor Harrison didn't hurt me a bit," cried Ruth, running into the living-room after they had reached home. "He said that he didn't often hurt people who came to him in time. Here is a card he gave me for you."

"Thank you," said Wallace, looking at the card. "Oh, it's to remind me to brush my teeth. I wonder if he thought I needed it."

"No, Doctor Harrison didn't say that, Wallace; but he did say that we wouldn't want to

eat anything with dirty hands, and that really dirty teeth are worse than dirty hands."

QUESTIONS

Do you have your teeth examined once or twice a year?

The dentist is one of your best friends. Why?

Do you think that the people in the United States would be as well as they are, if there were no dentists? Why not?

Suppose you had a toothache and there was no dentist to whom you could go. What would happen?

Aren't you glad that there are men who have studied, so that they can help you take care of your teeth?

Suppose we children had to live
  Without the help of others—
I mean, suppose we had to grow
  Without the help of mothers;

Suppose there were no groceryman,
  No milkman, doctor, baker,
No tailor who could make our coats,
  And there were no dressmaker;

Suppose no people ever did
  The things that they could do
To help each other in this world—
  I wouldn't want to live, would you?

THE DRUGGIST, THE NURSE, AND THE DOCTOR

I. The Sick Baby

"Ruth, I wish you would stop at Doctor Marcy's office on your way to school," said Mrs. Du-

well a few days later, "and ask him to come to see the baby. The little thing has a high fever."

"Oh, dear, I hope baby won't be sick!" exclaimed Ruth, kissing her mother good-by.

All the morning she remembered her mother's troubled look. At noon she did not stop to talk with the girls, but hurried home as fast as she could.

Wallace was there before her, though, having run all the way. He met her at the door.

"Ruth," he whispered, "I met Doctor Marcy as he came out, and he says that the baby has pneumonia,* and it is a bad case. Mother doesn't know I am home. Can't we get some lunch ready to take to her?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Ruth, tiptoeing into the kitchen. "You put the kettle on the fire and I'll make some tea and milk toast."

Mrs. Duwell looked very pale and weary when the children appeared with the lunch tray.

"I didn't know you were home, Ruth," she whispered, stepping into the hall. "How quietly you must have worked, children."

"Is there anything else we can do to help?" asked Wallace.

"Why, yes, there is, Wallace. You may take

* Pronounced nū-mō'nē-ă.

this pre-scrip-tion to the drug store to be filled. Ask the druggist to send the medicine over as soon as possible."

Just then the baby gave a pitiful little moan, which made the mother turn again to the crib. The children stole softly downstairs.

"I'll run right over to the drug store, Ruth," Wallace said, forgetting his own lunch.

II. The Druggist

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," he said breathlessly as he entered the store. "Baby is very ill, and mother wishes this prescription filled. She

told me to ask if you would please send the medicine over just as soon as possible."

"Baby sick? How sorry I am, Wallace," said Mr. Jones. "Of course we will send it soon. I will see to it at once."

"Oh, thank you." Wallace drew a sigh of relief. "How much will it be, please?"

The druggist examined the queer Latin words of the doctor's prescription. "This calls for one very expensive medicine, Wallace," he said; "so we shall have to charge seventy-five cents."

"That will be all right," said Wallace.

When he reached home Ruth had a nice lunch spread for him.

"I am not going to school this afternoon, Wallace," she told him. "I'm going to tidy up the house, and help mother."

"Look at the clock, Ruth!" exclaimed Wallace suddenly, "I must start right away—the medicine will be seventy-five cents."

"I will have the money ready," said Ruth. "Good-by."

The druggist's boy came with the medicine a few minutes after Wallace left, and the baby was given the first dose at once.

When their father came the children had supper ready, but no one ate much.

"I am glad you can be so helpful, children," he said.

III. The Trained Nurse

For five days the whole family did everything they knew to help save the baby's life. Mr. Duwell was worried not only about the baby but about the children's mother.

"I agree with the doctor that it would be much wiser to have a trained nurse," he said on Saturday afternoon.

"But mother cannot bear the thought of letting anyone else take care of the baby," said Ruth.

"I know that mother is a splendid nurse," Mr. Duwell continued; "but a trained nurse knows all the best new methods of nursing, and could give much relief to mother, who is tired out."

Just then the bell rang.

"It is the doctor," said Ruth. Mr. Duwell went to the door, followed by the little girl.

