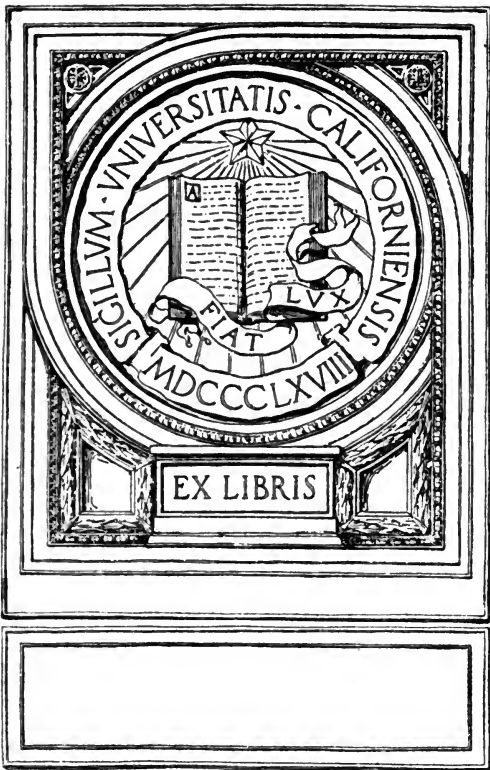
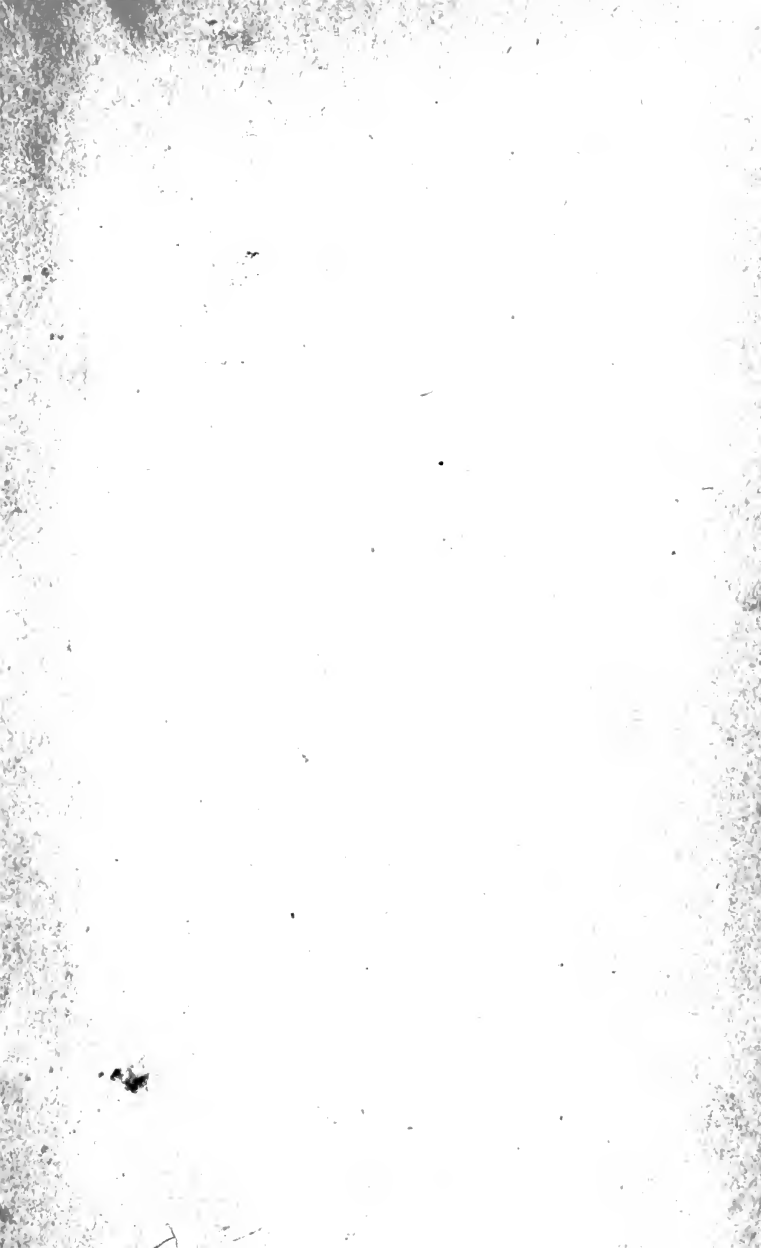


STORY-TELLING IN
SCHOOL AND HOME

H. N. AND G. E. PARTRIDGE



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STORY-TELLING
IN SCHOOL AND HOME

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A STUDY IN EDUCATIONAL ÆSTHETICS

BY

EMELYN NEWCOMB PARTRIDGE

STORY-TELLER FOR THE WORCESTER (1910) PLAYGROUNDS, FOR BANCROFT
SCHOOL, AND FOR GARDEN CITIES, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

AND

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"THE GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION"

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TO THE
AUTHORS

TO OUR CHILDREN

ELAINE

MIRIAM

PHILIP

**THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED**

255440

PREFACE

The purpose in writing this book is to be helpful to all amateur story-tellers, who, we believe, include an increasing number of parents, teachers, Sunday School workers, instructors in playgrounds, librarians, social workers, and others who, in one way or another, *teach*.

We offer two different, but related and mutually complementing points of view. One of us has undertaken to set down the results of a somewhat varied experience of story-telling: in the home, on the playground, in the settlement house, in the public and the private school, in the church, and in the entertainment hall—an experience which has convinced her of the many uses and the great value of story-telling, both as an art, capable of being carried to a high point of skill, and as a practical educational method.

The other has attempted to supply what may be called the elements of a science of

PREFACE

story-telling, believing that while all arts must be acquired largely by practice, all are better for some knowledge of what they do; and that the best conditions for learning are reached when one goes from the practice of an art to a study of its principles, and brings back again to his practical work, to enrich it, the knowledge he has thus gained. One may tell stories acceptably, not having heard of the existence of such sciences as psychology and æsthetics; yet one will be more competent and independent, in this as in any other art, if he know the few essentials of the theory of his work: what, in a word, he tries to do, and how it is accomplished.

Since story-telling is in many ways the simplest and easiest of all the educational arts, and is almost universal in its opportunity to instruct and entertain, we feel that all who in any way teach the young should know something about it.

Of many sources of help in preparing the book, three perhaps require a word of special record. In general, the genetic psychology best represented by G. Stanley Hall is accepted as the broadest and truest interpretation of life educationally we yet have—and

PREFACE

it is especially gratifying to recall that one of the earliest and most earnest pleas for the story in education came from him. Another influence has been the new Freudian and related psycho-analytic psychology, which we feel is at the beginning of a great service to education. Something has been derived, also, from those genetic methods of studying experience which, on the side of the value-experience are best represented in America by Urban. Our whole point of view is therefore genetic; and so far as it may be of interest to the scientific educator, our result may be called a suggestion of co-ordinations of current philosophical and psychological trends, applied to the problem of the place and function of the æsthetic experiences in education: a problem which, we believe, must soon be in the foreground of educational theory.

Worcester,
May, 1912.

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PART I
THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

STORY-TELLING IN SCHOOL AND HOME

CHAPTER I

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

ANYONE who has followed the progress of education in recent years must perceive that it is not so much in either the moral or the purely intellectual aspects of it that the most rapid changes have taken place, but rather in what we may call the æsthetic aspect. The old education was far from wanting in strong moral ideals and in discipline; and for feats of pure learning, and for sheer intellectual training, it would have some right to claim superiority to ours.

In one way, however, there has been a great advance—or at least a great change. There is now far more of the æsthetic and other pleasures in education. Except for a little singing, marching, and other concerted action there was little in the old school that

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appealed to the æsthetic senses. But now we make much of *pleasure*, and especially of æsthetic feeling. There is more free play; much more art, music, and dancing; various industrial elements that are essentially artistic; and other activities that appeal to the sense of the beautiful. We believe in the school beautiful; decoration and form are far more recognised as values than they were in the schools of our fathers.

No one, perhaps, would yet feel competent to say what these changes mean; what the future of art in the school will be; and certainly there is as yet no adequate knowledge of the principles of æsthetic education, nor of the place of the æsthetic experiences in the school. Yet most teachers must feel that there is power concealed in the child's responsiveness to all that is pleasing and beautiful, which we do not control nor develop as we might. There are times, it may be, in the experience of all teachers, when they perceive that more true educating can be done in a moment when all the child is touched by the right influence, than by hours of drill and recitation.

The power of intense feeling and interest is perhaps never felt more clearly than when

one observes the effect of a good story upon a group of children. All who have told stories, even in the most casual way, must have experienced mysteriously satisfying moments when, by some happy chance, they have quite unexpectedly seemed to touch the very heart of childhood—when the children have listened breathlessly to the end of the story, and the story-teller has emerged from his ecstasy with the feeling that he has given something that will be a permanent possession.

Such experiences at once suggest hypnotic phenomena, religious ecstasy and the *hedonic narcosis*, or complete æsthetic absorption; and they may well raise questions in the minds of teachers and students of education. Plainly such situations are worth studying in order to understand, not only how story-telling may be put to greater use, but how its methods may be extended to leaven the whole work of education. Certainly by few methods do we succeed in attaining so much power over the child as by the good story; therefore it seems as though we should try earnestly to discover what the quality of the told story is that makes it so effective, so that we may use it whenever possible in the work of teaching.

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Story-telling is not a new art, either of teaching or entertaining. In fact it is one of the oldest of the arts, and it is only in our own day that it has been lost or neglected. In our time of rapid differentiation of activities, we have tended to lose sight of many general and perennially useful forms; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that some of our higher and more technical arts, and more advanced methods of teaching are now superficial and narrow.

For many centuries story-telling was one of the chief methods of imparting knowledge to the young; and at the same time it was one of the most general forms of entertainment. It has served many purposes: to teach religious truth, to impart morality, to give instruction in law and custom. Story-telling has served in the place of books; and in order to do this, it has been necessary, as we shall see, that it be artistic. Otherwise it could not have made the indelible impression upon the memory which it must, if it is to be a reliable vehicle of tradition and truth. The best of the culture of our race has been written thus, not upon parchment, but upon that most sensitive of recording tablets, the brain of the child. The living memory has pre-

served it even better than the printed page could, for it has transmitted, not only the words, but the spirit, the mood and the sentiment: subtle shades of meaning and expression that cannot be put into written words.

One cannot long study the history of story-telling without perceiving that the story is serious in its intention. It is the heart of a people, not their fancy and invention, that the story reveals. It is that which is believed which is perpetuated by the story. Even when story-telling has departed as far as could be from a religious purpose, the seriousness of the story is often curiously revealed. The bard of Tangiers, whose stories are often anything but religious, begins his weird tale with a *prayer*. The old story-telling customs of the Highlands were not so very long ago discouraged by the clergy because the story carried *belief* to many an imaginative mind. It is an essentially religious attitude that we find the world over, in the story; and in all lands and times one will discover a reverence for the old story—the charm of awe and mystery always clings to the time-honoured tale. The race, like the child, has been conservative of word and letter of the well-loved story, be-

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cause the story arouses feelings which, though often vague, are deep and fundamental—because it is felt to tell the *truth*.

The history of story-telling is itself a fascinating romance, full of vivid and dramatic scenes; and everywhere *belief* gives a touch of sincerity and seriousness. It tells of groups of young American Indians, who sit by the night fire, nestling close to earth, listening to old tales of giants who live in the north, and of the great wind-bird who makes the storms. One will hear of story-tellers in villages of the African forest, who tell tales of the wonderful doings of animals: of the antelope, the leopard, the turtle and even Br'er Rabbit. One will come upon groups of Eskimo children listening to stories of the ancient time, some of them like many of our own stories that have come to us from the Icelandic Norse. In the East there will be charming scenes in which yellow-robed priests, with palm-leaf books in their laps, are telling or reading the birth stories of Buddha. In China and Japan will be found the professional story-teller, entertaining or teaching in the public hall, or in the market-place; scenes in so many ways like those in ancient Greece, that one will

wonder whether there was once contact between the two civilisations. In Northern Africa the professional story-teller will be seen entertaining crowds of wild-eyed Arabs in the public market-place. If one lingers among historic places in Europe he will still imagine the presence of the strolling singers and bards, who did more than any other class to keep culture alive through the Dark Ages, and who laid the foundations of our literature. Among northern castles one will seem to hear still the echoes of the voices of the ancient skalds, telling of the great deeds of old kings, and of the mighty gods, Odin and Thor. In rural Germany, in Normandy, in the Highlands, and the country districts of Ireland; and wherever there is still a trace of unwritten literature, and the folk-tale survives, one will find remains of story-telling customs which have outlived the centuries. There will be the warm fireside, the music, the home-brewed beer or cider, the eager peasants listening to the strange stories of the travelling story-teller, who perhaps combines with his art the more practical trade of shoemaker or tailor. Wherever, in a word, there has been religion to teach, tradition and custom to perpetuate, history to record;

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wherever there is folk-thought and local legend, country gossip and news, there will be found the story-teller—more or less serious and skilled, more or less a creative artist; but usually with a sense of a serious mission to carry abroad what he has learned as the *truth*.

CHAPTER II

THE WORLD'S STORIES

EVEN the amateur story-teller needs to know something of what we may call the science of stories. The world is full of stories. No one can know them all, nor even all the best; but everyone who tells stories must be able to judge quality and fitness for the purpose he intends. It will help him, if he will try to look at the world's stories as a whole; if he will perceive how we happen to have stories; what laws have governed their production; what the various kinds of stories have meant to man. *If one can understand why stories have been created by the race, he will create his own scenes with a better understanding of their meaning and use.*

There is a bewildering complexity of stories, old and new. Primitive stories, fairy-tales, myths, epic stories, historical romance, history, legend, proverb, fable, realistic story, animal tales, tales of love and adventure—all these challenge the scientist

to *explain* their origin, meaning, and purpose in the world. Like music, stories seem often to have come out of the air. They are written by no one, yet they appear everywhere, and many of them seem to be immortal. Are they the product of man's fancy, the work of idle imagination, playing with, and distorting in dreams, the daily experience? Or have they been consciously produced, for a purpose?

We are likely to find that neither of these offered explanations is wholly right. Stories are neither the result of a free play of the fancy, nor have they been created for a purpose. They have grown. They are not merely the overflow of exuberant mind, nor were they invented to amuse, or to produce an artistic effect, or to teach truth. The world is full of stories, because stories are an expression and result of deep human desire, working upon the fancy according to principles which are the same the world over. To understand them one must search for these principles running through them all: principles that will explain how the primitive forest tale arose, and how out of it perhaps grew myth, and out of the myth the epic and the fairy-tale. One must try to see the

world's stories as a whole, as a lawful product of the mind of man.

If one would understand the origin of stories, he must put himself, in imagination, into the conditions, both inner and outer, in which primitive man lived. He will see that life must have been saturated in a mood which, broadly speaking, was religious. The religious mood, however, is not merely a passive feeling, but is alive with eagerness to know, with a sense of a vast unknown beyond the small clearing in the universe of facts, which the mind has been able to make. It is an attitude of desire. Fear and awe express human longings—longings which sometimes cannot be spoken, nor even whispered to oneself.

It is in this situation that the story arises. It is fancy, to be sure, but it is at the same time more than fancy. *It is an effort to obtain vicarious satisfaction from an unyielding world.* In the story, giants who are not wholly unconquerable, and who, it may be, are subject to the powers of still greater giants, take the place of the inexorable laws of dead nature. The good fairy grants the wish that nature denies. The stories tell about the things of nature, as though man

were merely a curious spectator, and were taking pleasure in fancying what he did not really believe; but beneath it all he is telling the story of his own desires, hopes, fears, and disappointments. His stories grow out of his desires, and satisfy them. In his story it is he himself who is contending with and defeating the giant; who meets the god face to face; who wins the supernatural bride. He is often a self-deceiver, and he does not always understand himself. His mind, lacking knowledge, and easily suggestible, led away by slight similarities in words and things, distorts and substitutes, and alters to suit the desires he seeks to express. Whatever is suppressed by his fears, by the various taboos upon his thought and act, appears in his story disguised and transformed. His story gets for him what he cannot himself realise or perhaps even ask for. It keeps him hopeful amid dangers and the certainty of death and disaster. It perpetuates and deepens the religious mood out of which it grows. It arouses feelings that lead to confident activity in the midst of chance. So the story is eminently practical to the savage. It is not his curiosity and his fancy that make his story, but his most real need—the need

to live under conditions that are otherwise intolerable in their deprivations and threats. It is all serious belief at this stage.

There has been much discussion about the origin and nature of myths, those religious stories which present nature as personified, and which, in their higher forms, become cycles of stories, in which the nature story is often concealed, and the meaning is often hidden in strange distortions. The Max Mueller theory of the origin of myth: that all myth arose in the sun myths which had their beginning in India, and from there spread over the world—seems now inadequate, and in some particulars wholly wrong. This theory makes language the chief creator of myth. It asserts that myth originated in calling an object many names because it has many qualities; by gradually confusing the original meaning by the substitution of one word for another; by forgetting the original meaning of words; and by using the same words for qualities and actions that resemble one another.

The limitation of this view is that it overlooks the fact that, although man has made his myth from nature story, for the most part, he has also made it out of his own de-

sires. It is his own story that he is telling. Nature is the palette from which he has drawn his colours, but the story he has tried to tell is the story of his own inner striving. Moreover the fundamental desires of man are much the same everywhere, and the laws of mental action are universal. Given the same stage of development, and the same physical environment, the same mental product will emerge. Were these stories merely fancies, we should probably not find the same themes everywhere. Thought is far more varied than purpose. These stories are man's way of hoping and saying that what he most takes to heart, and most strives for, will in the end prevail. Like the primitive story, the myth is mainly an expression, more or less transformed, of some deep thought or wish. It is a means of satisfying desires which, in the daily life, are not given a fair field. If man's wishes and fears were allowed to range freely in his daily thought, they would interrupt all his practical activities. The myth protects from an excess of desires. It calms fear, gives faith, supplements daily life. The practical life, with its endless taboos, represses man, and shuts him up within a narrow space.

The myth is often his dream of freedom. As his stories take on artistic form, they penetrate deeper into the feelings, and carry more meaning, and stand for or symbolise more experience. In the glow of the æsthetic feeling which they arouse, his fears are purged away; and so he keeps a balance in his emotional life. That which he cannot now have he casts aside, into the unconscious, whence it emerges oftentimes as story, transformed, perhaps, and even unrecognised, but carrying with it the old heart's desire. Often it is cast ahead as an ideal, transmitted unfulfilled to the next generation—expressing both the hope and the tragedy of life. The myth is religion, not coming to man as a revelation, but made by him out of his own longings.

In all this early story making there is apparently nothing of the intention to create a *pleasing* story. The art is unconscious. The mood is serious, full of meaning. It aims to persuade, and to carry conviction. *Art arises not in the play of the fancy, but in the serious effort to find satisfaction, and to impress others.* Everything that can contribute to a feeling of satisfaction: rhythm, vivid imagery, balance of structure—every-

thing that can add a feeling of pleasure—is naturally embodied in the story. Artistic effect grows out of a desire, on the part of the story-teller, to deepen the sense of belief, and the feeling of acceptance and of satisfied desire which the story aims to convey.

In this movement of desire emerging as belief, and in its expression becoming artistic, through the necessity of convincing and giving satisfaction, we have the clue to the existence of stories, and to the deep interest the human mind takes in them.

The story expresses belief. But belief changes among primitive people as well as among the civilised. New religions are introduced from without, and there are changes through inner development. Some of the stories change with the belief which lies behind them. Many are outgrown, and passing from the believed to the purely artistic stage, they become *stories* in our modern sense. This process goes on all the time, and stories are produced at all stages of culture. These stories may persist for a long time in the state of half-belief, and undergo various changes as a result of having been released from the serious religious function which they once performed. In

them the god, in various disguises, survives in a minor supernatural world; and they still contain, buried beneath their artistic form, the belief they carried in the beginning. *They still affect deep feelings, because they are the products of these feelings.*

Thus we have an explanation of all such folk-possession as the fairy-tale. Most fairy-tales are degenerate religious stories, and to a certain extent the theories of the Mueller school have been right in trying to trace the meaning of many of our common fairy-tales as nature myth: in explaining stories of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, and many others as Aryan myth, and pointing out that these stories are found in many parts of the world. They are less plausible when they try to interpret all elves, brownies, fairies, pixies, and all their kin as light rays or darkness, all giants as clouds, and all fairy-tale heroes as solar heroes. And certainly they go too far in attributing a common origin in eastern myth to all these tales. The human mind produces these stories at every point in its progress; and many of our own fairy-tales contain elements that go far back to the religious thoughts and customs of times when man be-

lieved that he originated from animals, and when his religious rites consisted of crude magic.

There are other principles of growth and decay of stories. There is continual transformation, absorption, amalgamation, condensation; and many of our stories contain many strata, and may mean many things, because they are the result of centuries of growth. But in general the simple principles that have been stated explain, we believe, the origin of stories. *The story is full of human desire and belief; and that is the reason it has such a hold upon the child, and upon us all.*

There is another effect of the passing away of religious beliefs. Although a great part of the story which these beliefs leave behind passes downward, as we have seen, into the folk-world, all does not have this fate. As civilisation increases, and national ideals arise, stories begin to cluster about the persons of great heroes (usually, if not always, imaginary), who represent these ideals. Thus the epic movement begins. This is a humanising of religious story. It retains belief. Gods still move on the stage, but the centre of interest is the human story. The epic gathers up, and transforms for its own

use, great numbers of perhaps unrelated stories, and finally gives them poetic unity and æsthetic form. The epic story, far more than was once thought, is the product of man's inner life, and far less the story of outer event. It is a part of that movement which has created myth, primitive story, and fairy-tale.

All the great epic stories have been interpreted by the Mueller school as sun myth. Ulysses, Siegfried, Arthur, Perseus and all the rest have been explained as solar heroes. It is true that the epic story has absorbed much nature myth. But it has done more; it has also drawn upon other sources. It is the higher story of man's aspirations, his fear of defeat in death, his hope for a future life and the triumph of good deeds. The old nature story lies ready at hand and is used in the new motive; but nature is neither the theme nor the inspiration. It is the story of man becoming self-conscious, and now bringing all the forms of his story to clear expression in an artistic whole. Both form and the story stand for a vast experience, stretching away into an unfathomable past.

The epic is the culmination of the story-telling impulse. As civilisation advances

still further, belief becomes precisely defined in creed and ritual, and the religious life is sharply separated from the secular. The sphere of half-belief is diminished, and is relegated to the child world. We still, however, are impelled by the old motives, and now with the added interest in form, we consciously produce *literature*. We now write stories with definite intent: moral, religious, æsthetic, or practical. Channels of communication and means of preservation are developed, and we behold a vast output of stories of all kinds, dealing with a great variety of themes.

The story, therefore, belongs to the region of art, religion, and philosophy. It has always been connected with man's artistic interests—with his song, instrumental music, poetry and the dance—because it aims to convey feeling or truth rather than fact. The story creates, rather than describes. It works from within outward, and seeks to express a mood. It is a product of the instincts and feelings.

It was because he perceived this truth (though in a different way) that Plato thought the way to teach the child *truth* was

to teach him *fiction*, thinking that nothing is true that does not arouse deep inner activity. That is why the transcendental philosophy has seen in the story the revelation of universal ideals, saying that the music, the poetry and the myth of the world belong to the *Dream-World*, in which one sees truth timelessly, in a vision, and not divided into temporal moments. All such views are ways of expressing the thought that the story is the outgrowth of man's deepest needs and beliefs.

CHAPTER III

THE STORY-TELLING SITUATION

IN order to understand the story-telling situation, a brief descent into psychology seems necessary. We wish to know precisely what the relation between the story-teller and the story-hearer is—what the story-teller does, in his own consciousness, and what his effect upon the hearer actually is.

That tendency in the theory of art, which regards æsthetic pleasure as something quite distinct and different from other mental states, and which seems to measure art in terms of that æsthetic pleasure, as though the pleasure were the end and aim of the art, seems entirely wrong. The effect of a story, or of anything else artistic, is very much more complex than to arouse a state of disinterested pleasure. Could we look into the brain and body of a child when he is enjoying a story, it is very likely that we should see a varied activity of almost the whole organism. We should see the body, like a tender plant,

responding in every fibre—alive with movements of acceptance, with expressions of desire and satisfaction. If one could watch the mechanism of the brain, there would no doubt be discerned a widely radiated activity, much of it perhaps not definitely reported in the consciousness of the child, but serving as a background of the mental states, and representing desires, emotion, thoughts, and instincts, far more complex than the mental state itself.

Now it seems that every æsthetic feeling or mood is thus complex. *Every artistic stimulus serves the purpose of both arousing and satisfying desires*, and it is upon the deepest, oldest, and most instinctive desires that the effect is, we may suppose, most profound. Every æsthetic situation, we may assert, however slight the actual mental content may be, is such a drama of desire. In it there is always some fundamental meaning or motive; and besides this major desire that is played upon, there may be many minor dramas. The various elements of the form of the artistic object are often themselves but symbols, or representations in miniature, of the main drama. These serve the purpose of exciting and satisfying, in

various ways, the deeper desires. Sometimes these, like the minor acts in the drama of love, are the means of satisfying desires while, at the same time, they arouse greater desires. But whatever the details may be, we may be sure that in every æsthetic situation a complex scene is being enacted, much of it beneath consciousness, or but in part consciously experienced. When a child listens, absorbed in a story, we may be certain that deep longings are being played upon, that this is possible because the various elements of the story, like the symbols of any art, arouse feelings, and that these artistic elements are effective *because they have grown out of, or are otherwise connected with, the very feelings which they now stir and satisfy, and represent them.*

Now it is out of this mass of hidden activity that the state of *æsthetic pleasure*, the glow of feeling we have in appreciating anything beautiful, comes. But it is never merely a state of pleasure. It is always a *valuation*, an approval, a choosing, or acceptance of, or satisfaction with, something—of something concrete, we may think, which is the meaning in the object presented. Never is there so formal a work of art, or a beau-

tiful object so complete in itself, but that the deeper meanings, the more fundamental desires out of which the form has been created, or to which it is related, are played upon and set in motion. So always æsthetic appreciation is an active choosing, selecting, or closing in upon something which is evaluated, in this choice, and pronounced good. We may seem to value only the work of art as such, but we actually do far more than this.

What, in detail, all these values are with which we deal in art we do not always know. We may know, in any case, and we may not. The little child chooses eagerly, under the influence of the repetition, the swing, and the rhythm of the nursery story; but just what his choosing means, what he approves, he does not know, nor perhaps do we. But we know that he is thus acquiring moods and attitudes which show in his later appreciation of values. Sometimes the meaning is plain. We often see that, by our artistic appreciation, we are made to accept the disagreeable truth; that we are led to desire that which in itself is unacceptable; that, by the art, the bad is made a part of something which we accept as good. Life is made tolerable, we

are even made to accept and long for death, under the persuasion of art. Never perhaps do we see the whole of the meaning which is conveyed to us, and to which we respond with our approval. That is why we may with reason ask whether, in our deepest æsthetic moods, we do not dimly perceive and will meanings and purposes which are larger in the universe than can be grasped by the reason; and are indeed eternal truths and values.

So much of psychology or æsthetics seems necessary for any proper appreciation of the function of the story. The story-teller, when he tells a story to a child, is educating deep desires. The child, in responding, is doing more than expressing pleasure. He is evaluating, choosing, selecting. In every mood, feeling, sentiment he is carrying on a busy world building. Out of such play of his feelings will come the connected ideals and valuations of his whole life; and those permanent moods and sentiments which are the foundation of character, and give to life its deepest meaning.

CHAPTER IV

HOW TO TELL A STORY

THE story-teller is an artist. His work is to select scenes which shall present to his hearers true *values*, as approved by his own judgment and feeling. He will give to his story the highest degree of artistic form he can, but he will know that the form is an aid to, and not the purpose of, the story. *The pleasure is the test of the effect, and not the effect itself.* The true effect is something done to deep desires, through certain moods, established in teller and hearer, in which there is a sympathetic exchange of feelings of worth and beauty.

The preparation of the story-teller needs to be broad, and his opportunity for self-culture is correspondingly good. He is brought into contact with many books suited to idle hours and relaxed moods. He has a broad, intellectual outlook, and he can hardly escape acquiring interest in problems of the origin of races, customs, arts,

and religions. He has an excellent point of view from which to study literature; and his training is good as an introduction to literary work. He will naturally acquire an acquaintance with many kinds of stories, both racial and modern. He will learn something, at least in a practical way, about the psychology of childhood, and perhaps about the science of æsthetics.

Preparation of a story for telling has a wide range, from learning a story almost *verbatim* to creating an entirely new story. Usually the story-teller's work will lie somewhere between these two extremes. For the most part he will reconstruct written stories in order to adapt them to oral use, to his own temperament, and to the requirements of a particular occasion. Stories will usually be chosen, into the mood of which the teller can readily put himself, and which have a natural interest for him. No one's ability can range over the whole field with equal power. Some are more dramatic in habit than others; some are strongly predisposed to the humorous; some gravitate toward the sentimental; some work best in highly imaginative fiction; some in plain realism. One must roam far and wide and

allow himself range for selection. A few stories will thus be gathered from a great number, which the story-teller will feel are peculiarly his own. He will tell them better than he will tell any others, for they will express his own ideals and dominant moods.

Before a story can be told, it must be put definitely into form for telling. It must be studied. Often it will be necessary to know more about the situation than the story itself tells. If it is part of a larger story, the whole should be read. The told story must be strong in colour. The teller's mind must hold it, therefore, in a rich content of imagery and feeling so that it may have body, and there may be plenty of the raw material out of which gesture, attitude, quality of tone and many other more or less unconscious ways of communicating with the hearer, of suggesting scene and mood, are formed. These are largely the product of the imagery, feeling, and meaning, in the teller's mind, which does not and cannot come to verbal expression. If, for example, the story is an Indian legend, it cannot be said to be well prepared for telling until one has not only visualised clearly all the scenes of the story, but has filled these in with further experi-

ence. In such a case one should read about the manner of life of the people who move in the scenes of the story, about their dress, their houses, the qualities of their language and their modes of thought. Then the story will appear to the teller to have *body*. He will feel that he has himself witnessed or is witnessing the scenes he describes, and these effects will be carried to the hearers.

Then comes the actual preparation of the story. The work must be done with *scenes*. Everything that is not essential to the narrative must be cast out. The movement must be simple, direct, and swift. The hearer's mind is to follow close behind the teller's, and there will be no time for going back to pick up lost threads. Usually there will be a few vivid scenes, and a number of swiftly moving transitions. All these must be seen and felt with complete clearness, by all who take part in the story-telling scene. Everything that divides the attention must be avoided. So far as possible description must be turned into action, indirect speech into direct. The materials must be studied to find a simple, direct opening that leads quickly to the movement of the story.

After this is done, it will be well to write

out the story in its new form. To more or less extent, according to the story and the occasion, will it be found that the words are the same as those of the original story. They may be quite different.

The next step is to practise the story, always with the attention upon its scenes. Those who have good language sense and good memory for words can safely leave the words to take care of themselves, when once the story has been worked out, allowing the mind to be fixed upon the action of the story. Then the telling of the story will consist of describing, in the words that at the moment seem best, the scenes which pass before the mind. In this way the words will have a freshness and aptness they cannot have if they are memorised. Those whose language sense is less dependable, and those whose imagery is faded, will need a different preparation. There will be more reliance upon pre-planned sentences, and more effort to remember words.

Then comes the telling of the story. *The first and main principle to remember is that the story-teller's work is to describe, to tell about action, and not to represent it.* Therefore the necessity of keeping his own person-

ality in the background. His function is to see vividly a series of connected scenes, feel their meaning and value, and by his words and otherwise convey these scenes and meanings to the minds of his hearers. He is not to attract the attention of the audience especially to himself, but rather away from himself. Indeed it is his place to take them away from the present altogether, and place them in the midst of scenes which he is describing to them. This is precisely the opposite of acting, in which the actor *represents* the scenes, and very different also from reading or reciting, which, as often practised, is a nondescript art, combining the two points of view of acting and describing, and aiming especially to bring to the front the reader's *interpretation* of the author's meaning. Reading often tends to bring the *artist's* personality into undue prominence, and to demand of the listener an attention divided between the story and the teller; between the scene before him, and the scene he is expected to imagine. The reader demands footlights and the arts of personal adornment; the story-teller is at his best by the dim firelight.

The story-teller describes action; by his

words, and to a certain extent by accessory means, he conveys a meaning to the minds of his hearers. For the most part he carries these scenes and meanings to his audience by his voice—not by mere words alone, but by emotional qualities, by rhythm, cadence, and tone, what he wishes to communicate is conveyed. Expression of face and body help; but these are minor aids. They are not representative, but are subconscious indications and guides to the hearer, to keep his imagination and attention unified. They are always enough in the background so that they do not take the attention of the hearer away from the story to the performer. The extent to which these aids to expression can be used varies much with the personality of the story-teller. Some can hardly make a gesture at all without destroying the unity of the scene. Some, like Messia, a famous story-teller described by Hartland, can be alert in every muscle and yet be transformed into the story. In general it can be said that the story-teller must pleasingly suggest the mood and scene of his story, and then step into the background, turn down the lights upon the present, and exert all his art to carry the hearer to a

distant scene, which he must make for the time more real than the here and now. This fundamental principle of story-telling must be kept in mind above all else.

In trying to convey the sentiment and mood of the story, one might suppose that the personality of the teller must become aggressive; that it is his work to give to the hearer especially his interpretation of the story. It is very easy to go wrong here. Certainly the teller must possess and feel the story, but he must not try to put into it what does not belong there. What is wanted is the story, not the story plus one's personal reaction to it. What the story-teller puts into the story must be what anyone will feel who gets the story clearly in mind. What is precisely wrong is to strive to point a moral, to impress a mood upon the hearer by main strength. This is bad pedagogy, and worse art. If the hearer becomes conscious of the teller's effort to impress something upon his mind, to try to get more out of the story than there is in it, and that he can readily see for himself, to influence him to accept a personal interpretation of the story, the attention becomes divided between the story and the teller. The story-teller must

take his hearers enthusiastically to the scene of the story, and allow them to see for themselves the events, and to share the vision with him. He must himself be in harmony with the scene, but he must not try to dictate to the emotions of his hearers. To stop and interpose a moral, or any personal interpretation, is of course the worst of all intrusions. If one lives in the story completely, he will not be able to take himself away from the scene sufficiently to commit these faults, and he will not, therefore, mislead his audience. Just in so far as one becomes preponderantly conscious of himself, in telling a story, or of his audience, or of the words he uses, rather than of the scene that is in his mind, will he fall into these faults and others. He will tend to depart from the concrete, pictorial language which is essential to good storytelling, and will use abstract and explanatory terms. He will misuse the secondary modes of expression, such as gesture, and will show all the faults of self-consciousness.

All this sums up in the statement that the point of view in telling a story must be unified. Everyone's interest must be focussed upon the story. Therefore there must be perfect naturalness on the part of the

teller. He must not jar upon the scene. He must be pleasing, but it is well to remember that being pleasing is both a negative and a positive quality. A personality free from obtrusive virtues (if there be such) as well as from conspicuous faults, is a great advantage to the story-teller. The more one has to overcome, in this regard, the more difficult is it to maintain the unified attitude, *the æsthetic absorption*, which is necessary. The more faults of voice, manner, and personality attract the attention, the greater must be the art to overcome them. With sufficient art, and the right story, one may of course override all limitations; but it would be poor economy to depend upon art to overcome that which can be eliminated by practice. The story-teller must not only attend to the details of expression, manner, and the like, but by cultivating the spirit and mood in which story-telling is done, he must make the attitude of story-telling a kind of second nature.

CHAPTER V

PRIMITIVE STORIES

ONE of the most important results of the science of ethnology is the restoration of primitive literatures. Savage man has a far more varied thought and expression than we once knew; and we are just beginning to understand how rich and interesting some of these literatures are, and how valuable for the child.

In general, the stories of primitive man deal with nature and man's relations to it. They are full of the deeds of animals; and in these stories the animals of the savage's every-day experience are personified, and made to perform extraordinary deeds. These stories tell of the time when man was first taking his own measure, and was trying to discover his place in the world. They represent totemistic belief (that is, a belief in man's descent from animals); they are animistic, and show the attitude of equality and even reverence which primitive man has

everywhere assumed toward the lower creatures.

Another variety of the primitive story deals with imaginary animals and giants; and is busy with theories of that which is far away, and hidden from man's understanding and senses. These stories are full of magic, and reflect various stages of man's effort to cope with the forces of nature. There are many degrees of development shown in them: some describe the crudest magic and the most hideous monsters; some depict the higher magic of the good fairy, the god, and the demi-god, and are filled with poetic nature myth.

Two groups of primitive stories are perhaps especially of interest to the American story-teller: the stories of the negroes of the South, such as those given us by Joel Chandler Harris (typical of a great number of primitive stories of these races, many of them still told in the heart of Africa); and the stories of the American Indians, which all together make up a vast literature.

A wide range of primitive stories will be found (to take but a single example) in the literature of the Wabanaki tribes of the Eastern Atlantic Provinces. This literature con-

tains primitive animal stories, in which the bear, the beaver, the woodchuck, and the other animals of the Indian's immediate environment are the heroes. And there are also many very ancient tales of giants and imaginary animals: sorcerers, chenoos (who are cannibals with hearts of ice) and culloos (great man-devouring birds). These stories are full of action and steeped in magic. There are also higher types of stories: nature myths, and a cycle of poetic stories about the god Glooscap, which are in many ways like the myths of Northern Europe, and are full of adventure, and the higher magic.

These primitive stories, many of them, are great stories from the child's point of view. They give him a vivid sense of life in the ancient forest; and they seem to stir deep reactions that are aroused in no other way. They play upon the child's feeling of kinship with animal life, upon his love of dramatic and exciting horror; and in many ways seem to be the child's very own stories. It is easy to believe that at one stage of childhood it is right to give the child a great variety of such tales. The best test is perhaps the child's interest, and his spontaneous reaction. But we can also apply theory with

some confidence, and say that these stories arouse deep instincts, which our higher culture materials cannot reach; and that they bring to the surface, and help to control, forces of the unconscious life, which often as fears, dreams, morbid desires, and nervous manifestations later afflict the child, and which our educational system does not usually affect nor perceive. We think, for these reasons, that such stories lay a foundation for higher culture; and that by cultivating the moods in which early man lived, they give the child a basis for a life-long attitude which, both in his religious and his recreational life, he will need to counteract the pressure, tension, specialisation, and individualism of the modern life.

One quality of the moods in which these stories will often put the child perhaps needs special mention. We quickly perceive the values of the serious religious moods of such stories, and of their effect upon the imagination; and anything moral we eagerly appropriate—but primitive literature is also full of laughter, and we have reason to believe that this mood has an important place in education, which is likely to be overlooked. The school has been prone to suppress the

mirth which is ever ready to spring forth in the child, as in the savage. The school-room has been too formal, and has not made so much as it ought of the merry mood, perhaps thinking it demoralising to discipline and fatal to routine. Humour is socialising, and arouses feelings and reactions that cannot be reached in any other way. Especially the simple, wholesome fun of the animal stories of the savage is good for the child. It makes him sympathetic and alert; and it has the excellent virtue of never having been written for the purpose of being funny. It echoes with the laugh with which primitive man found relief from the tragedy of life; it relieves tension, and teaches the child to view experience broadly.

CHAPTER VI

MYTH

THE place and value of myth in story-telling to children is still, at many points, perplexing; and some of the doubts it raises are rooted in quite unsolved problems of education.

In regard to primitive nature myth—myth in which the nature meaning shines through the story at every point, and in which the personification is obvious to the child—there can be but little doubt that we may use this plentifully in the education of the young. But the higher religious myth presents other problems. The child only in part recapitulates the race. There is at every stage an adult thought which does not belong to the child, and which is in a way off the main line of development. It is not preparing the way for the development of instincts, but is merely storing up tradition and fact which is handed on from adult to adult, and is not incorporated at any stage into culture for the

child. Such is much of the higher mythology, as spiritual meaning. Especially, much of the Greek mythology seems off the line of progress by inheritance, and even remote from the main course of adult mental development.

Myth comes before epic in the race. Therefore, on some recapitulatory theory, perhaps, we have assumed that it should come before epic in the education of the child. The result, we believe, has been too much teaching of a certain kind of myth, and presentation of it perhaps in a wrong way, and with a mistaken purpose. We suspect that some teaching of myth has tended toward precocious religion and sentiment. *We are right in giving the child the best culture and tradition of the race; but we must repeat, there is always a residue, which never belongs to the child.* We keep it alive if at all by passing it on from adult to adult. Whether it be produced by the savage, or at any other stage, it always remains as culture for the adult, because it is created to satisfy desire which only the adult can feel. This must be considered in determining the place of myth in the child's culture.

There are two ways in which the great

mythical stories can be used for the young child. One is to retell the myth as nature story, and so carry it back, as it were, to the main line of culture development, though perhaps such work does not fall to the amateur story-teller. Much of the greatest nature myth, most suitable for the child, has probably been lost, just because, to satisfy the adult's mature needs, it has been rapidly carried to the religious stage, and has begun to deal with problems of death and the other life; though some of this, as we shall see, comes back to the child in the fairy story, in which the other world becomes not an after-death world, but a far-away world. The Greek story, especially, is often too mature for the child. At the time of the highest intellectual culture in Greece, fundamental instincts ceased to develop, and a rapid refinement of culture supervened, resulting in an excessive æstheticism. Greek life was then a still pool which mirrored beautiful things only because life *was* there stagnant in its elemental virtues. Much of the art and the mythology of the Greek is unsuited to the child. It is too symbolic, too sexual, too æsthetic, and too subtle. And dependence, in our education, upon these models for our

ideals of culture, has, we believe, fostered wrong principles of æsthetic training.

A second, and simpler use of myth for the child is as adventure story. The great mythologies are made up of more primitive stories; and many of these may be treated as separate tales. There need be no effort to make the child perceive the nature story in them, and especially to interpret the story as spiritual drama is quite wrong.

More suitable for the child of our nation than the Greek mythology is the Norse, because it is nearer to nature, and is less æsthetic and refined—and because, unlike the Greek, which drew largely from Semetic sources, it is Aryan. The Norse drama of the gods tells the story of the world from the beginning to the end; and it is also the story of man's spiritual struggle. It arouses elemental passions, and presents the highest ideals of our race. It is strong, dramatic story. The death of Baldur, the great scene at the funeral pyre, when the burning ship, carrying the body of Baldur, is borne out to sea, the binding of the Fenris wolf, the feast of Aegir, the capture and the punishment of Loke, the last great battle—all are highly dramatic scenes—and yet all are parts of a

connected story, which, in its deepest significance is philosophic and religious.

The Teutonic religion was cut off in an unfinished stage, and was turned downward to merely literary expression. It ceased too soon, we may think, to be serious belief, and in its downfall we lost elements that we ought to have in our life. In our quick course through Greek and Hebrew ethical and æsthetic culture we fail to expand in our fundamental emotions. We acquire creed and values before we have won them from our own natures. The Norse mythology seems to contain just the elements we have lost and which we need to restore. It is a great nature religion. It shows man in equal conflict with nature. It is strong in the elements our own religion lacks. It is the story of *northern* life; and it is the story of the only race which ever won a great victory over *northern* nature. Its gods are personified beneficent forces of nature, in conflict with storm, earthquake, and cold: forces which every child can understand.

We need this Norse story in our education. The question is how to make the best use of it. It seems best that to the child before twelve, the myth be presented as a series of

adventure stories; and that with it should go as much of the historic and geographical setting as possible, and something of the northern sagas, legends, and folk-lore; and by this means preparation be made for the telling later of the epics, such as the *Nibelungenlied*, which are founded upon the mythology. Then after these stages—and we believe the most impressionable age for the Norse drama as a whole is in the second period of adolescence, perhaps at seventeen—we should somehow get before the youth the whole of the great drama. This is the time when the meaning of life is at the front as a problem, and when a deep mythology as a whole seems fitted to affect both feeling and thought profoundly. But for this later stage we certainly have no adequate preparation of the mythology. Its best form will be dramatic, and the Wagner operas give us a suggestion at least of what may be done with it.

Such conclusions still leave open, we admit, problems of fundamental importance. To a certain extent interests of the race which have grown out of the needs of adult life, are repeated in the child before maturity, apparently because of the ever-increasing length of the stage of physical incompleteness in the

child—complicating all such problems as those we are considering. Yet the child can never be a complete replica of the adult of any stage, and must not be treated as though he were.

CHAPTER VII

FAIRY-TALES

FAIRY-TALES include a great number of stories found all over the world; and, strictly speaking, many stories in which the fairy of the conventional type does not appear. In general, the fairy-tale may be said to comprise all those folk-tales dealing with strange or supernatural events, in a mood of half-belief or pure fancy.

There is almost nothing that shows so clearly the difference between the old education and the new as the attitude toward such literature as the fairy-tale. Although in the past, the school may have recognised the fairy-story as a pastime for the child, it certainly scorned all such things in the serious business of education. But now we may almost say that the stone that was rejected has become the head of the corner.

The value of the fairy-tale consists especially in its religious significance. We have seen that it has grown out of religious story.

It is still religious for the child, for it is believed. It serves the purpose of stimulating belief in the unseen world. It keeps the supernatural alive and real to the child, shows the world full of friendliness and exalts the good-will principle. It fosters a feeling of safety in the midst of rough forces of nature. In the fairy-tale the child quite unconsciously perceives his own life situation. Fear, imagination, ignorance begin at an early age to make life hard for the child. The world begins to seem alien to him, and he is often lonely in the vastness of it. The fairy-story presents to him a warmth of interest behind nature. In this story his own desires for himself are realised. He sees that out of hard situations good issues for those who are good. It is his compensation for being little and helpless. So we may say that the fairy-tale helps to keep religion alive in the world as almost nothing else does. Behind the pure enjoyment serious forces are at work; and instead of being the most frivolous of fancies, the fairy-tale is one of the most earnest products of the mind of man; and the love of the fairy-story is one of the most significant of the child's interests.

It is safe to assert that up to the age of

ten the child's taste for these stories may be satisfied to any reasonable extent. Let the child see, through the fairy-story, the play of good and evil in the world. Let him make his judgments upon these deep themes through the medium of his pure enjoyment and his unconscious striving with his own desires. Nothing need be explained to him, and there need be no thought of systematic teaching. The work of the story-teller is simply to satisfy a normal and deep appetite with the best nourishment he can provide. In general, this will be the racial story. There are good folk-tales from almost every land, and these simple stories are far better than the more elaborate and more literary fairy-tales of our own day.

CHAPTER VIII

EPIC STORIES

IN the epic story we have a highly valuable culture for the child, especially for the age of early adolescence, from twelve or thirteen on. In the epic the world's stories are brought to moral and individual issues. The child finds his own life expressed in the fairy-tale, but in this form the appeal is largely unconscious. At the beginning of adolescence, however, the youth comes to clear self-consciousness. Now he wishes to know life as applied to his own needs. He himself now becomes avowedly the hero. The epic portrays ideal human life. It is therefore one of the best means of imparting directly to the child the best ideals of the race.

As is the case with the mythical stories, the great epics are made up of separate stories which have survived as sagas and legends, and sometimes as true story, and are finally wrought out in poetic form. The race knew these stories in their fragmentary

form long before it had them as epic poetry. It seems best that the same order be preserved in telling them to the child. Many of the stories of the great epics are suited to the young child, long before the story as a whole can be appreciated; and we may suppose that both the moral reaction and the æsthetic appreciation are enhanced by first telling the story simply as adventure story, myth, and legend. We present the Bible in this way to the young child, expecting him later to behold the whole as a great spiritual drama. We may do the same with the epic stories.

The story-teller needs a wide acquaintance with epic stories, not only the great epic poems, but other stories of national heroes. Stories of Beowulf, Robin Hood, King Arthur, Roland, Hiawatha, and Glooscap express national ideals, and are truly epic. The great epic stories, the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, and the Nibelungenlied should be studied by all story-tellers. All are now accessible in English translations and in various story forms. And we have also now much other epic material: from the Hindu, the Persian, the Finnish, all excellent for the child.

Most important of all for the story-teller of the Teutonic race is the Nibelungenlied, for it carries in its story the ideals of our own civilisation. We have, pictured there in vivid colours, the life from which our own national spirit has especially sprung. Our ideals of valour, honour, chivalry, and womanly virtue are there portrayed. The spirit of our home life, our government, our play, and even of our worship is expressed in it. It is one of the most important roots of our literature. Its stories have been drawn from a very wide area, and some of its parts are very ancient. Tales from both North and South have contributed to it, and there is evidence that it is a final amalgamation of more than one epic story; that it is the story of several national heroes. It is the result of long centuries of story-telling, a slow gathering of a great number of more or less related stories, legends, myths, folk-tales, selected and brought together by bards and story-tellers, and finally given an artistic form by a great poet, who subordinated the mythical elements, emphasised its features as human narrative, and expressed national ideals. It is the work of personality playing upon a broad culture material; and the result

is the supreme achievement of the story form. The Nibelungenlied is a great story, an almost priceless literary treasure for the youth of our own race, because it was inspired by the genius of the race itself, by those very qualities which arise spontaneously in each new individual born to the race, and which strive to come to fulfilment.

CHAPTER IX

HISTORICAL STORY

THE historical story is not so much to be contrasted with the legend and the epic story, because it is founded upon fact, while they are fiction, as it is to be placed with them, as fulfilling the same purpose in teaching the child. History is not a mere record of fact. It aims to express *valuable truth*, and its method is artistic. In the historical story we are still in the region of values and of art. Both the racial story and the historical story select their materials from a wide area. True history, no less than romance, chooses its facts for effect. It tells that which ought to be told, for the telling of which there is sufficient reason. Out of an almost infinite number of facts that might be recorded, it tells a few that seem to have especial significance.

On the other hand, myth, epic, and fairy-tale are also *true* records, because they tell truly the story of man's inner development,

which he cannot tell in merely historical narrative. The historical story is important rather because it is the setting for the rest of the story, than as a separate narrative. Without the story of the inner life, the historical fact would be of little consequence. History is important to the extent that it can rise above mere narration, and help to tell the story of man's spiritual or inner history.

Biography is the historical story-teller's best field, because it presents the most unified and dramatic story. It has a wide range, and calls for all the story-teller's art. One may use the facts of almost any life to tell a great story, if he have genius enough to see it in its widest relations and deepest meaning. Not only kings and warriors may furnish facts for his story, but pioneers, explorers, reformers, hunters, captains of industry—all are of historic worth to the extent that the story-teller can select facts from their careers in such a way as to convey values to the child. The historian is not a mere relater of facts. He is an artist who creates a mood, else his facts will fall upon stony ground. It is not until the selective and purposive influences of the æsthetic moods and the moral intention are exerted

that we begin to have *true* historical story. The story-teller who takes the story from the hands of the historian must continue these efforts. He must give the story still more perfect form, in order to convey its meanings and impress the values which it contains, and without which it is not worth telling.

CHAPTER X

FABLES AND OTHER PURPOSEIVE STORIES

THERE are a large number of stories, both ancient and modern, which can loosely be classed as purposive. The prototype is the fable, which is, typically, an animal story in which some lesson of morality or practical wisdom is purposely taught. "This story teaches" is the mark of the whole class. We can include in it (besides fable), allegory, parable, and all other forms of story, long and short, the express aim of which is to teach something different from the content of the story.

These purposive stories are the outcome, so to speak, of the story becoming conscious of itself, and of its practical function. Recognising the practical value of the story, the *pedagogue* proceeds to adapt stories to special uses, or to write new stories with definite practical intent. This may occur anywhere, and at any time when the story becomes thus self-conscious. We find the purposive story

among uncivilised peoples; or at least many stories that are apparently consciously used to teach practical lessons of law, custom, and morality.

Of all the purposive stories, the fable is best known, and has played the most conspicuous part in education. In Æsop's fables will be found the model. These stories are Eastern in origin. Some of them were certainly once nature myth. They have survived and have spread to various parts of the world because of their practical value.

One can readily see why the purposive story, old and new, has been much more prominent than the other story forms, whenever teaching has become a conscious art, and *instruction* the chief method of it. It is natural, when we wish to impart a moral or to teach a lesson, to tell a story which avowedly contains and seeks to impress that lesson. It has required a day of advanced and scientific pedagogy to perceive that, for the most part, the story which is definitely intended to produce an effect is usually less effective than that which accomplishes its purpose unconsciously. The moral effect of many of the old racial stories, which aim to point no moral, is undoubtedly greater than

that of the purposive story, generally speaking. The purposive story more often plays over the surface, without reaching the depths of the mind.

Yet the purposive stories have a place, though a secondary one, in the work of the story-teller. Precisely for the reason that they have usually grown out of stories with other meaning, the fable, the allegory, and in general all purposive stories serve as symbols for the stories from which they have been made. They are shorthand expressions, so to speak, of older stories. But they often depend for their effect upon the presence already in the consciousness of the hearer, of the mood or tradition that they represent. They may best be used as reminders, as mnemonic devices, for bringing to mind larger themes and feelings which have already been established in the mind: as currency which may keep story-themes and value-meanings in circulation. But to depend upon these stories, especially those which have been created for pedagogic purposes, in the effort to *teach morality*, is superficial. These stories do not sufficiently broaden experience, and they do not usually stir deep response as does truly racial story.

The meaning is too often only in the mind of the teller or at most conveyed to the child only as thought—and not as *æsthetic value-feelings*, which is the test of the educative value of the story.

CHAPTER XI

INDIVIDUAL AND MODERN STORIES

THOUGH we cannot make a definite line of demarkation between the old and the new, the racial and the individual story, we can point out several contrasts which separate the whole story-world into two continents. The racial story has had a long period of life in the unwritten form. The modern or individual story is written down as it is conceived. The individual story is a product of the intention to write a story. The racial story has had a natural growth. It has passed through a process of selection, and it has remained impersonal. The art in the individual story consists greatly in expressing a personal or individual standpoint. The old story deals with a broader and more general experience. The new story shows traces of its art; it usually reveals its intention, the motive which was in the mind of the writer who produced it. In

the old story the intention is more often an integral part of the story, or concealed behind it. It is a vague mood which colours it, but is not put explicitly into the story.

The individual story is liable to many faults. Perhaps the most common is over-sentimentalism, a false æstheticism which we see in so much of our children's literature. Many stories are overloaded with fact, in order to make them instructive. In a great many stories there is too much and too evident moral teaching—and too much adult thought and feeling generally. Often the quality of the imagination is not childlike. It is lacking in concreteness and vividness. Much of this literature is too subjective. It describes the mind of the story-teller, and not the objective thing. It is too individual. Individuality in the adult is always, from the child's point of view, eccentricity. It is the basis of style, which in the child's story must be subordinated to the objective situation. The individual story often divides the attention between the story itself and the personality of the writer. In a word, here is the same fault which pervades much of our school method, the fault of acting *down* from an adult self-consciousness to the sup-

posed lower level of the child's intelligence.

So we can say with confidence that the racial story is better for the child than the individual story. Stories that grow up impersonally and which apply everywhere are better for the child, generally speaking, than stories which are made for him, and express the purposes and personalities of individuals. For it is precisely the generalising of the child's mind and action that we aim first of all to accomplish in educating him; without this we cannot have a true individuality. So it comes about that the best literary work that has been done for the child has been rather in the way of collecting, editing, and re-writing than of creating—adapting that which has come from the race, and which, still in part unwritten, needs preparation for the child's use.

These criticisms of children's literature do not apply, however, with equal force to all departments. The difficulty of writing acceptably for children is not the same for all ages, and all themes; nor does it increase or decrease uniformly with the age of the child. For a certain age, and in a certain style, and in some themes there has been much successful writing for the child. We have a realistic

literature for children especially suited to the age of from perhaps eight to twelve or thirteen, that seems on the whole to fill its place well. The reason for the greater success in this field than in others is not difficult to trace. During these years the child's interest is centred in the practical aspects of his existence. His social environment is his chief concern. It is easier to understand a child of this age, than an older or younger child, for his habits and thoughts are more adult-like. He is now interested in everything *real*; in home, school, and playmates, and in the adult's occupations. He wishes to hear *true* stories about real life. The realistic story now takes precedence even of the adventure story. It is a strong interest at all ages, but its centre seems to fall during the middle period of childhood. Before this the child is more imaginative, more inwardly determined, more interested in the unseen world: in that which is far away, and remote from immediate practical life. Later, again, the child is subjective, and again more difficult to reach by the arts of the adult. These are the reasons why the most successful books for children are usually those which are realistic in theme, and especially directed

to the middle age of childhood. Then the story of the present—of school life, of home, play, everything in the environment: animals, people, places, industries, and activities of all kinds appeals strongly to interest. The child then needs also stories of camping, hunting, and all the story of out-of-doors. Many of these interests the child shares with the adult; and in all these fields plain, simple, objective stories are readily produced without exalted literary talent. It is in these themes that the “prize stories” often written by wholly untrained writers, are produced. They have succeeded in seeing some vivid bit of life, and have told their story without pretence or conscious art.

All this does not mean that at this age of childhood, or any other, the racial story and other types of story are not needed. The child requires the racial story at every age, but in differing proportions according to his dominant interests and temperament.

The modern story fails most in trying to meet the needs of the youth after puberty. He then wants that which is highly individual and personal, romantic, and æsthetic; and yet he wishes the broadly racial and representative. This is a difficult craving to satisfy;

and it is not strange that most that is written for the adolescent youth fails in some particular: that it is often insipid, weak, and fails to stir the depths. The child usually now turns to the adult's fiction, as most likely to meet his needs. But fiction is likely to distort life, much of it is lacking in art, and the sex element is too central. It usually represents too narrow themes and experiences.

Here if anywhere we must make use of the racial classics such as the epics, before we draw upon the modern story. In the old stories the highest individuality of expression is combined with the greatest breadth of experience; artistic form is joined with deep moral meaning—and this is precisely the combination the youth most needs in his stories, and which he instinctively craves. In the epic he feels the great individual genius telling a great racial story. Here the story-teller's opportunity is very great indeed. To carry the lessons of the epic story to the young may well demand all his art and creative skill.

CHAPTER XII

THE STORY AND THE CHILD

ANYONE who has undertaken to tell stories to children must often have found it difficult to determine whether his stories were suited to the age of the child. There are many kinds of stories, and there are children of all ages, having very different interests and needs. Some stories appear to be suited to one stage of childhood, some to another. Some appear equally good for all ages—and for adults. We should like to know whether there is any principle that can be applied to the problem; whether there is any more reliable criterion of fitness than the apparent interest of children. We have already been obliged several times to make provisional answers to these questions. Now, perhaps, a more precise statement of the relation of the story to the child will make this problem clearer, and will serve both as a summary of what has gone before, and to intro-

duce more specific problems of the use of the story in school and home.

The most noticeable fact about childhood is that it is a series of orderly stages, which seem to be determined preponderantly by nature, and in their main features to be but slightly influenced by interference on the part of the adult. In a general way, we can say, these stages of growth correspond to similar stages in the evolution of the race. In many traits the growing mental life of the child resembles the mind of the race. There are many difficulties, to be sure, in correlating the two series, point by point, and obvious departures from this recapitulation require explanation; but in a general way we may use the principle at least as a rough guide. The child does go through stages in which his requirements are in the order of the racial products; these stages are indicated by strong interests; and, in spite of departures from this order, the recapitulatory principle is a practical help.

This principle, and the child's strong interests enable us to outline, at least roughly, an order in which stories should be used; yet of course the more the story-teller can confirm and complete such laws by observation

and experimentation, the better. No single *law* is comprehensive enough to compass the practical needs of so complex an organism as a child's mind.

The first interest of the child is plainly in strongly rhythmic stories in which there is much repetition of phrase and idea; and which contain vivid word-pictures. Almost from the very beginning the story which deals with animals is the centre of interest. Stories about animals, especially stories in which animal cries are imitated, are an early and strong interest.

A little later, beginning at perhaps five or six, is the imaginative age, in which the type of story best represented by the fairy-tale has the stage. Thought is now ready to roam to all times and places; and now all mental work is essentially play of the fancy. The fairy-tale holds the interest for several years, but we may detect periods of growth and change. In general the order of racial development holds here for the child. The primitive wonder tales precede the later types of story such as we find in Grimm and Andersen.

Overlapping the age of fairy-tales, and with some sex differences, is the period of the

heroic story, such stories as the adventure stories of the mythic cycles, the heroic stories of the Old Testament, and much of the more dramatic historical story. This period extends perhaps from seven to twelve. Running much the same course is the interest in realistic stories. Already something has been said about the stories which satisfy this interest, and perhaps nothing need be added.

At the beginning of adolescence the poetic movement commences, and the youth is ready for the epic story; and for all literature in which high ideals and deep racial emotions are expressed. Now the best romance and other fiction begin to have a place, but the purely love element should be delayed still until the emotional life is somewhat developed. During this period, but not at the beginning of it, comes the higher myth, and the time is ripe for bringing such stories as the Norse drama of the gods to full spiritual meaning, and for gathering up all the fragments that have gone before into complete æsthetic wholes. Now is the time for the most impressive lessons from history, for the great biographical stories, for the story of all great deeds—no longer told entirely objec-

tively, but with personality and ideals in the centre of interest.

Thus, although any such scheme is all too narrow to express the child's interests and needs, we can distinguish, for the purposes of the story-teller, three main periods of childhood: two periods in which imagination and feeling run high, separated by a period of more prosaic and even interest, in which changes are less rapid. The first period culminates before eight, the second ends at twelve or thirteen. We do not have clear lines of demarkation, it is true; one interest merges into another; and none, it may be, is ever entirely outgrown. But if the most general characteristics of each stage are well fixed in mind, and if children are closely observed and tested with reference to these stages, the worst anachronisms in presenting stories will be avoided.

A common danger, in using stories for educational purposes, is to be misled by the style in which a story is written. Often a story admirably suited to a young child will be found couched in language not suited to the story. Perhaps more often stories too mature in theme are written down to the child by using simple language. It is the

theme, the bare form of the story, that one must first weigh. If that is right, the words can easily be made to fit the story. The story does not consist of the *words*, but of the succession of events and the meaning they convey to the feelings.

CHAPTER XIII

EDUCATIONAL STORY-TELLING

STORY-TELLING may well be called a lost art. We have lost it especially on account of two developments: by the growth of conscious education as an institution which has sought direct methods of imparting knowledge—and by the growth of the more formal arts of entertainment. The teacher, the public reader, the actor, and the musician have taken the place of the story-teller. We have tended in school to educate the superficial and accessible parts of the child's nature, and have neglected the more fundamental parts. Now there appears to be a movement backward in order to take up some of the older methods of teaching, which reached the deeper layers of the child's nature better than we have by our school methods. This is a mode of progress of all arts. Stages of conventionalising of forms are superseded by stages of upsetting of old methods, in order to introduce broader con-

tent and deeper meaning. New forms are needed to express this deeper meaning, and rudiments of old forms are often taken up and developed, and these in their turn become formal and conventionalised. This is, indeed, a method of progress extending beyond art to all life, and expresses a fundamental law of growth. We are now in a stage in education in which we are rapidly broadening the content of study, and are upsetting the old routine of formal education. The racial story is *one* means of reaching a broader area, so to speak, of the child's nature than we usually arouse; and the revival of the old natural art of story-telling is *one* instance of broadening methods by going back to more general, and still undeveloped and plastic forms.

What the function of the story is ought now to be plain, if our analyses are correct. Its chief effect is upon moral and religious feeling, and its method is essentially artistic. It is a means of socialising children, and it brings them into touch with nature and a broad area of human life. Especially it reaches parts of human nature that we do not yet fully control; and it challenges a problem that is just beginning to be raised

seriously: that is, the place of the recreational life in education, and the means of utilising the recreational interests and activities in the development of the child.

We are just beginning, indeed, to ask what we mean by recreation. We speak of play, of art, and of all such enjoyments as the story as *recreational activities*. We have assumed that because the recreational life must be free and pleasant, there need be no preparation for it; and so we have left it for the most part to shift for itself.

Recreation performs at least two functions so important and so obvious, that it no longer can be disregarded in our philosophy of education. It removes, for the time, the purposiveness and tension of our tasks and puts us into the mood of common possession, with everyone, of fundamental interests. The play life is a common life. In recreation, it may be, we go back to primitive life, and perform acts that are old and racial. The over-worked business man takes to the woods to relieve his tension. It is the mood of common and primitive life he falls into there that is the recreative force.

But recreation does more than this. It relieves our specialisation. It is a means of

universalising us, of giving us a *wider* life. In our recreational activities we acquire in some measure the mood of universal experience. We become other people and go, in thought at least, to the ends of time and space.

All art does this in greater or less degree. It establishes these moods of relaxation and sympathy, in which life becomes broader as it becomes more restful. Some recreations perform one function better, some the other; but always besides the special desires and feelings upon which the arts play, they colour life with these moods.

The story, on these counts, must rank high among the recreational arts. It gives us common and racial moods; and almost more than anything else, it is capable of carrying us, in these relaxed moods, into the lives of others. Both these attitudes or moods must be maintained throughout all the plastic years of childhood. The child must be kept in touch with the common life; and his experience must be broadened at every point, while he is made to enter sympathetically into all manner of life situations.

If the functions of the story are so varied as this: if it not only arouses deep strata of

the child's nature, but plays upon all the desires and all the functions which it is the business of the school to educate, and also performs a part in the no less important recreational life, we can no longer regard it as merely an accessory method of teaching—as a means of resting the mind, or of giving pleasure—but we must give it a high place in the methods of the school and make story-telling an important part of the work of the teacher.

The story can be made to perform all these functions, besides widening the child's mental vision, stimulating the imagination, increasing the vocabulary, and imparting information. It is one of the best means of awakening an interest in good literature, and in other departments of culture. Presently we shall see how, in detail, the story may be applied to each of the major departments of the curriculum; to the teaching of history, literature, nature, morality and religion.

Story-telling is not confined to the school, but has a place in every part of the training of the child. Especially in the home should it be emphasised more than at present is done. Story-telling ought to be regarded as one of the most natural and necessary tasks of

the parent. *One might go so far as to say that the parent who does not know how to bring to the child the lessons of the race through the story is not completely a parent.* Story-telling has been such a wholesome and vital part of the relation of parent and child in the past, that we must look upon its decline in recent years as a calamity. The child is now too completely given over to the school, and the parent has trusted too much to books to give him culture. There are tasks which neither the school nor books can perform, and one of them is the imparting to the child of the great racial lessons. Foster parentage is here a make-shift. Only through the source from which the child's life itself has come, may he normally draw the deepest lessons of the race; since, for their complete transmission they require, not only the art of the story-teller, but those moods of complete absorption and sympathy which only parent and child can feel. It is a misfortune that the oral imparting of our best traditions has been so completely replaced by the art of printing; for thus a succession that in many cases has spanned thousands, perhaps millions, of years, is broken, and to some degree, however the defect may be compensated,

heredity is incomplete, and the parental task imperfectly performed.