The doctor was not alone.. With him was a young lady. Ruth liked her at once; she seemed so quiet and strong, and looked so kind.

"How do you do, sir?" said Doctor Marcy to Mr. Duwell. "This is Miss Foster, a trained

DO YOU THINK THIS IS THE RIGHT KIND OF BED FOR A SICK BABY? WHY NOT?

nurse. I am taking matters in my own hands, you see. That good wife of yours is entirely worn out."

"I am pleased to meet Miss Foster and I am very much obliged to you for bringing her, doctor," Mr. Duwell replied.

"It seems to me to be the very best thing to do. I have tried to persuade Mrs. Duwell to see things that way," said the doctor.

"Oh, come upstairs, doctor," called Mrs. Duwell, hearing the doctor's voice; "I think baby is scarcely breathing."

"Come," said the doctor to the nurse, leading the way.

Mrs. Duwell was standing near the crib as they entered.

"This is the nurse I was talking about," the doctor said, introducing Miss Foster, and turning to look at the baby.

"I am very glad—" Mrs. Duwell started to speak, but she fainted away before she could finish the sentence.

The nurse did not seem frightened. She laid Mrs. Duwell flat on the floor. After sprinkling cold water on her face, she held some smelling salts to her nose.

In a minute or two Mrs. Duwell opened her

eyes. "I must have fainted," she said; "I am so glad you were here, nurse. Doctor, how is baby?"

"About as I expected," the doctor replied. "I believe the worst will be over to-night. Now, I want you to take this medicine which Miss Foster will give you, and lie down for a while. I expect to come back about ten o'clock to-night. Good-by; please obey Miss Foster's orders," he added.

"It is such a relief to my mind, doctor," said Mr. Duwell, meeting him at the foot of the stairs, "to know that the nurse is here."

"It is a relief," replied the doctor. "If the strain had kept on much longer, Mrs. Duwell would have had a long term of illness."

IV. The Doctor, a Hero

The doctor and nurse watched by the baby's bedside until the danger was passed. Both wore happy smiles when the doctor assured the tired Duwell family that the baby would live.

"Oh, doctor, money cannot pay you for your kindness," said Mrs. Duwell. "Through rain and snow storms, at midnight and at daybreak, you have come to help us. How tired you must often be."

"It is true, doctor," Mr. Duwell added; "you

risk your life as willingly as a soldier does, every time you go into danger."

"We doctors don't think anything about that," replied Doctor Marcy modestly. "We are so anxious to have people get well."

"Why, doctors are heroes like soldiers!" exclaimed Wallace, looking at the doctor with new respect. "I never thought of that before!"

"Nurses are, too," whispered Ruth; but Doctor Marcy overheard.

"That is right, Ruth," he said. "Nurses are, too."

QUESTIONS

The Druggist

How long does a druggist have to study in order to fill prescriptions? Would it be safe to let those who have not studied handle medicines? Why not?

How near is a drug store to your home? Can you imagine how it would be to live ten miles from a drug store?

The Nurse

Can you give some reasons why a trained nurse can care for a sick person better than an untrained one?

Do you know any trained nurses?

How long does a trained nurse study before graduation?

The Doctor

Did you ever need a doctor at your house?

How did you let him know? Did he come quickly?

What might have happened if he had not come?

Pretend you are a country doctor and tell about some of your long drives. Do you think doctors are heroes? Why?

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE

A Play

Parts to be taken by Pupils

Section I	*Section II*	*Section III*
Baker	Tailor	Bricklayer
Milkman	Dressmaker	Carpenter
Butcher	Shoemaker	Painter
Grocer	Milliner	Plumber
or others	or others	or others
who supply	who supply	who supply
food	clothing	shelter

Section IV	*Section V*
Coal man	Doctor
Miner	Druggist
Wood man	Nurse
Oil man	or others
or others	who help
who supply	keep us
fuel	well

Teacher to Sec. I. What do you do?

Baker. I am the baker; I bake bread.

Milkman. I am the milkman; I supply the milk.

Butcher. I am the butcher; I supply the meat.

Grocer. I am the grocer; I sell groceries.

Teacher. Do you make clothing or build houses?

Baker. No, we supply food for all; that is our part.

Teacher to Sec. II. What do you do?

Tailor. I am the tailor; I make the clothing.

Dressmaker. I am the dressmaker; I make dresses.

Shoemaker. I am the shoemaker; I make shoes.

Milliner. I am the milliner; I make the hats.