The home, too, aside from the ideal relation between story-teller and listener, which cannot be imitated elsewhere, has another opportunity which must be largely wanting in the school. In the home story-telling may be applied to the individual needs of the child. We do not yet fully understand the possibilities in this direction, but it seems certain that a method of instruction that strikes so deeply into the roots of the emotional life can be made to do good service in controlling the tendencies of individuals; in helping to bring out desirable traits, and in checking the undesirable. Although this is a problem of the educational expert, any parent who is equipped with a reasonably wide variety of stories for children, should be able to apply his knowledge to some extent to the needs of the child as an individual.

The parent ought to know at least a few of the best stories in each field of children's literature. He should at least become familiar with a few of the best primitive stories, especially animal stories and wonder tales—and with as much of the standard fairy-tale as will readily be accessible in Grimm and

Andersen. He should know a number of the Norse stories, and perhaps some from Greek mythology; as many as he can of the stories from the epic poems, such as the Arthur stories, and the stories of Beowulf and Siegfried; besides a generous number of good wholesome stories of present boy and girl life, of which we have a great many in current literature. He will find also that every good humorous story he adds to his equipment will enhance his efficiency as a parent.

Librarians, and all public recreational and social workers, have long since recognised the power of the story, both to attract and to influence children. In the library one of the chief functions of the story is plainly to *advertise books*; to create an interest in good books, to show children that the best literature may be as absorbingly interesting as the cheapest—a fact which the school has not sufficiently impressed upon the child. Sometimes it seems as though the prescribed books of the school course were selected with the view of avoiding all natural interest, and to set up impossible standards of æsthetic perfection, without regard to content. One function of the story-teller in the library, and in the settlement—in fact everywhere—is to

forge strong links between the child's simple native interests and *good* books: books which satisfy these interests in a wholesome way; and which are good in every valuable sense; not merely from the standpoint of the literary critic.

The place of the story in the religious training of the child is coming to be recognised in many quarters by the Church and the Sunday School. We are beginning to see that the Bible is essentially a book of stories, entertaining and truly educative; and precisely fitted to cultivate the religious nature of the child. The makers of the Hebrew religion used the oral story in their teaching, and Christ himself taught the people thus. The story is the Sunday School teacher's best method. Some believe that it alone, without any other method, can teach the child about all he needs to know of religion. Nothing can so well impress moral and religious truth. Some of the very best material is ready at hand in the Bible itself, not only in the form required, but in the very order best for the child.

We are likely to see in the future a widespread use of story-telling as a recreational art. Story-teller's leagues have already

done much to popularise the story among many classes of people. We hear much of the telling of stories for amusement, of twilight story-telling, of story-telling in summer camps, and here and there to take the place of the more formal reading or reciting in the public entertainment.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STORY IN THE TEACHING OF LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

THE teaching of the native language is admitted by many teachers to be unsatisfactory. We do not always succeed in giving the child either a good speaking or writing English. This is in part due, of course, to the actual difficulties of the situation; but it is in part the result of persistent wrong ideas about the teaching of language, and most of all to the lack of normal social and recreational life in the school. We can say with certainty that language is best learned in social situations in which interest and feeling are high, rather than in the formal study of language itself. *Even the most appreciative contact with written literature, when the æsthetic and other interests are normally aroused, must be placed second to the oral and social methods of acquiring language.*

Most teachers, it is likely, would now be ready to admit that too much effort has gone

in the past to teaching about the structure of language: about grammar, etymology, rhetoric, and all technical parts of language study. This method conveys facts, but it does not give adequate return in habit. Speech is primarily an emotional function. It has been acquired by the race in free social relations; and whenever the emotional life has been rich, and life stirring, language has advanced by leaps and bounds. The acquisition of language has been influenced greatly by æsthetic feeling, an aspect which formal study is likely to ignore. There are rhythms and other qualities of tone and expression, which for the most part seem to defy analysis and definition, and yet are essential factors in language, and can be acquired only by contact in normal social situations, in which the need of impressing, influencing, and convincing excites feeling and produces æsthetic effect.

The problem of teaching language is primarily a problem in habit formation. And in order to form such habits a rich content must be provided while, at the same time, influences are brought to bear to mould expression. It is not the purpose here to discuss the general problem of the teaching of

language, but to emphasise the place the oral story may take in this work. The story is usually expressed in simple, natural language, because it carries universal desires and moods, and has depended, for its existence, upon being effective in appeal to simple, native interests. We may well say that the oral story contains, better than any other form, the essentials of good style. It has the advantage of providing the mind with a rich and active mental context while at the same time it presents models of form. It is thus one of the best means we have of broadening both experience and vocabulary, and of impressing upon the mind the rhythms and inflections of good speech.

In all language work the value of quantity and variety of culture materials needs to be kept in mind. The poverty of the child's language, when he leaves school, is not entirely the result of poor teaching of language. It is due to the general poverty of the school content, to the meagreness of the thought upon which language has been built, and especially to the lack of normal feeling and expression. It is not a little, well fixed in mind, that is wanted, but there must be a play of a rich and varied culture material

upon all the expressive faculties, trusting largely to the native selective powers of the child to do the rest. That this is a natural method of teaching *expression* anyone can discover for himself by a short trial; for usually the child's language sense will quickly respond to the influence of good stories. We should expect this; for if the language sense is in great measure æsthetic in nature, the story is one of the most natural forms in which language can be presented to the child.

The child soon uses his stories in the actual business of his life. In his play, in spontaneous retelling of the story, in quotation, he gives back what he has received, and still further impresses upon himself the habits he has acquired. President G. Stanley Hall has called attention to the fact that one of the limitations of our present method of educating the child is its adherence to object methods: that the incessant focusing of the child's attention upon that which is near at hand has impoverished both thought and language. The story perhaps more than anything else tends to correct this fault, for it sets imagination at work, gives the child a conception of that which is remote in time and place; and at the same time it arouses

feeling, and provides the motive for varied expression.

Wyche has well told the uses to which the story may be put in the formal part of the language work of the school. Retelling of the story by the child furnishes an excellent opportunity to impress formal qualities of language, to clinch that which has already been acquired by imitation. Reproducing the story in writing affords another chance for the teacher to get the attention upon the necessary technical aspects of language, while interest in the content is still warm. The child is sure to work more enthusiastically in the correction and improvement of something he has himself produced naturally and with zest, than in the study of something, in the making of which he has already had his attention fixed upon the formal aspects of language.

Correction of a few faults at a time will make more headway in the improvement of language, than searching criticism of every fault, and insistence upon perfection at every step. Much criticism of language in the school is likely to make the child feel that he can do nothing right, and that correct speech is an impossible ideal, which can at best be

approximated only at the price of eternal watchfulness. Probably there is more nagging at the child in the matter of incorrect use of words than in any other part of the school work. What is wanted, of course, is habit reduced to unconsciousness. To keep technique out of sight, and not to drag it into the foreground, is what is aimed at. The natural artistic sense of the child, the sense of rhythm, of balance and proportion, appreciation of sound, and all the other native factors of the æsthetic sense will shape the language of the child. The bane of all language teaching is consciousness of form, limiting free expression, and drill upon a too narrow range of content, taking the time that should be given to enrichment of the mind. Too often the difficulty lies in the fact that the teacher herself has acquired good language only to the self-conscious point, and holds herself up to it only by incessant watchfulness; so that, when her grammatical tension is relaxed, she lapses back to barbarous speech. The teacher herself often needs more such influences upon her language sense as the story, more stimulus from the racial literature, and less from the study of modern forms. The *effort* to speak correctly is

one of the most conspicuous factors in the schoolroom manner, which is still prevalent, and which makes the schoolroom so often the very opposite of æsthetic in its mood. Moreover, the speech of the school is not a disease, but a symptom: an indication of a deep-lying fault, at bottom still a grave lack of both social and æsthetic elements in school life, in spite of many changes that have taken place in the last decades.

A very free use of the story-telling method in language work will help, we believe, to put the language problem upon a better basis; and will also strike at the more fundamental faults just mentioned. There is no merit in learning by conscious, individual attention, that which can naturally be acquired in social relations. Whenever the free, native interests of the child can be brought into play, the labour of learning may well be dispensed with. The child's ready power to learn by rule and repetition may often enough be drawn upon, and there is no immediate danger that the habit of effort will not be kept alive in the schoolroom.

In teaching literature in the school, we can say with confidence that the old and racial is better than the new and individual, and may

well at every point be made the basis of the work. The child is trying by every instinct to acquire what the race has left for him, and he needs a wide field of racial story from which to gather the lessons and receive the stimulus he needs. Quantity of the best of the old story literature—that is the fundamental need of literary education. Close interpretation of a few classic models is narrowing, both of taste and mental content. The child needs to have the freest possible access to the great stories of the world. *By appreciating these he will learn what it is that poets, novelists, and essayists are trying to express in the more complex and more æsthetic forms of literature.*

Throughout all the years of the literary work of the school, we believe, there is still a tendency to too much study of modern classics, without a sufficient foundation in racial literature. Without an acquaintance with many folk-tales, legends, myths, fairy-tales, and the epic poetry of the Teutonic peoples much of our own later literature must always be more or less a sealed book. We need to put the child in touch with the religion, the ideals, and the customs, the modes of thought and expression—indeed with

the whole spiritual history—of the race to which he belongs, before we give him the highly individual and finished expressions which we find in our classics. The literary genius is often able to gather up the spirit and message of the racial experience, and put them into artistic form, but in order to appreciate these we too must gather experience from the race. For the child to begin with the finished product, and study style and form, without having been deeply moved by the content of the message is wrong. This cannot be said too emphatically. Many will doubtless say that in recent years this evil has been remedied; but we believe, looking at it from the story-teller's point of view, not half has yet been done. We need an entire change of attitude toward the whole subject of literature. More of the pedantry of learning is due to the effort to teach this subject without proper foundation, than to anything else we do in school. A strained æstheticism prevails in much of our teaching of literature, expressing an ideal which, in one way and another, runs through our whole school system. And it is just at this point that the whole problem of the place of the æsthetic feelings in education arises.

We desire often to have the end without the beginning, the form and finish without the substance. It is this spirit which crowds the classrooms of literature and languages in our schools and colleges. The teaching of literature exerts a wide influence in all our higher education, and we should therefore look closely to its ideals. It has been producing a type of professor and student, and is thus self-perpetuating. And more than anything else it stands for the prevailing ideal of education—which is *cultural*. This literary study moves on the surface of knowledge. It does not reach fundamental problems, nor arouse deep appreciation. It is narrow, critical, and superficial. Our ideal of the school is rightly æsthetic and must be increasingly and more consciously so, if we are to maintain a high level: but a true æstheticism is founded upon an experience with the crude, fundamental emotions, and the broadest possible training of the value-feelings in all the departments of culture and life, and it cannot rest upon any study of forms. The over-æstheticism of much of our current teaching and criticism of literature is, we repeat, an expression of a wrong ideal. And it extends downward through every grade

of the school, still making the teaching of literature (which should be one of the deepest of all subjects, because it is the study of the racial experience itself) a detached and fragmentary discipline.

A course in literature founded from the beginning upon the great stories of the race, continuing until all the standard themes have been touched upon, and appreciated, would be a far more wholesome discipline of both the emotional life and of literary appreciation than any other course. In it, training of the language function, of æsthetic appreciation, and a knowledge of literature would have their proper places, not as ends in themselves, but as parts of a larger whole, in which the chief end and aim would be the discipline of the child in appreciation of *life-values*.

CHAPTER XV

THE STORY IN THE STUDY OF NATURE

AMONG nature subjects, as taught in the schools, we can include the special study of nature, now fairly definitely marked out and taught more or less everywhere; geography (including elementary meteorology and astronomy, and whatever else is brought into this subject); and, in the higher grades, physics, chemistry, and biology.

If we would know what place the telling of stories may have in all this, it will be well to ask, first, what the purposes of such nature study are. We wish, of course, to teach the child the common facts and principles of the nature sciences, to prepare him both for an intelligent, practical acquaintance with nature, and also for higher and more exact studies of science.

But there are other reasons for the study of nature. We wish to inspire certain *moods*, which in the beginning—with the child as with the race—are vaguely moral,

religious, and æsthetic: an undifferentiated and all-inclusive relation with nature, which appears to be a necessary part of the child's equipment for health and happiness, and the basis of much later progress.

Nature study, therefore, aims to reach the emotional life: to enlarge it, and to bring out those fundamental reactions toward natural objects which are latent in all normal minds. The greatest work nature study can accomplish for the mind of the child, we should say, is to foster and keep alive that mood or feeling which, in a normal, healthy mind, perennially glows as a feeling of kinship with nature, a deep and abiding faith in its benevolence and its participation in the intention and good-will of the universe. The child's feeling toward nature is naturally warm and intimate. He feels himself akin to the animal and the plant. It is this spirit of close contact with nature, of imaginative union and sympathy with all its moods and aspects, which we wish above all else to keep alive in the child. This is the most serious purpose of nature study. The rest follows. Emotional affinities lead to intellectual interests and practical attitudes.

The guiding principle of method in teach-

ing nature is the racial order. We must treat the child's mind somewhat as the racial mind has been influenced, and try to cultivate in the child the moods that man himself has taken in his relations with nature. At least, if this genetic order is not established, we can say that our present outlook in science affords us nothing better.

We find that the race has been nurtured by nature story. This runs through everything the mind of the race has produced. All science began here in fiction in which nature events were personified. All the religion of the world, we have seen, was once nature myth. The intellect of the race has been fed upon and shaped by the story of nature. There are two main groups of nature stories, which may be considered separately: animal tales, and cosmogony stories (the stories of creation, of the cosmic order, and the like). In nature work the animal stories properly come first and hold the most important place. They focus the attention of the child upon that which is warmest in his sentiments. Such animal stories as are found all over the world among primitive peoples seem the best of all to quicken interest and feeling for all that is alive, during the first

period of nature study. These stories present the animal to the child as an equal, full of cunning, humour, and common sense. They make a deep impression, and bring out just the attitude we seem to need. We do not want the child to have a morbid, commiserating attitude toward animal life, but a wholesome, sympathetic interest, and an eager desire for contact with the lives of animals. We want him to find animals interesting and companionable, and to be eager to share in their daily activities. Among modern imaginative nature stories we believe nothing can be found half so good as the old racial tales, in which the very life of the primitive forest has been expressed. They have survived many centuries of just such tests as we propose to give them, for they have helped to give the child of primitive man the right attitude toward nature.

The place of the cosmogony story is more difficult to define. We have a very wide variety, both in subject and treatment, from which to choose. Every object in nature, and all events and forces, all celestial phenomena, the weather, heat, fire, cold, storm, wind, earthquake, have been treated in story by the race; and through these stories man

has defined to himself his place in the cosmos, and found the level at which he could live and do his work in the world. These nature stories are religious, both for the race and for the child; and it is through the religious mood that they awaken interest and stimulate imagination in the child. By making the child's whole being respond to the story with awe, wonder, and even sometimes fear, we arouse the enthusiasm, which later we may direct as scientific interest and practical love of nature. The highly symbolic myth, which we have been prone to give the child, is not the best. Its nature meaning is for the adult only, and as we have seen, it is a late development. If we have the power to read this back into simple nature story it is more acceptable, but we must not expect the child to profit by abstract religious myth, at least in his nature work.

Another nature story, especially suited to the middle period of childhood, is the history of the earth, of man's life upon it, and of his conflict with nature. This is the story of evolution. It may be told to children as young as nine years. It should begin with the formation of the world, pass to the development of animal and plant life, touch

upon facts and theories of heredity, tell the story of man's beginning, of his great victories over the forces of nature, of the discovery of fire, of the domestication of animals and plants, of agriculture, seafaring, and so on to railroading, colonising, exploration, the utilisation of nature's products in manufacturing, commerce, the conquest of the sea and air, the story of electricity, the lives of the great men of science. All this may be made dramatic story, and it is one of the best approaches to all higher nature study. Its strong and dramatic scenes must be made vivid to the child: the geological changes, the great events of the glacial period, the cataclysms, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and floods, all this will tend to create in the child the attitude of fear, wonder, awe, and admiration which is the proper basis of all that is to follow. We wish the world to be made *real* and *dynamic* to the child at this age, while at the same time he feels the play of good-will and purpose in it. During this time there are needed also many simple stories of animal life, of hunting, of domestic animals, of actual life out-of-doors, all the story of contact with nature in daily life.

The place of the story in geography seems

clear. Geography should be, for the child, a vicarious mode of travel through time and space. We wish the child to see the world as it is and as it has been, as though he were an eye-witness of its events and busy scenes. It has been a hard struggle to rescue geography from the enumerative, cataloguing methods which it has employed in the past, which put all the stress upon memory, and none upon observation and imagination. The school geography of the past stands as an example of all that is *inartistic* in education. It is the direct opposite of the selective way of treating facts, which is essentially æsthetic. It aimed to be all-inclusive, cataloguing everything without unity of theme. In just so far as connected *narrative* may be made to take the place of detached and fragmentary description and classification, is it brought into line with the methods we are here advocating. Geography is largely the story of the world. It is not an inventory of its contents. It is better to teach less of facts, and to see that the facts taught are precisely those which give to the child vivid pictures of the world as it is in its relations to man's practical and æsthetic interests.

Once the mind is put to the task of *reading*

nature to the child as a story, there will be no lack of opportunity. The story form and method have a place throughout all the nature work. By the story more than the mere fact is carried to the child's mind. He learns the interconnectedness and harmony of facts in such a way that his *inner* nature is aroused while his intellect is instructed. One may say that the only limit to the use of the story in the nature subjects is likely to be the capacity of the teacher to organise the materials in the dramatic and artistic form required. The child's interest in good nature story is very strong; and the world is full of nature tales, some ready at hand, some that must still be worked over by the storyteller himself.

There are two kinds of nature story that demand a further word. One is the prevalent imaginative nature story, written for children, with pedagogical intentions. We have much of it, at the present time. Usually these stories carry personification too far; they caricature nature; and they are often remote from the child's genuine interests. The most common fault is over-sentimentalism, a false æstheticism. *Beautiful* nature is the theme, and nature is pictured as mild

and kindly. Although all this may excite interest it does not stir deep response as does the good racial nature story, which is full of conflict and crude realism. We need instead of this, in our nature work, a wholesome stimulus from the savage mind, and we need to use freely and in much variety the primitive nature literatures.

Another type of nature story that seems unpedagogical is the idealistic animal fiction of which we now have so much. There are, of course, some valuable stories of this class, but on the whole there appears in this the same fault of over-personification, as we find in the pedagogical nature story. Even the very best imaginative animal story is not free from this fault. The child needs to meet animals on common ground, but he is willing to go half way and animalise himself. Many of the nature stories of this class seem too imaginative, and they carry too much plot. They try to put too much human adult sentiment into the animal's mind, and also into the child's relation to nature. In other words much of the nature fiction written for the child is too individual and subjective. Primitive and savage man has had the ad-

vantage of knowing nature at very close range. His stories grew out of practical desires, and they have the stamp of real life upon them, which it is difficult to imitate.

CHAPTER XVI

THE STORY IN HISTORY

THE value of the oral story in teaching history is probably recognised by everyone. History *is*, of course, the story of man. We might go so far as to say that the teacher who carries his history in his mind in the form for oral telling has the truest insight into its meaning and purposes; and that in just so far as he knows history by periods, dates, and dynasties does he fail to understand it—at least in any way valuable for education. It is quite easy to mistake entirely the purpose and meaning of history as a part of the school curriculum. History, it is true, is a narration of facts, but it is far more than this. Any history that is worth teaching is an *artistic* portrayal of the truth of the world. It is selective and purposive. It is moral, and not merely antiquarian in its motives. It aims to inspire feeling, teach values, convey tradition, increase the area of

common possession in social groups. This is quite different from merely relating facts.

It is for such reasons that the told historical story is so effective in teaching. Story-telling is an art. Its work is to select facts with reference to the value meaning they carry. The mood which arises in one when he undertakes to tell a story quite forbids, for example, the telling off of a page of dates. It is the lack of *art* in the old methods of teaching history, as of geography, which repelled the child, and caused so dismal results. So precisely suited is the story-telling method to the teaching of history that we can say that children cannot acquire a right knowledge of history in any other way. It is the way in which all history was once taught—and taught so that it was never forgotten. The story, from its very nature and intention, is admirably fitted to impart just those lessons which it is the function of history to teach.

If this estimate of the values, functions, and methods of history be accepted, the need of the teacher of history to be a good story-teller ought to be plain. He must absorb and re-live the world's *story*. He must perceive the facts of history artistically and selec-

tively. He must feel that he has set himself the task of arousing sentiments, of leading the child, in fancy and play, to re-create the world, understanding it as a fulfilment of purposes which seem to guide it. In his actual service the teacher may fall far short of this ideal; but at least he may keep himself above the level of treating history as a mass of facts, and regarding chronological tables as the highest symbols of truth.

If we would teach history to the child, we must meet him on his own ground. We must first of all break down the hard and fast line between fact and fiction. The stories of Charlemagne, Napoleon, Siegfried and Arthur are equally historic to the child. He makes no sharp dividing line between myth and history. Wonder tales, creation myths, mythical hero tales form a natural setting for historical fact in the mind of the child; and it is only incidentally and naturally that questions of historic accuracy should be raised. By mingling fact and fiction the right mood is secured without which history loses its power to impress the young child. With the historic story should go mythical tales of the origin of races and of social customs, legends; and all that fiction which conveys to the

child the spirit and ideals of the people whose history he studies. The fiction which tells the story of man's spiritual history is quite as much truth as the *facts* of his experiences as king or subject. Stories of gods who embody national ideals, such as Thor and Odin, should be closely correlated with the historical story of a nation. During the later years of childhood the epic story must be used freely to keep alive the ideal and spirit of history; and here too the question of fact need enter but little, at least into the storyteller's work. The race has used its epics without critically raising the question at all, and the child may do the same. The two series, fact and romance, have been woven together into an inextricable whole, for the same reason that we should keep them together in teaching history to the child—in order to express fully the whole of the experience of the race. So completely has the race obliterated the line of fusion between the fact and the fiction that we have not yet in many cases been able to discern it at all.

Such a conception of history puts the teacher of it to the task of having at command a wide range both of pure historical story, and of historical fiction. He should

know the story of Ulysses, Æneas, and Siegfried quite as thoroughly as the life of Napoleon, and the history of the English kings. In some ways the fiction is the more important story. In the fiction the message is clear, and is brought sharply to a focus. All unnecessary details have been lost, and the truth shines through the narrative at every point. The very existence of the story has depended upon its power to carry effectively the message which it contains. Historical narrative, because of the ease with which unessential details are preserved by the printed page, has become loaded with unimportant fact, its meaning has been clogged, and its story made inartistic. It requires, usually, a higher art on the part of the story-teller to make historical narrative effective, than to prepare fiction to tell the child.

Though history centres about the story of great lives, and the biographical stories most readily lend themselves to the story-teller's art, it is not true that history is entirely the story of the great personages who have lived and worked here. The story of the great leader is more dramatic, easier to present, than the story of the people, yet a function of history is to tell the story of the common

life. The child must be made to understand and imagine the historic event not merely as an onlooker but as a participator in it. He must become a part of the scene, a vital element in the movement which is taking place not merely before his eyes, but around him. We must not only inspire him with an ambition to do great deeds, but to play small parts in a large spirit. There is a place in the teaching of history for good historical romance, largely for the reason that it does succeed in conveying the moods of participation better than does the more detached and less artistic historical narrative.

We must remember, too, that war is not the only activity of man worth recording. Wars have come too much into the foreground, and have served in some ways to distort the story of man's life. The story of war appeals to strong instincts, but after all war is not the greatest, nor even perhaps the most heroic of man's activities. Commerce, government, industry, invention, science, philosophy, literature, religion, medicine have all had their dramatic and fateful moments, and their great heroes. There is a greater need of the art of the story-teller here than in the conventional historic story. To bring the child

to a vivid participation in all the heroic struggles of man is the work of the teacher of history.

The teacher of history and the story-teller must make the most of their excellent opportunity to arouse, in the child, a sense of common possession with others, of fundamental sentiments and truths. This is the basis of all the higher loyalty. We wish to make the child feel that what he himself holds of worth is a possession of all. The story-telling scene is in itself highly favourable for arousing these feelings. The mood of companionship and participation is aroused. The child is keenly sensitive to the fact that the story he enjoys impresses others. He knows that the event which he witnesses is seen by all. We must make the most of this opportunity. Whether the scene be local, or a great historical moment, the story-teller must carry to the child this mood of common feeling. He must himself radiate this spirit. It is not a moral to be pointed out, but an air to breathe.

Loyalty to country may be mentioned as a type of these common possessions, and it is often asserted that the main purpose of the teaching of history is to teach patriotism.

But the problem is wider than this. In our age of diverging individualities, of specialisation, of foreign elements in our civilisation, we have a difficult problem to preserve the common basis of mood and sentiment necessary for national progress and unity. Loyalty to country is but one aspect of this mood. We must begin early and develop the more general moods upon which it is based. The duty falls upon the story-teller, especially in the field of history, of making the most of *every story—whether legend, myth, or history, to broaden and deepen the social sense, and widen the area of common possession in the minds of children.* Everything artistic helps to do this. The function of art is to convey common meaning through common moods. At its highest and best it carries the conviction that the value it teaches is eternal: is not something which we put temporarily into the thing which pleases us, but is the possession of all at all times; is objective, and enduring, a part of the meaning and reality of the world itself. The child can and must attain these attitudes. He can come to them, it is true, only in his own way and time; but all those situations which arouse in him the glow of common possession, with others, of

something of value bring him toward them. The historical work of the school is one of the best opportunities to educate these attitudes, and thus to lay the foundation of all those sentiments we call loyalty, of which one is patriotism, or love of country. Those moods which the story arouses, we may say, are the raw materials out of which higher and broader kinds of loyalty will be shaped.

CHAPTER XVII

THE STORY IN MORAL EDUCATION

THE first principle of morality is the injunction that each of us in his own way do that which he feels to be in fullest accord with the deepest meaning life has for him. Morality is not a function of some one "organ of consciousness," such as a conscience, but it is a reaction of the whole personality to a situation which confronts it.

There are therefore two elements in the moral education of a child. The child must be encouraged and trained to react with precision and vigour to that which he feels to be right; and moral *meaning* must be cultivated in the mind. The first and greatest element in moral training, we believe, is the enrichment of the experiences of value. We train the child in moral habits, we enjoin upon him to be good, we lay down laws for him to obey, some negative, some positive; and by force of authority we press him into the mould which tradition and our present ideals de-

mand. Perhaps we do too much of this. These simple modes of presenting and impressing the rules of conduct are but a part of the work we must do for the moral welfare of the child. Not only must the child's responsiveness both to inner and outer command be sensitised, and his feelings of oughtness be deepened, but a wide range of concrete moral experience must be given him. Many emotions must be played upon, not one alone. All the value-feelings must be made to function. Enrichment is the best word to describe the ideal at which we must aim. We must not merely tell the child not to steal, for example, explaining to him the moral sin of theft, and making clear the punishments which will follow, but there must be brought before him, in the form of vicarious experience, a great number of situations involving this and many related faults and virtues; and to these experiences the child must *respond* by inner activity. His whole life of desire must be played upon. He must in imagination, in the play life, make varied reactions of choice, approbation, and disapprobation—reacting with all his instincts, emotions, and sentiments; the moral, the æsthetic, the religious, the feeling of love, awe, fear, self-love,

and all the other attitudes through which we react upon experience with choice. All these experiences are taken up into the moral life, and it is especially this manifold experience, acquired for the most part in play, that makes the foundation, the first stratum and content of our moral life. At the same time we must impress upon the individual that he must always do that which his *moral* sense chooses—but that *moral sense* is not something ready-made in the child and born with him, but is made up of just such experiences as we give him, and just such moods and complexes of value-feelings as we arouse in him, and finally organise into a unity, by our process of enrichment.

Such a view of morality makes the duty of the teacher of morals complex, difficult, and yet inspiring. Teacher and child must live an imaginative life in all those experiences in which the moral feelings of the race have been put to test; and we need hardly now argue that the story is a good opportunity for this. The function of the story in the teaching of morals is not to teach *moral content* as such. Its purpose is to allow the mind of the child, stimulated to the highest point of interest and expectancy, and

carried into the world of ideals by his æsthetic feelings, to *play* at creating and choosing his moral world, by reacting to moral situations. He must approve and disapprove, respond by *feeling* to all the situations out of which moral life is formed. Before the child all the dilemmas in which the moral nature of man has been exercised must be made to pass in review. And, for the most part, we must trust to the child's native powers of absorption to accept the lessons, guided by the art which we bring to the work, and the suggestions which, by that art, we bring from our wider experience and deeper life meaning to his plastic and receptive mind.

Materials for such a course in moral training are plentiful, and ready at hand, in the racial literatures. The child has inherited the power to respond to it all, and it is our work but to bring the culture materials to him in abundance, at the right time, and in the right way; and thus to nourish and enrich his emotional life, by allowing it opportunity to react to all kinds of moral situations. We educate thought in play, by allowing it to have free range over the whole of time and space. We must do precisely the same for the feelings. Thus the foundations are laid

broadly for moral independence, and the child will be carried beyond that narrow provincialism in morals, which results from training secured only in the practical life, from that with which he comes into immediate contact.

Now we may consider briefly several kinds of stories which may be regarded as essentially moral in effect. Already in discussing the methods of teaching history, literature and nature study, the moral effects of the story have been emphasised; for morality expresses the whole meaning of life, and we come upon its problems in every serious intention.

Primitive stories, far more than appears on the surface, are moral. Along with the custom, law, and taboo that many of them teach is a sound morality, combined with astute practical wisdom. The fact that many of them later become the basis of fables shows the moral nature of much of the primitive story. Anyone who studies this literature must be impressed with the serious moral purpose of it all. It appeals rather to the instincts than to the moral sense as such, yet all the common lessons of morality are specifically taught. Honesty, fair play, re-

spect for custom and authority, love of parents, industry, bravery, are all exploited in the primitive story.

The fable, we have said elsewhere, is a later product of the story-telling impulse, when it becomes conscious of its practical function and power, and sets out to *teach*; and in general it is the product of those races which begin early to mistrust instinct and try to guide life by *wisdom*. The place of the fable, and other purposive stories, in the teaching of morality is secondary to that of stories that appeal more directly to instinct. To use the purpose story in place of the primitive story in order to teach morality directly, or to hasten moral development, is the same error as is made whenever we try to teach the abstract before there is a sufficient foundation in concrete experience. The result, at its worst, is a moral pedantry. The child is by nature in every sense moral. It is not our work especially to teach morality to him, but to provide normal situations upon which his natural emotions may act. We are to nourish and not create something. Therefore, in educating the child's moral nature, what is required of the story is not that it shall contain adult sentiments, nor carry precept and

exhortation, but that it shall arouse wholesome feeling, and stimulate the imagination, and the play activity of the mind. This is almost equivalent to saying that the story must be *artistic*.

The fairy-story also must be regarded as a teacher of morals; and that it is rich in moral elements is obvious, when we remember its origin. So far as it is related to myth it is essentially religious, and as a development from primitive stories, it is through and through purposive, and tries to define man's relations to higher powers. In the fairy-tale, as we have seen, the *unattainable* has been attained; it contains solace for limitations, and justification of fate. Especially does the fairy-tale broaden the child's sympathies. In it the child comes face to face with his own longings, expressed in the story of another. His mood is essentially sympathetic, intensely so. The sleeping beauty awakes, the prince comes, the fairy-godmother prevails over the witch at the earnest and urgent demand of all the heart of the child. This is the hold the fairy-tale has upon the moral life. To make the child feel intensely the strivings of others, and to understand the lights and shades of feeling in

many life situations is quite as important a part of moral training as is exhortation to be good, and to obey command and the moral law.

The hero story, the myth, the historical story, and finally the epic, carry further the work of enriching the moral life, without at any point laying stress upon direct teaching. These stories play upon deep instincts and desires, and exercise value judgments. As the child approaches maturity, and becomes susceptible to the influence of heroic and ideal conduct, the mood of the moral story must to some extent change. This change is in the direction of more emphasis upon the subjective feeling. The story may no longer tell merely what the hero did and said, but it must indicate what he felt. The child no longer merely responds instinctively to the meaning of the story; but to a greater extent the self-conscious personality is brought into play. He now feels that the lessons and ideals are for him—or should feel this. The effort must still be to enrich the content of mind, to exercise value-reactions, but these reactions are now brought nearer expression in conduct. Still the purpose is by no means to teach the child that which he may apply

to-day or to-morrow, but to bring all his experiences to a focus, where the practical need may seize upon them and give them final expression in conduct. If the enrichment has been adequate, the child will now have a foundation of experience and feeling, acquired through imagination and play of the feelings; and this foundation will consist, not of a formal set of rules and taboos, but of a flexible, deeply fixed body of emotional experience, a capacity to bring to bear upon moral situations a full, rich experience which is a very part of the personality itself.

In these later stages of childhood from thirteen on, the great hero tales, the higher mythologies, and the epics must be freely used. The virtues of the higher civilisation may best be presented in the form of biography. The heroes of epic are all types illustrating fundamental virtues and situations; and they stand for values which may still be but dimly felt by the child, and yet are not to be forced into consciousness, but are to be made active in imagination and play of the feelings. Through all this period the moral culture should be varied. All types of heroes must be presented. Stories of self-effacement for principle, of domestic heroism,

of commonplace and struggling lives, should have a place with warriors, revolutionists, colonists, saints, missionaries, and all who represent ideals of the race.

The function of the story in all this seems clear. It is the means of broadening moral experience beyond the borders of actual experience, of opening to the youth a wide world in which his moral forces may exercise themselves. The youth is made to look upon life from many points of view, but still under the shelter of the play motive, detached from the serious business of practical life. Thus the mind will absorb moral lessons in its own way, if it be kept busy reacting to the right situations. There need be little thought of systematic teaching of virtues; but the whole range of adult ideals and life is to be presented in the form of *art*.



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CHAPTER XVIII

THE STORY AND THE CHILD'S RELIGION

THE purpose of religious education may be said to be, first, to inspire the child with a God-consciousness, and to develop this consciousness from lower to higher stages. In such a process, we can say quite confidently, teaching of creed, theology, and even precise fact have the smallest place, and the artistic methods, such as story-telling, have the highest. But whatever the method of teaching be, the purpose of it must comprise more than giving the child any definite conceptions whatever, and reach far down into the feelings. We are to teach the individual how to take and maintain certain attitudes toward the universe. The foundation of the religious mood is the belief that the world is spiritual or alive, is filled with or moved by good-will toward the individual. Our work is to make the individual feel such dependence upon this good-will, and such faith in it, that he can respond fearlessly to the de-

mands which life makes upon him, and be unreservedly obedient to the ideals which he feels express the deepest meaning of life.

And even now we have not fully described the scope of religion. Religion is a means of preserving and expressing such attitudes of the individual as will foster the completion in him of the growth which nature itself is trying to carry on: a process in which he is to be transformed from a playing, irresponsible child, to a working, devoted adult. Religion is an attitude that keeps him balanced in this transformation, and true to the course of development.

If this be true, the inculcation of an adequate God-consciousness must be the work not merely of the church, but of all institutions which undertake to influence the child: the school, the home, the playground. Such teaching by no means ends, nor perhaps begins, with the teaching of the Bible and the tenets of the Christian religion. Much of secular culture goes directly to the desired end.

To anyone who has studied the world's stories, and who understands the power of the story over the child, emphasis upon the value of the method of story-telling in teach-

ing religion will seem natural. He will have perceived that the religious attitude pervades all this culture; that the racial story has been created by it; that the urgent demand on the part of man for a saving attitude toward the unseen world has been the greatest factor in inspiring stories; that without this religious attitude, which has expressed itself in stories, it is possible that the race would not have survived at all. The purpose of the racial stories—fairy-tales, myths, epics—is more than anything else to keep faith in the friendliness of the unseen world alive.

The pedagogy of story-telling in religion sums up to the principle that the child is capable of absorbing racial religious moods by means of racial stories, and that these fundamental moods are the necessary foundations for the higher religious life. Animistic stories, fairy-tales, nature myth—all those stories in which nature is personified—will help to create in the child that feeling of kinship with nature and with unseen things, which is the foundation of religion, and the root of the God-consciousness we wish to develop. These attitudes appear first of all in the free play of the emotions, as they respond

to experience. The child is unconscious of what is taking place within him; but one can see that a great part of early life is devoted to learning to live *optimistically* amid the dangers and uncertainties of life; learning to carry on life practically; learning to do one's small part, and to leave to the universe at large the care of what he cannot control, and which he can be adjusted to only through faith in a good-will behind nature. The racial stories form a series of steps that lead toward a belief in the spirituality and good-will of the universe. This is the most important function they perform. They accomplish it by causing the child in manifold ways to respond sympathetically and actively to all those situations in life which test faith. He does this in play, in æsthetic moods, but this is nevertheless the foundation of his later faith. With the fairy-led child he goes through the hard experience out into the happy ending, in the mood of play, but all the time serious work is being performed for his own life. All these stories of the final victory of the good serve as preparation for the truths of higher religion.

On our principle of enrichment we shall be prepared to see that we must go far afield

for our religious culture materials. Stories that seem merely literary to the adult often are religious to the child. Much in the lower religions that is discarded by the higher has educational value. Especially the Aryan religions, and in particular the Teutonic forms of paganism, contain much that we must bring to the service of the young. If we accept the principle that it is truth and not fact, mood and not dogma, that we must give the child, this attitude toward religion need cause no antagonistic feeling in anyone. The religion of the world is essentially one. *Whatever helps the child to feel spirit and goodwill in the universe is religious. Whatever helps to break down the sense of isolation of the individual; whatever brings the individual into confidential relations with purposes in the world that seem to include his own, and to supplement and protect them, is religious.*

The story holds the central place in the teaching of religion. More than anything else it can give the breadth of experience, the imaginative grasp of the unseen world, and the moods which are the basis of religion in the child. Considered from the standpoint of our religious problem the Bible must of

course be regarded as the central body of culture materials. Yet in all its variety of themes it is not comprehensive enough to nourish completely the all-absorbing sentiment of the child. We must supplement the Semetic religion by the primitive and Aryan religions, lengthen the steps that have been foreshortened by the influences of southern life and nature, in the midst of which our religion developed, make amends for the provincialism of the Hebrew ideals, and especially broaden the moral feeling, which, in the Hebrew culture, tended to ripen too soon. We must do at many points, eventually, precisely what we do, for example, in our Christmas story and festivity. Here the Christian doctrine is helped out by pagan legend and custom, with the effect of broadening and deepening the child's emotions. The religious thought of the Hebrew, from the standpoint of the educator, is weak in nature elements, and has over-emphasised the purely ethical element. The genius of the Hebrew was essentially ethical, tending to premature wisdom, as does most Oriental thought. This has, it is true, given us the higher elements of our faith, but it is for that very reason in some respects inadequate to

meet the child's needs. The child, in his religious education, needs a great variety of stories from many pagan sources.

It is difficult, and for the most part unnecessary, to supplement the admirable study of the Bible, from the story-teller's standpoint, made by Mrs. Houghton. She has shown that the Bible, in the sequence in which it stands, illustrates the steps by which literature has developed everywhere, and that it contains all the forms of story in abundance. It has been pointed out by others that the Bible represents in other respects a significant genetic order. It is a spiritual history of the race, and it is also the story of the inner development of every individual. It begins with the story of the creation, a wonder tale that appeals strongly to the mind of the child. Next comes the period of pastoral life, affecting all the child's out-of-door interest. Then is the heroic stage, the story of the God of battles, the stern and just law-giver and inflicter of punishment like the parent, a narration full of wonderful stories of which the child never tires. The story then moves on to pictures of civic splendour, to the days of degenerate city life, in which the old ideals for a time wane. Then comes

the reign of Christ in the world, the story of the regeneration of society by the spirit of love and self-sacrifice. Last of all is the philosophic and theological stage, in which the story turns upon the doctrine of the church.

The Bible is thus, from first to last, a great story. Told as it should be and can be, it gives the child almost everything he can get from the Christian religion, or need get from it. In addition there is need of but little drill and memory work; and, it seems, nothing of formal instruction in creed and dogma.

All seem now to agree that the Old Testament should, as a whole, be given before the New Testament, and that the dividing line is at about the beginning of adolescence. The Old Testament in much the order and form in which it is written is a great story book for children up to the age of twelve or thirteen. It contains all those forms of story which appeal to the child: creation myth, primitive story, fable, epic, romance, wonder tale, fairy-tale, history. Especially for the middle period of childhood these stories are excellent, both in their moral and in their intellectual effect. If the child has been properly taught he will have arrived at that age.

already inspired by a belief in the supernatural. Now is the time when all that has gone before needs to be emphasised and unified; when there must be a conception of the God of the Christian religion as a personal ruler, as a law-giver who must stand as the highest authority for the child. This concept once gained, much of later religious teaching has for its work to maintain the mood which it involves, through all the necessary developments of reason and experience. Much of the later story of the Old Testament is, in fact, directed to this very task; its aim is to illustrate and prove the presence of God in the world's history, and to lead on to a conviction of the immanence of God everywhere.

Except in so far as it is the story of the Child Jesus, and so of deep interest to the child, especially in his realistic age, the narrative of the life of Jesus seems, according to trustworthy opinions, to be suited especially to the needs of the child after the dawn of adolescence. The story of Christ, considered as literature, is a hero story of the epic class, and it must be presented in strongly dramatic form, with all its human and historical settings drawn upon. Thus told, it is in the highest degree interesting, and is capable of

making a very deep impression upon the mind. In this first presentation of the story, at least, though the supernatural is not to be concealed, we may well subordinate it to the pure narrative, taking our cue from the epic stories. The later story, which is the story of the early Christian Church, properly emphasises to a certain extent the principles upon which Christianity is based.

The use of the story in the Sunday School should now seem plain. It is safe to assert that if every other method of teaching religion were abandoned, and the story alone were used with the utmost of art, almost the best conditions for the teaching of religion would be attained. For the Sunday School teacher, the Bible must be essentially a story-book. He must study it as such, and he must approach it from the standpoint of the child's natural interests. Both the secular school and the religious school must bow to the same laws of psychology. In the past both have committed the error of trying to teach the child in ways not in keeping with his nature. The Sunday School must reach out after the best scientific principles of teaching, and it need not be afraid to take what the secular school has learned by bitter experi-

ence. We are everywhere passing from a day of universal description, explanation, memory work, and mind training, to a day of more natural and more *artistic* education, in which there is greater dependence upon interest and spontaneity, more confidence in the child's powers to absorb knowledge, without the necessity of examining and repeating, more interest in the hidden, inner response of the child. The Sunday School, like the day school, must bring the materials it wishes to teach into the form in which the child can best assimilate them. The Sunday School teacher, we repeat, must be above all else a good story-teller. This should be the first and most important part of his training. He must know the Bible from beginning to end as a story-book. If he is a teacher of young children the Old Testament will be his chief field, and he must know all its best stories by heart. He should read all the good Bible story-books, and study these more than commentaries and theological books. *But, in general, whatever he cannot himself get from the Bible is not worth telling to children.* He should practise the art of story-telling, and be able to put into his stories the very soul of his own faith. All his God-consciousness

should shine out of his narrative. At almost no other point in education will the teacher be rewarded by such enthusiastic response on the part of the child.

If the teacher's work is with older children, the New Testament will be his text-book. He must *know* the story of Jesus. He must make this story the centre of his interest, and make everything else revolve about it. He must understand this life in its historical setting, as a great drama, the most significant scenes in the world's history thus far. Therefore he should not only study the best books dealing with the life of Christ, but he should know something of the history of the world, and especially of the history of the Christian religion, which is the great sequel of the story of Christ. When he once understands what the life of Christ has *meant* in the world's history, he will be prepared to teach it well. He may rest his case, if need be, in regard to the divinity of Christ, upon the story of what Christ has actually done in the world, as expressed in his life and in the story of Christianity. Every religious teacher ought to know something of the lives of the Saints, the story of the Crusades, the spread of Christianity, the lives of great re-

ligious teachers and reformers, and of missionaries and martyrs. This is a very important part of the teaching of the Christian religion, and in the past it has been much neglected in the Sunday School, which has focussed its attention too much upon the doctrinal aspects of religion.

In the religious teaching of the home, the Bible narrative may still be the centre; but the home can well go farther afield than the Sunday School for its religious stories. Parents who can do nothing more for the religious life of their children can at least tell them the standard Bible stories. If in addition to this the home can command wider resources, and can give the child many stories from primitive and pagan religions, the child's religious life will be to that extent broader and more securely founded.

CHAPTER XIX

THE STORY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

AT the present time one of the most pressing problems of education is that of differentiation of instruction to meet the needs of various types of children and of individuals. Individual differences become greater with social complexity, and the difficulty of precisely applying our culture materials to the need of individuals continually increases. School, home, and church all constantly feel the need of more enlightenment at this point. It is a comparatively easy matter to plan a course of instruction that will meet the common needs of children in bulk, but to deal with individualities is a far more difficult task. This question arises at every point in education, and it presses forward as a problem of the function of storytelling. It seems that a method which has so much to offer the child in a general way, ought to be capable of more precise individual application. If we can say with some

degree of confidence what kind of stories are best suited to children of this or that age, what is best for boys, and what for girls, we ought to be able to go further and to discover at least how to make the story fit the wants of temperamental types, which in some ways resemble the age and sex types. The story has so varied a use in education; it reaches so well the instinctive and emotional life of the child; it is so effectual in stimulating one and another kind of mental activity, that we must think it capable of doing good service in this most difficult of all educational efforts—the training of the individuality of the child.

It is to such an individual aspect of education that we believe that in the future the story will bring important aid, though we must first have made a serious study of many kinds of stories, with reference to their effect. This is perhaps a far look ahead, but something of the kind is certain to result when the power of the story is generally understood, and our methods of analysing individuality are a little further advanced. Yet in such matters we do not wait for perfection of methods; and already something of this is within the reach of anyone who is willing to study children's literature and children,

even superficially, from this point of view. The most obvious needs of individuals are sometimes the most important and easiest to reach, and the purpose and effect of some stories are so plain that they can hardly be mistaken.

A few of many applications of the story to individual needs, that seem ready at hand, can be mentioned by way of illustration. In every schoolroom there will be found some children, who, we believe, would be benefited by reading, or better hearing, a well selected series of good humorous stories. All are presumably thus benefited, but some exceptionally need it. Ability to appreciate good humour, a knowledge of how to find it and make it a part of their equipment for keeping a true balance in life, would, perhaps, be one of the best items in their training.

There are at least two kinds of children who would profit by such a treatment. One is the dull child, with slow and commonplace associations, lacking in ability to see relations. It is a hopeful sign in dulness when there is visible a spark of humour, as every teacher knows; and to light such a spark in a dull mind is a considerable achievement. Humour educates, in a natural way, the power

of seeing relations. It inculcates an attitude of alertness and expectancy. It helps to broaden mental content, in those minds in which ideas tend to come in single file. We need better collections of humorous stories than we have, and especially in modern writing is there a dearth of good humour suited to children. The racial sources are the best.

Another type of child that especially needs humorous stories is the child whose tendency is toward depressive feelings. The sad child, the child whose environment is depressing, who is so situated that the cares of life are prematurely shared with elders, the child who is naturally of melancholy habit—all such children should be subjected to the influences of humour, according to individual needs. Humour makes the feelings flexible, lightens dull moods, and tends to show one the event of the moment as a part of a larger movement, and so makes for emotional balance.

Another type of child that needs a complete saturation in a certain kind of story, is the child who tends to be over-reflective, and whose motor life and objective interests are too restricted. Such children are quick in forming concepts, but their experiences re-

main too subjective. They need all the incitement to objective interests that can be given them. What is wanted of literature is a wholesome influence from stories of out-of-doors; stories of forest life and of animals, realistic stories of adventure, of country life, of camping, everything that will help to maintain the mood of outdoor life so difficult to create in the city.

Another difficult problem of individual pedagogy is the treatment of the child whose greatest limitation is his lack of moral purpose, or his inability to form moral ideals. There has been enough failure in teaching individual morality to make any promising method worthy of trial, and a careful study and precise application of literature to individual needs seems a desideratum. There has been some misunderstanding of the nature of the stimulus required. We do not usually wish exhortation, but enrichment. In cases of moral dulness we need to awaken sentiment all along the line, and not merely play upon the moral sense. Biographical and hero stories seem readiest at hand for individual application. All the heroes of epic, myth, and history may be drawn upon; and much of our modern realistic fiction is

also good. With younger children the application of the story must be general rather than special, if it is to count toward moral education. The specifically moral stories, especially the hortatory stories, are likely to be superficial. During the age from eight to twelve or thereabouts, the best fiction dealing with domestic and homely virtues, stories centring about home and school, are valuable. There is something of value also in stories dealing with ideal childhood, and in biographical stories of childhood.

These somewhat random illustrations will serve to make plain the scope of the story in individual training. A close analysis of both child and story will be needed if such work is to be undertaken seriously. Emotional faults are at the root of almost all undesirable mental traits of the child, and it is upon the emotional life that the story must be made to play. There is a wide field for the story here. The timid child may readily be subjected to the strong suggestions of the story. The unsocial child, the jealous child, the complaining and ill-adjusted child, the proud, quarrelsome, and querulous child, the rude, unfair child, the unforgiving child, the child lacking in chivalry and tolerance—all

need such influences as can be brought to bear upon them through the story. The child whose greatest fault is in his æsthetic nature, the child who lacks politeness, who is crude from social inexperience—all these may be brought into a larger and more refined world by means of the story.

We may say that most emotional faults are at bottom expressions of unsatisfied and uncontrolled wishes and false valuations. An entirely satisfactory application of the story to the training of individuality would involve close analysis of these temperamental defects in a deeper way perhaps than is within the reach of the practical worker in education, and would require a penetrating study of story-roots, in order to discover the effect of each upon the underlying impulses of the child.

It is natural that in the training of individuals the attention should be turned first and most strongly to the correction of faults; yet the story has a place in the training of virtues and abilities. The child whose mind is imaginative may be richly nourished by the story literature of the race, and it is likely may be prepared thus for later specialisation of abilities. Interests toward æsthetic pur-

suits may be fostered, the sympathetic spirit quickened, special interests fed, and abilities directed and kept active on the level of play by means of the story.

Here is at least a method of training which the home especially should understand. The home is the great guardian and educator of the individuality of the child. It may trust to the school for the more general culture, but there is always a need of the child beyond that which can be given to children in groups. The home should make the most of so simple a method of teaching as the story. One need not be dismayed by the fact that the relation of the story to the individual is a difficult chapter in applied psychology. Much lies on the surface and is open for simple common sense and earnest interest in the child to use effectively.

CHAPTER XX

THE STORY FESTIVAL

THE story has many advantages as a *unifying art*. It was in the beginning the central art. *Meaning*, theme, or story, always came first, and form was subordinate to and grew out of its expression. Story-telling is simple and easy to control, and other arts are readily drawn upon to form with it harmonious wholes in which the story is the connecting thread. The higher story-telling of the future is likely to develop along this line, and give us a new and fertile art form.

The *story festival* is a practical and simple utilisation of these possibilities of the story. In the story festival some great story, or some connected series of stories that arouse a succession of related moods, is presented, with the accompaniment of all the artistic forms that will enhance and vivify these moods. Many stories lend themselves readily to this treatment. A simple and easily arranged story festival given in Worcester, based upon



FROM THE INDIAN FESTIVAL

the legends of the Micmac Indians, will illustrate what is meant.*

Three groups of legends were worked out, starting with primitive forest tales, followed by stories appealing to sentiment, and ending with selections from the stronger religious myths. These all together present the thought and feeling of the savage in three of his most fundamental moods.

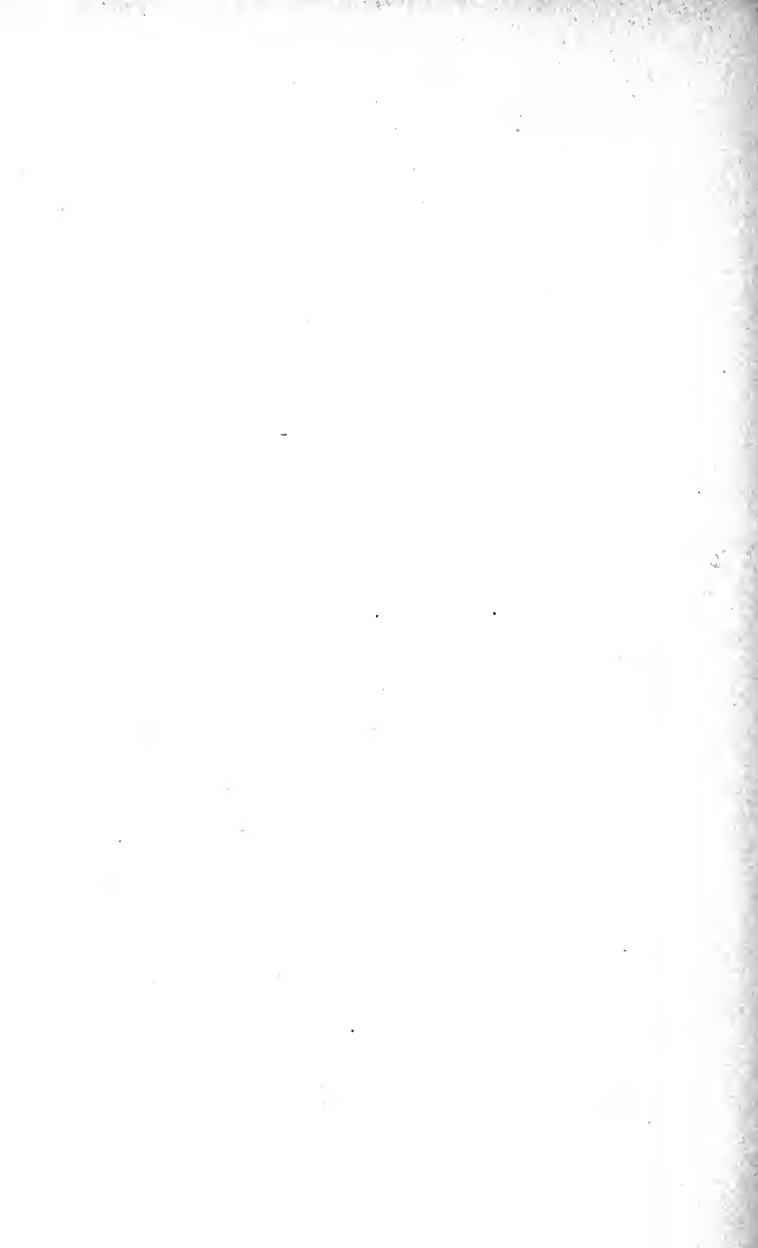
The stage was arranged to suggest a forest scene: with wigwam, trees, and bright coloured rugs. A group of children in Indian costume was arranged on the stage, and the story-teller was also in costume. Each group of stories was preceded by primitive music expressing the mood of the stories of that group, and in one of the intervals there was an Indian dance by the children on the stage. Thus a variety of appeals was made, all aiming to increase the effect of the stories. The point to be especially noticed is the fundamental difference between this and the dramatising of stories, or any dramatic performance. It is still merely story-telling. Neither the story-teller nor the children represented the stories nor acted them. The

* Presented in Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Dec. 26, 1911, by E. N. Partridge.

story-teller told the stories about other scenes, and the primitive setting helped to create the mood required for their appreciation. It was a matter of chance, as it were, that the place in which the story-teller told the stories could suggest the environment of the stories themselves.

This idea of the story-festival is capable of wide application and much elaboration. Cycles of religious stories, such as the Norse story of the gods, the epics, any unified historical story, such as the life of Joan of Arc, stories of national events, the story of a city, are all capable of such treatment. The story is always the centre, and the story-teller tells it in a setting suitable to suggest the mood it aims to create. If the story is mediæval, it will help if the costume is European, and there are suggestions of the age in the setting. The well-known picture, *The Reading From Homer*, suggests a scene that might be carried out in part. Whatever is plainly symbolic of the mood or meaning of the story may be introduced, and whatever breaks up the mood or changes the point of view must be avoided. Music can usually be made to harmonise. A group of children on the stage listening to the story, will usually serve to

heighten the effect sought. Posing, dancing, a little of the old-time tableau, symbolic treatment of any object closely connected with the mood of the story (such as the flag in a historical story), may be employed. In general there will be no shifting of scenes. The story is the unifying thread. It is *told* in one scene. The scene need not always be one similar to that in which the story itself moves. It may often be similar, but it might be very different, representing quite other time and place. But whatever is introduced should be in harmony with the scene in which the story is told, suggesting the mood required for a full appreciation of the story. Native æsthetic sense will for the most part direct the details, when once the main intention of the story festival is understood. The method is suitable for a single story-hour, or for a more elaborate presentation of some long connected story, which will require several successive days for the telling.





A READING FROM HOMER

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

PART II
RETOLD STORIES

The stories that follow have been chosen because they seem to represent well the various classes of stories most useful in education. To this extent they may serve as models, according to which one may select and prepare additional stories of each class. All are retold stories; they have been put down much as they have actually been told to children. There is no one best way to tell a story, and it is not intended that anyone shall follow the letter of any of these. The general plan, we believe, may be accepted as right. The words will often be of the storyteller's own choosing. One should always if possible read other versions of a story, and other related narrative.

A BOY AND A GIANT BIRD

Retold from the Micmac legends collected by Dr. Silas Rand. A typical primitive story, though epic in theme.

ONE day an old woman was going through the forest, when she found a tiny baby lying on the ground. She took it up, and it was so small that she put it into her mitten, and so took it home to her wigwam.

The next day she took the baby, and left the village, and went far away into the woods to live. She built a wigwam, and cared for the baby—for she knew it must be a wonder child.

There was no milk for the little one, so she made it gruel from the scrapings of rawhide. The baby seemed to like this and grew fast. The old woman herself lived upon rabbits, which she caught in snares.

It was not long until the baby could run about, though he was still very tiny. One day he said to his foster mother:

“Grandmother, make me a little bow and arrow.”

She made the bow and arrow, and he started out to hunt. Soon he was home again, proud and happy.

“I have killed a great beast!” he cried. “Take your shoulder-strap and knife, and go bring it for me.”

She went, and found a tiny mouse stretched out on the ground. She tied its legs together and brought it home on her back.

“Now take off the hide,” he said, “and dry it for a mat to lie on. In time of trouble it will be of help to you, for there is divination in it.”

The woman did exactly as the boy said, and made a mat of the skin of the mouse.

The next day the little hunter went out again, and this time he caught a red squirrel. Again he killed a rabbit. Each time he told the old woman to make mats of the skins as before.

By and by the little fellow began to hunt for larger game. One day he said to the woman,

“Noogumee! (grandmother) Find me a stone arrow.” She did as she was told, and found the arrow. The boy took it and went bravely out into the forest; and before night he had killed a moose and a caribou.

Now the heart of the old woman was made glad. She need snare rabbits no more. There would be plenty of good meat to eat, and skins for clothing and blankets.

The next morning the hunter was off again. Seeing that he started away in a path where he had never gone before, the woman called after him:

“You must not go across the swamp that lies that way. Something dreadful will happen to us if you do.”

“Have no fear,” he called back. “I will not cross the swamp.”

But as he walked in the forest, he wondered what could be on the other side of the swamp. The more he thought about it, the more he wished to go and see. At last he walked into the swamp, for he felt he *must* know. But he found it so hard to cross, that he soon had to give up, and come back. He had torn his clothes, and he was bruised and scratched.

This would have told the old woman what he had done, if nothing else had. But the news had gone before him. The magical mats had told her what had happened. She met him at the door, weeping.

“You have gone into the swamp,” she

cried. "Something dreadful will happen. Promise me you will never try again to go there."

"You need not worry," he said. "I will not go again."

But the very next day the boy was tempted again to cross the swamp. This time he reached the other side. He found a large Indian village, all deserted. The people had fled in haste; for the fires were still smoking, and dishes had been left with the food still on them. He hurried away from the strange village, and ran home.

When he came to the wigwam he found his foster-mother in great trouble.

"O! my child," she wept. "Why *did* you go there? You have been the cause of our ruin. To-morrow, we must go to the village to live."

True enough, early the next morning, they were charmed by some magical power to take all their goods, and go over to the village across the swamp. They chose a large wigwam, and made themselves as comfortable as they could. In the evening the boy said:

"Grandmother, give me a hair from your head."

He took the hair, and made a bow-string of

it, and fitted some little arrows with stone heads to his bow, very carefully. Then he laid them all away ready when he should need them.

The next morning a Culloo, a great cannibal bird with magical power, who could make himself so large sometimes that he could carry off a whole village in one claw, was seen flying over the village. He was stretching his terrible claws, and getting ready to swoop down upon the village, hoping to seize the people while they were still sleeping.

But the little fellow was watching and ready with his bow and arrows. He held the bow drawn in his hand, and when the Culloo came low enough as he circled about, the boy shot six arrows, one quickly after the other, straight into the great bird's breast. With a terrible scream the Culloo made off, trying to draw the arrows out of his breast.

Early the next morning the boy said:

“Grandmother, I am going to the country of the Culluos. If you wish to know what is happening to me, you must look at the mats. If you see blood on them, you will know I have been killed. If there is no blood, you may know that I am alive.”

Saying no more, he started off. He trav-

elled over hill and mountain, through valley and marsh, until he came near the village of a savage Culloo chief. (Now most of the time the Culloo appears in the shape of a man, lives in a wigwam, and acts like other people.) When the boy came near the village he met a troop of girls going after fir-boughs. They were talking and laughing, but when they saw him they all began to weep.

“Why do you weep at the sight of *me?*” he asked.

“O,” they cried, “to-morrow, at noon, your parents and sister are to be killed and eaten by the old Culloo chief.”

He went on a little further, and then he met a party of men, who began to weep as the girls had done and told the same sad story.

He hurried into the village, and went straight to the lodge of his parents. They knew him at once, and all fell to weeping when they saw him.

“Alas! my son,” the father cried, “what a pity that you have come! To-morrow, we are all to be killed and eaten! Why *did* you not stay away?”

But for all their sorrow the sister began to prepare food for her brother. As he ate he asked all about their trouble, and then he

learned that the old Culloo chief lived in a great wigwam, in the centre of the village, and his people had their wigwams in a great circle about him; that he was in the habit of killing the families one at a time, taking them in order; and that the next day would come the turn of his own family. While they were talking a son of the old chief came to the lodge with a message from his father.

“My father, the chief, is ill,” he said, “and wishes the stranger to visit him, hoping he may have some magical power to cure him.”

“Tell him,” said the young man, “I will come when I have eaten my meal.”

When he had finished he said,

“Now I will go to see the sick man.”

When he came to the chief's lodge, he saw the old man lying with six arrows sticking into his breast.

“My brother,” said the chief, “my bosom pains me dreadfully.”

“Yes,” said the young man, “I should think it might. And let me tell you I shot those arrows into you myself, and now I have come to finish the work I began.” With that he struck the old chief a blow with his hatchet and killed him on the spot.

Then he fell upon the whole brood of Cul-

loos and destroyed them. Only one got away. He was a little fellow and he crept away and hid under some boughs. The young man was looking about to see if any had escaped, when he heard the boughs move. He knew very well what was underneath them, and he called out to the youngster,

“Come out for I am going to kill you.”

“No, no,” cried the little Culloo. “Do not kill me. I have power to reward you, if you will spare me. I will carry you about on my back, wherever you wish to go.”

“But perhaps you will watch your chance and kill me, because I have killed your parents,” he said.

“No, I will not,” said the Culloo, “and when I am grown up, I will take you to a place where you will find a beautiful bride.”

“Well,” he said, “I will spare you. But should you ever plan to kill me, I shall know it and I will kill you before you can do me any harm.”

The young man went back to the lodge to tell the great news of the old chief's death, and he took with him the baby Culloo. They fed the bird and cared for him, and it was not long until he could fly about, and soon

he began to go on long journeys; but he always returned to the wigwam.

One morning the Culloo said,

“Now I am sure I am strong enough to carry you on my back.” So the master took his seat on the Culloo’s back, and the bird flew high up into the air, and carried him far away in a wide circle, and brought him safely home again.

The next day the Culloo took his master for a hunting trip. They sailed high over the forest, until they saw a moose which the master shot and killed. They stopped and cooked their dinner, and then sailed over the forest again. At night the master piled all the game he had killed upon the great bird’s back, and he took it safely to the village.

The next day the Culloo took his master far away to the deserted village, to find the foster-mother, who each day had watched the mats, and knew that the boy was still safe. They found her in her wigwam, and brought her safely home with them.

At last came a day when the Culloo said,

“Now, my master, let us go to the place where the beautiful bride is.”

At once they began to get ready for the long journey, and when everything was pre-

pared the master took his seat upon the back of the bird, and the bird carried him up higher and higher into the air, as the earth grew fainter, and at last was lost from sight. On they flew through the clouds until they came to another land, surrounded by a great ragged mountain. Up still higher the Culloo sailed over the top of the mountain, and down into a valley, and on until at last they came to a beautiful plain; and there, not far from the edge of a cliff, they saw a large, well-built wigwam.

They came to the ground, and now the Culloo was like an ordinary man. They went into the wigwam, and there they found an old woman and her two daughters.

The mother seemed to know why the strangers had come and at once she greeted them, and asked them to the seats of honor in the wigwam. Then she hung the kettle on the fire, and began to prepare food.

When they had had their evening meal, the marriage was completed, and the young man took his place as master of the house, as is the custom. When the young people were alone, the bride whispered to her husband and told him that the next day the mother would try to kill him, for she was a wicked woman.

Sure enough, early the next morning before breakfast, the mother said to the young man, "Now, you must wrestle with me, for this is the custom in our land."

She bound about herself a belt made of rawhide, and took her place at the top of the cliff. As the young man went to take his place beside her, the Culloo whispered,

"She will try to throw you from the cliff, but I will watch below, on the wing, and if you fall, I will catch you."

When they were ready the old woman threw herself upon the young man, and put out all her strength, but she could not move him from his feet.

Then it was his turn, and with one hand he seized her by the belt, and lifted her high over his head and tossed her over the edge of the cliff. Down, down she went to the bottom. The Culloo was watching on the wing below, he saw her falling, but he turned his head the other way, and let her pass, to be dashed to death on the rocks below.