Teacher. Do you supply food or fuel?

Tailor. No, we make clothing for all; that is our part.

Teacher to Sec. III. What do you do?

Bricklayer. I am the bricklayer; I lay the bricks.

Carpenter. I am the carpenter; I build the houses.

Painter. I am the painter; I paint the houses.

Plumber. I am the plumber; I fit the pipes.

Teacher. Do you make clothes or attend the sick?

Bricklayer. No, we build houses for all; that is our part.

Teacher to Sec. IV. And what do you do?

Coal man. I am the coal man; I deliver the coal.

Miner. I am the miner; I dig the coal.

Wood man. I am the wood man; I cut the wood.

Oil man. I am the oil man; I supply oil.

Teacher. Do you supply food or clothing?

Coal man. No, we furnish fuel; that is our part.

Teacher to Sec. V. And what do you do?

Doctor. I am the doctor; I heal the sick.

Druggist. I am the druggist; I sell medicines.

Nurse. I am the nurse; I help the doctor.

Teacher. Do you build houses or furnish fuel?

Doctor. No, we keep people well, or aid them when they are ill; that is our part.

All recite:

One works for all and all for one,
And so the work of the world gets done.


ONE FOR ALL


ALL FOR ONE.

PART III

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Junior Membership and School Activities

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

In September, 1917, President Wilson sent out a letter from the White House in Washington to the school children of the United States.

He told them that the President of the United States is the President of the American Red Cross, and he said that the Red Cross people wanted the children to help them in their work.

Their work, you know, is to help all those who are suffering or in need.

Such work is so beautiful that it is really doing golden deeds.

Now read for yourself this letter from the President of the United States which belongs to every school child in America.

A PROCLAMATION

To the School Children of the United States:

The President of the United States is also President of the American Red Cross. It is from these offices joined in one that I write you a word of greeting at this time when so many of you are beginning the school year.

The American Red Cross has just prepared a Junior Membership with School Activities in which every pupil in the United States can find a chance to serve our country. The School is the natural center of your life. Through it you can best work in the great cause of freedom to which we have all pledged ourselves.

Our Junior Red Cross will bring to you opportunities of service to your community and to other communities all over the world and guide your service with high and religious ideals. It will teach you how to save in order that suffering children elsewhere may have a chance to live. It will teach you how to prepare some of the supplies which wounded soldiers and homeless families lack. It will send to you through the Red Cross Bulletins the thrilling stories of relief and rescue. And best of all, more perfectly than through any of your other school lessons, you will learn by doing those kind things under your teacher's direction to be future good citizens of this great country which we all love.

And I commend to all school teachers in the country the simple plan which the American Red Cross has worked out to provide for your coöperation, knowing as I do that school children will give their best service under the direct guidance and instruction of their teachers. Is not this perhaps the chance for which you have been looking to give your time and efforts in some measure to meet our national needs?

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON,
President.

September 15, 1917.

How do you suppose the school children of the United States felt when they read this letter from the President?

It is a wonderful letter. It does not read like a letter from a great man to little children.

It is different from most of the letters which grown people write to children, for the President writes to the children asking for their help, just as if they were grown up.

Indeed, when the grown people read the letter they wished that they could be school children again, because there was no Junior Red Cross when they were young, and they had to wait to grow up before they could help the Red Cross do golden deeds.

You see, when they were young, everybody thought, "When the children are grown up they will help us." Then they waited for them to grow.

Are you not glad that you are able, while a child, to do helpful work for your country?

Now let us think about some of the golden deeds which the Red Cross does.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN TIMES OF PEACE

Of course, in times of war the Red Cross is very busy helping the soldiers, but do you think that it is idle in times of peace?

No, indeed. The Red Cross is always listening for a call of distress, and is ready to aid any people who are suffering.

One day in 1912 the Red Cross heard the people who lived along the banks of the Missis-

sippi River calling for help, for the river had been so swollen by rains that it had risen high and overflowed its banks in a dangerous flood.

Picture from a photograph

Do you know what happens during a flood?

Name all the different things you see on the little island in this picture.

Why do you suppose the people are all staying there instead of rowing off in the boats?

Because they are expecting the relief launch of the Red

Cross to come and take them to a safe place. The water is flowing too swiftly for the little boats to cross in safety. They would probably be carried against a tree and upset.

Many houses have been carried down the river during this flood, so you can understand how glad the people will be to see help coming. In this next picture you will see how the Red Cross answered the people's cry for help.