The two men now returned to the wigwam, and there was great rejoicing, for the girls were glad their wicked old mother was dead. They wished to leave the place where they had had so much trouble, and so they all went

far into the forest, and built a wigwam, and the men hunted and the women prepared the food and kept the wigwam.

At last, the young man wished to go back to his home on the earth. So everything was made ready for the journey, and the Culloo took all upon his back, and sailed once more over the high mountain, and through the clouds, and down to earth, to the lodge of the young man's parents. They were overjoyed to see their son once more, for they feared that he was dead.

The Indians were never again troubled by the Culluos, for all were dead except the one, who made himself their protector.

THE FAIRY BIRD

A story from South Africa, primitive in type, but showing influences of the more modern fairy-tale. It is retold from *Fairy Tales from South Africa*, by Mrs. E. J. Bourhill and Mrs. J. B. Drake, who collected many stories from native sources.

I

LONG ago, there lived in Africa a little boy called Duma. He lived in a tiny kraal at the foot of a great mountain. Duma had a sister, four years younger than he, and her name was Dumasane.

The children's father was very poor. He had no cattle, and all the food they had was what they could raise. They would often long for a drink of sour milk, but they were too poor to have even this very often.

One morning the father started out to dig the ground in a new place; for he thought perhaps the potatoes and maize would grow better in land that had not been used before. He started out with his hoe over his shoulder, and went along a narrow path over the hill to

a level field. The mother followed close behind him with her hoe over her shoulder, then came Duma with his little hoe over his shoulder, and far behind them trudged little Dumasane, with her bit of a hoe over her shoulder, trying her best to keep up with the others.

They worked all day long turning over the sods, and when evening came they went back home tired and hungry.

The next morning they went back to the field to work, and when they got there, *what* should they see—but a *level, grassy field!* The sods were all turned back in their places, and they had had all of their work for nothing. They had to work hard all the day, turning over the very sods they had turned the day before.

The next morning, when they went to their work, they found that the same thing had happened again. *The sods were all turned back in their places!*

“Now,” the father said, “I am going to find out who is doing this.”

So all that day they worked as usual, and at night the father sent the others home, but he stayed behind, and hid near a great stone, where he could see the field. He had been in

his hiding place but a few minutes when *suddenly* a great bird flew up from somewhere, he could not tell where, and lighted upon the rock behind which he was hiding.

It was the most beautiful bird he had ever seen. Its wings were scarlet, its head a bright yellow, that glistened like gold. Its tail was bright blue, and it had a bronze green breast. It was a wonderful bird.

Just as soon as the bird lighted upon the rock, it flapped its wings three times, and called out in a clear voice.

“*Chanchasa! Chanchasa! Kilhisa!*”

Instantly every sod turned over in its place, and instead of the brown earth they had left, there lay the green covering of grass over the whole field.

Then the father crept softly from his hiding place, and reached out his hand, and seized the bird.

“So it is you, is it!” he cried, “that has been undoing all our work! You would take my food away from me, would you? Well, since you have done that, I will make a meal of *you!*”

He was about to wring the bird’s neck, when the bird called out,

“Wait a minute! Please don’t kill me.

If you will spare my life, I will provide you with all the cream, and fresh milk, and curds and whey you want as long as you live."

The father was much surprised at this, but it seemed like a pretty good bargain.

"O, I see," he said. "You are a fairy bird. Well, I will spare your life, but you must be sure you keep your promise to me."

He tucked the bird tight under his arm so that it could not get away, and started for home. When he got there, he sent the children outdoors, and then he told his wife all that had happened. They thought they had better try the bird, to see whether he could do what he promised. So they placed all the calabashes they had in a row on the floor, and said to the bird,

"Now, let us see whether you can keep your promise."

The beautiful bird stood up, and flapped his wings just as he had done in the field, when he had made the sods turn over, and called out,

"Chanchasa! Chanchasa! Kilhisa!"

At once the calabashes were filled: some with sweet milk, some with curds, and some with whey. The father and mother were so glad that they danced with joy, crying out,

“Now we shall have plenty of good food as long as we live. We will take good care of the bird, and we must never tell anyone anything about him.”

They hid the bird away in a bag, and then they called the children in, and they all had a great feast together.

In the morning the parents went back to their work in the fields, and they were so happy that they made a little song, and sang it merrily all the way,

“Now we have cream and milk,
Fresh milk and curds and whey;
Now we go a-working,
Singing merrily all day.”

Every day now the parents went cheerfully to their work, and there was always plenty of cream and milk and curds. The children wondered how all this had come about, and they began to grow curious. They noticed that every night they were sent out of the hut, as they had never been before. One day when they were talking about this, as they often did, Dumasane said,

“I believe that something happens while we are kept out here. Let us make a little peep-hole in the wall, and to-night when they

send us out, we can look through it, and see what is happening.”

So they made a little hole in the wall, and that night they took turns looking through to see the strange sight inside. They saw the wonderful bird taken from the bag which had been hanging from the ceiling. They saw him flap his wings and heard him give his magic call.

“Let us try that to-morrow when we are here alone,” Dumasane whispered.

The next day, as soon as the parents had gone over the hill to their work, singing their song of the curds and whey, the children took down the fairy bird, and called upon him to fulfil his promise, just as they had seen their parents do the night before. The bird obeyed them, and flapped his wings, and gave his magic call.

“*Chanchasa! Chanchasa! Kilhisa!*”

That evening on her way home the mother’s heart was full of pride, thinking that she was now richer than any of her neighbours. She was so happy that she began singing her song again, singing even louder than her husband who was walking beside her,

“Now we have cream and milk,
Fresh milk and curds and whey;”

Little did they dream of the misfortune which awaited them. They reached the gate of the kraal about dusk, tired, but hungry for their evening meal. *A most dreadful sight met their eyes.* The whole kraal was swimming with milk and cream, and the bird was gone. The children were crying at the outer gate, but they told the truth about what had happened.

“It is all our fault,” they cried. “We always wondered what you did there in the hut alone, and we looked through a peep-hole last night and saw everything. This morning we took the bird down and made him say “Chanchasa.” But after the calabashes were full the milk wouldn’t stop coming, and we thought we should be drowned. And we were so frightened that we let the bird fly away.”

At this the parents were very angry.

“You have brought starvation upon us!” cried the mother. “We cannot keep you any longer! You must die!”

She seized the children by the hand, and led them up the mountain until she came to a great ravine, where far down below the water was rushing by, and then she threw them over the edge.

The little Dumasane was nearly killed, but

Duma was not much hurt. When it was morning he found that he could walk, and made his way to a stream that ran along the bottom of the ravine. Beside the water he found bushes covered with ripe berries. He made two cups from some large leaves, and filled one with water, and the other with berries, and carried them to Dumasane. After he had bathed her face, and she had taken a drink of the water and eaten the berries, she felt stronger. But for two days she could not move, and then she was only strong enough to go slowly.

“Now,” said Duma, “we must find a new home. Our father and mother are so wicked that we dare not go back to them. Let us walk along up this valley; perhaps we shall find a place for a home here among these mountains.”

But the little Dumasane wanted her mother. She cried and begged to go back home. But Duma knew better than to try that. So he comforted Dumasane as best he could, and they followed the stream along up the mountain, singing a sad little song as they went—

“We are the foolish children
Who lost the fairy bird,
Which gave our father cream,

Fresh milk, and curds, and whey,
A-lack-aday."

The path became steeper and steeper as they went along, but at last they came to the head of the ravine, and there they saw a large tree covered with lovely ripe blackberries. They stopped singing and ran to the tree to pick some. But as soon as they touched the berries, every berry turned into a blackbird, and they all flew away. The children watched them, and when they turned to the tree again, what should they see there among the branches, but *the fairy bird* just as bright and gay as ever!

"I see you are the children who gave me my liberty, and you are in trouble because you did so," said the bird. He broke off a twig from the tree and gave it to Duma.

"Take this," he said, "and go straight on until you come to a large rock. Walk around it, striking it with this stick and say,

'My father's and mother's cattle were killed,
They say we have done great wrong,
For we have lost the fairy bird
Which gave us cream and milk,
Fresh milk, and curds and whey,
Stone! Stone! open in two.
So that we can go in.

Father and mother have cast us out,
There is no milk, no curds and whey,
We have done wrong, we have done wrong.
'Stone! Stone! open in two.
Vula, Etye!'

“And then, after you say this, walk around the stone three times, saying, ‘*Chanchasa! Chanchasa! Kilhisa!*’ And strike the stone at every word. Then when you strike the right place, a door will fly open, and you will find inside the rock a home for you both. Everything will go well with you, if you remember what I tell you. *You must on no account leave any fat on the fire.* Even a tiny speck will cause you both great misfortune.”

The children thanked the fairy bird and hurried along until they came to the great rock. They went around it, saying the words the fairy bird had taught them, and everything happened just as the fairy bird had said; the door flew open, and the children saw inside the most beautiful place that could be imagined. A king might live in it. There were plaited sleeping mats, and carved wooden pillows. There were great fur rugs to keep the cold away. There were beautiful bead necklaces for Dumasane, and for each of them a cloak worked with beads. There were bows and arrows for Duma, a koodoo

horn, and a beautiful little assegais. All around the walls stood pots and calabashes in shining red and black. They were filled with fresh milk, and cream, and thick milk, and delicious porridge all ready to eat. Besides these there were three baskets, one full of corn, one full of nuts, and the third full of maize. The two children said together,

“This is the most lovely place I have ever seen. Now we shall be quite happy.”

II

Duma and Dumasane lived for many years in their beautiful home, until Duma had grown to be a fine young man, and Dumasane was one of the prettiest young women one can imagine. All these years the fairy bird had kept them supplied with food; every day the calabashes were filled with fresh milk, and curds, and whey. Dumasane had learned to cook and do all the household duties, and Duma practised with his bows and arrows until he became an expert marksman.

But one day Dumasane noticed there was not so much food put in their calabashes, and the next day the supply was still less.

“It is time we worked for ourselves,” said

Dumasane to her brother. "I will do the housework, while you go out hunting and bring me in some meat to cook."

"But if I do you must remember what the fairy bird said; you must be careful not to leave any fat near the fire," said Duma.

Dumasane was *sure* she would be very careful. And the first two days she was careful; but the third day a little piece of fat was left smouldering on the flames.

Duma had gone out to hunt, and Dumasane was arranging the calabashes about the wall, singing happily, when suddenly she heard heavy, *heavy* footsteps coming along the path—and two big deep voices saying,

"Hum hoom! Hum hoom! Hum hoom!"

Dumasane's heart was filled with terror at this sound. The next minute the door flew open, and there stood two terrible Inzimus. (The Inzimus were human but they were also monsters, and they had tails like an elephant's trunk.) They walked right into the hut, and they grunted at every step they took. They seized Dumasane roughly by the arm, and said,

"We are going to take you along with us."

"O please, please, leave me," she begged.

“You may take everything in the cave, but leave me here.”

“No, no,” they said, “you have magical powers. If we take you with us our hut will always be filled with food.” So they carried her off with them to their own home.

At night, when Duma was coming home, he listened for Dumasane’s happy song, but now everything was quiet; and when he reached the cave, he saw that she had gone. He looked for her everywhere, but he could not find her. He thought she was dead. As he sat alone in the hut that night, thinking about his misfortune, the fairy bird flew in carrying a stick in his bill.

“Dumasane forgot what I told her,” the bird said, “and she left some fat in the fire. Two Inzimus have carried her off. Now take this stick and a big bag, and go out into the fields. Wave the stick about you as you walk, and hold the bag wide open. If you do this as I tell you, every poisonous reptile and all the stinging insects near you will go into the bag. When it is full, bring it back here, and hang it up in the middle of the cave. Then sit down quietly and see what will happen.”

Duma did just as the fairy bird told him, and soon he had his bag full of all sorts of

reptiles and insects. He hung it up as the bird had said, and then sat down upon his mat and waited. He did not have long to wait, for very soon he heard heavy footsteps, and the horrible voices of the Inzimus saying,

“Hum hoom! Hum hoom! Hum hoom!”

“We had better take the boy,” the man Inzimus said, “he will be useful to us too.” They seized him as they had his sister, and were starting off with him, when the woman happened to catch sight of the bag hanging up in the cave.

“Let us take the bag too,” she said. “There must be something good in it.” She snatched it from the hook and opened it. But she had no sooner touched it than all the animals flew out and attacked her. Both the monsters fled out of the house, screaming and roaring with pain. They rushed down the ravine, stumbling over the great rocks—and all the time the animals were following them and stinging them.

At last they got to the river, and plunged into the deepest part. But the insects hovered over the water, and when the Inzimus came up, they were stung again and again until at last they were dead.

The fairy bird who had been waiting all this time in a tree near by, flew to Duma and told him that these monsters were his parents, and that they had been changed into Inzimus to punish them for their cruelty to their children.

“Dumasane is in your old home. Go back and get her, and bring her here, and then I will tell you what to do,” said the fairy bird.

Duma hurried back to his old home, and there he found Dumasane waiting by the gate of the kraal, crying. He told the story of all that had happened, and she told him all that had passed since she was carried away. Then they hurried back to the cave where the fairy bird was waiting for them.

“Now there is only one thing more I can do for you,” said the fairy bird. “I am going to change you into birds, and great good fortune will come to you through it.”

Then he left them and flew far away, and Duma and Dumasane became beautiful Lories. Their wings were of red and black; and there was a great green crest on their heads, edged with white. They were almost as beautiful as the fairy bird himself, and no one had the right to own them but the king.

They lived in the trees and ate nuts and

fruits, and bathed in the clear river-pools morning and evening. Time passed away, and the two often wondered whether they would ever be people again.

Now there was a great king who ruled over the country. One day his queen sent the head woodsman, an Induna, to cut wood in the forest, and as he was cutting down a tree he heard human voices singing. He looked about, but there was no one in sight. But up in a tree he saw two royal birds. He listened, and this is what he heard,

“We were once a boy and a girl,
We let our father’s bird go free
Which gave us both cream and milk,
Fresh milk, and curds, and whey,
Now we live alone in the trees.”

The Induna thought there must be some great witchcraft at work. He hurried back and told the king what he had heard.

“It is impossible,” said the king, “that such a thing could be.”

But the queen and her maidens were curious to know more about the strange birds, and so they went back to the tree with the Induna, and as soon as he began chopping at the trees, the birds began singing again. Then the woodsman climbed up the tree and

caught the birds, and brought them to the queen. As soon as the queen touched them, they at once were changed back into their own forms. The queen was delighted to see such beautiful people, and took them to the king. When they had told their story to him, he said,

“Why! your uncle is a powerful chief who lives near here. I will take you to him.”

So Duma went to his uncle, but the queen was so fond of Dumasane that she would not let her go, and after a time she married her to her eldest son.

After his uncle's death, Duma ruled in the country in his place, and then he came and married the queen's eldest daughter.

And when the old king and queen died, Dumasane became the queen.

So all their troubles were ended. But they never forgot the fairy bird who had been so kind to them.

LOX AND THE BEAR

This story is from the Micmac Indians and is adapted from Leland's *Algonquin Legends*. Lox in their myth is in some ways comparable to the Norse Loke, and it is possible that the relation is more than one of resemblance. He is the mischief-maker, is now a man, now a woodchuck or badger, and is immortal because of an indestructible backbone. There are many accounts of his pranks and mishaps.

NOW one day Lox was sitting on a log, when a bear came along; and being a friendly bear, he sat down to have a talk with Lox. While they were talking a gull flew by, hooting insultingly to Lox, whom he had reason to dislike for his mischief.

“That is a nice way to pay me for making him white,” said Lox.

Now every bear wishes most of everything to be white, for the white ones are the great aristocrats among the bears.

“What!” he said, “did *you* make the gull white?”

“Certainly I did,” said Lox, “and you can see what pay I got.”



TELLING INDIAN STORIES AT A GARDEN CITY



“O, Lox! Could you make me white too?” asked the bear.

“Yes,” said Lox, “I think I could. But it is painful, and you might die. The gull stood it all right, but whether you could or not, I don’t know.”

Of course the bear was sure he could stand anything a gull could; and anyhow a chance to be a white bear was something not to be missed.

So Lox went to work. He built a strong wigwam all of stones, and put the bear into it. Then he built a fire, and heated stones and water. Then through a small hole he had left in the roof he dropped the stones and poured the water.

Soon the poor bear was in a terrible steam, and he began to howl,

“Lox! Lox! It is terribly hot in here. I shall die if I stay any longer.”

“O, no!” said Lox, “that is nothing at all, yet. The gull had it much hotter than that.”

“I can’t help it,” howled the bear, “I can’t stand it any longer.” And out through the top he burst, taking the roof with him.

Lox looked the bear all over. Now, on every old bear there is always a small white spot on the upper part of his breast, which

he cannot see. Lox looked at this carefully.

“What a pity!” he cried. “You came out just as you were beginning to turn. Five minutes more and you would have been a *beautiful*, white bear.”

Of course the bear was sorry he had come out; and besides he was a little ashamed that the gull had stood more than he could. He wished to see that white spot, so Lox took him down to a pool of water—and sure enough, he could see the white on his breast.

“Can’t we begin all over again?” he asked.

“Certainly we can,” said Lox. “But it will have to be hotter and longer this time, and you will need to have courage. You had better not try if you are afraid; and if you die of it, you need not blame me.”

The bear was quite willing to go in again; so Lox built up the wigwam, and made it stronger than before. He let the bear in, and put more hot stones in, and poured on more water.

Of course the old bear never came out alive; and Lox had bear’s meat all that winter, in plenty; and as much bear’s oil as he could use.

GLOOSCAP AND THE GREAT WIND BIRD

Adapted from Leland's Algonquin Legends

This story is a nature myth from the Wabanaki tribes of the Atlantic Provinces. Glooscap is a god or hero, and there was undoubtedly once a large number of related poems, forming a mythical cycle, telling of his deeds.

GLOOSCAP was much like men. He would hunt and fish, and often he took his bows and arrows, and went out in his canoe. Many times the wind blew fiercely and troubled him. He could not paddle. Once this went on so for many days. Then Glooscap said,

“This is the work of Wuchowsen, the wind bird. I will go and see him.”

So Glooscap set out to find Wuchowsen. He went many days on a long journey to the north, and at last he found the storm-bird, sitting upon a rock high in the air. He was a great, white bird.

“Grandfather,” said Glooscap. “You have made too many storms. You have no

mercy upon your children. Be gentler with your wings."

Then Wuchowsen was angry.

"Who is it," he screamed, "gives me orders? I have been here since time was; and before aught else ever spoke my voice was heard, and my wings caused the first winds. I have ever moved my wings as I willed."

Then Glooscap arose to a great height until his head was above the clouds, and his voice shook the earth. And he stretched out his hand, and seized the great wind-bird as though he had been a duck, and tied his wings to his sides, and cast him down among the rocks, and went away and left him.

Now there were no more storms, and Glooscap could paddle his canoe, and all the Indians went out all day long, and there was calm on all the waters. But soon they saw that there was too much calm. The waters grew foul and stagnant, and they were muddy and thick and slime clung to the paddles, and there was trouble. At last the waters were so bad that even Glooscap could go out no more.

Then the Master thought of the wind-bird, Wuchowsen, whom he had bound. Once more he made a journey to the far north. He

looked among the rocks and he found the wind-bird lying as he had left him. He was alive, for the wind-bird is immortal. Glooscap spoke to him, and lifted him up, and set him upon his ancient rock. He untied one of his wings, and then he left him.

Since that time there have never been the great storms as in the ancient days, and the calms are never too bad for the Indians. The winds are as they should be. This was the work of Glooscap, the Master.

THE DEATH OF BALDUR

From the Norse mythology

The Norse drama of the gods is the story of the conflict of good and evil powers, and is a nature myth. The reigning deities are the Asen; and against them are pitted not only the races of giants, but Loke, the god of evil within their own number. The plot centres in the death of Baldur, the young god of the spring or light, the Son of Odin the All-father (who represents the vault of heaven) and of Frigga, the Earth. There had been many forebodings of impending fate, many omens of evil, and events had been leading from the beginning of the world to the tragedy here related.

The story as given is based upon several sources, and the intention has been rather to tell a dramatic story, true in *essentials* to the myth, than to remain entirely faithful to scholarly traditions of the story. The *Eddas* themselves have been used, something was learned from Stern's *Gods of Our Fathers*, and especially Matthew Arnold's poem *Baldur Dead* has been freely drawn upon.

ONE morning the gods assembled with anxious faces. All had had troubled dreams, full of foreboding; and Baldur confessed that his own dreams showed that his life was in peril. This was fearful news for all, for they not only loved Baldur, the purest,

most beautiful, and the most blameless among them, but they now knew that fate had aimed a blow at the world.

All was excitement and dismay. Odin cut the runes, but they now told him nothing of the future. They turned to Odreyr, the vessel of wisdom, only to recall that it had passed into the hands of the Fate, Urda. They sent for two dwarfs, Thrain and Dain, who surpassed all others in wisdom.

“The dream is heavy,” said Thrain.

“The dream is dark,” said Dain.

The dwarfs could tell no more. Whence the danger was to come, they could not discern; but they agreed that the destruction of the world was foretold.

Then Frigga, Baldur’s mother, rose to speak.

“Why should evil threaten Baldur?” she asked. “The gods are his friends, and in all the world I am sure he has no enemy. Do not worry. I will protect him. I will demand an oath of all things—all animals, all plants, and all metals—and I will take an oath of them all that they will not harm Baldur.”

At this all the gods were heartened and relieved—all except Odin, who waited for no more counsel, but leaped upon his great horse,

Sleipnir, and rode down to the home of Hela, the goddess of the dead, to hear the voice of a prophetess.

The other gods went to their homes, and Frigga, Baldur's mother, sent messengers far and wide over the whole world, who took oath of every living and dead thing: in the sea, on the land, in the sky, and beneath the earth. All promised, for the fame of Baldur had spread wherever there was warmth or light.

The messengers soon returned with the good news. Frigga's heart was light once more; and all the gods took fresh hope that the peril was past—all but Odin, the wise All-father, who, on his high throne, pondered upon things to come.

Now Baldur's step was lighter, and his brow less clouded than for many a day; and all the gods went merrily to their daily tasks once more. The young god, invulnerable to all things living or dead, was uppermost in their thoughts. All eyes followed him wherever he went; and soon the gods began to make merry, throwing their weapons at him, to see them fall harmless and blunt at his feet—spear upon spear, arrow upon arrow, until the floor about was strewn with them,

and all Valhalla echoed with the din and clash.

Frigga sat by the window of her chamber, overlooking the eastern plains, hearing the far-off sound of weapons as they fell in the courtyard. As she sat there, dreaming, and dead to all around her, an old woman appeared before her—bent, gnarled in face, and wrinkled. Frigga looked up and saw her standing there.

“O Goddess Frigga!” said the old woman, “Do you know what they are doing in the courtyard? Baldur stands there, without shield or armor, and all the gods throw their weapons at him. The din is horrible, and even my dull ears roar with it.”

The goddess smiled. “I myself have been listening to it,” she said, “and it is good music to my ears. Nothing can harm Baldur. Everything in the world has made me a solemn pledge to do him no wrong.”

“How wonderful!” the old woman quavered. “In all the world there is nothing can harm Baldur! You have called all things by name, and all have sworn a vow! And you are sure that not one has been overlooked! How great are the gods!”

“Yet even the gods are not perfect,” re-

plied Frigga. "I myself, as I was just now reminded, have forgotten one little thing, which has made me no promise. There is a little young mistletoe yonder, clinging to the bark of an old oak, that I have not called. It can do no harm, so let it be in peace."

The old woman waited to hear no more. She hobbled from the hall, and her bent back straightened as she went. When she reached the door, she threw off her cloak, and leaped over the ground toward the spot where Frigga has pointed out the mistletoe. It was no longer an old woman who ran, but Loke; and the malice and envy in his heart lent swiftness to his feet. He snatched the clinging mistletoe from the bark, and fashioning it into a barb as he ran, he sped toward the courtyard, with the weapon concealed in his garments as he drew near.

The gods were still making merry at their game. All were aiming their weapons at Baldur; and as they saw it was true that he was now protected from all harm, the strange tournament grew boisterous, and all Asgard echoed with the clash. All were taking part, except Hodur, Baldur's blind and gentle brother, who stood apart. It was Hodur, the fates had said, and the prophetess had told

Odin, who should one day accomplish the ruin of heaven.

Loke drew near him.

“Gentle Hodur,” he said, “why do you not go up with the others, and join in the merry game?”

“Alas! There is but little merriment for me,” said Hodur, “for you know I cannot see. And I carry no weapon, for why should one be armed who cannot see an enemy?”

“Come, I will help you,” cried Loke. “For an hour let us forget our woes. Take my little dart, and I will lead you. Hold the dart thus, and throw it straight forward. You will not miss the mark.”

Hodur, trusting as are the blind, took the weapon from Loke’s hand, and went gropingly forward as Loke gently pressed his shoulder. He took a few steps and then he paused, balancing his dart, his arm withdrawn, turning the weapon in his unskilled fingers. Loke stood behind him, breathless, with clenched hand and gleaming eye. The gods, all unconscious of their peril, made sport and laughed. And the fates ceased their work, and with bated breath watched the scene.

For a moment Hodur stood thus poised, and

then he cast the fated weapon. Loke's exultant cry rang out above all the confusion of the sound, as he saw it speed straight and true to the breast of the bright Baldur, and saw the rosy light of his cheek turn to ashen grey, as he clasped his hand to his heart, and fell upon his face across the spears and arrows.

For a full minute the gods stood speechless with horror, their weapons falling from their hands, when they beheld the dreadful sight. But when they saw Baldur's blood flow out and stain the ground, sobs and moans began to break from the lips of all. None knew what to do, nor stirred from his place. They could but weep and lament.

And so they stood while the hours of the day passed. The time for the feast came, and the meats stood untasted upon the table. And Baldur lay dead in the courtyard.

Odin was the first to speak.

"It is enough of idle tears. Baldur we loved, but he has at last met the fate the Norns spun for him ages ago. It is for us to gather our courage, and take vengeance upon the murderer Loke. To-morrow make ready the funeral pyre, but now to your tasks."

With these words he strode away to sit upon

his high throne, and to ponder upon great things yet to come.

The gods now went to their evening meal, all but Nanna, the bride of Baldur, and Hodur, the blind and unfortunate brother. Nanna stole away to her lonely chamber, and fell upon her couch, weeping. And the spirit of Baldur came and stood beside her, and whispered to her a secret.

And Hodur, too, crept away, and groped through the streets of Asgard, and out beyond the gates until he came to the home of Frigga, his mother. He entered and drew near her chair.

“Mother,” he said, “I am a wretched son. Blind, unhappy, I have now sealed my brother’s fate. Who will bear my presence longer? Tell me, can another change his fate for one who is dead? Let me go down to Hela and beg the grim goddess to send my brother back, and take me in his place.”

“My son,” Frigga replied, “you do not know what you ask. This is Baldur’s fate. No one can take his place. There is now but one hope. I will tell you what it is. There is a lonely road that leads to Hela’s realm—nine long days and nights it goes to the frozen north. Someone must go and demand that

Hela send Baldur back. It is the only chance."

"But how can I, who am blind, find my way along such a path?" cried Hodur in dismay. "Who will lead the way for me?"

"The work is not for you," the goddess replied, "but for the first whom you meet, when you go from my door. Give him the message, and send him quickly. Sleipnir will carry him."

Hodur hurried away, eager to find his messenger, and soon he heard the gods returning to their homes; and Hermod, coming last of all, passed close by his side.

"Hermod!" he cried. "Take Sleipnir, and set out for Hela's kingdom, and ask for Baldur's release from the dead. They who have the power will be your guides."

Hodur passed on to his own home, to come forth no more, and to die; and Hermod peered after him through the darkness.

"Who is it speaks and waits for no reply?" he thought. "There was a note of command in his voice. I will bear his message."

He strode on to Odin's home, and went to Sleipnir's stall. He leaped upon the back of the great horse, and Sleipnir knew his errand, and plunged forth mightily through the dark-

ness and down the steep paths. All night and the next day he galloped, and for nine nights and days; and on the tenth day he came to the halls of Hela. Hermod leaped to the ground and stood before the dark goddess.

“Who comes?” she cried, “clashing like a warrior in my silent realm? The living do not often seek me.”

“You know who I am,” Hermod called in answer, “and my errand. I come to ask that Baldur, whose spirit you hold, be released and returned to heaven. Heaven has need of him and cannot spare him yet.”

“A most likely errand!” the goddess cried. “Do the gods expect me, Loke’s kin, to set their hero free? What have they done for me and mine that I should do them favours? But come! let us see if this great Baldur be so dearly loved! I will tell you how he may be restored. Let every living thing weep for Baldur dead, and heaven shall have her hero back. Let them weep, but if there be one who sheds no tears, then here shall Baldur stay. The power is mine, and none can break it, not even your great gods.”

Hermod leaped upon Sleipnir’s back, and turned the horse’s eager head homeward, glad to bring a ray of hope to the gods. Sleipnir

bravely bounded up the steep, dark paths, as he had come, through the night and the day, until on the tenth morning he saw the lights of heaven afar off. Then he snorted loud and leaped swiftly, till soon the towers of Asgard rose before the eyes of Hermod. Hermod turned toward the city, and hurried through the streets to report the news from Hela's realm to the assembled and anxious gods. He leaped from Sleipnir's back and greeted them.

"I have done your errand," he cried, "and bring you Hela's message. This is her word. Show her that through all the world all things weep for Baldur, then he shall return; but let one refuse to weep and Baldur must remain in the dark kingdom."

Odin listened with a frown, and when Hermod had finished he rose in anger.

"Why shall we submit to so weak a thing as this?" he stormed. "Let me, Odin, put on my armor, and upon Sleipnir, with my warrior Thor by my side, and all my strong sons, ride forth and break down the gates of Hela's realm, and set that dark hole ablaze with light, and bring Baldur home in triumph."

The gods were speechless with pride and wonder, and the love of battle tingled in their

veins. Then they broke into loud applause, and heaven rang with their shout.

But when the shout had died away, the calm, low voice of Frigga, the mother of the gods, was heard, as she rose to speak to them.

“Odin,” she said, “long have I stood by your side, and together we have learned what the fates decree. You have listened to my words before, and it is right that you should hear me now. We cannot alter the decree of the great spirit which rules over us all, and which spoke before time was. Your fine courage will bring us no return. Baldur will not thus be set free. It is best to bow to Hela’s will, for there is no other promise.”

The gods knew that Frigga’s words were all too true. At once they set forth, they and all their messengers, to bring the whole world to tears for Baldur dead. Some went north, some south, some east, some west, entreating everything to weep for Baldur, and do its share to bring back the light and the warmth to the world. The ends of the earth were searched, that the very least of nature’s beings might join in the plea. All obeyed, and the flood of their tears swept in torrents to the sea.

Now all the gods and their messengers had returned, and Hermod rode with Niord, on their way homeward the last of all, for they had gone to the farthest corner of the sea. They were riding through the forest, the reins loose over the necks of their horses, as those ride whose day's work is done.

As now the two riders passed through the wood of Jarnvid, on the border of the land of the giants, they saw, deep in the wood, sitting before a cave, a skinny old hag, toothless, wrinkled and grey, droning out a rhyme. As the gods drew near she began to mock at them.

“Is it so dull in heaven that you must come pleasuring in the woods of Thok?” she screamed. “Is the world so full of peace that there is no more work for gods to do?”

“It is not for pleasure, nor for laughter and gibes that we have come,” they said, “but for tears. Baldur is dead, and Hela holds him in her power. If all things weep, and give him their tears, she will send him back to his bride. Do not begrudge him yours. He was beloved by all.”

The hag laughed loud and shrill.

“Is it true?” she screamed. “Is the beau-

tiful Baldur dead, and do you come to me for tears? Yes, Thok will weep. She will weep with dry eyes over Baldur's pyre.

“Weep him all other things
If weep they will;
I weep him not
Let Hela keep her prey.”

With a wild laugh she fled into the cave, and the two gods stood with frozen hearts—for, in that laugh, they had heard the voice of Loke, and they knew that their journey had been in vain. Quickening their pace, and yet lagging behind, their message burning in their hearts, yet dreading to destroy the hopes of their fellow gods, they made their way homeward.

Their faces told the news, before their voices could be heard; and the gods knew that Baldur would never more return from Hela's abode. All were stunned and dismayed. Even when there was but little hope, the knowledge that all was lost had overpowered them.

But Odin's courage did not fail.

“It is no time to languish,” he said; “nor to burn our hearts out in grief. Baldur will come no more to our halls. We must now

build his funeral pyre, and carry his body to his ship, and give him such honour as is meet for him.”

The gods arose and set forth with great axes and ropes, Thor at their head with his mighty hammer, Mjoelnir, swinging at his side.

Soon there was the echo of crashing trees, as Thor smote the great pines, and broke them from their roots. The sound of axes rang out, and echoed down the mountain, and the earth trembled as the gods rolled the mighty logs and fastened them behind their horses and dragged them down to the shore, and cast them in great piles upon the beach.

Then they went to where Baldur lay, and carried him to the shore of the sea. Never was there so glorious a funeral train. Odin, in his dazzling armour and his helmet of gold, his ravens perched upon his corselet, and attended by all the Valkyries with flashing swords, towered above them all. Then came Thor, with his hammer slung across his shoulder. Then Frey, riding in his chariot, drawn by the boar Gullisburste. Heimdall rode upon his horse Gulltop, and Frigga drove her fierce cats. From all the nine worlds the host assembled. The heroes of Asgard came in re-

splendent armour. The great frost giants and mountain giants came and stood afar off, towering above the hills and casting their shadows far out to sea. There were the elves of the air above, and the dwarfs of the earth beneath.