Picture from a photograph

This picture shows a Carnegie Library which was used by the Red Cross as a relief station during the Mississippi flood.

The Red Cross spent thousands of dollars during this flood, saving many lives and helping hundreds of flood victims.

Can you name some of the things the people needed?

What do you suppose they think of the Red Cross?

Imagine that a great wind storm or cyclone should come very suddenly whirling through your city, tearing down houses, uprooting trees, and leaving thousands of people homeless—who would be the first to help the people who were hurt?

This is just an example of the way the Red Cross is standing ready to help in time of need.

If you read the *Red Cross Magazine* you will learn about hundreds of golden deeds which the Red Cross is doing, for the work of the Red Cross in times of peace and at all times is to help people in distress and need.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN TIMES OF WAR

The work of the Red Cross during war is

First. To care for and nurse the wounded among our own soldiers and sailors, and even the wounded of the enemy who fall into the hands of the Red Cross.

Of course, in order to do this, millions of people who are not doing the nursing can make the articles needed for that purpose. What can the Junior Red Cross do to help?

Second. To care for the families of the soldiers and sailors who have given their services to their country.

How can the Junior Red Cross help?

BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE RED CROSS

Do you suppose that people always felt that they should help everybody in such ways?

No; the Red Cross is not yet sixty years old.

War is thousands of years old.

In olden days when soldiers fought, there were no kind Red Cross nurses to care for the wounded. There were no faithful Red Cross dogs to search for wounded soldiers after the battle was over.

Often the suffering men died of neglect when proper nursing would have saved their lives. But no one ever thought of sending a band of women nurses to wars to help the soldiers, before the days of Florence Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale

Florence was a little English girl who always said that when she grew up she would be a nurse.

She felt sorry to see any living creature suffer and always tried to help it. Sometimes it was a bird with a broken wing or an injured rabbit that she tended.

All the neighbors brought their sick pets to her. The little nurse finally had so many patients that her father gave her a corner of the greenhouse for a hospital. The animals learned to love her and she had many friends among them as you may imagine.

When she was a young woman nursing in a London hospital, England's soldiers were sent to war with Russia's soldiers. They had to travel in ships all the way to the Crimea in Russia. You see, they were a great distance from home.

News of their terrible sufferings reached Florence Nightingale in the hospital. Taking a

band of nurses with her she went to nurse the wounded soldiers in that far off land.

When the nurses arrived there, they found thousands of sick and wounded men lying on the hospital floors with no one to help them. At once the brave nurses began to take care of the soldiers as kindly as your mother takes care of you when you are ill.

Do you wonder that many who would have died, lived and were grateful all their lives to the nurses?

Of course there were no gas or electric lights in the rough hospitals of those days, so that Miss Nightingale always carried a lighted lamp when she made her good-night rounds. The weary soldiers looked for the gleam of the lamp in the darkness and were made happy by her words of encouragement. That is how she came to be called "The Lady of the Lamp."

The story of Florence Nightingale and her brave band spread far and near. It touched the hearts of people everywhere, and made them think about what could be done to relieve suffering even before the days of the Red Cross.

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TELL A STORY ABOUT THIS PICTURE

Among those who heard the story of what Florence Nightingale and her brave nurses did for the soldiers, was Henri Du-nant. a kind-hearted Swiss gentleman.

He remembered it several years afterward when he was present at a terrible battle between the soldiers of Austria and those of France and Sardinia. He saw thousands of wounded soldiers dying almost without help.

In a book which he wrote about their sufferings, he asked the question, "Why could not the people of all countries make plans to care for the sick and wounded during wars?"

And from his question came the great Red Cross work in which we all have a part.

The Red Cross is more wonderful than any war, for it comes from the kindness in people's thoughts.

We hope that long years from now there will be no war.

But we cannot expect to have wars cease until the *people*, and not the *kings*, of the great countries of the world make their own laws.

Henri Dunant and Florence Nightingale were like the children of today when they were little.

They liked to play the same kinds of games that you do.

When Florence played nurse with her dolls she did not dream of the great good she would do for the whole world.

It may be that some of the boys and girls who are now reading this story will be like Henri Dunant and Florence Nightingale, and will grow up to do great and noble work for others.

QUESTIONS

I

What do you think of people who help other people in trouble?

What do you think of people who do not help people who are in need of help?

Do you realize that the work of the Red Cross is entirely the helping of people who need help?

Did a good neighbor ever come to your house and help your people in time of illness or trouble?

You would be glad to help other people in just some such way, wouldn't you?

Are you not glad that the Junior Red Cross gives you a chance to pass such kindness along?

II

Mention some of the good deeds which you know the Junior Red Cross has done.

Have you ever sold Red Cross Christmas seals? What does the Red Cross do with the money made from the sale of Christmas seals?

How old is the Junior Red Cross?

It is a pretty young baby to have accomplished so much, isn't it? But do you know how fast it has grown?

When you see a person wearing a Red Cross button, you know many things about that person.

Here are a few of the things that are shown:

1. Kindness. 2. Helpfulness. 3. Love of one's country.

Can you name others?

Copr. Underwood & Underwood

THIS LITTLE DOG'S MISTRESS SAYS THAT HE IS TOO YOUNG TO ENLIST NOW, BUT WHEN HE GROWS UP HE WANTS TO BE A RED CROSS ARMY DOG.

HOW I CAN HELP THE RED CROSS IN TIME OF WAR AND IN TIME OF PEACE

1. By belonging to the Red Cross and trying to get others to belong.

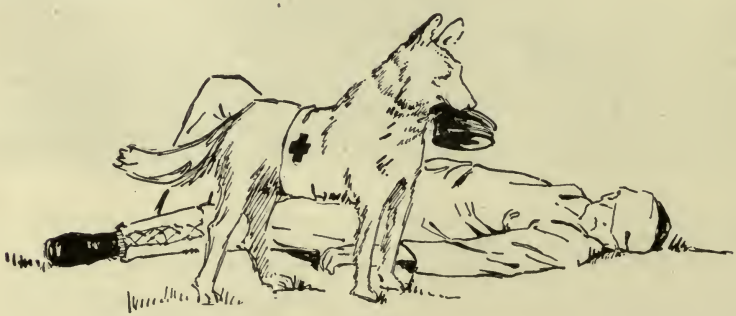
2. By learning to save in order that suffering children elsewhere may have their share of food and clothing.

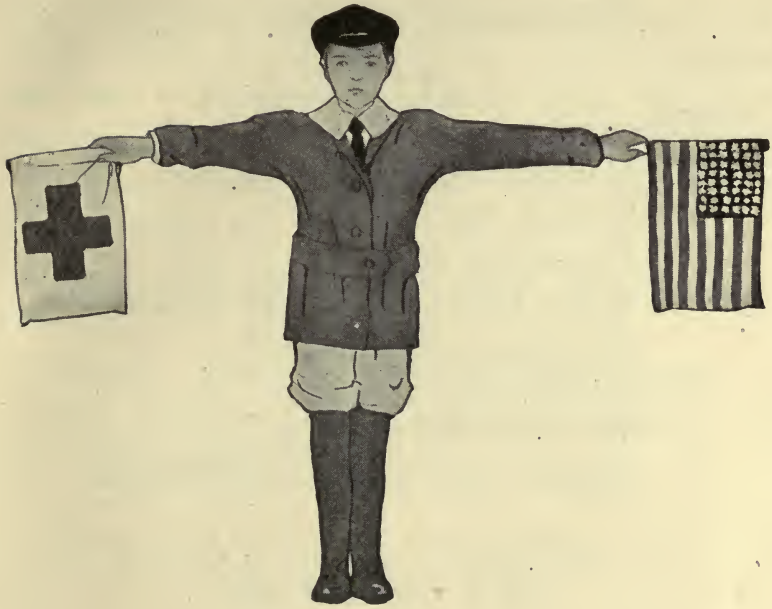
3. By helping to prepare some of the supplies that wounded soldiers and homeless families are in need of.

4. By reading stories of relief and rescue so that I can tell others about the Red Cross.

5. By learning to be a good citizen of my country even before I grow up.

The Junior Members of the Red Cross try to share their good things with those who do not have them.





The members of the American Red Cross have two flags.

This boy has two flags. Why?

Do you have two flags?

Do you wear a Red Cross button?

Has your school an American Red Cross School Auxiliary banner?

Do you know that the American Red Cross serves the government of the United States, and that the members of the Red Cross are the best citizens of our country?

The Red Cross means being good neighbors—working together.