Winding down from the sacred city the funeral train came, bearing Baldur on his bier. Nanna, his young wife, clung to his side. His servants carrying his choicest treasures followed. They led his favourite horse, gleaming with gold and jewels, and caparisoned as for battle.

When they came to the shore they laid Baldur upon the beach until, upon the deck of *Htinghorn*, the greatest of all ships, they made ready the funeral pyre. They piled the great timbers the full width of the deck, and high into the rigging. They brought jars of wine and oil, and leaned torches against the bier. They spread about the deck splinters of pine and spruce, soaked in oils. They brought Baldur's arms, and his gold and jewels and precious cloths. They slew the dogs which at his table had meat from his hands, and the horse which he loved. And as a last choice gift, they brought his golden ring.

When all was ready they took Baldur up

and carried him and placed him upon the funeral pyre. Then Odin came and laid his hands upon the breast of his dead son, and whispered in his ear the mysterious runes, and bade him farewell. Then came Thor, then Frigga and all the rest of the gods. And last of all Nanna, the bride, walking like one in a dream to say her last farewell. And as she drew near to speak her parting words, she swooned and fell upon the deck; and when they went to her and lifted her up, they saw that she was dead. So they placed her upon the bier beside Baldur, to be his companion in the dark realm of Hela.

Now all was ready. They fixed the mast, and hoisted the sail. Thor with his sacred hammer consecrated the pyre. Then all the gods stood upon the shore, and Thor put his shoulder to the stern of the great ship. But so great was the weight of her, with hull and mast and funeral pyre that she did not move. Nor could all the gods together launch the mighty ship. So they called the giantess Hyrrookin, and she came, like a whirlwind, riding upon a wolf. She leaped to the ground, and with a shove of her huge foot she sent the ship sliding to the water. So fierce was her blow that all the timbers shook,

and smoke arose from the rollers, and curled in a cloud over the shore.

Now a strong east wind sprung up and came down from the hills, and the great ship stood out to sea. Soon the fire began to rise from the deck, and the flames shot out and mounted higher and higher until they seized the mast and the sails. The ship swept on, and the gods stood silent upon the shore, and followed her with straining eyes. And while they gazed the sun went down into a smoky sea, and night came on, and the wind fell, and there was calm. But through the darkness the great throng watched the burning ship carried further and further over the distant waters, while the light of the funeral pyre grew dimmer and fainter, until at last, with a shower of sparks, the vast burning pyre and hull fell in, reddening the sea—and then all was dark.

THE MAKING OF THE SWORD

Based upon Baldwin's *Story of Siegfried*. A typical epic hero story.

ONCE there was a Prince named Siegfried. While he was young, he lived happily with his father and mother. They loved him so dearly that they could not do enough for him. His mother, the queen, embroidered beautiful clothing for him, and made his bed coverings of the finest silk, and gave him the best food to eat that could be prepared. His father sent all over the world for wise men to teach him, so that he too might become a wise man; and when he became king, he might be the best king that had ever ruled over the Volsungs.

When Siegfried was about fourteen years old, he could run faster than any other youth; he could hurl a spear farther and more swiftly; he could take a truer aim than anyone else. And besides all these things, Siegfried could make people love him, because he was so true-hearted. Everyone in his

father's kingdom loved Siegfried so much that they said the sun ought always to shine for him; that the flowers should bloom and the birds sing for him; and that life should be one long holiday.

But Siegfried's father, King Sigmund, knew that a man's life could not be like a holiday. He knew that a man, especially a king, must do hard work if he were to do his duty. One day, when he and Siegfried were out walking together, he said,

"All toil is noble, my son; and a man, even though he be a king's son, should learn to work with his hands. *He who longs to win honour and fame, should not shun toil and hardship.*"

They were walking in a valley as they talked. Near them arose a high mountain. And the king, as he said that one should learn to work with his hands, pointed to a small clearing near the top of the mountain. There stood the smithy of Mimir, the Master Smith, who had a school where apprentices became skilled in their trade and learned from him wisdom, too; for in those days the trade of smith was an honoured one, and the masters often had great wisdom.

“I would send you to the smithy of Mimir the Master, my son,” said Sigmund.

So Siegfried went to the smithy of Mimir, high up on the mountain side. Now instead of his beautifully embroidered clothing, he wore coarse woollen, and a leather apron, and heavy shoes. His bed was a bundle of straw in the corner of the smithy, and his food was the food of peasants.

But Siegfried was happy here, for he was learning of the master every day. Soon he could weld the finest, lightest chain, and set jewels in ornaments as skilfully and as easily as he could fashion the heaviest iron.

Siegfried loved the evenings after the day's work was done. For then Mimir would tell him of the days when the earth was young, when the gods went about as men; or perhaps he would relate the deeds of Siegfried's own ancestors, the mighty Volungs. Then the boy's heart would burn within him, and he would long to be a hero, too, and to do some great deed that no one else could perform.

One day, the master came to his apprentices, troubled.

“Amilias, that upstart Burgundian smith,” he cried, “has made himself a set

of armour, which he claims cannot be injured by any sword that can be fashioned. He has sent me a challenge, saying that if I cannot equal his workmanship he will be called the master, and I his thrall. I have laboured to make a sword whose edge the armour of Amilias cannot foil; and I have failed. Who among you can help me?"

Siegfried's heart beat faster.

"Perhaps my opportunity has come; perhaps I can perform a deed worthy of my ancestors," he thought.

One after another the apprentices shook their heads, but when Siegfried's turn came he cried out boldly,

"I will make such a sword as you need, my master!"

The apprentices laughed and jeered at him, but the master said,

"It may be that he can do this thing. He is a king's son, and has already shown great prowess. But if he does not accomplish what he undertakes so confidently, I will make him rue this day."

Siegfried began his task. For seven days and nights he worked in the smithy, and the sound of the anvil never ceased. On the eighth day he came out, holding a sword.

Mimir took it, well pleased with its gleaming blade.

“Let us make trial of its keenness,” he said.

They threw into a brook, near by, a thread of wool, as light as thistle-down. Mimir held the sword, and as the wool floated along the water, he struck it. The thread was cut in two pieces, and they floated undisturbed along the stream.

“Well done!” cried the master. “If the temper prove to be what its keenness shows, then, indeed, have I a sword that the coat of mail of Amilias cannot foil.”

But Siegfried, without a word, took the sword from the hands of the master, and broke it in pieces and went back into the smithy.

For three days and nights he laboured, the sparks ever flying from the forge, and the ringing of the anvil never ceasing. On the fourth day, he came out, and again put a sword into Mimir’s hand.

“Make a trial of its keenness, my master,” he said.

They tossed a ball of wool into the stream, and Mimir held the sword in the current where the wool would strike it as it floated

by. The apprentices stood on the bank of the stream uttering no word, but watching, watching the ball of wool as it was carried along by the current. It came nearer and nearer the blade, touched it, and was carried along, cut in two pieces as easily and as evenly as was the thread of light wool.

Again Siegfried took the sword from Mimir, and broke it in many pieces; and again he went into the smithy. This time he worked at his forge for seven weeks, allowing no one to enter. And the apprentices who hovered near the smithy told how one night, in the gloaming, they saw a stranger talking with Siegfried at the door of the smithy. He had a long beard, they said, and was clad in a cloud grey kirtle and a sky blue hood. And his one eye gleamed with a bright light from his forehead. And they had felt great fear at the sight of this stranger, although they had longed to know more about him. And they had seen the visitor give to Siegfried bright pieces like shards of a broken sword, and when he had done this he had disappeared in the twilight, and Siegfried had gone back into the smithy and had closed the door.

At the end of the seven weeks, Siegfried

came out from the smithy once more, pale and worn, holding a bright sword above his head.

“Behold the sword! *Behold the glittering terror, Balmung!*” he cried.

Mimir took the sword, and when he saw the mystic runes upon the hilt, his face grew sad, and a far-away look came in his eyes. Siegfried took the sword from his hand, and struck Mimir’s great iron anvil. The huge block was cleft in two, and the edge of the sword only shone the brighter.

Then they placed a pack of wool, the fleece of ten sheep, in the brook where the current was swiftest, and held the sword below in the stream. The great bundle was cut as easily and as evenly as was the ball of wool or the thread of lightly spun yarn. Then the master said,

“This indeed will serve me well. Now shall Amilias say that I am master; and I shall be called the wisest of mortals, Mimir the Master, and he shall be my thrall.”

They sent heralds throughout the country, proclaiming a day for the two smiths to meet and decide once for all who should be the master. When the day came, they met on a plain between their countries, a broad plain at the end of which was a high hill. On one

side were the Burgundians, who had come with their three kings, and their gaily dressed courtiers. Their hearts were full of pride, they had such confidence in their wonderful giant smith, Amilias!

The Volsungs, the king Sigmund and his gentle queen Sieglinde, and many, many of the people; and Mimir, with Siegfried and all the apprentices—all were together on the other side of the plain.

Then Amilias, the giant, clad in his boasted armour, walked slowly up the hill, amid the shouting and cheers of the Burgundians. He sat down, with folded arms, upon a rock, and to the crowds below he looked like a great grey tower. He was so large, that ten ordinary men might be encased in his armour.

As the dwarf, Mimir, toiled up the hillside, bearing the sword, Amilias laughed scornfully at him. To the crowd of Burgundians the contest seemed as play. But the Volsungs kept up a brave heart, and Sigmund, the king, as they silently watched Mimir, said,

“Knowledge is greater than mere brute strength; and he who has drunk at the well of the knowing one may safely meet the

greatest giant in battle. So do not fear for Mimir. He will gain the victory. He will be the Master.”

When at last Mimir stood before Amilias, he appeared to the watchers like a mere speck against a great grey tower. He looked up at the mighty Amilias and said:

“Do not smile so boastfully, Amilias, but give me the word to strike.”

“*Strike!*” cried Amilias, sitting with his arms still folded.

Mimir held the sword high and brandished it; and lightning seemed to play about his head. He swept the sword from right to left, and there was a sound as of red-hot iron plunged into water. That was all. Amilias sat unmoved, but the smile had died from his face.

“Dost thou feel anything, Amilias?” asked Mimir.

“Strangely,” murmured the giant, “as if cold iron had touched me.”

“Shake thyself, Amilias!” Mimir commanded.

Amilias shook himself, and at once the upper part of his body, with arms still folded, fell and rolled down the steep hill and plunged into the water. The other part of

his body, encased in the wonderful grey armour remained on the rock.

The Burgundians, when they saw the calamity that had befallen their boasted hero, hurriedly left the field; while the Volsungs gathered about Mimir and greeted him with cheer after cheer. Sigmund lavished praises upon him, and the queen mother, too, praised him. Siegfried stood near with wide-open eyes. *Mimir was being praised for what he, Siegfried, had done!* The boy thought of the long, lonely nights of work at the smithy. He thought of the great desire of his soul to do some heroic deed. And now his own father and mother were praising Mimir, when the praise belonged to him. *They were giving the glory that belonged to their own child to someone else!*

Siegfried looked about him. No one offered a word of explanation to the king. No one said:

“But your own son did this.” All the apprentices, and Veliant, the foreman, joined in their praise of what the master had done in making the wonderful sword.

Then, as Siegfried stood there, this thought came to him:

“*I made the sword. I performed a deed*

worthy of the Volsung heroes. That is enough. It does not matter who has the credit for the deed."

Siegfried went back to the forge on the mountain side, and day after day kept at his work, speaking no word of the injustice done him. And Mimir the Master became more fond of the boy, although he never acknowledged having wronged him.

One evening, when the master had been telling him about the Volsung heroes, Siegfried said:

"And is the race of heroes dead, my master?"

Mimir answered him slowly and sadly:

"The Norns have declared that another hero shall come. He shall be of the Volsung race, and with him shall the race of heroes die. He shall come, and he shall be my bane. Thus the Norns have declared."

Siegfried's heart beat with a strange agitation.

"*When shall the hero come, and how shall we know him?*" he asked.

"I know not," the master replied, "save that he be of the Volsung race, and that my fate is linked with his."

Mimir arose and went out of the smithy;

and the boy Siegfried sat through the long hours of the night, alone by the faint light of the forge, his heart filled with strange thoughts about the hero to come.

“Who shall he be? When shall he come? How shall we know of his coming?”

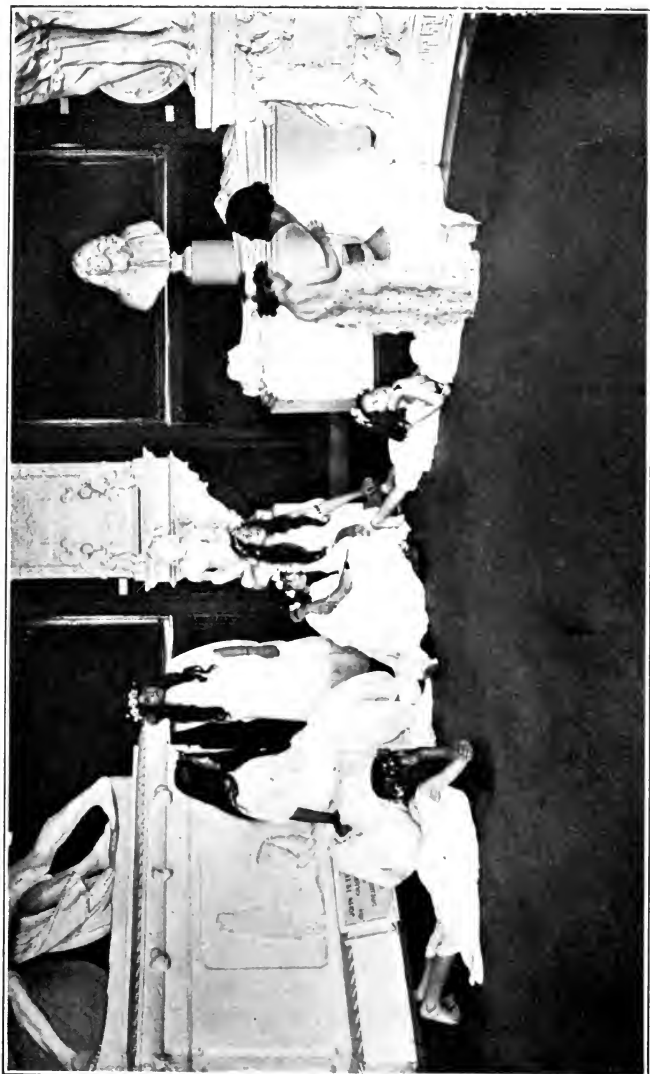
THE ADVENTURES OF THESEUS.

Based upon Plutarch's *Lives*, Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*, and Jebb's *Bacchylides*.

LONG ago there was a king named Ægeus. He was king of Athens. Ægeus had no children, and he mourned because the gods had slighted him so. At last he decided to go to the temple of Apollo and ask the oracle there about it.

So he went to the temple, and the oracle answered him so strangely that he could not understand. He thought perhaps his friend, Pittheus, king of Troezen, might tell what it all meant; for he was a very wise man.

Ægeus visited his old friend. While he was there, he saw Aithra, the beautiful daughter of Pittheus, and married her. Ægeus was so happy that he almost forgot about his home in Athens and his people whom he ruled. But one day he remembered them, and he knew that he must leave Aithra and return to his own land. He went with



TELLING THE STORY OF THESEUS

her to a little hill overlooking the water, and said:

“I must go back to my own people now; but I am going to leave something here—my sword with the ivory hilt, and my sandals. I have hidden them under the rock by the plane tree. Now if the gods should give us a son, do not tell him who his father is, unless he is able to move that stone. When he can do that, let him take the sword and the sandals and come to me. I shall know him by these tokens.” And then King Ægeus went back to Athens.

And the gods sent a son to Aithra. She called him Theseus. She wished him to grow to be a strong, brave man—one of whom his father would be proud. She had the wisest and best teachers for him, and by the time he was sixteen years old, he was stronger than anyone in Troezen—and he was as brave as he was strong. One day his mother said to him:

“You are old enough now to make your vows in the temple, and to make an offering of your hair.”

But when Theseus made his vows and his offering, he said:

“I will make an offering of my front hair

only. For in battle, my enemy can only try to grasp my front hair. He will never have an opportunity to seize the hair on the back of my head."

And from that day, whenever a young man made an offering of his hair to the gods, and wished to show people how brave he intended to be, he cut the front hair only. He would never turn his back to the enemy; he would be brave like Theseus.

Soon after Theseus made his offering, Aithra took him to the little hill, where years before she had parted from his father, King Ægeus.

"Do you see that stone under the plane tree, my son? Turn it for me," she said.

It was a great, heavy stone. There was no one in all Troezen, unless it were Theseus, able to move it. Theseus bent over it; he pushed and strained—and then—*slowly—slowly—turned over the stone!*

There underneath the stone he found the sword with the ivory hilt and the sandals.

Aithra pointed across the sea to the land in the distance.

"Over there, my son, lies a land favoured by the gods. Over there dwells a people strong in the wisdom of Athene. Would

you like to rule such a land? What would you do if you were king of such a people?"

"O, mother, I would try to be a wise and just king—a brave king."

"Then take the sword and the sandals and go to Athens, and tell the king—your father, my son—that Aithra of Troezen sent you."

Theseus could not set out upon his journey too soon. His mother and his grandfather wished him to go by sea, the safest and quickest way. But Theseus had it in his heart to journey by land; to follow the coast until he reached Athens. For this road along the coast was full of danger. The way was infested with robbers—bold and strong men, and people could travel there only in large companies.

Theseus' grandfather, King Pittheus, told him about these men. As he named each one and told the manner of torture each had for his victim, the lad was only the more determined to travel over the dangerous way. At night he would dream of his cousin Herakles, and of the great deeds he had done in ridding the country of so many dangers; and by day he would think of the heroic deeds he, himself, would do.

"I must perform great deeds, so that my,

father will be proud to have me for his son," he said.

Very soon, Theseus started out upon his journey—alone. He travelled to the North, sometimes through cities, sometimes through lonely lands. On his left were forests; and on his right was the ocean, ever singing to him:

"Keep on—be brave—have courage—"

Once he followed the road into a dark place, overgrown with vines and bushes. There were high rocks about. On a rock where the way was narrowest sat a giant robber. Theseus knew who he was. His grandfather had told him. He was Periphatēs the Club Bearer. The club had magical power; for the lame god Hephaestus, the smith, had made it for him, and no one could withstand its power.

Theseus wrapped his cloak about his arm, and held his sword ready—and when the Club Bearer rushed at him, Theseus struck at his arm and knocked the club from his hand. Then seizing it, he killed the Club Bearer with it; for Theseus had said:

"I will make each evil-doer suffer the tortures he has prepared for his victims, and die the death he has intended for them."

Theseus kept the great iron club as a trophy, thinking of the lion's skin that Herakles wore.

Then Theseus travelled on until he came to a forest of pine trees. Here the wicked Sinis, the Pine Bender, lived. Sinis would seize his victims and tie them to the tops of two pine trees and then let the trees fly back in their places. He thought this was the finest sport. But when Theseus bound *him* to the tree tops, he begged to be saved from such a death. But Theseus said:

“No, I cause evil-doers to undergo the same cruelties they practise upon others, thus justly punishing them for their crimes in their own wicked fashion.”

The Pine Bender's little daughter lived in the forest with her father, and she was so frightened that she ran behind some low shrubs, and in her childishness thinking that they would hear her, prayed to them to hide her.

“Only hide me,” she prayed, “and I promise thee that I will never burn thy wood.”

Theseus heard her crying, and called to her that he would do her no harm.

After this adventure, Theseus travelled on, and the news of his deeds spread before him.

As he passed through towns and cities the people greeted him as a hero. Once he was about to enter a forest,—for this was the shorter road—and the people prayed him not to go by that dangerous way.

“For,” they said, “the man-eating boar lives there, and no one can withstand him. He destroys all who enter there. So do not go by the forest way, for you will surely be destroyed, too.”

But Theseus answered,

“A brave man need only punish wicked men when they come in his way. But in the case of wild beasts, he must seek them out and attack them.”

So Theseus went into the forest, and soon the great wild boar rushed at him from a deep thicket. But Theseus was ready for the attack, and soon the wild boar—the terror of the country—was stretched out upon the ground dead.

Then Theseus travelled on with a glad heart. He thought:

“I am performing deeds worthy of a king’s son.”

And he came to a place where the road lay over a cliff. It was a narrow road. The high rocks rose above him on one side, and

on the other, the water beat against the cliffs. Here, in the road, he met a fierce robber, one of the wickedest and strongest of all those that infested the country. This robber was Sciron. His method of torture was to force his victims to wash their feet in the stream that trickled from the rocky wall, and then he would push them backwards into the water below.

Theseus forced the robber to wash *his* feet, saying as he pushed him over the cliff into the water below:

“As thou hast served others, so do I serve thee.”

Then Theseus travelled on until he came to a city where the people were waiting to meet him outside the gates.

‘Do not go into the city. Our king will wrestle with thee, and thou wilt lose thy life.’

But Theseus asked them:

“Where is thy king? Lead me to him. I would wrestle a fall with him to-day.”

They led him to the king, and when he saw Theseus and knew that he was the hero who was ridding the country of so many dangers, he was glad. For the honour would be so much the greater in killing this hero. The two wrestled in the courtyard, and it seemed

that Theseus had met his match in strength and in skill in wrestling. But, at last, the mighty wrestler lay still upon the ground.

When the people saw their tyrant dead, they shouted for joy.

“Stay and be our king, rule over us! Thou hast freed us from this terror, be our king!” they cried.

Theseus said that he must go on to Athens, but that he would be their king. So they pledged themselves to him as his people, and he made his pledge as their king. Then one said:

“But thou hast killed Sinis, the Pine Bender, and he is a kinsman of Ægeus, the king.”

“Then, indeed, I am blood guilty, but I knew it not; for Ægeus is a kinsman of mine. Where shall I be cleansed from my blood guiltiness?”

And they told him that on the way to Athens he would come to a broad river. There brave, good men lived, who would cleanse him from his blood guiltiness. And then he could go in safety to the king.

As Theseus hurried on his journey, anxious to be cleansed from his blood guiltiness, eager to meet his father, there came a stranger to him, and said:

“Come with me, traveller, and partake of my hospitality. It is my great pleasure to entertain travellers and to let them try my famous bed.”

Theseus looked at the man. He remembered his grandfather’s account of Procrustes, the Bed Stretcher, who forced his victim to lie on the bed, and made him fit it. If he were too long for the bed, the Bed Stretcher would cut off his legs and leave the man to die. If he were too short, the victim would be stretched to fit the bed, dying in agony.

Theseus drew his sword.

“Go on, thou Bed Stretcher, I will see thee try thine own bed to-day,” he cried.

And the Bed Stretcher was forced to lie upon the bed where travellers were wont to die.

“Thou art too long, thou Bed Stretcher,” cried Theseus; and he cut off the robber’s head.

Theseus found great treasure in the castle, and calling together the people of the country, he divided it among them. Then he hastened on to the country of the broad river, where he might be cleansed from his blood guiltiness.

The news of Theseus’ deeds had spread to

Athens to the king. And he became troubled and sad. He mourned that he had no son to aid him. He feared that this bold hero, who was making his way toward Athens, destroying all the terrors of the road, would conquer Athens, and he, Ægeus, the king, might be a slave in his old age. The people saw him grow sadder day by day, and heard the trumpets sounding as if preparations were being made for war; and they said to him:

“Why has the trumpet lately sounded a war note from its bell of bronze? Is a hostile army besetting the borders of our peaceful land? Are robbers driving our flocks and herds despite the shepherd? Or what care gnaws at thy heart? Speak! For thou, if any mortal, hast the aid of valiant youth!”

And Ægeus answered:

“A herald has lately come, whose feet have lately traversed the long road from the Isthmus of Corinth. And he tells of prodigious deeds by a man of might. He has slain Sinis, foremost of mortals in strength and wickedness. He has killed the man-eating boar of Crommyon woods, and Sciron by the water. He has closed the wrestling school at

Arcadia, and he has laid Procrustes on his own iron bed.”

“Who and whence is this man said to be, O, king? Is he leading a great host? Verily a god must be speeding him,” they said. “So shall he bring doom upon all the unrighteous.”

“Ah,” said the king, “he goes alone. He carries a sword with an ivory hilt, and he wears a Laconian bonnet and a thick Thesalian mantle. A Youth he is, in earliest manhood, intent on warfare and the clangour of battle, and *he* is hastening toward *brilliant Athens!*”

And while Ægeus passed the time in fear, Theseus sped on, cleansed from his blood guiltiness, hastening to Athens—and to his father! When at last he reached the city, he did not make himself known to the king. But the wicked witch-woman, Medea, who was living at the palace of the king, discovered that he was the king’s son. She made a feast for the stranger hero. Theseus sat down at the right hand of the king. And in front of him, the witch-woman had placed a glass of poisoned wine. But the king—to show him honour—gave him the meat to cut before he had tasted of the wine.

Theseus knew that the moment had come when he might declare himself to his father. He drew his sword as if to cut the meat, and held it in such a way that Ægeus recognised it at once. Then the old king sprang to his feet, overturning the glass of poisoned wine as he moved, and threw his arms about Theseus, crying:

“My son! *My son!*”

And Theseus answered, “*My father! My father!*”

And the feasting hall of the king was filled with joy: for the king had been given a son; and the hero had found his father.

THE LITTLE COWHERD BROTHER

A Hindu story of Krishna. Although in its original form a religious story, taken from its setting it may be called a fairy-tale. The story is retold from *Cradle Tales of Hinduism*, by Margaret E. Noble.

ONCE there was a little boy, named Gopala, who lived with his mother near a great forest.

When Gopala was five years old, his mother said it was time for him to go to school. But he needed new clothes, and the mother was so poor that she would have to work hard to earn enough money to buy them for him.

But at last the clothes were earned and bought, and one bright morning Gopala started out to school, with his mat under his arm. Gopala's mother had woven the mat for him to sit on at school. Inside the mat were two palm leaves for a copy book, and some pens made of reeds.

The road to school lay through a great forest, but Gopala was not afraid, and the way did not seem long. But after school he forgot how far from home he was, and he waited

to play with the other boys, until it was nearly dark. Then he ran home as fast as his little legs could carry him.

It soon became dark in the woods—so dark that he could not see his way—and then Gopala began to be afraid. Just when he had become so frightened he could run no further, he heard his mother calling to him through the darkness.

“Gopala! Gopala!”

He was very glad to hear her voice; and when she came to him he clung to her skirts.

The next morning Gopala did not wish to go to school.

“But I thought you had a very happy day at school,” said his mother.

“O, I like the school, but I am afraid to go through the forest alone,” Gopala replied.

Now the mother was much too poor to pay anyone to walk through the forest with Gopala. So of course she felt sad to think that little Gopala must stay from school. But suddenly she thought of the Divine Child, Krishna, whom she worshipped, and she said to Gopala:

“Gopala, you need never be afraid again. You have a little Cowherd brother in the forest. If you will call out to him, I am sure he

will go with you all the way to the school, and then you will not be afraid.”

When he heard this, Gopala became quite happy again, and started off to school. When he came to the forest he called as loud as he could:

“O, little Cowherd Brother, come and play with me!”

Almost as soon as he had said the words the bushes parted and a big boy stood before him. He had a gold crown on his head, with a peacock’s feather in it. He took little Gopala by the hand, and they played merrily together all the way to school.

At night the Cowherd boy was waiting for Gopala at the edge of the forest; and every day, at morning and at night, he did this, and would always go with Gopala all the way. Every night, Gopala told his mother about the good times he had with his Cowherd Brother, and how much he loved him.

His mother was not surprised. She thought it quite natural that the Child Krishna should comfort another child.

One day at school the master told the children that he was to give a party. Now that meant that every child must bring him a present. For the teacher was not paid for teach-

ing the children. It was the custom for the parents to send him presents of food, and clothing, and sometimes money.

When little Gopala reached home that night he said to his mother:

“Mother, to-morrow is our noble teacher’s party. What can I take to him?”

When the mother heard this she was much troubled, for she was poorer than ever just then, and she had nothing in the house to send to the teacher. Then she thought once more of the Divine Krishna.

“When you go to school in the morning,” she said, “you must tell your little brother, and ask him for something to give the teacher.”

The next morning the two boys played all the way to school as usual, and when they reached the edge of the forest Gopala remembered about the present for the master.

“O, little Cowherd Brother,” he said, “can you give me something for a present for my master? To-day he is to have a party.”

“But what can I give you?” he said. “I am but a poor Cowherd boy. But wait, I will see what I can find.” He ran into the forest, and in an instant he came back with a small bowl of curds in his hand.

“This is all I can give, Gopala, but take it to your teacher,” he said.

Gopala thought it a very good present. But when he found himself among all the children with their lovely gifts, he grew a little afraid, for the boys laughed at him, with his little bowl of curds. Gopala began to cry, but the master, seeing what the trouble was, said:

“What a beautiful present, Gopala!” Gopala smiled through his tears, and the other children teased him no more.

The master took the bowl and emptied the curds into a larger bowl; but as he did so, the bowl was at once full again. He emptied it again and again, but the bowl was always full once more. He gave every child some curds to eat, and still there was plenty more.

“What does this mean, Gopala?” the teacher asked. “Where did you get this bowl of curds?”

As the master spoke it suddenly came to Gopala that his playmate must be the Krishna, the lotus-eyed, the Divine Child, of whom his mother had so often told him. But he said:

“I got it in the forest, from my brother, the Cowherd boy.”

“Who is he?” the master questioned.

“One who always comes and plays with me on my way to school,” said Gopala. “He wears a crown of gold, with a peacock’s feather in it, and he carries a flute in his hand. When I reach the school he goes back into the forest and tends his cows; and when I am going home he comes again to play with me.

“I wish you would take me to your brother in the forest,” said the master. He took Gopala’s hand and they went into the forest, but the Cowherd boy did not come to meet them.

“Little Cowherd Brother! Little Cowherd Brother! will you not come?” Gopala cried.

But all they heard was the echo of little Gopala’s call. Then the master thought Gopala had not told him the truth, and he began to look sternly at the boy.

Gopala was frightened, and ready to cry, but he called louder than before,

“O, Cowherd Brother, please come. If you do not come to me, they will all think I do not tell the truth.”

Then they heard a voice, calling from far within the forest:

“My little one, I cannot show my face. The Master has long to wait—but there are few sons indeed blessed with mothers like to thine.”

NIMMY NIMMY NOT

An English fairy-tale. Retold from *English Folk and Fairy Tale*—Camelot Series.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman, and she baked five pies. And when she took them from the oven, she found that they had baked so long the crusts were too hard to eat. So she said to her daughter:

“Put you them there pies on the shelf, and by and by they’ll come again.” She meant, you know, the crust would get soft.

The girl, she took the pies into the pantry, and she put them upon the shelf in a long, even row. She looked at them, and she thought how good they would taste.

“Well, if them there pies’ll come again,” she said to herself, “I may as well eat them now.”

So she *ate them all, first and last!*

Come supper time, the woman she said:

“Go you, and get one of them there pies. I dare say they’ve come again by this time.”

The daughter she went into the pantry, and

she looked at the shelf. There were the five pie plates *just as she had left them,—empty!* So she went back to her mother and she said:

“Noo, they ain’t come again.”

“Not one of them?” said the mother.

“Noo, not one of them,” says she.

“Well, come again or not come again, I’ll have one for my supper.” And the old woman went toward the pantry.

“But you can’t have one, if they ain’t come again, mother.”

“But I can,” the woman declared. “I’ll have the best one for my supper.”

“Best or worst,” the daughter said, “*I’ve ate them all!* And you can’t have one ’till they’ve come again!”

Well, the woman, she was so astonished she forgot all about supper. She carried her spinning to the doorway, and as she span, she sang a little song about her daughter.

“My daughter has ate five, *five pies* to-day,
My daughter has ate five, *five pies* to-day!”

Now the king was coming down the road, and he heard the woman singing, but he could not hear the words. So he stopped in front of the door, and said:

“My good woman, what were you singing?”

Now the old woman did not want *anyone* to know what a greedy daughter she had; so she sang instead of that,

“My daughter has spun five, *five skeins* to-day.”

“Land sakes alive!” said the king, “I never heard tell of anyone’s doing that. Now look you here, my good woman. *I want a wife*, and I’ll marry your daughter. But look you here. For eleven months of the year she shall have all the victuals she wants to eat, and all the clothes she wants to wear, and all the company she likes to keep. *But the twelfth month, she must spin five skeins every day, or off’ll go her head!*”

“All right,” says the woman, for she thought:

“What a grand marriage this will be. And as for them there five skeins, by that time he’ll forget all about them.”

So they were married. And for eleven months the girl had all the victuals she wanted to eat, and she had all the clothes she wanted to get, and she had all the company she liked to keep. But sometimes she felt a

little uneasy. *Sometimes* she thought of that spinning she must do.

The king, he never said one word about the five skeins, so as the eleven months had nearly passed, the girl thought that he had forgotten all about it.

But one day, it was the *last day of the eleventh month!* The king came to her, and he took her into a little room she had never seen before. There was nothing in it but a spinning wheel and a little chair and a small bare table.

“Here, my girl,” says he, “here I’ll put you to-morrow. And I’ll lock the door. And here you must stay all day long. At night I’ll come, and if you’ve not spun the five skeins, *off’ll go your head!*” And away he went about his business.