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

A PLAY

Characters:

Florence Nightingale, the nurse
Frances, her sister
Flossie, her doll
Harry Miller, Doctor Make-believe
Old Roger, the shepherd
Captain, the hurt dog
Mr. Vicar, the minister
Soldiers, doctors, and other nurses

Act I. The Sick Doll

Scene. In an English Garden.

Frances. Come on! Let's play tag, Florence.

Florence. I can't, Frances. Flossie is too sick. Won't you play you are the doctor, and come see her?

Frances. Oh, no; you always want to play the same thing! Your dolls are always sick! I believe you love the broken ones better than the others.

Florence. Yes, I do. I'm going to be a nurse when I grow up. Well, if you don't want to

play that you are the doctor, I am going to ask Harry Miller to play that he is. (*Goes to the hedge and calls.*) Oh, Harry, come on over, and play you are the doctor for my sick dolls.

Frances. Come on, Harry, I am going to be the druggist.

Harry. All right, girls; I'll be over in a minute.

Florence. Don't forget your medicine case.

Harry (*entering*). Good morning, madam. Is your little child ill?

Act the rest of the story yourselves.

Act II. Good Old Cap

Scene. In an English Village Street.

(*Florence is riding on her little pony. With her on horseback is Mr. Vicar, the minister of the village church.*)

Mr. Vicar. What a lovely day, Florence.

Florence. It is a beautiful day, Mr. Vicar. I am so glad we are going to call to see old Mrs. Williams. I hope she is better than when mother last saw her.

Mr. Vicar. I have not heard from her for some days.

Florence (*looking off in the distance*). Oh, there is old Roger trying to gather his sheep together. Why, I wonder where his dog is. (*They ride up.*)

Mr. Vicar. Good morning, Roger. You seem to be having trouble.

Roger. That I am, sir. Good morning, miss.

Florence. Why, where is your good dog, Cap?

Roger. Some boys threw stones at him and broke his leg. I am afraid he will never be able to run again.

Florence. Oh, how dreadful!

Roger. Yes, I miss him so much. He was such a help.

Florence (*to Mr. Vicar, in a whisper*). I wonder if we could see the dog. We might be able to do something for him.

Mr. Vicar. Where is your dog, Roger?

Roger. At home, beside the fire.

(*Mr. Vicar and Florence ride to the cottage. They find that Cap's leg is not broken, but is sprained. Florence asks for hot water, and bathes and bandages the leg. In a few days the dog recovers and helps Roger with the sheep.*)

Act out the rest of the story yourselves.

Scene. In a hospital. Soldiers are lying on cots and chairs. Florence Nightingale comes in with a lamp in her hand.

First Soldier. Hush, here comes the Angel of Mercy to look after us poor fellows. How tired she must be after working all day.

Second Soldier. Yes, the Lady of the Lamp.

Third Soldier. She has done more for our country than all the soldiers during this terrible war.

All the Soldiers. That she has. May Heaven bless her brave heart!

America! America!
Thy loyal children we!
Dear Mother Land, our lives we pledge
In service unto thee.

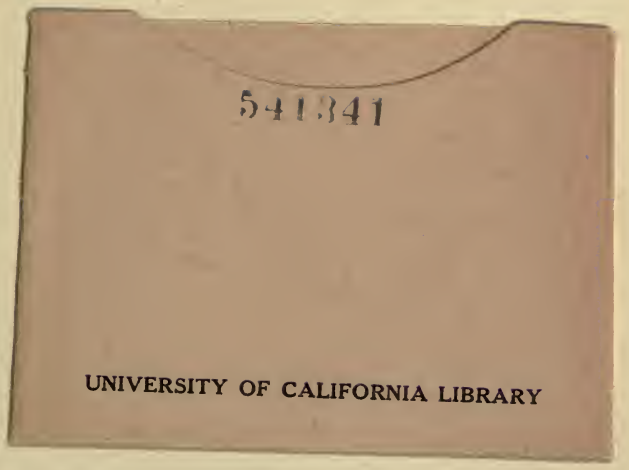
YOU and I
And ALL of US TOGETHER
Will make this WORLD of OURS
Sorry and Sad—

IF
YOU and I
And ALL of US TOGETHER
Do not
DO RIGHT.

BUT
YOU and I
And ALL of US TOGETHER
Will make THIS WORLD of OURS
HAPPY and GLAD—

BECAUSE
YOU and I
And ALL of US TO-
GETHER
WILL
DO RIGHT!

We Will Be
GOOD CITIZENS, FOR WE LOVE OUR
COUNTRY AND OUR FLAG.

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