Well, the girl was that frightened! She had always been such a gatless creature that she *didn’t even know how to spin!* She sat down on a stool and she began to cry. *How she did cry!*

However, *all of a sudden* she heard a knocking, knocking, low down at the door. She got up and she opened the door. *There stood a little black thing, WITH A LONG BLACK*

TAIL. And That looked up at her out of the corner of That's eyes, and That says:

"What are you crying for?"

"What's that to you?" says she.

"Never you mind, but tell me what you are crying for. Perhaps I can help you," the little black thing told her.

"Well, it can't do any harm, if it doesn't do any good," she thought. So she told him all about the five pies, and the five skeins and everything.

"This is what I'll do," says that little black thing, twirling his BIG BLACK TAIL. "I'll come to your window every morning and get the flax, and at night I'll bring it home all spun."

"What's your pay?" says she.

That looked at her again out of the corner of *That's* eyes. "I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, and if you haven't guessed it by the last night, *you shall be MINE!*"

The girl thought that she would be sure to guess it before the month was up, so she said:

"All right."

"All right," *That* says, and *how That did twirl That's tail!*

Well, the next day, the king took her into

the room, and there was the flax, and the day's supply of victuals.

"Now, my dear," says he, "if that ain't spun up by night, *off'll go your head.*" Then he went out and locked the door behind him.

The king had no sooner gone, than a *knock*,—*knock* came at the window. There was the little black thing sitting on the window ledge. She gave him the flax and away he flew.

Well, at evening, the knocking came again at the window. The girl opened it, and there stood the little black thing with the flax on his arm, all beautifully spun.

"Here it is," he said, as he gave it to her. "Now what's my name?"

"Is that Bill?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail.

"Is that Ned, then?"

"Noo, that ain't."

"Well, is that Mark, then?" she asked.

"Noo." And That twirled That's tail harder, and away That flew.

When the king came in, there were the skeins, beautifully spun.

"Well, I see, my dear, that you won't lose your head to-night." And he went away and left her locked in the room.

So every day the flax and the food were brought to the girl. And every morning the little black imp would knock at the window and carry away the flax, and every night it would bring back the flax spun. And every night the girl would try the three times to guess the imp's name, but she could never guess the right one.

At last, the last day but one came. And that night when the imp brought back the skeins, he said:

“What, ain't you guessed my name yet?”

“Is that Nicodemas?” says she.

“Noo, that ain't,” That says.

“Is that Samuel?”

“Noo, not that neither.” Then That looked at her with That's eyes *like coals of fire*, and That says:

“Woman, there's only *to-morrow night*, and THEN YOU'LL BE MINE!” And away That flew.

Well, the girl she felt that bad. However, she heard the king coming along the passage. In he came, and when he saw the five skeins, he said:

“My dear, I don't see but you'll have your skeins ready to-morrow night as well, so I

reckon I shall not have to kill you, and I'll have supper in here to-night."

So they brought the supper in, and the two sat down to the table.

Well, he had eaten but a mouthful, when he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" the girl asked him.

"Well, to-day when I was out in the forest, I saw the funniest sight. . . . I was in a strange part where I had never been before. And I saw an old chalk pit. . . . And I heard the queerest humming and humming coming from the pit. So I got off my hobby and crept over to the pit without making a bit of a sound. And there I saw the strangest looking little black thing with a long, black tail. And That was sitting at a little spinning wheel, and That was spinning so fast that I could scarcely see the wheel. And while That span, That sang,

'Nimmy, nimmy not
My name is Tom Tit Tot.'

"And That kept singing it over again and again."

When the girl heard this, she was so happy

that she could almost have *jumped out of her skin for joy*, but she didn't say a word.

Next day, that little black thing looked so *maliceful!* And when night came she heard the knock at the window, she opened it, and the little black thing jumped into the room. He was grinning from ear to ear, and, O! That's tail was twirling round so fast!

"What's my name?" That said, as That gave her the skeins.

"Is that Solomon?" said the girl, pretending to be afraid.

"Noo, that ain't," That said, and That came further into the room.

"Well, is that Zebedee?" says she again.

"Noo, that ain't." And then That laughed, and twirled That's tail until you could hardly see That.

"Take time, woman! The next guess **AND YOU ARE MINE!**" And That stretched out That's black hands at her.

Well, she moved back a step or two, and she looked at that little black thing, and then she laughed out, and says she, pointing her finger at it,

"Nimmy, nimmy not,
Your name is Tom Tit Tot."

When that black impet heard her, That
shrivelled right up, and away That flew and
was never heard of again.

And the girl lived happily ever after, and
the king never again asked her to do any
more spinning.

THE STONE LION

A Tibetan story, retold from the excellent collection of Captain O'Connor. Although a fairy-tale in form, it has the well-marked purposive quality so characteristic of Eastern stories. Adapted from *Folk-Tales from Tibet*, by Captain W. P. O'Connor.

This story was voted to be the *best story* told during two years to a class of younger children at Bancroft School, Worcester. Twenty-two children whispered their votes to the story-teller. Ten chose *The Stone Lion*, while no other story received more than four votes.

ONCE there were two brothers who lived with their mother in a large house on a farm. Their father was dead. The older brother was clever and selfish; but the younger was kind and gentle. The older brother did not like the younger because he was honest, and never could get the best of a bargain; so one day he said to him:

“You must go away. I cannot support you any longer.”

So the younger brother packed all his belongings, and went to bid his mother good-bye. When she heard what the older brother had done, she said:

“I will go with you, my son. I will not live here any longer with so hard-hearted a man as your brother.”

The next morning the mother and the younger brother started out together. Toward night they came to a hut at the foot of a hill. It was empty except for an axe, which stood behind the door. But they managed to get their supper, and stayed in the hut all night.

In the morning they saw that on the side of the hill near the hut was a great forest. The son took the axe, and went up on the hillside and chopped enough wood for a load to carry to the town on the other side of the hill. He easily sold it, and with a happy heart brought back food and some clothing to make them both comfortable.

“Now, mother,” he said, “I can earn enough to keep us both, and we shall be happy here together.”

Day after day he went out and cut the wood, and at night carried it to the village and sold it; and they always had plenty to eat, and what they needed to make them happy and comfortable.

One day the boy went further up the hill than he had ever gone before, in search of

better timber. As he climbed up the steep hillside, he suddenly came upon a lion carved from stone.

“O!” thought the boy, “this must be the guardian deity of this mountain. I will make him some offering to-morrow.”

That night he bought two candles, and carried them to the lion. He lighted them and put one on each side of the lion, praying that his own good fortune might continue.

As he stood there, suddenly the lion opened his great stone mouth, and said:

“What are you doing here?”

The boy told him all the story of his hard-hearted brother, and how he and his mother had left home, and were living in the hut at the foot of the hill.

When he had heard all of the story, the lion said:

“If you will bring a bucket here to-morrow, and put it under my mouth, I will fill it with gold for you.”

The next day the boy brought the bucket and put it under the lion’s mouth.

“You must be very careful to tell me when it is nearly full,” said the lion, “for if even one piece of gold should fall to the ground, great trouble would be in store for you.”

The boy was very careful to do exactly as the lion told him, and soon he was on his way home to his mother with a bucketful of gold.

They were so rich now that they bought a great, beautiful farm, and went there to live. Everything the boy undertook seemed to prosper. He worked hard, and grew strong; and before many years had passed he was old enough to marry, and bring a bride to the home. But the mother still lived with them, and they were all very contented and happy.

At last the hard-hearted brother heard of their prosperity. He too had married, and had a little son. So he took his wife and the little boy, and went to pay his younger brother a visit. It was not long before he had heard the whole story of their good fortune, and how the lion had given them all the gold.

“I will try that, too,” he said.

So he took his wife and child and went to the very same hut his brother had lived in, and there they passed the night.

The very next morning he started out with a bucket to visit the Stone Lion.

When he had told the lion his errand, the lion said:

“I will do that for you, but you must be

very careful to tell me when the bucket is nearly full; for even if one little piece of gold touches the ground, great misery will surely fall upon you."

Now the elder brother was so greedy that he kept shaking the bucket to get the gold pieces closer together. And when the bucket was nearly full he did not tell the lion, as the younger brother had done, for he wanted all he could get.

Suddenly one of the gold pieces fell upon the ground.

"O," cried the lion, "a big piece of gold is stuck in my throat. Put your hand in and get it out. It is the largest piece of all."

The greedy man thrust his hand at once into the lion's mouth—and the lion *snapped* his jaws together.

And there the man stayed, for the Lion would not let him go. And the gold in the bucket turned into earth and stones.

When night came, and the husband did not come home, the wife became anxious, and went out to search for him. At last she found him, with his arm held fast in the lion's mouth. He was tired, cold and hungry. She comforted him as best she could, and brought him some food.

Every day now the wife must go with food for her husband. But there came a day when all the money was gone, and the baby was sick, and the poor woman herself was too ill to work. She went to her husband and said:

“There is no more food for you, nor for us. We shall all have to die. O! if we had only not tried to get the gold.”

The lion was listening to all that was said, and he was so pleased at their misfortune that he began laughing at them. And as he laughed, *he opened his mouth*, and the greedy man *quickly* drew out his hand, before the lion had a chance to close his jaws again!

They were glad enough to get away from the place where they had had such ill luck, and so they went to the brother's house once more. The brother was sorry for them, and gave them enough money to buy a small place, and there the hard-hearted brother took his family and lived.

The younger brother and his wife and his mother lived very happily in their beautiful home, but they always remembered the Stone Lion on the hillside, who gave them their good fortune.

THE BANYAN DEER KING

This story is from the Hindu, and is one of the birth stories of the Buddha. The spirit of Buddha enters into a banyan deer. Based upon a story from *The Jataka Book*, related in T. W. Rhys Davids' *Buddhist India*.

ONCE there was a King who had a large park where he kept two herds of deer. Every day some one of the king's household would go into the forest, and kill a deer for venison for the king. And very often before one had been killed several would be wounded. The wounded deer would wander through the forest until they were too weak to walk. Then they would lie down on the moss and die.

Now there were two Deer Kings. One was a beautiful golden coloured deer. He was King of the Banyan Deer herd. The other was the king of the Branch Deer herd. The Banyan Deer King felt very sorry for the wounded deer, and so he went to the Branch Deer King and said:

“Brother, it is wrong for so many of our people to be hurt. Let us cast lots each day,

and the one upon whom the lot falls will go of his own accord to the Cook's block and place his head upon it. In this way the rest of the herd will always be safe."

The Branch Deer King thought this a good plan. So every day they all cast lots, and the one upon whom the lot fell left the herd and went to the Cook's block.

One day the lot fell upon a young Mother Deer. She had a tiny baby. She could not leave it, and it would not be right for both to be killed. So she went to her king, the Branch Deer King, and said to him:

"O, King! Please let the lot pass by me this time. I have my baby. It is not right that I go to the Cook's block."

The Branch Deer King shook his head decidedly.

"I am sorry," he said, "but you must go to the Cook's block. We have made the agreement, and there was nothing said about mothers who must leave their babies."

The Mother Deer was very sad at hearing this. She thought she could not die and leave her baby with no one to take care of it. She did not know what to do. She was almost ready to die of despair, when she happened to think of the Banyan Deer King,

whom she had heard was a good king. So she ran to him, and said:

“O, king! The lot has fallen to me, and I must go to the Cook’s block to-day, and leave my little one with no one to take care of it. The King says there is no other way.”

The Banyan King was troubled:

“I know,” he said, “there was nothing said about mothers and babies in our agreement, but that is not right. You must stay with your baby. The lot must fall to someone else. Go back to your baby in the forest. I know someone who will take your place.”

The mother went back to her baby, and the Banyan Deer King left the forest, and put his head upon the Cook’s block. When the Cook came out he knew that it was the Banyan Deer King who had come, and he remembered that his master had promised to spare the lives of both the Deer Kings. He thought something must be wrong, so he hastened to his King and said:

“The beautiful, golden coloured Banyan Deer King has come and put his head on the block and waits to be killed.”

When the King heard this, he mounted his chariot, and hurried with his attendants to the place where the Banyan Deer King was.

“My friend,” said the King, “do you not remember I said I would never kill you or the king of the Branch Deer? Why are you here?”

The Banyan Deer King lifted his head from the Cook’s block, and said:

“The lot has fallen upon a mother who has a little one. It is not right that she be killed. I have taken her place.”

“O, but that was not right!” the King cried. “The mothers and the babies must never be killed. You are safe, and the mother is safe. Now return to the forest to your people.”

“O, King of Men!” the Banyan King answered. “We are safe, but what of all the other deer in the forest? Must they be killed?”

Then the King’s heart was touched.

“No,” he answered, “they must not be killed. It is not right. I promise you that from this day there shall never again be a deer in the forest killed.”

And still the Banyan Deer King lay with his head upon the Cook’s block.

“But, O Brother King of Men!” he said, “there are many other creatures in the forest. What of them? Must they die?”

The heart of the King was softened, because the Deer King had been so willing to give up his own life to save the life of the Mother Deer, and he said,

“Rise, Brother King of the Banyan Deer, and go back to the forest. From this day there shall never again be slain even one of the creatures of the forest, either bird or animal. This I pledge for what you have done this day.”

Then the Banyan Deer King lifted his head from the Cook's block, and arose, and went back into the forest to his people. He called together both the herds of Deer, the Branch Deer and the Banyan Deer, and he told them that the King of Men had given them their lives that day: and then he sent heralds over the whole forest, calling every bird and every animal, even the smallest one, to come and meet him. And when they had all come together, he told them also what the King of Men had promised. And the whole forest was *shining with joy*. And every creature of the forest loved the Banyan Deer King, because his willingness to give up his own life had saved them all from danger and death.

THE SMART YOUNG TIGER

A Tibetan story; from the collection of Captain O'Connor. Retold.

I

THE TIGER AND THE MAN

ONCE there was a Tiger who lived with his wife and three children in a large forest. After a long time, this Tiger grew old, and he became ill. And when he knew that he must soon die, he called his three children to him.

“Remember that the Tiger is the Lord of the Jungle,” he said, “but there is one animal you must beware of—and that is Man. On no account hurt or kill him.” And then the old Tiger turned over and died.

The two elder Tiger sons followed the advice of their father, and never thought of going near the dwelling-place of man. But the youngest son, who was a headstrong fellow, thought he would like to hunt this animal Man.

One morning the Smart Young Tiger set

out upon his journey. His mother begged of him not to go; but go he would. He had not travelled far when he met an old worn-out Bullock.

“What sort of an animal are you, pray?” asked the Tiger. “Are you a Man, by any chance?”

“No, indeed,” replied the other, “I am only a poor Bullock.”

“Well, can you tell me then, what sort of an animal Man is? I am going to find one and kill him.”

“Now, I beg of you, Young Tiger, don’t go near Man. He is a faithless creature. When I was very young, I was Man’s servant. You can see by these scars how I have been repaid for my faithful work. And now that I am old, he has turned me out into this wild jungle to live as best I may.”

But the Smart Young Tiger only laughed at the warning of the old Bullock, and went on his way. Next he met an Elephant—old, with wrinkled skin and bleared eyes.

“Who are you, please? Are you Man?” asked the Tiger.

“No, indeed,” said the Elephant. “I am only a poor worn-out Elephant.”

“Is that so?” said the Tiger. “Now, I

wonder can you tell me what sort of an animal Man is? I am hunting for one to kill and eat."

"Beware how you hunt Man. He is a faithless creature," said the Elephant. "Look at me. I am Lord of the Jungle, but Man tamed me and made me his servant. When I was young, I had an attendant to wash me, and groom me, and give me my food. But now I am too old to do his work, Man forgets all these years of toil, and turns me out into the jungle."

The young Tiger laughed again and went on. By and by he came to a Wood-cutter. He stood and watched him for a time, and then he went up to him and said,

"What sort of an animal are you, please?"

"Why," exclaimed the Wood-cutter, "what an ignorant Tiger you must be! Can't you see that I am a Man?"

"O! are you? Then I am in luck; for I am hunting for a Man to kill him and eat him," said the Tiger.

The Wood-cutter laughed.

"Kill and eat me? Don't you know that Man is much too clever to be killed and eaten by a Tiger? Come with me and I will show you some things that only Man knows."

This pleased the Young Tiger very much, and the two started out together for the Man's home. When they came to the house, which was made of very strong, heavy timbers, the Man said,

"Now this is a house. Let me show you how we use it," and he went inside and locked the door.

"Now," he called out to the Tiger, "you see how much more Man knows than the Tiger. Man has a fine house—and the Tiger has a cave in the earth."

When the Tiger heard the Man talk in this way he was very angry.

"What right has an ugly, defenceless creature like you to own such a fine house?" he cried. "You come out and give it to me!"

So the Man came out of the house and the Tiger went in.

"Now look at me! Don't I look nice in my fine house?" called out the Smart Young Tiger.

"O, very fine indeed!" said the Man as he closed the door and bolted it on the outside. Then the Man walked away with his axe over his shoulder, leaving the Smart Young Tiger locked up in the house to starve to death.

II

THE TIGER, THE DEER, AND THE HARE

After a few days the Smart Young Tiger was pretty hungry and thirsty, as you can well imagine. He tried and tried to get out, but the house was built too strong for him to break through. He was wondering what he could do, when he spied a little Musk Deer at a stream near by. He called out to her,

“O Sister Deer, will you please, *please*, open the door for me?” The Deer was frightened, but she was sorry for the Tiger, too, so she said,

“O, Uncle Tiger! I am afraid that you will kill me and eat me if I open the door for you.”

“No, no, I will not,” replied the Tiger. “I promise you faithfully I will not touch you.”

So the Deer opened the door, and the Tiger sprang out and ran straight at the Deer.

“I am sorry for you, Sister Deer,” he cried, “but I *must* eat you, I am so *terribly* hungry.”

The poor Deer was dreadfully frightened.

“O,” she cried, “you promised me you

would not touch me. After what I did for you, you ought to keep Faith with me."

"Faith?" said the Smart Young Tiger, "what is Faith? I don't believe there is such a thing as Faith."

"Well, let us make a bargain, then," replied the Deer. "We will ask the first three people we meet, and if they all agree there is no such thing as Faith then you may kill me and eat me."

"I'll agree to that, Sister Deer," said the Tiger. "We will call that a bargain." So the Smart Young Tiger and the Sister Deer set off together.

Soon they came to a Tree.

"Good morning, Brother Tree," said the Musk Deer. "We have a question we should like to have you decide for us." The Tree waved its branches and replied,

"What is your question, Sister Deer? I will do my best to help you."

The Musk Deer told the Tree the whole story.

"Now," she said, "will you please tell me whether there is such a thing as Good Faith?"

The Tree shook its branches and said slowly,

"I am bound to say that my experiences in

life lead me to believe that there is *no such thing* as Good Faith in the world.”

They thanked the Tree, and went on. Soon they met a Buffalo with her calf. The Deer told her the story just as she had told it to the Tree, and asked her the same question.

The Buffalo would have liked very much to save the Deer's life but she was bound to answer truthfully, so she said,

“Believe me, there is no such thing as Good Faith in the world.”

The Smart Young Tiger was already beginning to show his teeth, and was almost ready to eat the Deer then and there, but she cried,

“Wait, Uncle Tiger, just wait until we ask the third person. If this person says there is no such thing in the world as Good Faith, then you may kill me and eat me.”

The Tiger agreed, and they started along together again. The Deer felt very sad indeed. After a while they came to a Rabbit, hopping along the road.

“Good morning, Brother Rabbit,” the Deer called out to him. “We have a question we should like to have you decide for us. My life depends upon your answer.”

“I will be glad to do the best I can for you,

Sister Deer," said the Rabbit. "What is your question?"

Then the Deer told the Rabbit the story from beginning to end and what the Tree and the Buffalo had said, and asked him if he could tell whether there were any such thing as Good Faith in the world.

"Dear me," the Rabbit replied, "that is a very serious question. You say that *you* were in the Wood-cutter's house, Sister Deer?"

"No, no," interrupted the Tiger, "I was in the Wood-cutter's house."

"O, I see, and Sister Deer must have locked you in, then," said the Rabbit.

"O, no!" the Deer explained. "You don't seem to understand at all; that is not how it happened."

"Well, well! This is very complicated. Suppose you take me back to where this happened, and show me just what took place."

So the three went off together to the Wood-cutter's house.

"Now, where were *you*, Sister Deer, at the time when the Tiger spoke to you?" asked the Rabbit.

“O, I was down here,” said the Deer. And she ran down to the brook.

“Yes, yes, I begin to see,” said the Rabbit. “Now, where were *you* Uncle Tiger?”

“Why, I was inside the house like this,” said the Smart Young Tiger, and he went into the house.

“And the door was shut, I suppose,” the Rabbit asked, as he closed the door and slipped in the bolt.

Then the Rabbit and the Deer went off to their own homes, leaving the Smart Young Tiger locked up in the Wood-cutter’s hut again.

THE FOX AND THE CRAB

A Chinese fable. Retold from *Chinese Fables and Folk Stories*, by Mary H. Davis and Chow Leung.

A PROUD fox once met a crab, and he said, "Crawling Thing, did you ever run?"

"O, yes," said the crab, "I have run from the mud to the grass and then back to the river again."

"Why! that is no distance to run!" said the fox, sniffing the air. "Look at all your feet. If I had as many feet as you have I could run at least six times as fast as you do. You are a stupid, slow creature. I never heard of anyone with so many feet running so slowly."

The crab looked meekly at the fox and said, "Would you like to run a race with such a stupid creature? Of course you ought to run faster than I, for you are so much larger. And then you have such a fine, bushy tail; you hold it up so high, it helps you to run faster, too."

The fox looked proud and satisfied with himself and said,

“Yes, I will run with you. Still the race will be so easy for me, I shall not need to try. You know you are such a stupid creature, at best. And no one can get ahead of me. Why, even men say ‘as sly as a fox.’ So do what you will, stupid one.”

“If you will let me tie down that beautiful tail of yours, I am sure that I can win the race,” said the crab.

The fox agreed to this.

“When I put the weight on, I will call out ‘ready,’ and we will start,” said the crab.

The fox stood still and the crab went behind him and grasped his tail with its pincers.

“Ready!” the crab called. And the fox started upon his race, running as fast as he could. When he was too exhausted to go further, he turned to have a look at the crab, whom he thought to be far behind him. No crab was in sight.

The crab then let go its hold upon the fox’s tail, and called out gleefully,

“Where are you, brother fox? I thought that you could run faster than I!”

The proud fox turned, and there *ahead of him in the race was the crab!* He hung his

head for shame, and went away where he could never see the crab again.

Moral: *A big, proud, boastful mouth is a worse thing for a man than it is for a fox.*

THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

This story is written much as it was told on the Lexington green for the children of the Worcester Garden City on the occasion of their annual Automobile Ride. The story-teller had the advantage of being at the scene in which the story was enacted, and presupposed some knowledge of American history.

PAUL REVERE hurried along the streets of Boston late one night many years ago. He was on his way to his boat to go across to Charlestown. No wonder he hurried! The British soldiers were to be transported across to Charlestown or Cambridge. They had marched down to the end of the Common that day. And the British man of war, *Somerset*, had swung out in the stream so that her guns covered the ferry ways. This meant,

“People out in the country are not to know what is going on over here.”

But there were some things the British did not know. They did not know that on Sunday, Paul Revere had given the warning to Lexington and Concord and that the military

supplies had been moved and concealed in places of safety. They did not know about the signals that he had agreed would be given the watchers over in Charlestown. They did not know that William Dawes was on his way by land to Lexington and Concord with the same message that he, himself, was bearing.

All of these things Paul Revere was thinking about as he hurried to his boat where two friends were waiting to row him across the river. The moon was just rising; the tide was coming in; and the man of war, near by, was winding with the tide. They must keep their boat in the shadow as much as possible. So they went a little to the eastward of where the *Somerset* lay.

The two men rowed as noiselessly as they could. If they were discovered, it meant arrest, perhaps death. But, at last, the boat touched shore and the men could draw a long, deep breath of relief. On the shore, people were waiting for them.

“We have seen the signals,” they said.

Someone provided the horse, and Paul Revere hurried away toward Lexington. It was eleven o'clock—a night full of shadows; for the moon was still near the horizon. He rode away,

—“and through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night.”

He had not gone far on the road through Charlestown, when he discerned, just ahead of him, two British officers. He turned quickly and made his escape through Medford. Here he aroused the Captain of the Minute Men.

“*The Regulars are coming out!*” he shouted.

And then at every house he halted, arousing the people with the cry,

“*The Regulars are coming out!*”

Just before midnight, he galloped up to Mr. Clarke’s house, in Lexington by the green, where Hancock and Adams were staying. Here eight men were on guard.

“The family have retired and have requested that there be no noise,” they told him.

“Noise!” said he, “you’ll have noise enough before long. *The Regulars are coming out!*”

And then they allowed him to pass into the house.

In half an hour Dawes reached them, bearing the duplicate message from Warren. Now that Hancock and Adams had been

warned of their danger, word must be hurried on to Concord. The two men, Dawes and Revere started out. They were soon joined by a young man named Prescott. When they were about half way to Concord, as Paul Revere was riding ahead—the other two having stopped to arouse someone—he saw two officers in the road. Before there was any chance to escape two more joined them.

“If you go an inch further you are a dead man,” they called, as they pointed their pistols at him.

Revere’s two companions now rode up, and the three tried to break their way through the officers.

“If you do not go into that pasture we will blow out your brains,” they threatened.

So into the pasture the men were forced to go.

But Prescott whispered,

“*Put on!*”

He galloped to the left and Revere to the right of the pasture, at the end of which was a wood.

“I will rush to that and then take to my feet through the woods,” Revere determined.

Down the pasture he galloped; he reached the wood; and was about to alight from his

horse, when *out sprang six officers* and pressed their pistols against his breast!

Then the officer in command questioned him. When they found that Paul Revere was actually in their power and that he had been arousing the country from Charlestown out, the commanding officer called out from the woods prisoners concealed there, and with the other four officers, they soon were on the way back to Lexington.

When they were within a half mile from the meeting house, they heard a gun fired in the distance.

“What is that?” the officers asked.

“That is an alarm; we will have five hundred men ready,” said Revere.

Ordering the other prisoners to dismount, the bridles were cut, their horses driven away, and the commanding officer told them they might go.

“And will you not dismiss me too?” Revere asked him.

“I will keep you, let the consequence be what it will,” he said.

As they came within sight of the meeting house, a volley of shots were fired. Ordering a halt, the Major turned to the prisoner.

“How far is it to Cambridge?” he asked.

Then to the Sergeant, "Is your horse tired? Take the prisoner's; he may go."

And they rode off in the night, leaving Paul Revere free once more. He ran to Mr. Clarke's house, and found Hancock and Adams still there.

"*You must hide yourselves.* I will take you to a safe place," he said.

Away across the fields for two miles he led them to a hiding place in the swamp:—then back he hurried.

"The Regulars are two miles away," they told him.

Revere knew that the papers of Colonel Hancock must be secured before the soldiers came up. Into the house he ran, another man with him, secured the box, and from the window saw the Regulars advancing. He *must* get away with that box of papers! Downstairs they hastened, across the green, behind the meeting house, through the line of militia gathered there and—*into safety!*

As he passed through the line he heard the commanding officer say to his men,

"Let the troops pass by, don't molest them, *unless they fire first.*"

In a moment the Regulars appeared, made a halt behind the meeting house, then one gun

was fired. Revere turned and saw the smoke in front of the troops; then he saw them run ahead a few paces with a great shout. Then—the whole body fired.

And *this* was the battle of Lexington. *Here* the first blood of the Revolution was shed.

THE BOY ABRAHAM

Founded upon a Babylonian legend and retold from *The Story Hour*.

THERE was once a king named Nimrod. He was king of Babylon. He was a wonderfully brave and great king, and the people called him Nimrod the Hunter. He was a great warrior and conquered many countries, and at last he came to be worshipped like a god by his people.

One night, Terah, a subject of the great king, gave a feast in honour of the birth of a son. It was very late when the guests left the house, and as they were passing through the darkness they saw a new star in the East. It darted through the heavens and seemed to swallow up all the other stars that were in its way.

The men who saw this wondered what it could mean. And some of them, who were Nimrod's astrologers and soothsayers, concluded that the boy baby just born would become a power, and that he would sometime displace Nimrod.

“We must warn Nimrod about this child,” they said. And they sent runners with the message to the great king.

But in the meantime, at Nimrod’s own palace, the astrologers and wise men had also seen the star, and they too had said,

“O, there is a male child born this night, who is a menace to great Nimrod.” They at once told the king, and the king gave orders that any male child born that night should be killed.

When the messengers reached Ur, where Terah lived, they were told about the newborn baby; but when they sought to find him, search where they would, throughout the whole city, he could not be discovered. For Terah had hidden the babe and his nurse in a cave on the mountain side, where he kept his sheep.

For years the boy lived in the cave with his nurse. Sometimes his mother would steal out to see him. But one day, when she came, she found the nurse weeping and wringing her hands.

“*The child is gone!*” she moaned. “This morning, when I awoke, his bed was empty and I have searched everywhere for him and I cannot find him.”

The two women set out together to find the lost child.

Now the boy, whose name was Abraham, had stolen out by himself, early in the morning. All those years he had been allowed only to look at the great world outside from the door of his cave, and now he wished to see more of it.

It all seemed new and strange to him. He wandered along over the fields and hills, and saw the great round sun come up out of the earth, as it seemed to him.

“Surely,” he thought, “this must be God. It is so warm, it must give life to everything. Yes, that must be the God.”

All day long Abraham wandered about on the mountains, and when evening came, he saw the sun go down into the earth, and it grew dark and cold. Then he said,

“No, that cannot be the God.”

After a time, the moon began to rise, and shed its soft light over the mountain side. He had never seen it before.

“This, then,” he thought, “must be the God.”

But soon the moon, too, began to fade and disappeared, and Abraham said,

“No, this cannot be the God. These come

and go. They listen to the voice of some *unseen ruler*, whom they must obey. He alone is God, and him will I worship."

Then Abraham went back to his home in the cave, and there he found his mother and his nurse, who had returned, thinking that he was lost.

Abraham began to ask his mother many questions.

"Who is the lord of all these sheep?" he asked.

"Your father," she told him.

"And who is the lord of my father?"

"The great king, Nimrod."

"And who is the lord of Nimrod?"

The mother was troubled and distressed, and she rebuked the child. But he said earnestly,

"Mother, go and tell Nimrod about the true God."

Now his mother was all the more distressed, and when she reached home she told Terah, her husband, all that Abraham had said. Now Terah was an idolator and when he heard what the mother said, he became very angry at Abraham; and in his anger, he went to Nimrod, the king, and told him all his son had done.

Then Nimrod said,

“The boy must be killed.” And he sent soldiers to the mountain cave to kill Abraham.

But the soldiers soon returned in fear to the king.

“We saw the boy,” they said. “He stood out on the mountain side before us, fearlessly. But before we could touch him, a thick cloud came between us and him, and he was hidden from our sight.”

While they were telling these things to the king, suddenly the boy Abraham appeared in their midst, and said to them,

“The Eternal One is the only true God. He is the God of Gods. He is the Lord of Nimrod.”

Then the boy went away as he had come, and they were too amazed to harm him.

Nimrod declared again that Abraham must be put to death. So he appointed a day of worship, when all must come before him, and declare him to be the true God, the greatest one of all.

The great day came. Nimrod sat upon his throne, with his courtiers grouped about him. The crowds were waiting for the procession to begin, when two cup-bearers approached

the king to give him wine. As Nimrod took a cup from one of them a fly lighted upon the wine. Nimrod's face grew dark with anger. He dashed the cup upon the throne steps, and motioned to a slave standing near. The slave drew his sword, and in an instant the blood of the cup-bearers was mingled with the wine.

Then suddenly the boy Abraham appeared before the king. He had been standing near, with his father. In a loud voice he cried,

"Woe unto you, Blasphemer of God!"

And as he spoke, every idol in the palace crashed to the floor, and Nimrod fell from his throne.

And Abraham went out to the mountain side, in the quiet, to listen for the voice of God.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF VIKRAMADITYA

A Hindu legend, retold from *Cradle Tales of Hinduism*,
by Margaret E. Noble.

LONG, long ago, in India, there lived a very wise king. His name was Vikramaditya. The people had never known a king so good and just as he. They carried their disagreements to him in his great judgment hall; and when he had listened to their stories, he would speak so wisely and kindly to them, that they were always satisfied with his decisions.

Vikramaditya's judgment seat was made of black marble. It was a long block held up by twenty-four angels. These were carved from marble, too. And when Vikramaditya made his decisions he always sat upon this judgment seat.

When Vikramaditya died, the people so cherished his memory that they even dated their time from his birth. They said, "So many years before the birth of Vikramadi-

tya," or "So many years after Vikramaditya." And whenever anyone seemed especially wise or good, they would say about him:

"O, he must have sat upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya."

After many, many years had passed, the city where this great king lived had fallen in ruins, and there were forests and neglected fields where the great buildings had once stood. The king who now ruled the country lived far away in a new Capital.

One day, in the country where Vikramaditya had lived, some cowherd boys had driven their cattle into an unused field where the grass seemed good. While the cattle were grazing, the boys wondered what they might do to amuse themselves. Presently one of them saw a large mound, and ran toward it, calling out:

"This looks like a judgment seat. Let us play court, and I will be the judge."

The boys thought this would be great sport, and so the one who had wished to be judge climbed upon the mound. Two boys went apart from the others, and whispered together. Presently they came and stood before the judge, to tell their dispute.

There was a field. Both claimed it. And each told why he thought the field was his.

The judge began questioning them, and all the boys looked at him in surprise. *What had happened to him?* When he had climbed upon the mound, he had been just their playmate—but now, *he was different!* Something had happened to him. His voice and words were changed. He talked like some learned, wise man. The boys had never heard anyone speak so wisely and kindly. *They were afraid of him.*

When the decision had been made, all the boys felt that there could not have been an answer more just than the one that was given. They tried to throw off the strange feeling of fear they had, and ran away laughing.

But soon they said:

“Let us try that again.”

So again and again the game was played, until it was time to drive the cattle home.

Now each time the boy climbed down from the mound he seemed like his old merry self; but as soon as he sat upon the judgment seat he became grave and wise, and they were afraid of him. They could not understand it.

After that day, the favourite game of these

boys became "court," and the boy who had first found the place was always the judge.

Gradually it came about that whenever boys had a dispute they would go to the field, and get the little judge to take his place upon the mound and settle it for them. And after a time grown-up people began to hear about the wise young boy, and they also went to him with their quarrels and disputes. And always everyone felt that his decisions were the wisest and most just that could be made.

At last, far off in the Capital, they began to talk about this wonderful boy, and finally the king himself heard of it.

The king wished to know all about the boy, and when he had heard the story, he said:

"Why! Perhaps this boy has been sitting upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya, and the spirit of the great king has fallen upon him."

There were wise men near the king when he said this, and they answered:

"O king! This must be true. The ancient Capital of Vikramaditya stood in that very place."

Now the king was a good king, and he was very often puzzled and perplexed to know what to decide, when trying problems came

before him. He wished to be just. Now he thought:

“If I myself might sit upon the judgment seat of the great Vikramaditya, perhaps his spirit might descend upon me; and I, too, could rule wisely and justly.”

So he ordered men to go to the far-off country, and search for the judgment seat. Before long the quiet old field was astir with activity. The workmen dug deep into the earth beneath the mound, where the little judge was accustomed to sit, and at last they found something. *It was a long piece of black marble*, and under it were marble angels with wings outspread.

They had found the judgment seat of Vikramaditya.

They carried the stone carefully to the capital and placed it in the great judgment hall. The king sent word throughout his kingdom, saying that there would be a time of fasting and prayer for three days; and then he would take his place upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya.

So it was done. And on the fourth day there was a great procession of judges and priests in their white robes. They marched slowly to the judgment hall, and formed two

long lines from the door to the judgment seat.

Then the king came. Slowly he walked past the lines of priests and judges to the judgment seat. He prostrated himself before it, expecting in that moment that a great change would take place, and that the spirit of justice and wisdom would descend upon him. He arose and was about to take his seat, when suddenly one of the marble angels seemed to speak to him, saying:

“Art thou worthy to sit upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya? Hast thou never desired kingdoms not thine?”

The king paused. He had fasted and prayed for three days. Was he not worthy?

Then a strange light seemed to shine within him. He saw himself as he had never done before. He shook his head slowly, saying:

“*No, I am not worthy!*”

“Fast and pray for another three days,” the angel seemed to say, “and then it may be thou wilt be worthy to sit upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya.” And then the angel disappeared from his sight.

The king fasted and prayed another three days, and then he went again to the judgment hall. Again he prostrated himself before the judgment seat, feeling that now surely he

must be worthy. But again one of the marble angels seemed to speak to him.

“Art thou worthy, O King, to sit upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya? Hast thou never desired riches not thine?”

Again the light came, and again the king saw himself. He had never known before that he was like what he now saw.

“*No, I am not worthy,*” he said sadly.

“Fast and pray another three days. It may be that *then* thou wilt be worthy to sit upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya,” said the angel.

And this angel, too, seemed to disappear.

The days passed. Again and again the king went to take his place upon the judgment seat, and each time an angel seemed to demand:

“Art thou worthy?”

At last the king saw that there was but one angel holding up the black marble seat. But once more he went away to fast and pray.

At the end of the three days he returned once more to sit upon the judgment seat, and now the last angel asked as the others had done:

“Art thou worthy to sit upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya?”

And again the king saw the light within himself. But now he had fasted so long, and prayed so earnestly, that he felt that surely now he *must* be worthy. He hesitated.

“*Art thou pure in heart, O king?*” the angel asked.

“*No, no, I am not worthy,*” the king sadly replied.

Then suddenly the marble seat and the angel disappeared; and at the same moment there came to the king the knowledge of what it all meant.

Unless he could become pure in heart like a little child he could not have a place where the little cowherd boy in the far-off country was allowed to sit,

Upon the judgment seat of Vikramaditya.

PAULINA'S CHRISTMAS

A story of Russian life. Adapted from Anna Robinson's *Little Paulina*.

ONE day, in Russia, there was a heavy snowstorm. The snow was deep on the ground; and in the forest, the branches of the trees bent under its weight.

In this forest a little girl was struggling along. There was no path for her to follow, for the snow had covered all the paths. The little girl's name was Paulina. She was dressed in a long fur coat, and she wore a cap and mittens and gaiters of fur, so that she looked more like a little furry animal than a little girl. She kept tramping along, not a bit afraid, when suddenly she heard a call for help.

"*Help! Help!*" the call came.

"Coming, coming!" she called back. She went in the direction of the voice and soon she saw a man making his way toward her. His dress was that of a peasant.

"Will you please direct me out of this for-

est, little one?" he asked. "You probably know the paths about."

"No, I am a stranger here," Paulina answered. "I live in Kief—that is, I did live there; but I am on my way to my father."

"Where is your father?" asked the man.

"He is in Siberia. They banished him."

"But, little one," said the stranger, "that is a terrible place for a child to go to. That frozen country, where wicked people are sent!"

"O, yes,—but my father is there, you know," said Paulina.

"Who is your father?" the man asked.

The little girl was about to tell him, when she noticed a look of interest on the stranger's face, so she said,

"Did you say that you had lost your way in the forest? Do you live far from here?"

"Yes, very far. I am lost, and am nearly perishing from hunger and cold. How far is it to the next village?"

"They told me it was some miles on," said the child. "But I will take you back to the woodsman's cottage where I spent the night. The woman is a kind-hearted person, and I am sure she will give you shelter."

"That is kind of you, little one," said the

stranger, "but you will be hindering your own journey if you do that."

"I know that my father would want me to show a kindness, even though it did put me back some," Paulina said.

"You must have a good father, to give you such training. Why did the Emperor send him into exile?" the stranger asked her.

"O, my father had enemies who lied to the Emperor—and there was no chance given to my father to explain. So the Emperor sent him away to Siberia,—and I am trying to find my way there to him."

While they walked through the forest, the stranger told Paulina about his own little daughter who was expecting him to spend Christmas with her. At last they reached the woodsman's hut. The woman greeted them kindly, and while Paulina went into another room to help her prepare the evening meal, the stranger was left warming himself by the fire, and rocking the cradle.

Once Paulina thought she heard voices, as if the stranger were talking to someone; but when she went back, she found him alone, still warming his hands and rocking the cradle with his foot.

That night the stranger slept on the floor

in front of the fire—there was no other place for him; but he was glad to be safe from the storm outside.

Early in the morning, the two started out through the forest again. They must hurry, if they were to reach the next village before darkness fell. The storm had passed over, and the day was cold and clear. A beautiful winter's day. The little girl and the stranger reached the village on the other side of the forest early in the afternoon, and there before them they saw a beautiful sleigh drawn by four horses. There were four servants standing near.

“What a lovely sleigh!” exclaimed Paulina.

“Yes, I wonder where they are going. I will ask them,” the stranger said. He went nearer the men and spoke to them.

“We are driving for our master to Igorhof,” they said.

“Why, that is where my daughter is. If I might only ride with you, I could spend Christmas with her. To-morrow is Christmas day, you know. And little one, you could spend Christmas with us, too.”

“O, no,” said Paulina. “I could not take the time. I must hurry on to my father.

But it would be lovely if we could only ride in this beautiful sleigh."

"You could spend the night with us, and then we could set you on your way, because you have been so kind to me," the man told her.

The servants were willing to let them ride in the beautiful sleigh, and soon they were speeding over the snow toward the great city. Once, the stranger took a scarf from a pocket on the side of the sleigh and threw it about his neck. Paulina frowned, and promptly placed it back in the pocket.

"It isn't right for you to touch anything in the sleigh. It belongs to someone else. I am beginning to fear that you may not be an honest man," she said gravely.

The stranger laughed at her, but he did not take the scarf again. They sped on over the snow until, as darkness fell, they reached the city. Soon they entered a large courtyard, and the stranger took Paulina's hand and led her into a narrow passageway, and up a small, winding stairway.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Paulina. "I feel almost sure now, that you are not an honest man. I think that you may even be a thief!"

The man laughed again.

“No, I am an honest man. You will believe me when you see my little daughter. I trusted you in the forest. Now you trust me.”

He led her into a large room, and they sat down upon a sofa.

“We will wait here until my daughter comes,” he said.

Soon the door opened, and a beautiful little girl, about as large as Paulina, came toward them. She looked puzzled when she saw the rough-looking man with the little girl. She went close to the stranger and looked into his face.

“It is my father!” she cried, and threw her arms about his neck.

“But why are you dressed like a peasant? Has there been an accident? And who is this little stranger?”

The man took her on his lap and told her how his sleigh had been overturned in the storm, and how he had found his way to a peasant's hut, where they had given him dry clothes to put on, and how he had started out alone to find his way through the forest; and how he was nearly perishing with cold and hunger when this little girl had rescued him,

and how, if it had not been for her, he would have died in the snow in the forest. He told her how little Paulina was on her way to Siberia to find her father, and how they went to the woodsman's hut where a servant had found him, and how he had planned for the sleigh to meet them the other side of the forest.

"O," Paulina interrupted him, "then there was somebody talking with you when we were preparing the evening meal?"

"Yes, and everything came out just as I had planned. And do you know, little daughter, this Paulina here would not let me put my own scarf about my neck. She thought that I was a thief. She is an honest little girl. But she will not tell me her name. She does not trust me."

"But why should I trust you, when you will not tell me who you are, or anything about yourself?" Paulina asked.

"Do trust my father, Paulina. I'm sure he can help you. He will tell you who he is, soon, I know," the beautiful little girl said.

"Yes, little one," the stranger said. "I know someone who would speak to the Emperor about your father, and perhaps he

could be pardoned. Please tell me your name; and then before you go away I will answer any questions about myself you may ask me."

"Do tell my father, Paulina," the little girl urged.

Paulina threw her arms about the stranger's knees,

"O, if you could only get the Emperor to pardon him.—But I do not ask for a *pardon*—he has done nothing to be pardoned for. All I ask is that he may have justice done him. My father is Vladimir Betzkoï."

The stranger frowned, and then he whispered,

"There must be some mistake. He must be a good man to have such an honest little daughter." Then he said to Paulina,

"Do you believe now that I am an honest man, since you have seen my daughter?"

"O, yes, indeed I do. You couldn't help being good and honest. She is so beautiful. I think her face is like what a queen's should be," Paulina answered eagerly.

The stranger and his little daughter smiled, and the man said,

"Well, I believe that your father is an honest man since I have seen you. And I can

tell you now, I *know* that he will be pardoned."

"Tell her, father, tell the little Paulina who you are," his daughter whispered.

"Until your father returns to you, little one, you must stay here and I will be a father to you—as I am father to all the people of Russia, for *I am the Emperor!*"

Just then the bells began ringing, and voices outside began singing,—for it was the beginning of Christmas morning. And Paulina said,

"This is the happiest Christmas morning I have ever known."

THE STORY OF HARRIET ANN

Stories of this type, which present a bit of real life in a simple way, seem to pass the supreme test of creating enthusiastic interest in the child. It is quite within the range of the story-teller's work to make such stories.

ONCE there was a little girl named Harriet Ann. She lived with her father and mother and grandmother in a large, white house. There were flowers all about the house, and there was a big, green yard with a sand pile and a swing.

But Harriet Ann was not always happy. There was no one in the family to play with, except grandmother, for father and mother were too grown up. And grandmother was often busy. So Harriet Ann was lonely. That is why she often wished she had a sister.

"O, how I wish I had a baby sister," she often said to herself. "Then I should have someone to play with *all* the time." But wish as much as she might, no baby sister came.

One day, when she was playing with Sadie,

next door—who was so big she played with Harriet Ann only when there was no one else to play with—she told Sadie how much she wanted a sister.

Now Sadie was very wise. She was much too busy to wish any such thing as a baby sister to take care of, but she knew how to get what one wished.

“*I* will tell you how to get a sister,” she said. “Watch for the first star at night, and when you see it say:

‘Star-light-star-bright—
First-star-of-the-night—
I-wish-I-may-I-wish-I-might-
Get-the-wish-I-wish-to-night.’

That is the way I always get what *I* want.”

That night, after father and mother had kissed her good-night, and grandmother had tucked her snugly in bed, Harriet Ann crept softly out of bed, and tiptoed in her bare feet over to the window. She looked up to the sky, and there, right before her, was a big twinkling star, looking down as if it were waiting to be asked something.

“Star-light-star-bright,
First-star-of-the-night-
I-wish-I-may-I-wish-I-might-
Get-the-wish-I-wish-to-night.”

whispered Harriet Ann, looking at the star as hard as ever she could. The star blinked down at her, and seemed to say:

“All right, Harriet Ann, I understand. I’ll do that for you.”

Harriet Ann crept back to bed quite happy, and in a minute was fast asleep. As soon as it was morning she got up and slipped into her mother’s room. Her mother was asleep, but she heard Harriet Ann.

“What is it?” she whispered.

“Nothing, much,” said Harriet Ann, looking all about to see if the baby sister were there.

“It isn’t quite morning, yet,” said her mother, “you must go back to bed.”

So Harriet Ann went back to her room.

Every night after that she went to the window and found the star and said her wish, and every morning she peeped into her mother’s room—but there was never any baby sister.

At last she told grandmother. Grandmother took out her spectacles, and wiped them, and put them on; and then she took them off again.

“Harriet Ann!” she said at last, “have you ever *prayed* for a baby sister?”

“No, grandmother,” said Harriet Ann, “I haven’t.”

“Well, then,” said grandmother, “I think to-night, when I said my prayers, I would slip in a word for a sister. That is what *I* would do.”

So every night Harriet Ann prayed for a baby sister. *But no baby sister came!*

In the summer time Harriet Ann went with her mother and grandmother to the seashore—and when they came home again it was autumn. The next day, after breakfast, Harriet Ann went out into the yard, and what do you think was the very first thing she saw? Sadie, next door, wheeling a baby carriage!

Harriet Ann ran into Sadie’s yard, not even stopping to close the gate.

“O, Sadie!” she cried, “what have you got?” while at the same time a big lump came up in her throat.

“S-s-s-h!” whispered Sadie, “can’t you see she’s asleep?”

“Oh—my!” said Harriet Ann, leaning over the carriage, “when did you get her?”

“She came the very night you went away to the seashore,” said Sadie.

Harriet Ann stood up, and looked sharply at Sadie.

“Sadie,” she said, “that baby belongs to me. They left it at your house by mistake. Don’t you know, they left your mother’s skirt at my house once?”

Harriet Ann took hold of the carriage handle. Her eyes were so bright and she looked so fierce that Sadie was almost frightened, and clung to the handle too.

“O, no, she isn’t yours,” she said.

“Sadie Johnson!” said Harriet Ann, sternly, “did you *wish* for that baby, or *pray* for her?”

Sadie couldn’t say anything in answer to that, but she kept her hand on the carriage.

“You know very well you didn’t,” Harriet Ann answered for her, “and you didn’t want her. That baby belongs to me, and I am going to take her home.”

Just then Mrs. Johnson heard the loud voices, and she came out to see what the trouble was. Harriet Ann began to cry.

“That is my baby, Mrs. Johnson,” she sobbed. “I wished for her and prayed for her a whole year, and she is mine. They made a mistake and left her at your house.”

“O, no! Harriet Ann,” said Mrs. Johnson, “that is not so. Run home and ask your

mother about it. She will tell you that the baby is ours.”

Harriet Ann went home, but she told no one about the baby—not even grandmother. The more she thought about it, the surer she was that the baby was hers. She made up her mind that when she had a chance she would take that baby and run away with it. And when they were both grown up, they would come back home to live.

Day after day, Harriet Ann watched over the fence, and at last, one morning, her chance came. First, Sadie went up to town with her father. And then Mrs. Johnson came out wheeling the baby carriage! She wheeled it down the walk, and left it under the tree close by the gate. Then she went into the house.

Harriet Ann ran to the gate and opened it carefully. Then she looked up the street, and she looked down the street. There was no one in sight. She went on tiptoe over to the carriage, and peeped in. There was the baby, fast asleep!

Harriet Ann did not wait for any more. She wheeled the carriage slowly out of the yard, so as not to wake the baby—and then faster and faster down the street—away—away—away!

She went on—and on—and on—until she began to grow tired and heated, for the carriage was heavy and some of the time she had to go up hill. At last she came to a pine grove. It looked cool and quiet.

“That looks like a nice place to live in,” she thought to herself. “I am sure no one will ever find us.” She pushed the carriage up a narrow path that wound around and around until she came to the top of a little hill, and then she sat down to rest. Her arms and legs were aching, and she was very much out of breath. All this time the baby was fast asleep.

Now Mrs. Johnson had been so busy with her ironing that she forgot all about the baby! She was working away as hard as she could, when suddenly she thought of the baby all alone in the front yard. She felt as though something were wrong. She dropped her flat-iron, and ran to the door.

“O-oh!” she screamed. “Somebody has stolen the baby!”

She ran to the front gate, and she looked up the street and she looked down the street. There was no one in sight, but she could see the carriage tracks on the sidewalk.

She thought of twenty things in a minute, and she didn't know which to do. But at last she remembered the telephone. She ran into the house, and called her husband's office.

"O, John, come home, quick!" she said, "somebody has stolen the baby."

Then she called up the police station. And then she ran out to the gate, and she looked up the street and she looked down the street, wishing someone would hurry and come.

In a minute up rushed a policeman on his motor cycle. He saw the tracks at once and called out, without stopping:

"All right, Mrs. Johnson, I will follow the tracks."

Then up whirled a taxicab, and out jumped Mr. Johnson and Sadie. And then an automobile, and out jumped the chief of police. And by that time the neighbours had begun to find out that something was wrong, and they came running up, Harriet Ann's mother and grandmother with the rest.

Everyone was excited, and frightened, and they all hurried after the policeman. Mrs. Johnson jumped into the taxicab with Mr. Johnson and Sadie, and the chief followed with grandmother and mother.

Before long they came to the pine grove. And there was the officer with his motor cycle, and there was Harriet Ann—looking very guilty, and a little frightened. And there was the baby in her carriage, screaming as loud as she could, for it was long past her feeding time.

“O, my precious baby! O, you wicked girl!” cried Mrs. Johnson, as she snatched the baby from the carriage and hugged her in her arms.

While Harriet Ann was trying to answer the questions the policeman and the chief, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and mother were all asking her at once, grandmother slipped over in front of her. For grandmother suspected all the time what had happened. As soon as she could turn their attention from Harriet Ann to the baby, she took Harriet Ann by the hand, and together they went home. On the way Harriet Ann told her grandmother all that had happened.

When they reached the gate, grandmother said:

“Now you go out to the summer house, and stay, and I will wait here until the others come. I will come and get you by and by.”

It seemed a long time to Harriet Ann, waiting, but at last grandmother came, and mother came with her.

“Harriet Ann,” said her mother, “grandmother and you are to go to Boston to visit Aunt Maria to-morrow.” This was every word she said. Nobody said one little word about her being so wicked and stealing Mrs. Johnson’s baby.

In the morning grandmother and Harriet Ann went off to visit Aunt Maria, and before night Harriet Ann had forgotten all about being homesick, and the next day she was as happy as could be, going to the park, and to ride, and hearing about the many things she was to see every day.

It seemed to Harriet Ann that she had been in Boston almost no time at all, when one morning grandmother had a letter from father. She looked as though she wanted to smile and to cry at the same time. She hugged Harriet Ann, and said:

“They want me to take you home, Harriet Ann.”

And then Aunt Maria read the letter, and she looked the same way, and hugged Harriet Ann too.

So Harriet Ann and grandmother took the

next train for home. When they reached the house, father met them at the door. He took Harriet Ann in his arms and carried her upstairs, toward mother's room. There in front of the door stood a strange lady with a white apron, and a white scarf around her neck, and a white cap on. The strange lady put her finger to her lips and said:

“S-s-s-sh!”

They tiptoed into mother's room, and over to the bed; for mother was in bed. Mother looked white and sick, and Harriet Ann began to feel frightened. But mother smiled at her, and put out her hand and patted her cheek as she kissed her.

“What do you think mother has for you, dearie?” she said.

“O, mother,” whispered Harriet Ann, “is it a baby sister?”

Then the strange lady turned down a thin, white cloth, and there on the bed, beside mother, she saw

TWO BABY SISTERS!

Harriet Ann hid her face in the bedclothes and whispered:

“O, mother, *I am so glad God waited!*”

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

Several books on story-telling can be recommended:

"How To Tell Stories To Children." Sara Cone Bryant.

"Stories to Tell to Children." Sara Cone Bryant.

"Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them." R. T. Wyche.

"Story-telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It." Edna Lyman.

"Telling Bible Stories." Louise S. Houghton.

"Stories and Story-telling in Moral and Religious Education." E. P. St. John.

For additional reading upon the subject of the development of stories, such books as these may be used to advantage:

"The Science of Fairy Tales." E. Sidney Hartland.

"Fairy Tales: Their Meaning and Origin." J. T. Bunce.

"Comparative Mythology." Max Mueller.

"The Mythology of the Aryan Nations." Sir G. W. Cox.

"Primitive Culture." E. B. Tylor.

The last two mentioned are large treatises upon ethnological themes.

The sources for gathering primitive stories are not yet satisfactory for the story-teller who is not within reach of a large library,

containing ethnological books. Many of the best stories are still buried in scientific treatises. A few books are mentioned below, varying much in merit and usefulness.

The collections of stories of American negroes, made by Joel Chandler Harris, now to be found probably in most libraries.

“Algonquin Legends.” C. G. Leland.

“Old Indian Legends.” Zitkala-Sa.

Collection of Indian Legends. Schoolcraft.

“Animal Tales from the Dark Continent.” A. O. Stafford.

“Myths of the Red Children.” G. L. Wilson.

For preparing stories from mythologies there are a great number of usable books. Among them are,

Books by J. Baldwin, Church, and Kingsley, for Greek mythical stories.

“Norse Stories from the Eddas.” H. W. Mabie. (An excellent retelling.)

“Old Norse Stories.” Sara P. Bradish.

“Stories of Old Greece.” Emma M. Firth.

“Orpheus With His Lute.” W. M. L. Hutcheson.

“The Younger Edda.” R. B. Anderson.

Of fairy-tales there is no end. The following list of sources may be helpful.

The Fairy Tales of Grimm and Andersen.

“English Folk and Fairy Tales,” collected by Hartland.

“Irish Folk and Fairy Tales.” Camelot Series.

Several volumes of Fairy-Tales by Jacobs.

The books of A. Lang.

- "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." Campbell.
 "Fairy Tales from the French." S. Segur.
 "Donnegal Fairy Tales." S. McManus.
 "Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland." J. Custon.
 "The Children's Hour." Eva M. Tappan.
 "New World Fairy Book." H. A. Kennedy.
 "Fairy Tales from Far Away Japan." Susan Ballard.
 "Tales of Old Japan." Milford.
 "Ancient Tales and Folk-lore of Japan." R. Gordon
 Smith.
 "Japanese Fairy Tales." Williston.
 "Danish Fairy Tales." J. Grant Cramer.

For the study of epic stories these, among many books, can be recommended.

- "The Nibelungenlied." Translation by Cobb.
 "Story of Siegfried." J. Baldwin.
 "Siegfried and Beowulf." Z. A. Ragozin.
 "The Court of King Arthur: Stories from the Land of
 the Round Table." W. H. Frost.
 "Story of Roland." J. Baldwin.
 "Story of Ulysses." Agnes S. Cook.
 "The Kalevala." J. M. Crawford.
 "Sigurd the Volsung." W. Morris.

Purposive Stories.

- "Æsop's Fables."
 "A Collection of Eastern Stories." Marie L. Shedlock.
 "Russian Fables." Iva B. Krilof.
 "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories." M. H. Davis and
 Chow Leung.
 "The Book of Fables." (Chiefly from Æsop.) H. E.
 Scudder.
 "Folk-tales from the Russian." V. X. K. de Blumenthal.

Historical Stories.

"Some Famous Women." Louise Creighton.

"Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans." E. Eggleston.

"Revolutionary Stories Retold from St. Nicholas."

"Historical Scenes in Fiction." (Extracts from novels.)

Introduction by Henry Vandyke.

"Strange Stories of the Civil War." R. Shackelton and others.

Bible Stories.

For Bible stories see books by R. G. Moulton, E. Chisholm, J. Baldwin, H. S. B. Beale, E. S. Cohen, R. A. Grueber, J. W. Heermans, J. R. Kelman. "A Child's Life of Christ," Mabel Dearmer. "Child's Book of Saints," W. Canton.

The best finding list of children's stories is a catalogue of children's literature, published without adequate title in Minneapolis. This records three thousand titles, well classified. To some of the titles brief descriptive notes are added, and numbers indicating the grade of our school system for which the book is suitable. *The Playground*, August, 1910, is devoted to story-telling, and contains lists of stories and books useful to the storyteller. The publications of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh frequently contain bibliographies and other matter pertaining to story-telling. Bibliographies will also be

found in the books mentioned at the beginning of this section. The following will also be of service:

Graded list of stories for reading aloud. Public Library Commission of Indiana, 1909.

Selected Books For Boys. Y. M. C. A. Press.

Monthly Bulletin of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, vol. xii, 1. Jan., 1907.

Index to Short Stories. G. E. Salisbury and Marie E. Beckwith. (Stories classified by subjects—as exemplifying courage, contentment, gratitude, kindness, courtesy.)

A List of Good Stories to Tell to Children under Twelve Years of Age. Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, 1905.

Annotated Catalogue of Books Used in Home Libraries and Reading Clubs. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories.

The following articles will be found in various ways interesting and helpful, supplementing the books dealing with story-telling.

Various articles in the Publications of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh; and of the American Playground Association.

"The Story Hour." (A monthly magazine, now discontinued.)

Sara Wiltse. "The Story in Early Education."

Ezra Allen. "The Pedagogy of Myth in the Grades." Pedagogical Seminary, vol. viii, 258-287.

Clara Vostrovsky. "A Study in Children's Own Stories." Barnes' "Studies in Education," pp. 15-17.

A. A. Blanchard. "Story-telling as a Library Tool." Ped. Sem., Sept., 1909, vol. xvi, pp. 251-256.

A. W. Clark. "The Story Hour." Library Journal, April, 1909, vol. 34, pp. 164-165.

E. C. Davis. "Story-telling and the Poem." Proceedings, National Educational Association, 1907, pp. 482-485.

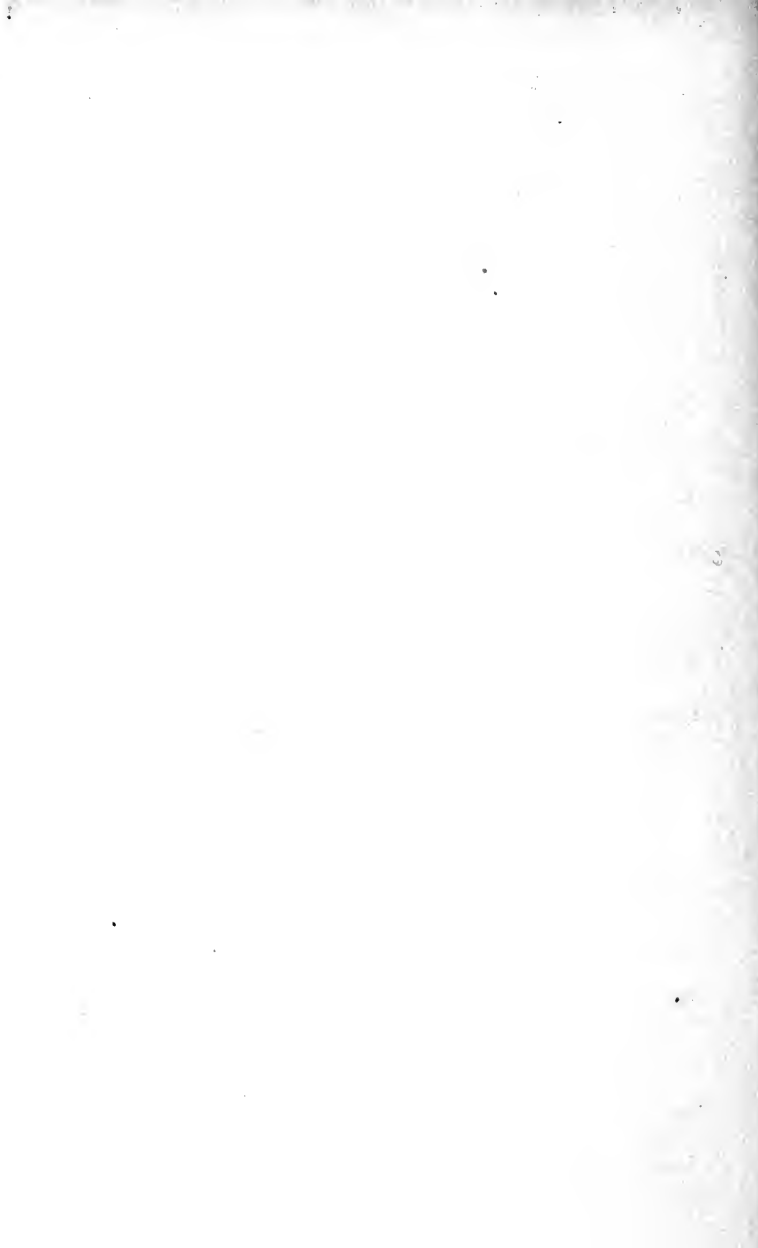
F. J. Olcott. "Story-telling a Public Library Method." "Child Conference for Research and Welfare." Proceedings, 1909, vol. 1, pp. 225-227.

R. T. Wyche. "National Story Teller's League." Pedagogical Seminary, Oct., 1909, vol. 16, pp. 537-541.

R. T. Wyche. "Story Telling." Education, Oct., 1907, vol. 26, pp. 76-79.

Various other articles in the Library Journal, the American Library Ass'n Bulletin, and Public Libraries.

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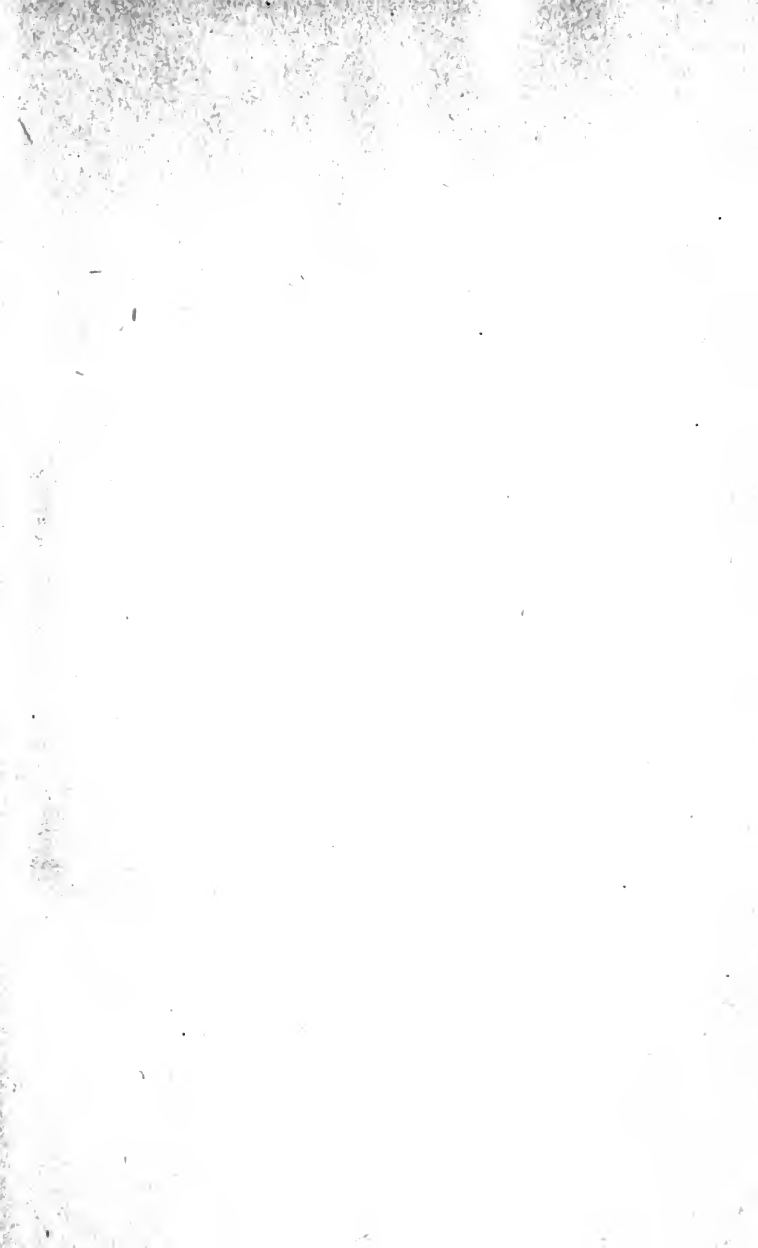
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